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The Overland Monthly

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VOLUME LXXXVI

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1928

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MONTHLY

FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



Vol. LXXXVI

JANUARY, 1928

No. 1

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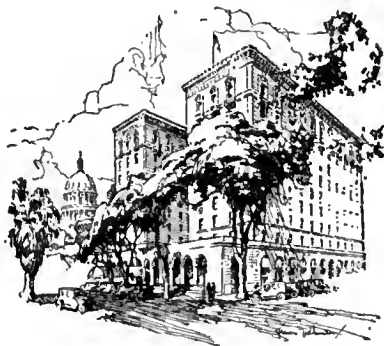
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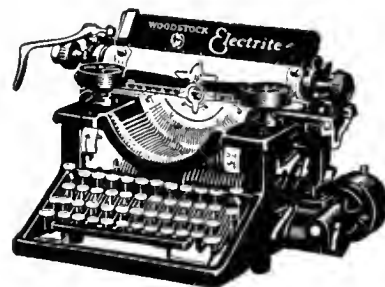


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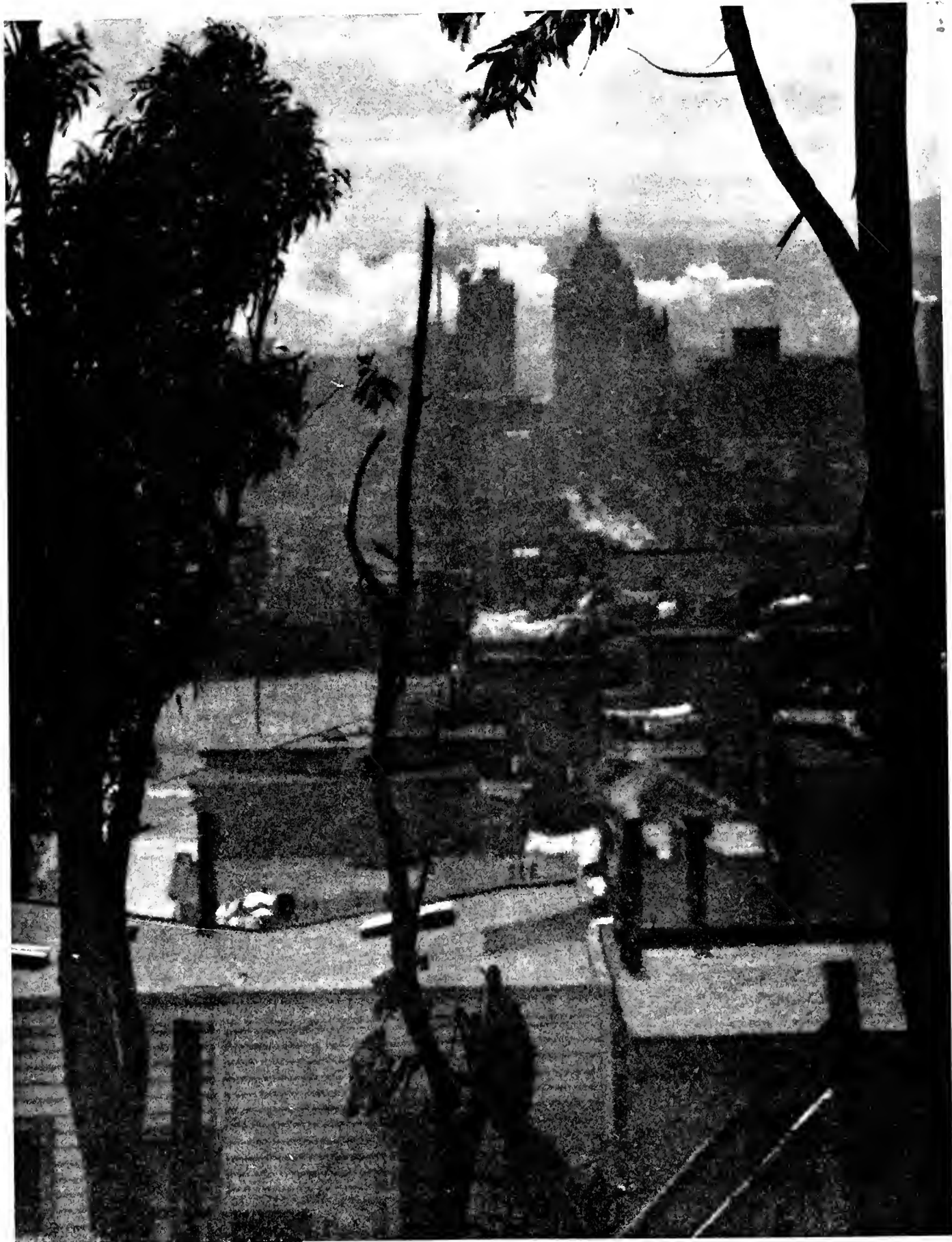
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OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXVI

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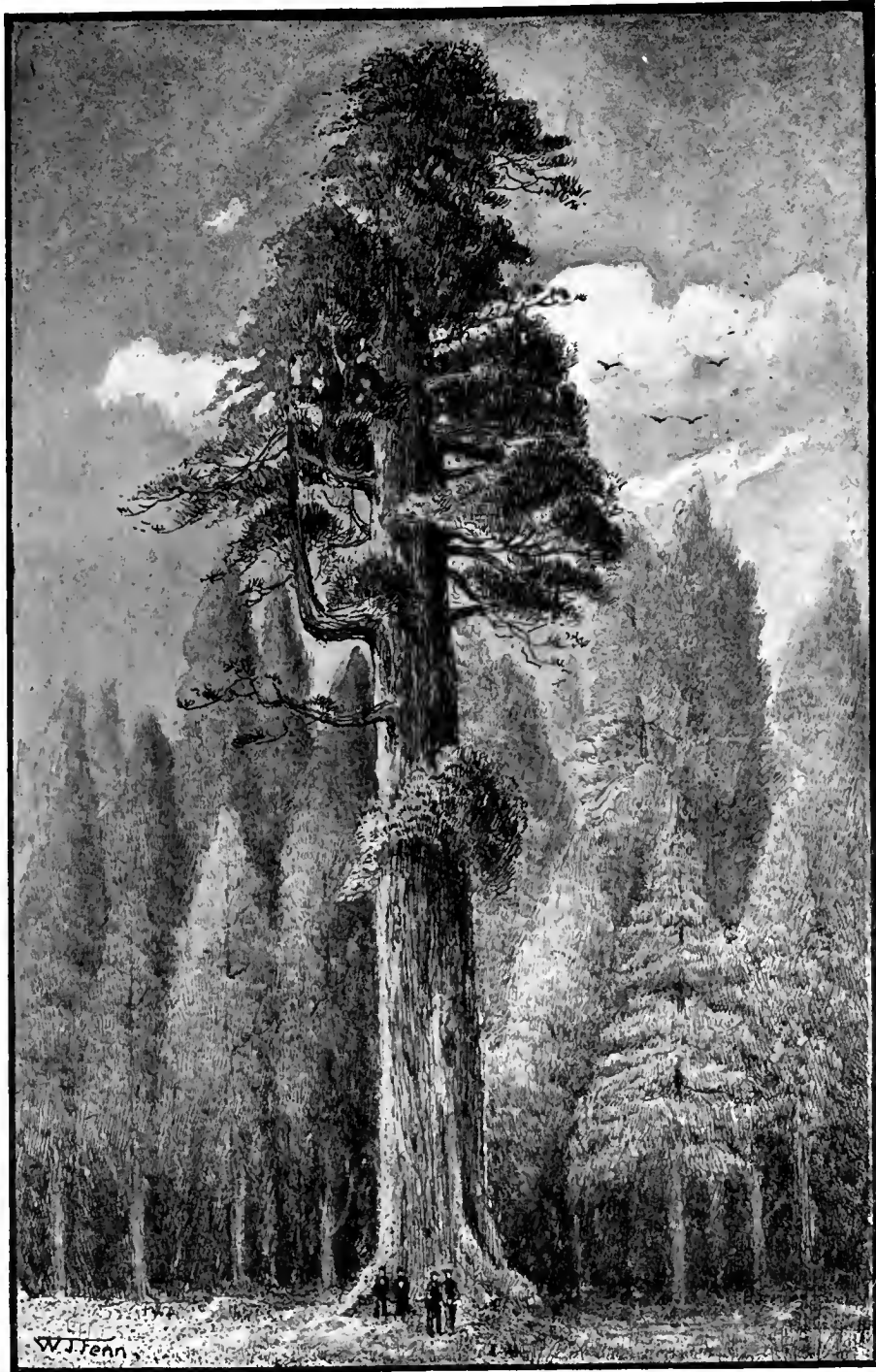
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"THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES"

Many groves similar to the one here shown have, through carlessness, been destroyed by fire.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Conservation Versus Waste

By George H. Barnes

Chairman, Board of Governors, The
American Green Cross

THE truth of that well known adage, "Wilful waste makes woe-ful want," has been conclusively demonstrated in the destruction of the American forests. In our haste to progress socially, commercially and industrially we have in the most wanton waste the world has ever known destroyed five-sixths of the Nation's virgin forests with little or no thought of perpetuating what God hath wrought for the benefit of humanity.

A kindly providence has lavishly provided for this country; but does that give us the right to waste these blessings, destined for the human race for all future ages like spendthrifts? Shall we adopt the most detestable motto of a modern Sardanapalus—anticipate everything, and leave nothing for those who will come after us?

Will America's pride bear the humiliating prospect of having the immense world of culture, which so far has been achieved in this country by the most intelligent, independent, progressive and energetic of all nations, frustrated by the unavoidable consequences of our greedy mismanagement and profligate waste of the most vitally important of all our natural resources?

Shall the future of this great republic be made uncertain by a gradual deterioration of the soil, climate, water, power—the destruction of the fundamental fabric upon which our civilization has been built and maintained, or shall it forever remain the land of the free and the home of the brave?

A treeless land is as helpless as a creedless land is hopeless.

In the Bible story of creation we read: "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden. . . . And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. . . . And a river went out of Eden to water the garden." Trees came first in this Garden—water afterwards. The forest is the "Mother of the Rivers."

And then we read of God's great

gift of work to man. "He put man into the Garden to dress it and to keep it." Therefore, every man, woman and child in America should be interested in reforestation, because the forests represent one of the chief, if not the most vitally important, of all our natural resources. They represent the fundamental fabric upon which our civilization has been built, and in spite of all our progress, initiative and inventiveness, we are today as utterly dependent upon them as was Adam in the Garden of Eden.

America, even as in that historical garden originally, was covered with a bountiful supply of trees of different species—822 million acres of virgin forest land—wonderful in their universal adaptation to all the needs of man, the beast of the field, the fish of the sea, and the fowl of the air. T-R-E-E-S not only form, fix and fertilize the soil, moderate the climate, temper the winds, feed and protect the birds, control floodwaters, and erosion, but furnish man with the four great essentials of life: Food, Shelter, Raiment and Music.

Trees stimulate, conserve and distribute rainfall;

Trees purify the air and beautify the landscape;

Trees also furnish man with the multiplicity of materials indispensable to his progress and comfort; and "The leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nation."

And yet, during the past 100 years, we have in the most reckless and profligate waste the world has ever known destroyed five-sixths of our virgin forests.

The early Mosaic, Roman and Greek writings tell us that the forests were held in reverence by those people, and that their need for the prosperity of the nation was realized. *Homer* calls the mountain woodlands "the habitation of the gods in which the mortals never

felled the trees," and *Bryant* said: "The groves were God's first temples." *Aristotle* points out that an assured supply of wood material is one of the necessary conditions for the existence of a city. *Herodotus*, in describing Mesopotamia, states that "The culture of the grape could not succeed on account of too much moisture." *Caesar* spoke of the vast forests of Sicily, which was the never failing granary of the Roman Empire.

Biblical literature also describes Palestine as the "Land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey"—*Solomon* procured all the timbers used in the construction of the temple from the "forests of Lebanon," and yet modern history tells of the destruction of the forests of Palestine, Mesopotamia, Sicily and China—all once covered with magnificent forests, supporting large and prosperous populations—now all but barren deserts; the direct and sickening result of deforestation. It took those countries centuries to complete their devastating work, but the speed with which we, the American people, have exploited our forests has no parallel nor counterpart in the annals of history.

These historical records strongly indicate, if they do not conclusively prove, that forests are essential to the life, the prosperity and the higher civilization of a nation, and that deforestation means the decay and even the death of a nation. Such a condition is not only possible in this country if our forests are destroyed, but an acute water and timber famine is inevitable, if the people of these United States do not inform themselves of the situation and demand their legislative bodies to abandon their Belshazzaristic attitude and pass adequate measures for the conservation of our remaining forests, and take immediate steps to reforest the denuded areas throughout the country, which in their present state are contributing so much to the flood, drought, storm and commercial losses of our nation.

At the beginning of the year 1924,

which was the most destructive to the forests in our history, we had but 137,000,000 acres of virgin forest land left. That year we had 93,446 forest fires, which burned over 29,000,000 acres—and we cut 8,500,000 acres more. During the same period, the total planting in the United States was 36,420 acres to replace the 37,500,000 acres destroyed. Are we unconsciously permitting Asiatic history to repeat itself in our beloved America?

The American people do not in any measure seem to recognize the tragedy that this entails, nor the responsibility that is theirs in protecting their own interests. What we have failed to recognize is that under our present forest policy we are destroying our forests irreparably, and by so doing are destroying the nation's most vitally important economic asset.

The wealth and power of every country comes chiefly from the soil. The experience of the farm in every country and in every age has shown that the productiveness of the soil, and its continued fertility, depend upon an adequate sup-

ply of water. "When the forests go, the waters go, fish and game go, crops go, flocks go, herds and birds go, fertility departs—then the age-old phantoms appear stealthily but inevitably, one after another; floods, drought, fire, famine, pestilence." It is then, indeed, a sad commentary upon our vision that the trail of American civilization should be marked by stumps. National prosperity never has in the world's history been huiled upon the blackened stumps of burned forests. Yet along the highway of our progress there is that grim evidence of sacrifice—the ruthless destruction of our virgin forests, which we were put here to "dress and to keep."

One of the reasons given for the destruction of our forests is—"cleared for agriculture,"—but have they been? At the present rate of planting it will take Michigan 380 years to absorb into farm lands its cut-over acres; 125 years in Minnesota; 75 years in Wisconsin—thus disproving the theory that forest devastation was practiced for the benefit of agriculture.

If you were to follow the trail of the

sawmills from the Eastern to the Southern and thence to the Western States as they traveled, establishing prosperous communities, cutting down the timber and moving on, leaving in their wake unemployment, higher taxes, discontinued railroads, depopulation and devastation—but always taking with them the profits of their operations to invest in new virgin fields—if you could visualize this picture, you could readily understand how idle forests, lands and declining timber supply adversely affect the general welfare of any community.

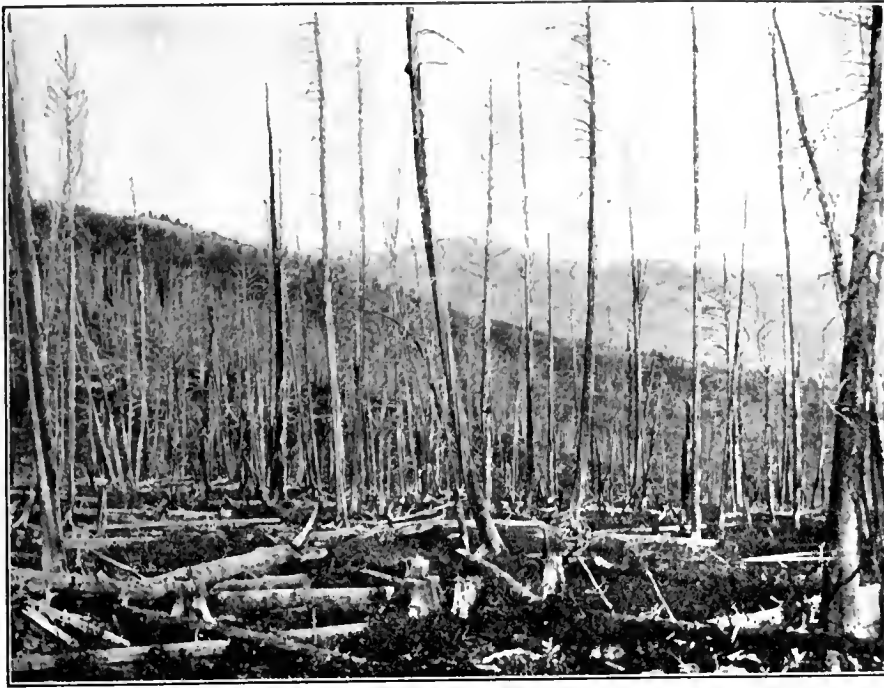
It is true that the abundance of forest products has been the primary factor in the development, growth and material progress of America. Because of its abundance there was cheap lumber for the building of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, housing, farm equipment and agricultural development—demands so great and increasing so rapidly that they are literally withering our forests.

The uses of wood are innumerable. Modern civilization is entirely dependent upon wood. The cheapness of wood, the plentitude of wood and its general



A NATURAL RESERVOIR

The Wooded Canyon Sides Hold Back Water That, in the Absence of Forest Cover, Would Run Off Rapidly.



A FIRE SWEEPED FOREST

Charred and Blackened, the Trees Stand Dreary and Desolate

usefulness has been the forest's desecration. Yet, as important a factor as lumber and wood products are to the commercial progress of the nation, they are secondary in importance to that of a continuous supply of pure water for 112,000,000 persons, who require a minimum of 4143 tons per capita per annum.

You can live less than five weeks without food—less than five days without water—and less than five minutes without air.

Though not one person in a thousand realizes the fact, the abundance of our food supply, the quality and plentitude of our water and the purity of the air we breathe are all directly dependent upon trees. The importance of trees in purifying the air is quickly told. Luther Burbank declares that—

"Trees produce and give out quantities of ozone, a necessary element of healthful breathing for all of us."

He also confirms what other scientists have long taught us, that trees and all vegetables absorb and feed upon waste gases injurious to us, produced by the decay of animal and vegetable matter, and which arise from fires of all kinds, automobiles, exhausts, etc., thus, by a double process, trees purify and improve the air we breathe.

The relation of forest growth to the water supply may be better understood by reading the scientific reports of great engineers, which show that 88 per cent of the rainfall will be absorbed by the

thick humus, or leaf mold, on a well covered forest floor, and that under those normal conditions it takes 27 months for its proper distribution. When this covering is destroyed, either by fire or cutting, 92 per cent of the rainfall runs off, taking with it the rich, fertile soil and silt which it has taken centuries to create. We have already destroyed five-sixths of these great God-given moisture reservoirs and we are, therefore, losing 88 per cent of the rain which falls in our mountainous areas which goes away in disastrous floods all over the country,

with a terrifically heavy property loss through floods destroying and carrying away enormous quantities of natural mineral phosphates, which in turn decreases the productiveness of the soil—tremendous declining yield per acre—resulting in lower assessed valuation of agricultural lands—a 32 billion dollar decrease in seven years, reflected in innumerable bank failures everywhere. Nation-wide reforestation is the only way to bring back proper moisture distribution and increased farm productiveness.

Frederick H. Newell, former head of the United States Reclamation Service, on the 14th day of March, 1925, according to the press, addressed the Forestry School of Yale University, and made the following statement: "Unless immediate steps are taken for reforestation in the United States, the whole nation will be on water rations within several years." Not several years, but within three months after this statement was made, the nation was suffering the greatest drought of its history.

Europe, though it has safeguarded its forests for centuries, guarding its trees with zealous care, while we rush heedlessly on, sees for itself a hideous picture of desolation because of the lack of one thing—trees. Within the past few weeks, M. Jean Caberets, noted continental reclamation engineer, publicly declared that "the world is drifting towards becoming a huge desert, swept by floods and tempests because of deforestation." Scotland already, he declared, is fast moving toward conditions similar to those prevailing on the parched wind-swept steppes of Siberia. He calls

(Continued on Page 21)



ASSISTING NATURE

Planting Seeds on a Denuded Hillside. The Work of Reforestation Should Be Carried Forward Rapidly.

Pete Kitchen---Arizona Pioneer Rifleman and Ranchman

By Frank C. Lockwood

Dean of the College of Liberal Arts,
University of Arizona

PETE KITCHEN was the connecting link between savagery and civilization in Arizona. He was a rough charcoal sketch of a civilized man. He came to Arizona in 1854, and farmed rich, broad acres on Potrero Creek near its junction with the Santa Cruz. During the bloodiest days of Indian warfare his name was a household word among the white settlers; and to the wild Apache he was "more terrible than any army with banners."

His hacienda, situated on the summit of a rocky hillock overlooking the valley in every direction, was as much a fort as a ranch-house. On their raids through the valley the Apaches passed by it both coming and going. Kitchen was almost the last settler to hang on after the withdrawal of the troops in 1861. His ranch was the safest point between Tucson and Magdalena, Sonora; and during the darkest days of Apache warfare miners, settlers and travelers made it a sort of rallying point. Thomas Casanega, who lived on a nearby ranch in the early days, and who married a niece of Pete Kitchen, tells with sincerity that there were more men killed between Potrero and Magdalena than in all the rest of the Apache territory; that so many men lost their lives between these two points that if their bodies were laid side by side like railroad ties they would make a track from Nogales to Potrero.

The flat roof of Kitchen's adobe ranch-house was surrounded by a parapet three or four feet high, and a sentinel was constantly posted here to sound the alarm in case of attack. There was also always an armed sentinel posted in the cienega with the stock. In case of a sudden attack, the guard would discharge his gun as a signal to the Indian and Mexican workmen in the fields below. Pete, or his wife, Dona Rosa, would gather up the guns from the corners and wall-racks and lay them out ready for use. Dona Rosa became so expert that in case of necessity she was able to carry on the business alone. When the alarm was sounded, she tied her skirts around her to make them look like trousers, seized her gun, and with the help of the Oyata Indians, who were employed to fight as well as to farm, she would give the Apaches a reception as hot as her Mexican dishes. Pete Kitchen was the only settler whom

the Apaches could not dislodge. They made raid after raid, and shot his pigs so full of arrows that they looked like "walking pin cushions." They killed or drove out his bravest neighbors; they killed his herder and slaughtered his stepson; but Pete Kitchen fought on undaunted. His name struck terror to every Apache heart; and, at last, finding that he was too tough a nut to crack, they passed him by.

The tragedy that rocked the Kitchen family was the murder of an adopted son, about twelve years of age—Crandal by name. One day the boy went with the Mexican laborers to work in the field below the house, to the south. He grew drowsy and fell asleep in the hay. A band of Apaches rushed on the Mexicans and began firing. Pete heard one shot, and then another, and another. When the fight began the Mexicans ran for the house, forgetting all about the boy. He woke up just as the Indians were upon him; and the savages shot him. Pete had a number of Oyata Indians at work in the field to the west of the house. When the alarm was given they came in at once. At this instant an Apache lookout, posted behind a boulder six hundred yards to the east, on the opposite ridge, rose up and waved a signal to the Apaches in the field to hurry. Pete drew down on this Indian in the brief moment that he exposed himself, and killed him at that great distance. He said he drew a bead about six inches above the Apache's head. The bullet pierced his body. After the fight was over, Kitchen went with some of his men and buried the Indian where he fell.

Many stories are told about the old ranchman's alertness, marksmanship and cool courage. He was never caught napping. He was as ready with his gun as he was sure of his mark. The Indians were never able to ambush him. He never traveled the same road twice. He was a generous and companionable man; but there was a certain grim jocularity in his dealings with his enemies. He was once riding along the road, through greasewood, cactus and mesquite, with his double-barreled shotgun thrown across his saddle-bow, when he thought he saw a slight stirring of the

bushes in front of him a little way to the right. Swinging his gun very quietly into position for use, he rode steadily toward the bush. Just before he reached it, a man leaped suddenly into view with his revolver drawn and called:

"Throw up your hands!"

Instantly, with both barrels of his gun cocked, Pete covered the fellow and said:

"Throw up *your* hands!"

The man dropped his weapon to the ground, threw up his hands, and yelled:

"Don't shoot, Pete! I wasn't going to kill you; I was only going to rob you!"

"Just what I was going to do to you," said Pete. "Shell out!"

The fellow did so, but the amount produced was only thirty-five cents. Pete threw him two-bits, and said:

"Now, clear out, and never let me catch you around here again."

SOME bandits from Sonora once stole two or three of Kitchen's favorite horses. He took up their trail while it was still hot, followed them across the line and, pursuing them day and night for about three days, at last came up with them. He killed one, one fled, and he captured the third, and recovered the horses. As soon as he recrossed the Arizona line and could safely do so, he made camp so that he could get some sleep, being almost dead for lack of it.

The prisoner, tied hand and foot, and with a rope around his neck, was left on horseback under the limb of a tree to which the other end of the rope was attached. In telling this story, Pete was wont to punch his listener in the ribs with his thumb and say, with a chuckle:

"You know, while I was asleep, that damned horse walked off and left that fellow hanging there."

Pete Kitchen had his own little "boot-hill." It was just in front of the ranch-house, where the railroad track is now. Here the dead of his own hacienda were buried and, also, outlaws and desperadoes whom he shot and killed. He hung two bandits and buried them there. Dona Rosa, being a good Catholic, burned candles on the graves of these bad men, who had fought their fight, had finished their course, and with their boots on had been sent to their

reward by the strong right arm of her husband.

ABOUT 1880, John MacArthur, the youngest scion of the famous MacArthur family, was rendezvousing at Pete Kitchen's ranch and enjoying large luscious slices of the wild Southwest. He was, perhaps, causing his father and the older brothers some anxiety at this time. The MacArthurs were the builders of the Suez Canal and the Chicago Drainage Canal, and were well known for other very large contracts that they had successfully put through. John was trying to get his brothers to buy Kitchen's share in the Pajarita Mining Company; and Archibald, James and William had come out to look over the property—and, incidentally, to make sure that their youthful brother did not get into mischief. They were being entertained royally by Pete. He took them on hunting trips, fed them on wild turkey and choice ham and bacon, and took them on expeditions into the mountains. They were like boys out of school. John was supposed to have taken on some of Pete Kitchen's skill with a gun; and one day in the yard at the ranch each one was boasting and showing off his skill with firearms. One of the brothers put a little stone on a watermelon. The brothers from Chicago challenged Arizona John to shoot it off. There was much swaggering and boasting, but the stone remained untouched. At last the older brother's turn came, and with a great pose and a flourish of his .32, he said:

"I'll show you how to shoot!"

Pete had been standing in the doorway of the ranch-house some distance off watching them. Just as the older brother waved his gun, like a flash, Pete reached behind the door and seized his rifle. Bang! The stone was shattered, and the quick-witted brother said:

"There, that's the way to do it!"

None of them knew what had happened until Rockfellow told the Chicago brothers. It was some days later before they made known to John just what had taken place.

Kitchen's hacienda was like a feudal estate. His immediate family consisted of ten members—made up mostly of nieces of his Mexican wife. He was kind and generous to these girls, caring for them and educating them as if they were his own children. He took delight on coming home from Tucson, where he went at long intervals to market his produce, in distributing candy, toys and various other gimcracks to the children of the establishment. He was hospitable

and kept open house. All travelers were welcome, and his friends could not come too often or stay too long. We get a close-up view of life on the Kitchen ranch from John G. Bourke, in his excellent book, *"With Crook on the Border."* The traveler was made to feel perfectly at ease. If food were not already on the fire, some of the women set about the preparation of the savory and spicy stews for which the Mexicans are deservedly famous, and others kneaded the dough and patted into shape the paper-like tortillas with which to eat the juicy frijoles or dip up the tempting chile Colorado. There were women carding, spinning, sewing—doing the thousand and one duties of domestic life in a great ranch that had its own blacksmith, saddler and wagon-maker, and all other officials needed to keep the machinery running smoothly." In addition

To the Poet:

THERE are some songs that silences
can shatter,
There are some dreams that vision can
obscure,
Some perfumes that a vagrant breeze
can scatter—
Some loveliness too fragile to endure.

But you, who sense the living songs in
silence,
Who trace the dreams the days can ne'er
disclose,
You cup in petaled hands the lily's fragrance,
You hold the evanescence of the rose.

FLORA J. ARNSTEIN.

tion to the band of Opatá Indians who were employed to work and fight, there were a good many Mexican workmen on the estate, some of them with families. Pete Kitchen had his own commissariat, and issued all necessary supplies to his own people, and, in case of need, to travelers.

His ranch took in about a thousand acres of rich bottom land, and he raised large crops of grain, potatoes, cabbages, and an abundance of fruit and melons. He had a great many cattle, and his particular delight was a drove of several hundred fine hogs. He prepared large quantities of ham and bacon of delicious quality. This was his specialty, before the advent of the railroad. The Tucson stores used to display signs, *Pete Kitchen's Ham*. The settlements all the way from Nogales to Silver City, New Mexico, were supplied with lard, bacon and

ham from the Kitchen ranch. A personal item in the *Tucson Citizen* of June 15, 1872, gives an idea of the extent of Pete Kitchen's prosperity at that time. He reported that his crops were all good; that he had in twenty acres of potatoes; that during the year he had cured fourteen thousand pounds of choice bacon and hams, and had marketed five thousand pounds of lard. These products brought him, on the average, thirty-five cents a pound. He sold large quantities of potatoes in the Tucson market, as well as other produce of various kinds, so his cash income for the year must have been in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars.

When the railroad came into Arizona, he found competition so strong that he could not make money as of old; so he sold his ranch for a good round figure and moved to Tucson. Here he spent the remainder of his days—and all of his money. He was not adapted to the soft seductive ways of civilization in the "Old Pueblo." He was a free spender—generous and careless. He was not one to refuse aid to a friend in need. If a theatrical beauty pleased him he would shower the stage with silver dollars. He had too much leisure; was a good "mixer" and an exceedingly good fellow, and about the only way to display these good qualities was at the bar and the gaming table. He was in his glory at the fiesta of St. Augustine, which was elaborately celebrated in Tucson in the early days. Few there were who did not take part in the revelry and gaming; and, as for Pete Kitchen, he patronized to the limit, with reckless hilarity, the roulette wheel and the faro table.

Pete Kitchen's word, and his note, were good anywhere. One of his old associates, Joe Wise, who is still living, tells that Pete came to him on the streets of Tucson one day and asked:

"Joe, can you lend me two hundred dollars?"

"I'm sorry, Pete, but I'm broke, and want to borrow some money myself."

"Well, then," said Pete, "let's go to the bank together, borrow three hundred dollars, sign the note jointly, and divide the money between us."

"All right," his friend replied; "if we haven't the cash when the note comes due, I've got a few head of cattle in the canyons over there on my ranch that we can round up and sell. Will you be out there and help me find them and bring them in, if we can't meet the note?"

(Continued on Page 22)

Symbols of Christmas

Mrs. Claude Hamilton Mitchell

THE definite date of the world's greatest event was not recorded, but was celebrated on various days, from the middle of December to the middle of January, by the different races. After careful investigation, the twenty-fifth of December was finally accepted by Christians. On that day mass was said for the sins of the people to commemorate the Savior's birth and so it gradually became known as Christmas day.

Many of the Yule-tide customs and symbols have their origin in the myths and legends of the early days. The early Egyptians during the winter solstice decorated their houses with the ever-green date palm as an emblem of mortality. As time progressed great fires were built on the hearths and candles were lighted as symbols of the return of the sun after the dark days and to commemorate Him who is the light of the world.

The Greek and Latin churches still call Christmas the "Feast of Lights," it being an expression of joy and gladness. The early Romans sent sprigs of holly as a greeting to their friends on Christmas morning—holly, laurel and mistletoe being emblematic of the resurrection and immortal hope. Later it became the custom to offer gifts of apples and nuts, an emblem of youth.

The ancient Druids, or priests of the old Celtic races, held the mistletoe in great reverence because of its mysterious birth and regarded the oak upon which it grew as a symbol of the Supreme Being, the mistletoe representing man's dependence upon God.

Annually there was a weird and strange ceremonial of cutting it when priests, clad in long white robes and carrying sickles of gold, used for no other purpose, led a solemn procession chanting and singing as they moved from tree to tree.

Thus blessed the mistletoe was believed to keep witches away and large sums of money were paid the Druids for pieces of the plants to hang around the neck as a charm.

The approach of the holy season was thought to be heralded in the night watches of the cock, who by his crowing kept away the evil spirit. This had its origin in the crowing of the cock on that grey dawn when Peter denied his Lord.

Christmas songs were first sung by the Romans and were called "manger songs," and later the English called

them carols, the word meaning a song with a dance.

The French called the songs adapted to the Christmas season "Noels," or good news, symbolic of the angels singing and the good news told the shepherds on that first Christmas morn.

From Holland comes the beloved name Santa Claus, which is a corruption of Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of children, whose day is that preceding Christmas.

The good saint is represented as a short, fat, good-natured personage dressed in furs, driving around on Christmas eve in a sled drawn by reindeer, to put presents in the children's stockings. He was supposed to come down the chimney, so the children hung their stockings on the chimney piece to be filled.

French children build an imitation of the Holy Manger and suspend above it a white dove and a bright star, symbols of peace and light. Lights are kept burning around it during the Yule-tide.

Belgian children polish their shoes and fill them with oats, hay and carrots, to give their Santa, who comes on a white horse. In the morning they find that gifts have been substituted.

In Italy during the Novina, or eight days preceding Christmas, Italian shepherds go from house to house inquiring whether Christmas is to be kept there. If they find that it is, a wooden spoon is left to mark the place and at night musicians come and play. Gifts are placed in a great urn called the "Urn of Fate," which are distributed by Bambino, the Italian Santa Claus. Torches are placed about the streets and in some towns fireworks are displayed. The season is strictly religious and a rigid fast is observed twenty-four days before Christmas.

IN England the Yule-tide is celebrated with much festivity, and the old custom of serving boars head is still adhered to in many places. The sacred boar of mythology was offered to Frey, the god of peace, as a gift.

The serving of the boar's head is symbolic of a peace offering. It was brought in on an immense salver decorated with gay garlands, bay and rosemary, and preceded by trumpeters. The head of the family was required to place his hand on the dish and swear to be faithful and to fulfill all of his obligations as a man of honor. Every man

present was then required to carve in turn.

The peacock was also a Christmas dish. It was stuffed with spices and herbs, roasted, then recovered and placed on a tray with head erect and tail spread out to signify a spreading of kindness. The lady of the house bore it in amid song and laughter. The yule-log was brought into the house with much ceremony, each member of the family saluting it for good luck. It was then deposited in the fireplace to burn all Christmas night. If it went out, bad luck would attend the house for a year. From year to year a brand was saved to light the next year's log.

Christmas carols were sung in the early morning from house to house while amateur players performed. They were called "mummers" or "waits," as they performed without speaking.

Yule-tide in France lasts several weeks and about the first of December grain is planted in small dishes filled with earth. If by Christmas it is growing, the harvest will be plentiful and there is much rejoicing.

The mince pie in its original form was oblong to represent the manger and the mixture of Oriental ingredients commemorated the offerings made by the Wise Men. The belief was that on or after Christmas one must eat twelve mince pies to insure good luck for the coming year.

A beverage called "Wassail," which meant "Be Well," or "Here Is to Your Health," was drunk for remembrance. It was made of ale or wine, sugar, spices, toast and roasted crab, with apples bobbing about the surface, and was served in a large bowl tied with ribbons and rosemary.

The Christmas tree is a feature of almost every nation and is an elaboration of the early Egyptian palm branches which symbolized immortality. The candles signify the light that heralded His birth and the decorations the environment of the Nativity. The gifts are tokens of love and peace, symbols of the gifts of the Wise Men.

From the Romans came the joyous salutation, Merry Christmas, or "Io Saturnalia."

Christmas bells are rung to awaken peace, everlasting light and gladness and to tell of His love and power.

Christmas has been commemorated as a guiding star through the ages, Occident and Orient amalgamating in a universal good will toward men.

A Unique Christmas Present

La Mancha Spain, July, 1927

By Alice B. to Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote to the literal-minded Sancho Panza, who could only see a barber's basin. "I tell thee that is Mambrino's Helmet"—paraphrase—Cervantes.

NO ONE can foretell what pleasure may be awaiting the traveler doomed to a six-hour wait at an awkwardly out-of-the-way railroad junction. Little did we dream what was in store for us when we learned that we would have to wait six long hours at that little jumping-off place, Alcazar de San Juan, Spain, on the way from Granada to Valencia.

Upon arrival at the Spanish "Millipitas" we found it to be situated on the flattest of flat plains, and there certainly could not be much of interest here. No wonder Don Quixote tired of life, the monotony of the great level stretches of La Mancha, and went forth to seek adventure. Perhaps we could do as much with the aid of a taxi. And then methought of something: La Mancha. That meant Don Quixote—Sancho Panza came next in the train of thought—and then the barber's basin which I coveted. Why should I want a barber's basin? I had heard of a certain member of the Bohemian Club in San Francisco who had searched and searched for one in this part of the country, and finally succeeded in securing it. What better to do in this six hours' wait than that I sally forth in quest of a palangana, a



Antonio

barber's brass basin, the like of which served Don Quixote as a helmet in his wanderings among unfriendly peoples? Yes, why not? I imparted my Quixotic desire to a young chauffeur whom we found at the station. Of course he was too young, too much of a modern, to use such a basin, but perhaps he knew some ancient person who had one and who, for a sum, would be willing to part with it. No, he had never heard of one even! We would ask a professional barber. Yes, we would ask the first one we came to.

In America the barber's sign is a striped red, white and blue pole. In Spain one looks for a miniature brass bowl hung over a doorway from some sort of a bracket. The bowl is the counterpart in miniature of the real palan-

gana, with a notch in one side of the bowl, which permits a close adjustment of the bowl to the neck. It is a basin with a broad brim and a small central



The Barber's Basin

bowl. The barber shops have sometimes one, sometimes two, three, or even four polished brass "signs" hanging over their doors.

The first place we stop at is Antonio's. He is a friend of the chauffeur. Our quest is explained. Smilingly Antonio shakes his head; no, he has no palangana, has not seen one for many years; doesn't even know if there is one in the whole countryside now that modern methods are used. We will try another place. Three blocks we go, to stop at Paco's. Our chico (little) footman in overalls jumps out to acquaint Paco with the fact that a "carriage" is at the door and that his presence is desired. Out comes Paco in a blue smock. He shows extreme regret in his deep-set eyes. No, oh no, he does not use palanganas, and furthermore does not believe there is left a single one of those antique relics of the primitive past!



Paco

The next establishment was too pretentious, too modern, to even stop and make an inquiry, but because the owner himself was sitting leisurely in a chair out on the sidewalk and was a friend of the chauffeur, it seemed fitting to ask him if he knew aught of palanganas. He was a lame man in a neat black suit and a soft black Fedora. Most polite he was in responding. Of course, we knew he wouldn't be able to tell us a single thing, still it was pleasant to stop a minute and hear the two men, the barber and the chauffeur, speculating in Spanish about palanganas in general and

how long ago they had been consigned to a forgotten past.

What next? We had to wait for a funeral procession to pass. No one very rich or very prominent reposed in that hearse. Only two horses. These were decked with nodding plumes and the hearse was more like a palanquin than anything else, there being a fancy roof supported by four corner posts, exposing to full view the coffin. The men mourners followed on foot, after them trudged the women. Was this sombre procession in our path omen of bad luck?

Simon Caraballo was the next gentleman of the razor to be interviewed. He was spick and span in a long white coat as he emerged from the bead portieres of his shop entrance. But Simon Caraballo was like Simple Simon—naught knew he of palanganas.

The street and block arrangement of Alcazar de San Juan, remotely situated out there on the plains of La Mancha, would vie with a picture puzzle for irregularity of straight line, curve and grouping. We went here and there through perfect labyrinths of curiously narrow passages, through lanes and thoroughfares, cobbled and uncobbled, disturbing foot travelers, waiting for a slow ox-cart to get out of our way, fearful in one alley of disturbing a herd of goats all quietly standing there while the goat-herd, on his daily round with the full-uddered goats, milked fresh milk into a bowl proffered by a lady in the doorway of a simple home. No "middleman" here in the milk business.

The goat-herd we had occasion to study here so closely was a handsome fellow. All of six feet tall; fine, noble features; a straight broad brow, eyes of broad vision, a good-sized straight nose, a mouth that showed poise and generosity, a firm chin, a carriage graceful and admirable. And such a smile! A real man with handsome features and not a trace of weakness in any of them.



Lame Barber

These people of La Mancha appear to be all very regular and fine-featured. The children are strikingly handsome. All children in Spain, I am sorry to say, look undernourished. Not one did I see with sturdy fat legs, or chest other than thin.

But we must be pursuing our ways to interview other barbers. There could be no dallies on this quest. And, besides, the day was wearing on. Wasn't it milking time with the goats? Then on to the next barber. Poor man! Poor Antonio Pardo! One of his little signs dangling there in the breeze was draped in black, in mourning. We could not obtrude our wishes at such a season, no. But as we hesitated he came walking along the street toward his shop and our chauffeur, being an acquaintance of his, made inquiry, as had grown to be our custom. Poor Antonio, in an old green coat, was most pathetic-looking, but he was communicative to a degree. Alas, however, of no helpful information, except this; that he knew a barber who might know an older barber—and so on. We could at least inquire. Round crooked streets and irregular corners we went again—to interview, this time, one Emilio Ortega.



Emilio Ortega

One look at his disconsolate expression with half-shut eyes—that was sufficient—didn't we know without asking that he had no information to vouchsafe? And he had none! Rather looked to be wondering at such foolish people wanting such a foolish thing as an anti-diluvian palangana. His manner was perfectly polite, but he made no comment.

As we rested against our "blank wall" we saw across an opening a group of several elderly people sitting on house chairs, out on the open sidewalk. Why not ask them? Nothing venture, nothing gain! We approached them in dignified manner and most politely asked if by any chance did one of them know some person who might possess a palangana. They did not repel us, this homely group sitting there at end of day in blue smock and black dress. No, they all began to talk at once, vying with each other in enumerating their ancient acquaintances, the chances of this one or that one being *old* enough to have such a thing. And then a hand shot out and pointed across the plaza to the house on the very corner. We might try *there*.

It was a residence abutting on the

plaza. The "chico" lifted the knocker and in time a lady opened the door—a woman about sixty with a black crocheted shawl over her shoulders and a white apron over her black dress. We explained politely what had brought us to her door—what had made us bold to disturb the afternoon quiet of a lady



One of Many in the "City of Windmills"

in her home, how we had been sent on our quest by her plaza acquaintances across the way. She laughed.

"Would we be good enough to come in?" We "would be," all right. You can see us hopping out of that auto in double quick time. Were our efforts to be rewarded at last?

The court, the patio, of the house was a plain one with only a couple of potted geraniums and a couple of chairs. The lady left us a moment, to return quickly from an inner room—and in her hands she held the coveted brass palangana!

Hope of possessing it and fear of the outlandish terms she might impose played tag as negotiations were opened for the purchase. No, she had no use for such an old thing. It belonged to her husband's grandfather. Her husband was out. I immediately prayed he would *stay* out. The old bowl was "nothing but litter around the house" and she would be glad enough to get rid of it any old way. Yes, she would sell it. Certainly.

"How much?" we asked. Oh, she couldn't say. *We* should make an offer.

"But," we said, "that would not be polite since the bowl was hers. We only wanted it for a child's game in our country."

"But," she hemmed, "wouldn't we say *something*?"

"No, *she* had to quote the amount that she would accept." And so it went on until we literally made her say she would take a reasonable amount. She had, of course, to think about it some, because it was not customary with her to be selling the household furniture and personal belongings—no—she had never done such a thing before, and we were to understand she didn't need the money, anyway.

There we stood—all in the patio—pending the settlement of this important question, the pronouncing of the dread decision as to what she thought "the old thing" was worth. And we waited while the lady argued out loud with herself. We were not going to commit ourselves in any way. I have seen brass bowls sell for \$500 apiece, and they seemed of less worth than this Don Quixotic palangana which I reverently held in my hands all the while.

At last, after further conversing and arguing with herself, she announced that she thought a *fair* price would be twenty-five pesetas (\$4.25). "And what did we think of that?"

To capitulate too suddenly, to show our joy, our relief, would not be the part of wisdom. We refrained from showing joyous emotion or surprise and coldly said that we had thought she would have parted with it for much less, but since that was her price and we had taken so much of her time, disturbed her quiet, etc., etc., we would be inclined to pay it if that was her last price.

"No, she could not accept less than *thirty* pesetas, then!" (The Jew and the Gypsy is forever mixed with the Spaniard.) We let her understand that we did not consider her a person of her word and that we were very much surprised. But we paid her quickly the thirty pesetas and got out as soon as we could with the precious palangana, fearful that she heap maledictions upon our heads and not part with "the old thing" at all.

AND thus it was we secured the brass palangana from Senora Francisca Roperio, in the Plaza de la Justa, No. 21, in the town of Alcazar de San Juan, while passing through that section of Spain known as La Mancha, on the

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"One Picture Is Worth Ten Thousand Words"

(A Chinese Proverb)

By Cristol Hastings

PIN feathers! Worms for breakfast! Eggs hatched by the sun! Under-sea gardens that never see sunlight. Fishes that have no eyes!

The hidden secrets of the wild and little known places of the universe are gradually being solved and their film record made and preserved as a permanent part of the archives of the Department of Visual Instruction, University of California Extension Division.

Interesting studies of all phases of wild life, of animals, of birds and plants, of fishes and reptiles, of subterranean gardens that sway with the tides on the floor of the ocean, weirdly beautiful as they are fantastic, foreign and tribal life in the unknown and often inaccessible places of the earth—all these have been portrayed and recorded, faithfully and accurately, by means of the lens so that you and I may absorb this visual knowledge with the utmost ease and to suit our individual time and convenience.

What a world of odd knowledge is revealed today, and all because this new lane of learning by visual instruction, more than ever, has found its place in the sun and has become an important factor in the sciences that acquaint us with the rare and the strange and the beautiful in this world in which we live!

Under the personal direction of Edward Mayer, Executive Secretary of this most interesting unit of learning, there is a never-ending work being carried on today for the sake of education through the medium of sight. No impression is more lasting in the human scheme of things than that created through vision.

And so, through the use of motion picture films and a great array of rare and curious photographic studies, the majority of them secured only after long and patient effort on the part of the indomitable cameraman and after untold hardship and risk have been encountered, the fine result is a new avenue of knowledge that has been opened and made available for everyone.

Often many months necessarily elapse, even years, before the persistent and untiring efforts of the ornithologist, for instance, are rewarded with a single picture of a certain phase of wild life on some isolated crag necessary to complete a rare series of bird pictures.

At this point Edward Mayer obligingly brought forth for our inspection several neatly bound volumes of gray art paper on the pages of which he had chronicled with the greatest degree of neatness and accuracy the pictorial scientific record of the lives of a multitude of California birds, many of which we had to confess were strangely new to us, familiar though we had believed ourselves to be with the feathered denizens of the air!

Birds and more birds! Birds of a feather! Birds without feathers! Birds



MR. EDWARD MAYER
Director Visual Instruction, University of California

of all ages, all sizes, all colors and degrees of pin-feathership! Hundreds of birds in one amazing picture! Hundreds of pictures of one specie!

It is of paramount interest to note that under the direction of Edward Mayer accurate film records have been collected of some four hundred different birds of California alone, revealing their strange nesting places, their feeding grounds, their eggs, the odd places of habitation chosen for the home nest, the process of incubation, often faithfully and most efficiently performed by the rays of the sun, the habits of the winged ones of the air—all these instructive stories are yours by way of pictures and motion films!

Nor is personal attendance at the State University in Berkeley necessary in order to benefit by this excellent means of instruction and entertainment, for the Extension Division has on hand in its compact storehouse, and ready for instant distribution and use, a great library of motion picture films and stereopticon slides for immediate shipment to all parts of California, Oregon, Nevada and Arizona. These endless spools of film embrace every known subject, from the prosaic business of bread making to the exciting delights of a world tour!

The Department of Visual Instruction undertakes to teach with pictures that which could not be grasped through means of the printed word. The Mongolians of ages ago recognized the futility of mere words when compared with the power of a single picture.

The age-old pictograph system, the crude drawings found now and then on the buried walls of some forgotten cave once peopled by unknown tribes, recognized millions of years ago that the knowledge gained through the medium of illiterate drawings painted its indelible image on the retina of the tribal eye, thus insuring memory with a degree of accuracy never attained by the spoken word. Truly, "one picture is worth ten thousand words!"

It is not possible to give a detailed account of the hundreds and thousands of rare films that are listed in most bewildering but thorough array in the new 1927-1928 catalogue just compiled and published by Edward Mayer, but a casual glance at its pages indicates a wide variety of themes and subjects ranging from fanciful fairy tale lore to the complicated business of making an automobile! Many of the entertainment films are delightfully tinted, lending an artistic note that never fails to appeal, no matter where shown nor what the audience.

The unfolding of a wild flower in some forgotten meadow can become a poem when recorded pictorially by means of the lens. A jaunt through the far-away teak forests of Siam can become instantly a thing of thrilling wonder, while a fantastic kangaroo hunt in Australia can become an exciting adventure, nowhere so quickly possible as in the leisurely viewing of one of these splendid films!

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Page of Verse

ONE EVENING AT DUSK

I CAME, heart-weary, to your quiet room,
To listen to the music of your voice—
Music that made my soul rejoice
And stirred my rose of memory to fresher bloom.

I came that evening for a little space,
To rest my sorrowful and aching heart,
To sit and dream with you apart,
To eagerly drink in the beauty of your face.

Then in the ensuing silence sweet and deep
My heart's unrest took wings and straightway fled—
My cares were lulled—my thoughts were led
Into the tranquil paths of sweet unbroken sleep.

NANCY BUCKLEY.

FATE

HOW so capricious is the way of Fate!
How fair her promises to them that wait
Upon her, bowed as faithful devotees.
How willing seems she all their whims to please
Who swear her homage and who own her thrall.
A legacy of joy she wills to all,
And promises unending holiday
Where work is but another word for play.
But when, the joy deferred, we query "When?"
The bland enchantress quicks our hope again.
"All things", saith she, "will come to them that wait";
And 'gain we're caught with expectation's bait.
Thus doth she hold our wavering loyalty,
While we bow low before her royalty.
Now there's a secret I but late have learned
That I shall whisper while her back is turned:
Fate is the jester of the Olympian Court,
Whose part it is to furnish ribald sport
To entertain the Gods. But Fate's a sham.
A legacy's not worth a tinker's damn
Until the legator is dead. Forsooth!
How then may we expect in age or youth
To get the things she's promised? Fools to try.
Fate is *immortal*. So! She'll never die!
Henceforth, for one, I'll own her sway no more
I'll do what comes to hand and count the score
Complete, when I have run life's fleeting course,
Assured, in my own heart, there is a source
Of satisfaction in each present task.
No more shall I expect, nor more shall ask.

—PHILMER A. SAMPLE.

THE RESTORATION

THE great trust magnate views the dinosaur,
Explained by the curator at his side:
"We think he looked like that, and know he died
Millions of years (let us say ten) before
Mankind came on the scene. We find, at least,
Some were carnivorous, some not. We know
He roamed this very country long ago . . .
Well, at his best, a most unpleasant beast!"

Croesus inspects the mighty back and thighs,
The reared enormous neck, the glittering eyes.
"Such saurians were lords of all the earth,"
His guide concludes, and meditates the floor;
Then, with a titter of aseptic mirth:

"Good thing we've nothing like *him* any more!"

GEORGE STERLING.

COMPUTATION

BECAUSE my hours were dark with loneliness
Your pity shone upon them like a star,
And I mistook it for such things as are
Unknown except to madmen, who will dress
Their dreams in memories that but few could guess
Were once no more than hopes that strayed too far,
Like children, when a door is left ajar,
Who play too near a magic wilderness.

But now I know that dreams have warped my brain,
And that the pleasant things I lived so long
Among, were little wisps of idiot song
Evoked to dull the blinding, bitter pain
Of such swift knowledge as your scornful eyes
Have writ in lightning on the quivering skies.

JOSEPH UPPER.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

I STEAL unnoticed from the ruddy glow
And wavering shadows of the friendly camp,
To gaze alone on lofty peaks of snow,
Above the pines, beneath the moon's soft lamp;
To listen, undisturbed, where, far away,
The mountain river sings his noisy song,
Brawling and boisterous, rollicking and gay,
Shouting and singing as he leaps along.
I hear him calling in the silent night,
Along the valley, far among the hills,
Where flash his waters in the silver light,
And all the dewy air his music fills.
He minds me of a roisterer, gay and bold,
Who strides alone beneath the quiet stars,
Shouting some loud and lusty song of old,
That rudely tells of love and ancient wars.

—FRANK TALBOT SMITH.

The Original California Bear

By Thomas P. Brown

THERE is a story of geographical and historical interest which has not yet found its way into the books. It concerns the "original California bear." It is to the lasting honor of Sonoma that the California bear was first emblazoned on the flag of the California Republic in 1846; but it is to another city that the glory of possessing the original bear must be conceded.

It is quite a journey to the haunts of this bear. If one starts from San Francisco he may take the Northwestern Pacific train or the Pickwick stage over the Redwood Highway and thence travel 140 miles to Willits. Here he must change to the California Western Railroad. A forty-mile ride over the coast range and down the picturesque valley of the Noyo will bring the traveler to Fort Bragg, now a thriving little city on the Mendocino coast. Fort Bragg was originally a military post, established in 1857 and named in honor of Colonel Braxton Bragg, later a noted general in the Civil War on the Confederate side.

And there at Fort Bragg, down on the shore of the Pacific Ocean, but at some distance from the base of the surf-beaten crags, the questing traveler will find the "original California bear." He is a huge fellow and he is sitting on his haunches with watchful eye gazing out over the ocean, perhaps with its orient shore in mind. He looks, every ton of him, a sturdy guardian of the Golden State. The bear is about thirty feet from the shore when the tide is in, but when the tide is out one may easily approach his side.

This "original California bear" is one of a series of fantastic rock formations, hardly known to the outside world. And yet the time will probably come when

their existence will be heralded abroad and tourists come from afar to visit this frontier country and to see the strange array. These rock formations, while enduring in greater part, are easily subject to erosion by the elements. In con-



Original California Bear—Bendore

sequence nature, by the wear and tear of winds and sea and storms, has chiseled remarkable resemblances to both animals and man. Looking closely at the back of the bear, about two-thirds of the way down, are to be seen the finely cut lineaments of the "first California padre," with typical tonsure.

Nearby are three other natural sculptures. One is a seal, with shoulders and head protruding from the sand, and nose pointed up as if about to catch a fish. A second is old "Neptune a-Slumber."

All of him except his head is buried in the sand, but, being the ruler of the sea, he does not seem to be disturbed by the waves as they break over him. The other group is that of "The Lovers." They are seated on a rock, dashed by spray, and occasionally overwhelmed by the combers. Night will show them silhouetted against the sky. They have been there since the time "when you were a tadpole and I was a fish," or, if you will, since the distant ages when the "little eochippus scampered over tertiary rocks." Nevertheless, being lovers, they have cared not for the elements and have recked not of the passing of time.

It took the power of perspective that lies in the artist's eye to discover the California bear. A footbridge runs within a hundred feet of it, and yet thousands of persons, for two generations, passed by this outstanding California bruin without seeing him. It was W. Gordon Bendore, artist-photographer of Willits, who caught the bear in his camera trap. To "shoot" the bear at just the right angle so as to catch him for all time, Mr. Bendore swung down beneath the footbridge, twined his legs around one of the supports and then, holding on with one hand, operated the camera with the other. Only one negative was made or has been made of this photo. Mr. Bendore has mastered the art of "shooting against the sun" and "Neptune a-Slumber" was first filmed as a sunset. It was not, however, until some weeks afterward that the mythical ruler of the sea was discovered.

"The Lovers" were known to the Indians, and old residents around Fort Bragg say that there is a fleeting legend among the Noyos about this fantastic group.

A Little Talk on Thrift

By S. W. STRAUS

President American Society for Thrift

WE are standing today on the threshold of a new year when, more than any other period, our thoughts turn to the deeper problems of personal progress. During the year our minds are very largely centered upon the immediate day's work.

We do not subscribe to the belief that success in life is to be measured in terms of dollars, power or fame. Any man or any woman who is leading a good life, in keeping with the true meaning of good citizenship, is a success.

But, for purposes of example, we can make use of the names of those whose

success in life has made them well known. They illustrate the great truth that by adhering to practices of thrift it is possible to rise from the most lowly position to a place among the leaders in thought and action.

Frank W. Woolworth began life as a clerk in a store in Watertown, N. Y.

Cyrus H. Curtis, Philadelphia publisher, started his career as a newsboy.

E. H. Harriman earned his first money as a clerk in a broker's office.

Andrew Carnegie began as a bobbin boy in a Pennsylvania cotton mill.

Charles M. Schwab was a clerk in a small store and later became stake driver for an engineering corps.

John Wanamaker began his career as an errand boy. James J. Hill clerked in a steamship office. Henry Ford was originally a Detroit machinist. Thomas Edison began selling papers on trains running out of the same city when 12 years old.

All success, small or great, must rest primarily on policies of thrift. Without it the start upward is never made.

World Federation of Education Associations

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

EDUCATION AND PEACE

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, former premier of Great Britain, in a recent address emphasized the point that education is the only sound foundation upon which may be built a permanent structure of international justice and world peace. This in effect is the Herman-Jordan plan, and the emphasis given it now by the war premier is proof that gradually world thinkers are coming to realize the truth of the proposition that education is the one practical means of establishing international good will.

Many things contribute valuable aid toward attainment of the great desire of civilization; but not until racial and national prejudices are broken down can we hope for any permanent accord amongst nations. And the breaking down process must begin with the youth, because when such prejudices are permitted to become fixed in the minds of the young, their eradication in later years is well nigh impossible.

Through education of the right sort in the schools, here and in all countries, must be developed that understanding amongst peoples which will be the real beginning of the brotherhood of mankind.

It is the young mind that must be taught to tear down the barriers erected by racial prejudice; the youthful mind must be taught to understand the youth of other countries, that children all over the world have the same impulses, play the same games, think the same thoughts, have the same conception of what is right and what is wrong, and that the boys and girls of other lands are foreign really only because they speak a different language.

It is chiefly because misunderstandings arise between nations due to ignorance of each other, that international broils are precipitated. Education is the cure.

Raphael Herman, who has given world-wide expression to the idea that education forms the real basis of permanent peace, holds that we ought to "promote a carefully planned educational movement with the objective of having all the governments promote arbitration treaties, conferences, trade agreements, reciprocity, rules of equity in international relations, and by so doing advance peace."

UNDER caption, Education and Peace, a recent editorial in the Los Angeles Express is worthy of more than passing notice. This editorial expresses admirably the situation and shows that through education only can good will amongst nations be established. As Editor Edward A. Dickson points out, misunderstandings between nations arise because of ignorance of each other.

The editorial mentions Mr. Raphael Herman and his great work in promoting better understanding through the Herman-Jordan plan. Especially appropriate is it to use this editorial here in connection with the accompanying report on the recent meeting of the World Federation of Education Associations at Toronto.—(Editor's Note.)

THE second biennial conference of the World Federation of Education Associations was held at Toronto, Canada, the week of August 7-13. The Federation was organized in San Francisco four years ago. The first biennial conference took place at Edinburgh, Scotland, in the summer of 1925.

Doctor A. O. Thomas, State Superintendent of Public Instruction for Maine, as President of the Association, prepared, with the assistance of his staff, a program of great value. Indeed in many respects this meeting was one of the most significant educational gatherings ever held. More than 7500 delegates registered at headquarters, and thirty-two nations of the world were represented at the meetings.

It is a noteworthy fact that of the many addresses by delegates of Foreign Nations, but one address was given in other than English. This was by a delegate who spoke English perfectly, but who chose to use the French as his medium of expression, as he represented the French Schools of the Province of Quebec. To listen to delegates from China, Japan, India, Germany and other foreign countries deliver their messages in the English tongue was an experience never to be forgotten, even though in some instances the speech was somewhat broken or the pronunciation faulty. Chinese delegates especially used a diction and form of expression such as would do credit to the best English scholars.

Prominent among the speakers of the general sessions were such outstanding educators as Doctor P. W. Kuo, President Southeastern University, Shanghai; Doctor M. Sawayanagi, President Imperial Japanese Education Association, Tokyo; Sir Robert Falconer, President

University of Toronto; Doctor P. P. Claxton, Superintendent of Schools, Tulsa, Oklahoma; E. J. Sainsbury, Thems Ditton, England; Doctor A. Cabadas, National Literary Society of Parnassus, Greece; Miss Sushama Tagore, President Women's Educational Society of India; Mlle. Suzanne Ferriere, representing the International Bureau of Education, Geneva, Switzerland; Professor Paul Monroe, Columbia University; Mr. Harry Charlesworth, Secretary British Columbia Teachers' Association. This list is suggestive only of those prominent in education who appeared on the program.

From our own country, there were in attendance and taking prominent part Dean William F. Russell of Teachers' College, Columbia University; Miss Cornelia Adair, President, and J. W. Crabtree, Secretary, National Education Association; Superintendent Walter R. Siders of Pocatello, Idaho, and numerous others.

Of significant subjects discussed may be mentioned: The Use of the Periodical Press in the Class Room; World Friendship; International Aspects of Education; Neighborliness Among Nations, and like important matters. Five important committees on the Herman-Jordan Plan reported, namely: Education for Peace; The Teaching of History; Special Arrangements for Training Youth in World Amity; Military Training and Military Preparedness, The Study of Methods and Instruments Used to Settle International Disputes Without Resorting to War.

In addition to the general sessions at which leaders presented addresses of interest to the entire group, there were a number of significant meetings around which devolved the real work of the Federation. There were sections devoted to Health Education, Illiteracy, Education of the Behavior Problem, Child and Adolescents; Character, Moral and Religious Education; International Education, Exchange Teachers' Associations and International Aspect of School Administration, Social Adjustment in Relation to the Schools of the Community, Handicapped Children and what is being done for their Education and Welfare; Thrift Education; Adult Education, Geography and several other important divisions.

The Canadian Teachers' Federation,
(Continued to Page 25)

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

Three Roads to Wealth

By TREBOR SELIG

FOR him who would see his dollars produce more dollars, there are three roads to choose—gambling, speculation, and investment. The first supposes the frank hazarding of money on pure chance, and of that nothing more need be said in these pages. Of the second much may be said and perhaps will be said later in this series of articles. It is a road traveled by many and by some successfully, but it is a dangerous road and beset by perils always, and for all who undertake it. It is not a path to be chosen by Mr. Average Citizen. Through much of its course it runs so close to the first that only the experienced traveler in the realm of finance can distinguish the boundary line.

It is to investment that the man with a thousand dollars must turn if he would be sure of success. It is a straight road, but it is not narrow. It has many by-paths, it is true, leading off here and there toward the avenue of speculation, but these are easy to avoid by anyone who will carry a compass and follow the needle that points always to Safety. It is a fairly level road, and the by-paths, though they be not marked by way signs, always identify themselves by their rising grade of promised yield. When one is attracted by the lure of quick profits or abnormal earnings, he may be sure he is gazing up a by-path and not along the highway of legitimate investment.

SPEEDING PROHIBITED

There are many vehicles one may ride along this latter road. Some seem to travel a bit faster than others, perhaps, but the experienced traveler on this road has learned that those which even seem to show more speed are always to be found on the side from which the branch paths lead toward speculation. Those vehicles which keep to the middle of the road, steered by the compass that always points to Safety, are found pretty closely in line and proceeding at a fairly even and uniform pace. Traffic regulations are strict on this highway, inexorable as the laws of nature. It is a heavily traveled road and if one feels impelled to speed he must follow other speeders into another route.

Investment implies elimination of the element of hazard, the chance of loss of capital. Speculation involves a recognized and accepted element of hazard, but one which, being known, is subject to more or less human control. Gambling, of course, is purely hazard, and in practical operation can be influenced only by the personal application of those deceptive artifices which usually result in the perpetrator being socially ostracised or summarily shot, depending largely upon the geographical location of the act. Just as the degree to which the element of chance is subject to human control is the chief distinction between gambling and speculation, so is the fixed and controlled factor of safety involved the fundamental element which differentiates investment from speculation.

SAFETY AND YIELD

There must always be a balance between safety and yield. That, when one goes up the other will go down, is as true as that water seeks its level—and in response to a law as truly fundamental. When the man with a thousand dollars seeks to put it to work earning its own wages for him, he must first determine in his own mind the degree of risk he is willing to accept. A six per cent yield is generally considered a normal return for a sound and safe investment in which the element of danger to capital has been reduced to the minimum. If the prospective investor, then, is offered an opportunity to make his money yield ten per cent per year, he must realize that the latter involves hazards which are accurately measured and unquestionably advertised by that four per cent difference. And he must remember that the degree of hazard increases by geometrical progression with the increase in interest rate.

One of the foremost authorities on investment and speculation classifies the former as a science and the latter as an art. Moreover, he stresses the fact that, although the science may be reduced to writing that he who runs may read, the successful artist must be born with a certain peculiar spark of genius and cannot learn his art wholly from books or teachers. Accurate self-analysis, unfortu-

nately, is difficult and rare. The ambitious man, especially if he be also impatient, is apt to let desire overshadow judgment and plunge into speculation on the assumption that he is endowed with a congenital talent for skillful and expeditious amassing of money. The only test of his assumption is the risking of his money, and even that is seldom conclusive or convincing.

WHICH PAYS BEST?

For the vast majority of those who really have a native talent for avoiding the dangers and choosing the safer paths of speculation, there exists an open question as to which, in the long run, brings the best returns, speculation or investment. It is a question widely debated by financial economists and students and one never conclusively and definitely answered. If speculation is an art, one is prompted to consider how many acknowledged artists are really successful.

A California man of considerable fortune discovered many years ago that he had, he believed, a special talent for speculation. He was wise enough, moreover, to employ the services of capable and conscientious brokers. By his operations he has made a good deal of money. He has not been always successful, but he has been so much more often than have the vast majority of his fellow speculators. He has never accepted risks without a careful analysis and he has always had expert advice against which to check his own judgment and genius.

This man is methodical in his habits and for thirty years he has kept a daily record of his financial operations. A few days ago, in a San Francisco club, the relative merits of investment and speculation were being discussed by a group of which this man was a member. Because he was known to have had a long experience presumed to be successful, his opinion was asked.

THIRTY YEARS' RECORD

"I have lately made an analysis of my operations over a period of three decades," he said. "I have found that my speculations have been profitable to

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The Stroller

By Rufus Blair

MARCELINE is dead. And so is Florence Mills.

A generation ago Marceline was the star of the huge New York Hippodrome—probably the greatest clown that ever lived. He made millions laugh, for his fun was clean. The children loved him.

Marceline died a suicide. When they broke down the door of his dingy furnished room, there he lay—a revolver beside him. Hanging from a trunk was his costume—the baggy pants and funny coat—they had been idle so long. It seemed as though poor Marceline had taken them from their moth-balled limbo for just one last fond look. What memories they must have awakened in his heart!—the applause of thousands, encores, dinners, the hosannas of critics—"Marceline the greatest in the line"—"Here is genius in a clown"—"Skill that transcends the imagination"—certainly, the critics said that. Look, I will show you from my scrap book what they said of me.

In Marceline's pockets investigators found four coppers. Just three persons attended his funeral.

Florence Mills was of another generation, the age of jazz. An octoroon, she was the idol of New York's black belt—of upper Harlem and its black and white cabarets. Loved by her own race, she was at least admired for her talents by the whites who patronized her performances.

In the special Valhalla, where the Booths and Barretts and Tony Pastors from antiquity down sit around reading their press notices and giving impromptu performances, Florence Mills will supply a "knockout novelty"—something unique in that anterior heaven.

Imagine the Barnums, the Hamlets, the Cyranos, when Florence Mills makes her "entrance" with the favorite—

"That St. Louis woman
Wid her diamond rings,
Pulls mah man 'round
By her apron strings—"

Somehow, in that hyperbolic reservation, the shades of long residence will not object. The show world is a big fraternity, bound by tradition and the Golden Rule, so they will not bawl for the watch when the spotlight shoots its glare on the drifting hi-brown lady, shoulders back, elbows out, fists clenched,

her body twisting into slow patterns, and singing fiercely:

"If it weren't for her powdah
And her stoh bought hair,
The man Ah love
Would not have gone nowhere.

"Oh! tell me how long
Do Ah have to wait?
Can Ah die right now,
Or must Ah hesitate?"

But to get back to earth. There is one thing more—about Florence Mills' funeral versus Marceline's. When the singer was buried, thousands upon thousands lined the sidewalks and the cortege blocked Manhattan traffic for hours. The floral offerings cost more than poor Marceline earned in all his success—and so once again jazz is triumphant, even in death.

One of the outstanding bits of theatrical interest is the "tryouts" for new talent. Fanchon & Marco, "Ideas" producers for West Coast Theatres, attach new timber for the circuit through the tryouts conducted at the Warfield Theatre every Monday night after the last show.

Many aspirants appear, but few are chosen. They come with their music arrangements and sometimes with their rehearsal costumes—dancers, singers, musicians, acrobats, jugglers, imitators and yodelers. Singers and dancers, by reason of their greater demand in Fanchon & Marco's presentations, show the best percentage of success.

No preference is shown. The personnel and nature of the various acts is announced. Their usually smirched and indistinct music sheets are played by Gus Weber of the "Super-Soloists," who, if necessary, could play the stuff upside down and backward.

Now the performers are before the footlights. Before them, dark and empty, yawns the vast auditorium. All but ten or twelve seats are unoccupied. The clustered onlookers, senior executives of West Coast Theatres, sit serious-faced and alert, yet relaxed to the point of greatest comfort in the chairs, their hands buried deep in coat pockets. Very few, if any, remarks pass. It looks extremely hard-boiled, but really isn't. Merely a come-on to help put the performers "over" by psycholog-

ically drawing out every bit of talent. Surprising how it helps.

At an improvised desk, dimly lighted, presides Miss Gae Foster, calm, alert, omniscient, and places a check of rejection or acceptance beside the names. "O K." means that they will soon look out over more kindly faces. "NG" means try again, or—er—well, the equivalent of "back to the plow." And how often they come back, these "NG's" and make the grade at a gallop! They have the heart to win. Of these were Paul Ash, Edna Covey, Natalie Kingston, and others high up in today's galaxy.

A little bit up Market street from the Granada Theatre, a "penny arcade" continues with rushing business. Its patrons are divided into two distinctly different classes—the gullible and wise. The latter, in evening clothes, on a lark, drive up in big machines and step inside to watch the others. Eventually they end up before the camera. They want to be snapped with the wooden jackass—the girl giggling, astraddle, the escort leaning rakishly against the hinds. That's where the kick is, you know. And all the gullible ones look on, and pass covert whispers.

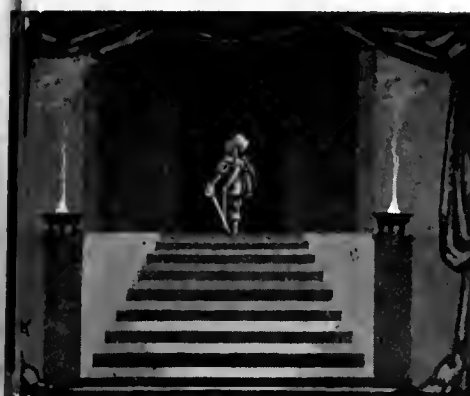
Next door James L. Ready, consulting psychologist, human analyst, vocational counsellor, graphologist, holds forth in the doorway of a vacant shop and tells the bias-eyed world what makes it tick. The professor knows mob psychology, too. First of all, he asks the sailors, soldiers, idlers and yokels that comprise his audience to call him just plain "Jim." They step up close while he tells a few stories.

Jim has bushy white hair and a face of great acreage—reminds you of "Jonathan the Giver of Life"—and before you know it you're making a private appointment with him, which will cost you five dollars.

It is Jim's custom to start his cabages and kings lecture with a topic so obviously detached from his main purpose of being there that the audience is partly won over from the beginning.

At the particular moment I started to stroll away, the talk was on "Suspicion." "Hasty suspicion is a trait of madness," he was saying as, passing through the crowd, my arm caught on the crooked handle of a closed umbrella, which a listener from the hinterland held horizontally under his arm.

The lecture on Hasty Suspicion was wasted.



The Play's the Thing

By GERTRUDE F. WILCOX



All hail to the New Year, resplendent with hopes, dazzling with ambitions, armored with purpose—the theater bows in homage and prays for countenance, inspiration, and most fervently of all, courage. Courage is indeed the cry, the theater be in that dying state (or already numbered among the deceased) which the magazines state profoundly and sadly as a fact, and the newspapers, though not actually indexing it under vital statistics, count so far gone as not to deserve prominent notice, and give their energy and space to the heir apparent—Movies!

Although it is obvious that the theater is not in that virile state that it was a decade or so ago, it is not so completely debilitated as the professional mourners would imply. Perhaps it has just reeled into a sort of jealous lethargy because of the jolt drama by the reel has given it, but it is certain not long to remain in the background. The drama of words and action satisfies too basic an instinct to lie with its face to the wall permanently. To renew the interests of the followers of old, the theater will admittedly have to stage a mighty comeback, with the best of the old tradition to give it strength, and much modern interpretation to lend interest and color. In this respect the unabashed exponents of other arts may give some inspiration to the artists of the theater. For example, at a recent radio concert in Berkeley, Imre Weiss, ultra-modern composer-pianist more familiar to Europe than America, was presented by the New Music Society of California. His complete departure from the traditional, his very intense sincerity, his absolute submergence of self, his unquestionable mastery of technique, and the power and spell of his rendition, all gave an impression startling, but distinctive and memorable.

It is something of this spirit that the theater needs. If the stage could sense the temper of such an art and put that same verve and audacity into the theater, the public would be aroused to the

recognition of an art which, while it is an amalgamation of all allied arts, is essentially and unquestionably dramatic, distinct from all contributing units.

That the drama of the West manages to sustain itself is evidenced by the program of plays and titillating musical comedies that have been seen the past month. "The Married Virgin" at the Green Street Theater survived its trial, convinced the jury that it was not immoral, and continued to play to crowded houses. "Hit the Deck," "Blossom Time" and Mitzi in "The Madcap" entertained at the Lurie and Curran. "Why Men Leave Home" and "The Mystery Ship" played long and satisfactorily at the Duffy houses.

The audience played its part well at the Alcazar's thriller, "The Mystery Ship." Shrieks and frantic warnings from out front augmented the shivers and quivers caused by the mysterious and uncanny effects on the stage. The cast chosen was particularly apt in holding dramatic suspense and placing comedy twists. Joseph De Stefani and John Ivan supplied the mystic element and Frank Darien relieved the tense moments with his rare comedy. But to Walter B. Gilbert go the laurels for the staging and directing. The second act on the deck of the S. S. Monogonia, with the mysterious shrouding fog, the swish-swish of waves against the side of the ship, and the dim flickering lights, gave an effect at once beautiful and deliciously shivery.

In the Berkeley Playhouse production of Edna Ferber's "Minick," less of humor and more of pathos were exhibited than a casual reading of the play would infer, or the remembrance of former performances call to mind. Last Summer the play was presented at the University of California under the same director, Everett Glass, and the title role was played by Frederick Blanchard, as at the Playhouse, but the impression received of the character of old man Minick was distinctly different in the two performances. The story is the

familiar one of an aged parent living in the home of one of his children. Ideas and interests being essentially different, father and son are incompatible, though they adore one another. It is incomprehensible to the younger Minick that his father should choose to live in a "Home" among other men of his own age, where his ideas are respected and his company desired, rather than under the loving care and kindly meant patronage of his children. The one performance was full of humor and Minick's genial ways put the young people in the light of the losers, and the audience gloried in the old man's declaration of independence. At the later performance, however, stress was laid on the age-old conflict—the psychology of youth and old age. One is made to feel that it is inevitable—this pathetic situation of the old man—age giving way to youth. It was most interesting to contrast the two performances to see the infinite possibilities of such a characterization. The entire tenor of the two interpretations was distinct and of opposite effect. At the first you left the house with a chuckle and three cheers for the spirit of the old man; at the second your brow was knit in thought and the pathos of the situation was the keynote of the performance. So much for the possibilities of interpretation!

In keeping with the pageantry of the season, "Everyman," a morality play of each one's pilgrimage to death, was given at the University of California Little Theater. Aside from its historic interest as one of the earliest vehicles of dramatic expression and its illustration of the fundamental relationship of religion and drama, the play, as a play, has no greater significance—its moral is too distressingly obvious to the sophisticated audience. However, the factor that justified the production and made it unique and arresting was the use of masks. Catching the mode of the scene and sustaining it as no plastic expression

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Books



Writers

FOR almost forty years the English literary world has been craving for a history of Heinrich Heine that would be complete, truthful, interesting and up to date, incorporating the new materials discovered by German Heine scholars within that time. That want has been fulfilled by Lewis Browne with the collaboration of Elsa Wehl.

Heine, it is pointed out, "was, as Nietzsche declared, veritably a 'European event'!" Only Goethe ranks higher than he as a poet, in Germany, while none rank higher, in Germany or any other country, as a wit, lyric poet, or satirist. The author sees Heine as an exile through his whole life. His exilement being caused because he was a Jew and lived in an age when to be a Jew was similar to being an outcast. While he gave up his religion by birth, having been practically forced to do so, he remembered Judaism to his last days.

Heine, it is shown, depended to a great extent on the generosity of his big-hearted banker uncle, who was willing to assist him at any time, in spite of the fact that he did not treat him as he should. His folks desired him to be an attorney, for which reason he was forced to change his religion. Heine, however, loved literature and Byron, it seems, was his hero. Browne's biography stands out not only because all the technicalities of Heine are clarified for the reader, but because "That Man Heine" is written in an easy, colorful style.

Browne shows how Heine not only suffered a great deal at the hands of the Germans, for which reason he was forced to run to Paris, but he shows that the poet's health was poor. None of these circumstances, however, kept this genius from going on with the work he loved. It is shown where and when this brilliant figure wrote his best known songs and pieces, that have been translated into every civilized tongue of the world. The author, Browne, it seems, understands the sufferings of this sickly, non-beloved one as efficiently as if he had traveled and suffered with him.

CARL W. GROSS.

TO really appreciate the fine flavor of Don Ryan's first novel, one should know Los Angeles. In the first place, there is the matter of Angel's Flight. To the average reader this title suggests, no doubt, a Jacob's Ladder, or something of the sort, but to Los Angeles it means, very definitely, an old, dilapidated cable car system running up to the top of Court street from Broadway, at the summit of which the curious can gaze down upon the so-called City of Angels.

Don Ryan was a frequent commuter on Angel's Flight during the time he was a columnist on "The Record" in Los Angeles, and it was from this vantage point that his thoughts about the place seem to have crystallized. He seems to have a penchant for high places, for his present home is high in the hills of Hollywood overlooking the entire movie colony. The result of all this gazing is "Angel's Flight," which is really not a novel at all, but a collection of Los Angeles stories, a myriad impressions of Los Angeles from its Main street missions to Hollywood and the movies. It is saturated with angel-lore. Even the tempo of the narrative, quick, jerky and pulsating, is suggestive of Los Angeles.

Some of these stories, hidden away in the novel itself, are rare excellences. Such stories as "Court Carnival" and "Tuffy Sears' Mother," together with the episodes of Gene Stratton Porter addressing the Woman's Club and Charlie Chaplin having dinner in Armstrong & Carpenter's Cafe in Hollywood with Jim Tully and Konrad Bercovici, are memorable bits of satirical writing, pointed, deft and devastating.

"Angel's Flight" will not be listed among the season's best or finest novels. It is entirely experimental and transitory—a first flight. But it will reveal to the general reader for the first time a man of great promise as a social satirist. Ryan's talent is unique: a strange blending of Benj. De Casseres with Ben Hecht with overtones suggestive of Whitman. The result is a pyrotechnic display of considerable interest and

amusement. The method of the man is not labored analysis or even successful narration, but the short, vicious cuts and jabs of the columnist. Ryan batters away at the crust of Los Angeles in a relentless manner, and when he is through the place stands out in all its gaudiness and vulgarity, the harlot city, "Jazz Baby of the Golden West," overrun with charlatans and bedazzled with newly gotten wealth, penitent and jubilant, but animated by a strong pulse, thoroughly alive. Ryan paints this vulgar jazziness of Los Angeles unforgettable in his short, vivid, staccato style. Los Angeles is changing rapidly, becoming urbanized and civilized, but whatever triumph it attains to in the future there will always be "Angel's Flight" to stand as a memorial of its period of transition.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS.

HOW TO GET AHEAD FINANCIALLY

THERE are numerous books dealing with the need for practicing thrift, and of accumulating sufficient of this world's goods to take care of one's self in later life. There are also many good books on budgeting and investments. One of the most useful volumes that has come from the press is that under title, "How to Get Ahead Financially," by William A. Schnedler, and published by Harper & Bros.

Mr. Schnedler is counselor on personal financial problems to employees of the Western Electric Company. He therefore is in admirable position to know whereof he speaks on this question of getting ahead financially. It is Mr. Schnedler's claim that those who make financial failures do not do so willingly. They are not "aimless wasters who have no desire to get ahead and who prefer to satisfy present whims and take a chance on the future." They do not "deliberately drift toward dependency through choice." The author's contention is rather that those who fail to accumulate a proper financial reserve

"do not know how to get ahead." He contends further that once these people have information on this point, they will make progress. They are eager for direction and advice.

In this volume of 175 pages and 14 chapters there is valuable information on how saving may be begun regardless of how small the salary check may be. The author brings out clearly that it is not necessary for one to receive a large salary before beginning to save. Nor is it necessary that one go into business for himself to do this. A clerk as well as an employer may have a savings account.

Significant among the subjects treated are the chapters on "The Real Meaning of Thrift," "Spending Less Than One Earns," "Personal Budgets and Expense Accounts," "Investing Savings Wisely," "It Pays to Pay Cash." There are numerous other attractive chapters. \$2.00.

THE LANGE BOOK

PROFESSOR LANGE was one of the group of professional leaders who have made California pre-eminent in professional progress. We can think of no one who did as much constructive thinking that was not adequately published in his lifetime as did Dr. Lange. It was all the more striking because almost everybody in his time had a passion for publishing often ahead of their thinking, but he was never satisfied that anything he thought out had been sufficiently clarified and intensified for publication.

It is highly gratifying that Arthur H. Chamberlain and Vaughan MacCaughy took the lead in collecting and selecting more than thirty of the articles and papers of Dr. Lange. The interest now centers in the response of the school men and women to this opportunity to possess and read with care the mature wisdom of one of the best constructive thinkers of one of the noblest group of creative educators of any state in the Union.

It will be interesting to see whether the thinking of such a masterful educator will find an adequate audience at a time when there is skillful propaganda of writings that have the appeal of personal association and aspiration.

From several angles the publication of "The Lange Book" will present an opportunity to "test and measure" the professional intelligence of the alert school men and women of California.—From *The Journal of Education*, Dec. 5, 1927.

Conservation vs. Waste

(Continued from Page 7)

upon the governments of the world to cease their senseless destruction of trees and begin comprehensive policies of reforestation before it is too late.

As the direct and sickening result of forest destruction in our own country, excessive heat and cold, droughts and floods and high winds are prevalent everywhere, with great loss of life and property, as revealed in the headlines of the daily papers. The water and power shortage in California last year cost the Edison Company \$5,128,000, which was passed on to the public. Think then what these headlines mean to the people living where these news items originated:

Seventy-five per cent of the live waters of Tennessee gone—worst drought in history of state.

Prolonged drought has brought misery and suffering to Georgia. Senator Bell appeals to President Coolidge for aid. More than 1,000,000 persons affected.

Forty-three counties in Texas affected by drought. Bankers holding mortgages on cattle forced to defray expenses of transporting work stock to the north, where pasturage and water are available.

New Orleans: Water delivered by lead in street sprinklers for radius of 64 miles for domestic purposes.

In Crystal Springs, Miss.: Any one found wasting water arrested.

"Denver prays for rain, while Missouri's fields are flooded."

In Asheville, N. C.: Noted summer resort, people were not allowed to use water to wash their automobiles, and were restricted to one bath a week.

Hundreds of thousands of century-old seed trees die in the South for want of water.

Beautiful Minnehaha Falls laughs no longer—having gone completely dry in May of last year.

Thousands of streams, rivers and lakes, which were once actual living sources of water for man, the fish of the sea, the beasts of the field, and the fowl of the air, do not now even appear on the map. All remaining waterways reflect forest destruction in reduced annual stream flow.

And again, because of our commercial achievements, we assume that our stream of intelligence rises higher than its sources—it took the Infinite Creator centuries to establish the proper balance, yet we try to correct the condition by

offering several hundred bond issues aggregating hundreds of millions of dollars to re-establish God's balance with concrete and sand—a conclusion proven erroneous and pernicious by almost every other country in the old world.

Add to these calamities the losses due to insect attacks upon living trees, crude, finished and utilized forest products which are estimated by the Bureau of Entomology at \$13,000,000 annually, and \$700,000,000 is the yearly loss to agricultural interests from insects. It is therefore just as important to protect trees against insects as it is against forest fires. Birds—the Infinite Creator's natural balance—protect our trees and crops, as they depend largely upon insects for their food and save the nation hundreds of millions of dollars.

The history and experience of other nations has shown us that deforestation is the chief cause for present alarming water shortage all over the United States. Deforestation has been brought about because we have been measuring the value of a tree solely by its board feet—or how much money we can derive from it; when in fact, that is the least of its value. What would be our cultural attainments, what would be our religious and moral status were we to apply the same measure of value to the human race? Dr. Mayo says that the associated chemical elements—the iron, lime, phosphorus, etc.—contained in a human body is worth not more than 92 cents.

THE physical function of a tree may be likened to that of the human heart.

It is through circulation that the body is kept alive, healthy and growing, and when the heart action stops in any human body the inevitable result is death and decay. Just so with the face of the earth—the soil. Its fertility and continued productiveness depend upon the physical action of the tree, which absorbs the moisture from the ground and picks it up through the thousands of fine hairlike roots, pumps it up through the trunk, then to the branches, and finally to the leaves, where, through a process of transpiration, moisture is thrown into the air and returned to the ground — thus completing the circulation. Through this process the air is purified, soil is created, fertility maintained, water conserved and distributed, and the underground water supply kept intact. It is stated by authorities that

a 50-year-old maple tree will transpire 250 gallons of water into the air every day.

FORESTS have made possible our present mode of living and methods of travel and communication; the radio, telegraph, newspapers, motion pictures and all the marvelous avenues of reaching the people, and we have no excuse for not using the sinews of war furnished by our forests in the battle to save them.

That reforestation is the most vital issue before the American people today is overwhelmingly evident, when one considers the effect of the forests upon industry, commerce, agriculture, transportation, climate, rainfall — without which the nation must perish. America cannot continue to exist as the virile, progressive nation that she is today unless we conserve what we have and start immediately to build up what we have so wantonly destroyed. We cannot continue our policy of profligacy and waste any longer—America must reforest, or America must drink the bitter dregs of national decline and impotency.

We should therefore be interested in the conservation and perpetuation of our forests through proper use. We should be looking into the future for the benefit of our children, and our children's children; for the benefit of those who will indefinitely succeed us in our different walks of life.

We should be interested in the preservation of our forests, and the ways and means by which it may be most wisely, economically and effectively accomplished.

Forests have given employment directly and indirectly to multitudes. They have given us prosperous homes, cheap lumber, pure water supply, stream regulation, and brought us innumerable blessings. Each and every one of us who have enjoyed and profited through American opportunity should, in turn, pledge American loyalty by striving to the utmost to save for ourselves and posterity America's greatest asset—T-R-E-E-S—not for sentiment alone, not merely for our economic safety and material betterment, but for the very life of the nation.

And this can be most successfully done through the educational institutions in the United States—by working hand in hand with the American Reforestation Association, a nation-wide citizens' organization working for the benefit of all agencies who have to do with the moulding of public opinion.

Pete Kitchen

(Continued from Page 9)

"I'll sure be there," was the reply.

When the note fell due neither of them had any money. The rancher had not seen Pete for a long time, and his ranch was about fifty miles distant from Tucson, in the region of Calabasas; but on the appointed day, as he was out looking for his steers, far off on the mesa he saw the figure of a solitary horseman riding in his direction. It proved to be Pete. He had spent the whole night on the road in order to be there on time. The cattle were rounded up and driven to market, and the note was paid the day it was due.

Kitchen still bought and sold cattle after he had disposed of his ranch. On one occasion he bought seven hundred head of Mexican cattle, and the vaqueros drove them from Sonora to Tucson to deliver them. The Mexican herders were very ignorant, and were afraid to take either checks or greenbacks in payment. They refused to take anything but gold coin. There was not enough gold in town to pay them; so, after he had discharged at them a volley of the most effective and picturesque oaths at his command, Pete sent to Los Angeles for the gold. Meanwhile the Mexican cowboys waited and enjoyed the sights of the metropolis. When the gold came they were so ignorant that they could not count it.

"Here, you fools, I'll count it for you," said Pete.

When it was all counted the chief herder put it into a bag, which he carried around with him everywhere on his shoulder. The fascinating Feast of Saint Augustine was in full blast by this time; and the Mexicans entered wholeheartedly into the festivities. But they found the bag of gold a very serious impediment. Seeing the predicament the fellow was in, Pete came to him and said:

"Here, give it to me, you fool! I'll give it to the Dona Rosa and she'll take care of it."

He took it to his house and threw it under the bed; and the Mexican came and got it when he was ready to go home.

Leading citizens of Arizona now grown gray tell with feeling of kind treatment at the hands of Pete Kitchen when they first came to the territory as raw young fellows seeking their fortunes. Jeff Milton was such a youth, and he tells this story.

"Pete Kitchen was a good friend, but a bitter enemy. One day in the Palace saloon, of which Fred Maish was proprietor, Pete Kitchen was playing cards with some of his friends when a green young fellow from California, who had been looking on, asked if he could come into the game. They didn't want him in; but he insisted, so they let him take a hand. I was just looking on. The stranger was a poor sport, and as he was losing, he kicked up a rumpus. Finally he raised up from his seat and began to pull a gun on Pete, who was unarmed. I just throwed my gun across the table and covered him and said:

"Hold on! Wait a minute! You can't chew up that little old fellow!"

Pete sort of pushed back his chair and, as he started for the door, said to the fellow:

"I'll be back in a few minutes and talk it over with you."

I tried to quiet the fellow, but kept my gun on him. He was only a coward, and he whimpered:

"What are you going to do to me? What do you want to hurt me for?"

"I'm not going to hurt you; but do you know who that is you're trying to kill? That's Pete Kitchen, and you stand no more show than a baby. You'd better drag."

By the time Pete had returned with his gun the young fellow had pulled his freight.

PETE KITCHEN was about five feet nine or ten inches in height. He was spare, erect and physically fit even when he was verging toward old age. His eyes were grayish blue, and he was of a florid complexion. He was quiet and inoffensive in manner—quite the opposite of the typical movie hero of today. He usually wore a broad-brimmed sombrero and, instead of an overcoat, a Mexican serape. His friends did not much enjoy going on a camping expedition with him, for he made no little provision for food and the ordinary camp comforts. He was hardy and more or less indifferent to hunger and cold himself, so on cattle drives and hunting or scouting expeditions his comrades sometimes found themselves almost freezing or starving. When he had failed to provide for his own comfort he would on a cold night sometimes crawl under Rockfellow's blanket with him before morning. When he was a

Unique Christmas Present

(Continued from Page 12)

old man, he sometimes used to come over to the Stronghold to visit Rockfellow. One cold evening he started to walk to the Stronghold from Cochise Station. He had only his serape to keep him warm, and he got so tired and cold by the time he had gone half way that he stopped and built a campfire to warm himself. He got to Rockfellow's just as the family were at breakfast. The spot where he camped was always called "Camp Kitchen" after that.

When Mr. Rockfellow was in the neighborhood of Kitchen's ranch one day, long after the old man was dead—and forgotten so far as the younger generation was concerned—he met an old Mexican, and when he told him who he was, and mentioned the fact that he had once lived for a while on Pete Kitchen's ranch, the Mexican said with a pleased flash of recollection.

"Oh, Don Pedro, my valiente, muy bueno con rifle!"

Pete Kitchen was a man of no ordinary caliber. Apart from his force, resolution and general likeableness, he was a man of mark and originality. The MacArthurs, great men as they were, with a wide knowledge of men and of big business, spoke of him as a man of power and character. They thought he was one of the ablest men they had ever met, and said that he would have made himself felt in Wall street, or anywhere else that his lot might have been cast. He was the beau ideal of the border men of his day—brave, friendly, honest, and magnanimous; but also profane, a regular drinker, and a diligent and delighted "knight of the green table." These were the virtues and these the frailties of his time. It was because he combined these good and bad qualities in frontier perfection that he was so famous and so honored. So his money melted away, and at the end he had little in store except an unblemished reputation for honesty, a host of generous friends and admirers, and a pioneer record of hard and daring deeds well done.

THRIFT OF SOUND INVESTMENTS

IT is the part of good thrift to save your money and put it in a savings bank.

It is equally thrifty to draw your money out of a bank and buy sound investments.

It is better to get the 3 or 4 per cent paid by a savings bank for your account than to waste your money in needless expenditures. But it is still better thrift if you can invest your money at 5 or 6 per cent with absolute safety.—*Thrift Magazine.*

way from Granada to Valencia.

Our quest was over and it was not quite yet sunset time. What a long wait till midnight and the train to Valencia!

"Could we go nowhere?" Our chauffeur said we could easily make the little run out to Campo de Criptano, the "City of Windmills." We really were in the country of Don Quixote! We drove several miles out to the east and came to two stone posts marking the entrance to the tiny village of Campo de Criptano nestled at the foot of "Windmill Knoll." What a treat! All the way we had passed nothing but grain fields on every side, all turned golden now in full summer ripening. And here we were in the "City of Windmills." A little hill with fourteen huge round stone towers, each with great arms stretching to the breezes to be caught on that eminence. Only the windmills lived on the heights above a tiny village with its antiquated looking church. We had to climb the cobbled main street past the whole populace, gathered at this late afternoon hour to sit and rest before their doors. All so old and dilapidated! The plain folk so ancient looking, too, worn with labor, the men's faces furrowed with weather-worn wrinkles, the women the same and all gone to waist and aprons, most of them knitting or crocheting on crude articles—scarfs, capes, stockings.

To each little household group of elders and children which we passed we made the formal salutation, "Buenas tardes,"—they in turn said "Buenas tardes" while they gaped at us, tourists walking so sprightly-footed up their main street. Perhaps they are still speculating upon our motives. On we went past them all, to leave the broad road and on up, then by straggling foot paths to find ourselves among the windmills themselves. Fine old fellows! Only one revolving at this sunset hour. We found the sturdy miller and he was taking a reef in the anchor chain of the flying mill wings. The wind must have changed a point!

Just then a woman came trudging up the hill with a sack of grain upon her back. "Mr. Miller" received the unwieldy load, weighed it on the clean, floury scales in the clean, floury level floor of the mill, and then we followed him as he carried the sack up the 27 steps of the spiral stairway to the upper—the *hub*—floor of the round stone

building. He poured the oats into the square receptacle. We saw the wheels go round and heard the churning and crushing by the revolving stones, and then, slowly, the grist began to pour from a little hole in the side.

Twelve little windows provided light to this upper workroom—little windows about 15 inches high—just openings in the stone. And such pleasing views of country fields and orange horizon and other mills from each one of the twelve windows! They were lovely little vistas of a land rich in grain—and in peace—in spite of all the weariness. The sun had gone, but it had left its coloring all about us. It was a lovely sight—all about us tinged with romance as much as with color of sunset glow.

It will be a real pleasure to read Don Quixote to the end, now that I have seen the land, the mills, the hopeless expanse of plain flat lands, the plainer people. The last time I was in Mexico City I found in the Thieves Market Cervantes' masterpiece in two volumes of some size and quite some age, with whole page illustrations alternating with pages of text. And I bought the two volumes for 45c!

There will be still further interest in this name of Don Quixote when about six months or a year from now comes announcement of a grand production of Cervantes' masterpiece. You will remember my mention of a tall and distinguished-looking young man on the eastbound "Overland," and how we met him later on the "Roussillon," bound, as we were, to Spain. Well, our young chauffeur of Alcazar de San Juan, that "awful junction place where we would have to wait six hours"—our young chauffeur tells us that he drove this same tall thin young blonde with moustache and goatee out to the "City of Windmills" only last month for a grand, and extravagant filming of Don Quixote—out there where the mills and the whole populace of the countryside were the natural aides to the enactment of the old story we've laughed over so many times. Inadvertently we had discovered Mr. Barbour's secret! He will be our Don Quixote forevermore. With those long arms of his he will have wielded spear against windmill! How his long lanky legs will have dragged from his poor little mount! How weary the meager body from its fruitless travels and missions! And we had gone 6000

miles with him without recognizing more than a hint of his other self. There was that in his style, his adaptive manner, that placed him in another world from ours. No wonder we had not penetrated his disguise!

In this little junction we had come upon many finds. Even upon Don Quixote himself, with whom we had traveled unwittingly six thousand miles, all the way from California to Spain, that land where, once on a time, a castle was builded on every hill, and where peoples came from north and from east and from south to conquer and to hold for a while, each in its turn to leave ineffaceable marks upon the generations to follow. One may not say in truth "this person is Spanish!" He may be "from Spain" or "of Spain," but in his blood is intermingled strains of many races—of Iberians, Phoenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Alans, Suevi, Visigoths, Moors, and the Christians of Spain, Austria (Hapsburgs) and France (Bourbons), even of England (Wellington's time—1812) and Italy (when Amadeus of Italy was King of Spain from 1870 to 1873).

ADDENDA

By FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN

IT was at holiday time in 1885 that the first "Helmet of Mambrino"—a barber's basin of brass from old Spain—found its way to Don Horacio—Horace F. Cutter—"The Bachelor of San Francisco." The gift was accompanied by a classic description of the journey to La Mancha undertaken by the donor, Clarence King. So quaint was this reminder of the love both men felt for the immortal hero—Don Quixote—of Cervante's creation that the Bohemian Club gave the basin a characteristic reception and jinks. The parchment story of its purchase was inscribed by Clarence King with a quill and was properly acknowledged before the Ayuntamiento of the Pueblo, La Mancha, Spain, with official seals and rubric. The Century Magazine published it with illustrations in May, 1886. A reprint of the article is the opening chapter of the "Clarence King Memoirs," published by the Century Association in March, 1904, and entitled "The Helmet of Mambrino."

The mythical Helmet of Mambrino which so intrigued the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance" was credited by the Don with power to become invisible. The pseudo Barber's Basin of the King-Cutter episode mysteriously disappeared at the time of the death of Horace F. Cutter in July, 1900. It

was in July, 1927, that Alice B.—bought the second Helmet of Mambrino in La Mancha. Clarence King died on December 24, 1901. I received my Barber's Basin on December 24, 1927—twenty-six years later.

A striking feature of my acquaintance with Horace F. Cutter was his making me one of his "co-adjutors" in his plan to have an aviary in Golden Gate Park. He promised Mr. Vanderlyn Stowe, then president of the Park Commission, that he would send to Japan and purchase six pairs of Persian Bulbuls, and would send to South America for an equal number of the sacred "Dagger-Thrust Pigeons" as a beginning for the collection of birds. He also asked my assistance in having a bill passed by the State Legislature to protect the singing birds. As a result the excess linnets and canaries bred in the aviary are turned loose and now the mountain resorts and other bird haunts have many of these tiny songsters.

Mr. Cutter's original order to Japan was sent by Robinson—the bird man—and called for six pairs of Japanese Robins, as the Bulbuls are known there. I met him a few days after the first consignment arrived. He was both distressed and amused.

"What do you think these Japanese have sent us?" Receiving no answer, he continued: "Mr. Robinson telephoned me this morning that he had been notified that there were six pairs of rabbits billed to him for me! I said, 'Good heavens, man! Don't you know that it would be all my life is worth to turn loose six pairs of rabbits in California?' I've just come back from the pier, where I went to help Mr. Robinson get rid of those rabbits, and what do you think we found?" Again I was silent. "They were guinea pigs! Fancy!"

As co-adjutor I shared in the Bachelor of San Francisco's admiration of Cervantes' masterpiece, and was allowed to read the precious document sent him by Clarence King. It was bound in a rich brocade silk of the period. Later I told the story of "The Helmet of Mambrino" to my globe-trotting friend, Alice B.—hence the narrative herewith submitted.

POETRY CONTEST

Participants in the Poetry Contest please note that the judges have not yet made report. When poems are passed upon, the names of the winners will be announced.

THE PLAYS

(Continued from Page 19)

could, the mask gives a particularly forceful and significant emphasis to a play of the morality type. The masks used cannot be described adequately. One should see these epitomized representations of Everyman's companions. Good Fellowship, with his genial expression; Riches, gilded and gloating; brutal Strength; Beauty; and most especially, the Five Wits—ruddy, red-tongued Taste, grotesquely myopic Sight, and the one with all features dwarfed but a huge ear—these must be seen to be appreciated; enviable art treasures that will always have meaning.

The Players' Guild of San Francisco, with its influx of celebrated guest artists, is lending to non-professional theatricals a certain dignity. This interest of experienced actors in the schools of modern theater spreads a thrill of hope among the friends that stand by the bedside of the supposedly dying Drama. Have we not good reason to hope for the art of theater when such actors of acknowledged professional success and experience as Isabel Withers and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. turn sincerely and wholeheartedly to the artistry of the cause? In the title role of "Young Woodley" the Fairbanks Jr. is gratifyingly sincere in his work. His tendency to take himself very, very seriously is but evidence of his youth, and in its promise of the future is more of a virtue than a fault. His previous training in the rigid school of picture acting has given him a helpful grace and definiteness of movement. It is in just this beauty of gesture, however, that he needs to use economy. Certain dramatic poses may be held memorably for a rhythmic moment, but beyond that moment is melodrama, the too obvious picture, and what the modern theater wishes to avoid.

Lastly, there is another tonic that will surely have its influence (at least in the West) in bolstering up the supposedly weakened drama. "The Playmakers" are again launched on their enthusiastic season of playwriting, staging, producing, acting and criticizing their own productions. This laboratory theater was originally encouraged by Prof. Baker of Yale in one of his summers at Berkeley and has since attracted the attention of other eastern dramatists. Prof. Koch of the Carolina Players showed a particular interest in the western play writing and has taken the play,

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THE PLAY

(Continued from Page 24)

"Day's End," by Alice Pieratt, for his anthology of native drama which is soon to appear.

CALENDAR OF PLAYS

Lurie: Lionel Barrymore in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Curran: "Chauve Souris" and "Broadway."

President: "The Gossipy Sex."

Jcazar: "New Brooms."

Columbia: "The Cradle Song."

Players' Guild: "Bull-dog Drummond."

Green Street: "Le Lit Nuptil."

CALENDAR FOR WEST COAST

THEATERS

Granada: January 7, Taka Chance Week.

Warfield: January 7, "Two Flaming Youths" and the return of Rube Wolfe.

St. Francis: January 14, Charlie Chaplin in "The Circus."

OLD SAN FRANCISCO

"OLD SAN FRANCISCO," the colorful romance which is now being shown at the Embassy Theatre, has scored a sensational success. San Franciscans have taken this picture to their hearts and are coming in large crowds to see this historical page from the history of the city, embedded in so attractive a romantic setting.

Dolores Costello is seen as the charming seniorita, the last of a great family of Spaniards who settled in the early days on the bay. Warner Oland is at his best as the crafty politician, whose scheming ways are only brought to a close by the great fire.

On the Vitaphone Ernestine Schumann-Heink is heard singing two of her most popular songs from the German. Eddie Peabody, George Jessel and "Visions of Spain" are other items on the program.

WORLD FEDERATION

(Continued from Page 16)

and the Educational and Civic Organizations of Toronto, and the Canadian Provinces entertained in royal style. There were many special features provided for the visitors. The meetings were held on the campus of the University of Toronto. A number of the large publishing houses of America and Canada were exhibitors. This feature being under the direction of Mr. Allen of the National Education Association headquarters staff. Thirty associations are members of the World Federation in full fellowship, and twelve associations in associate membership.

THERE were from this country 85 delegates representing the Committee on International Relations. The United States, however, was permitted fifty votes in the business session. California was accorded two official delegates, State Superintendent William John Cooper and Arthur H. Chamberlain. Only one delegate, Mr. Chamberlain, was in attendance.

Doctor Thomas was re-elected President, and Walter R. Siders was elected to an important office looking toward the development of finance. Charles H. Williams of Columbia, Missouri, was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer. Considerable time was devoted in the business meeting to the adoption of the by-laws and the Articles of Incorporation. Mr. Raphael Herman, the donor of the Herman Award, was present, and took part in the meetings. The proceedings of the various sessions will be later published in book form.

From Report by Secretary Williams

Secretary Charles H. Williams, in speaking of the Toronto meeting, says:

"There has been recently a most encouraging increase in the number of organizations affiliated with the Federation. At the time of the Edinburgh Conference in 1925 only seven organizations had joined. Before the close of the Toronto Convention last August, this had increased to thirty-three organizations, twenty-one full members and twelve associate members. Since the close of the Toronto Convention one new organization, the International Bureau of Education, has joined, and four others have made application for membership. In addition, a large number of organizations and individuals from every part of the world have made inquiries showing that their interest has been aroused by the Toronto meeting. This is convincing evidence of the growing influence of our organization. If we are able to carry out the plans so ably formulated in the Toronto meeting, the next biennial conference, which will be held in Europe in the summer of 1929, will undoubtedly be far larger and far more influential than any educational conference that has ever yet been called.

Probably for the first time in the history of international educational meetings an extensive exhibit of books and apparatus for school purposes was held in conjunction with the Toronto Conference. This exhibit was under the general supervision of Director Walter R. Siders. The details of the work in arranging the exhibit were in the hands of

(Continued to Page 27)



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CHRONOLOGY OF WOODROW WILSON

THIS is a clear bit of material, gathered from authentic sources, showing just what Woodrow Wilson stood for and what he did not. Those interested in the policies and accomplishments of the War President will be overjoyed to find such a complete record. It will be invaluable to the student of history, government, or man.

"ONE PICTURE IS WORTH TEN THOUSAND WORDS"

(Continued from Page 13)

IMAGINE wandering about the colorful bazaars of Cairo, mingling with the turbaned children of the Sahara, without having to take into consideration the element of time and money so vitally necessary to travel! A vision of the splendid gorges of the Nile can be yours without the necessity of journeying to France in order to view their rugged beauty! Truly, the intricacies of

vagabonding at ease around the entire travel have been simplified and most certainly eliminated when one can go world, seeing everything, missing nothing, without even stirring from one's comfortable chair!

All of these filmed treasures are available for projection on screens throughout the West, not only within the State of California, but wherever the progressive spirit and interest of the people may direct themselves toward the betterment of the human race through educational channels. We all enjoy looking at pictures! It is one of the treasured pastimes that date from childhood's "scrap-book" days! And now that the motion pictures have been perfected until their projection on the screen almost outshines reality itself in the portrayal of that which is the most useful and instructive to the human mind, how doubly fortunate are our schools, our Bible classes, our Sunday schools, our colleges, our clubs and our homes in the great privilege that is being extended to them by the Department of Visual Instruction in cataloguing its great library of films on every known subject and offering these same films for wide and universal use!

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Contact has been achieved and maintained with the entire world in this constructive and highly instructive work, and the University of California is to be congratulated in the maintenance of this fine medium of learning through vision, and on the faithful efforts of its Executive Secretary, who has created of a primal experiment a thing of amazing interest and value to all of America, and particularly to the West!

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WORLD FEDERATION

(Continued from Page 25)

Mr. H. A. Allan of the secretariat of the National Education Association of the United States. The exhibit attracted keen interest and was visited by most of the delegates and visitors to the World Conference.

Upon request of the section of Teacher Associations and the International Aspect of School Administration, of which Dean Wm. F. Russell was chairman, the Board of Directors authorized a special appropriation for investigation of tenure of office of teachers in various countries of the world, a comprehensive report to be made at the next biennial conference of the W. F. E. A.

In this connection it may be interesting to know that Mr. Louis Carl Saeger, teacher in the one-room rural school in the Friedens District of St. Charles County, Missouri, has taught in this same school—and the same school-house—for fifty consecutive years. On the fifth day of September, 1927, he began his fifty-first year with the same zeal and enthusiasm that he brought to the same school-house fifty years ago. The Secretary of the World Federation would be glad to be informed of other teachers who have equaled this record.

Treasurer Hardy Remarks

Dr. E. A. Hardy, Treasurer, has this to say:

"Another matter of the highest importance was the setting up of definite organizations for many of the departments and their assumption of certain definite tasks which they are to undertake and upon which they are to report in 1929. A spirit of friendship and the assignment of definite duties are two extremely valuable assets for the World Federation of Education Associations."

Raphael Herman's Statement

An interesting statement by Mr. Raphael Herman is as follows:

"With Victor Hugo I will say that a day will come when the only battlefields will be the markets open to commerce and the minds open to new ideas.

"That day can be brought nearer and nearer, depending upon the way you will perform your divine task. I wish I could appeal to you in words that would burn like sulphur flames, so as to impress indelibly upon your minds and hearts the great duty that devolves upon you. You as educators, you as gentlemen of wisdom, and you as gentlemen of enlightened judgment, are the only ones who can step in the common arena where the dust-covered fighters are congregated, take up the searchlight of truth and

(Continued to Page 28)



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INVESTMENTS

(Continued from Page 17)

a degree I believe beyond the average for most men. I have studied the markets carefully and conscientiously. I have never plunged. I have been daring, but never reckless. I have made money through good judgment and good counsel and I have lost money in spite of both. On the whole, I have been a successful operator.

"And yet, if I had invested my initial capital, thirty years ago, in conservative securities, bonds and mortgages and non-speculative stocks, and had depended wholly for my revenue and my capital increases on the earnings from those investments and similar reinvestments, I would have more money today and I would have saved myself an amazing lot of worry and grief. My own experience, though it be that of a successful speculator, certainly must weigh down the scales on the side of conservative investment."

For a man with a thousand dollars, therefore, and for the vast majority of those with many thousands, the safe and sure road to financial success must be the broad and straight and level road of sound investment. He must be patient and he must be cautious and he must advise with trustworthy counselors, but if he does he will see his fortune grow surely and steadily, he will enjoy a sense of security the speculator never can feel and, in the long run, he will credit himself with a greater achievement.

I.

HEARST PUBLICATIONS, INC., FIRST AND COLLATERAL 6¼'s

Question—Have I done right in adding some of the Hearst Publications bonds, recently issued, to my list of income investments?

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The publications, comprising the San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco Call-Post, Oakland Post-Enquirer, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Los Angeles Examiner and Los Angeles Herald, are in the hands of a very capable and efficient management. The bonds have a wide distribution and should afford a ready market in the future at a good price.

II.

CITY SERVICE COMPANY

Question—What is the standing of City Service Company and what is the extent of its operation?

*Answer—*This is a holding corporation controlling through subsidiaries an extensive group of public utilities, electric power and light, natural and manufactured gas, and tractions, also complete units in the oil industry from wells to distribution. Owing to the combination of interests, the position of this company is unusual. Earnings are about equally divided between utilities and oil, the former being very dependable and steadily increasing for the past six years, the latter fluctuating with varying conditions of the oil industry. Net earnings during the first half of this year were \$3,000,000 greater than comparative figures for 1926.

Dividends are paid per annum on the four classes of stock, as follows: 1—No par \$6.00 cumulative preferred, \$6.00; 2—no par preference B, 60c; 3—no par preference BB, \$6.00; 4—common stock, 6% plus ½% monthly in common stock. New York Curb lists all of these stocks, the first sold up to 95 in October, the second at 8¾, the third at 86¾, and common at 52. The funded debt totals \$34,000,000, 5% and 6% debentures. The aggregate bonded debt of all companies owned and controlled at the close of 1926 was \$278,000,000.

III.

EL PASO & SOUTHWESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY 50-YEAR 5s

Question—Please advise me regarding El Paso & Southwestern Railroad Company refunding 50-year 5% bonds; are they safe to hold?

*Answer—*These are considered very high grade bonds, now listed on New York Exchange around 109, earnings consistent and should continue at high standard under operation of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, to which this road was leased in 1924, when the entire capital stock was purchased by the Southern Pacific Company. The bonds are a direct obligation of the company and are secured by a first lien on 573 miles of road, franchises, rights, land, terminals, rolling stock and equipment, also collaterally secured by 116 miles of road by pledge of securities of subsidiary companies. Good bonds to hold.

IV.

AEROPLANE STOCKS—CURTIS-WRIGHT

Question—I am urged to buy stock in the Curtis Aeroplane & Motor Company at \$46 and in the Wright Aeronautical Corporation at \$55. Is investment of this kind safe?

*Answer—*The wisdom of investment of this character depends entirely on the position, requirements and holdings of the investor. Although aeroplanes are fast becoming more popular and demand is rapidly increasing, their production is an industry still in a formative and developing stage. If you have followed the financial news lately you will have noted that aero stocks have been subjected to widely fluctuating prices, which does not make for stability.

Unless one is prepared to accept a speculative risk, we could not approve his purchasing such securities.

V.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR

Question—Would you advise me to buy Caterpillar Tractor stock at present market for investment?

*Answer—*Caterpillar is a good investment for one who is satisfied with a present low yield in anticipation of compensation in better things to come. It is a sound industrial, ably managed, with a world-wide market for its products, and stockholders should fare better in future. When dividends will be increased, only the directors can say. At the quotation of 57, as this is written, this stock is now yielding a little less than 3½%, having paid \$1.30 in regular dividends and 35c extra this year. It is considered a good buy for this class of investment, but could not be recommended to one who cannot afford to wait for his investment to ripen.

WORLD FEDERATION

(Continued from Page 27)

idealism, and lead them on toward those Olympian levels of which the dreamers dream and the prophets prophesy, and thereby bring peace to the heart, peace to the mind, and peace to the soul."


Aggressive work is now being pushed looking toward the securement of a permanent endowment for the World Federation. Says President Thomas:

Word from President Thomas

"The President of the Federation has had conferences with the firm of Tamblin and Brown of New York, who desire to conduct our campaign for funds, and a special meeting will be held in New York City on December 5 with the available officers and directors of the Federation. A report will be made later in regard to the work to be done. It is the plan, however, to initiate a world-wide campaign for productive funds with which to carry on the work of the Federation, especially the establishment of the regional offices and the general secretariat. The Federation should have a productive fund of ten million dollars. All of this may not be secured at once, but a substantial beginning should be made."

EMILY'S QUEST

THE N. Y. Herald-Tribune says: "Here is an author who has created a new character sure to win the hearts of all who loved the famous Anne of the Green Gables. Emily will take her place in due time among the immortal children in literature." What more can any one say in a review who agrees with the N. Y. Herald-Tribune thoroughly? **EMILY'S QUEST**, by L. M. Montgomery. Stokes Publishing Co. \$2.00.



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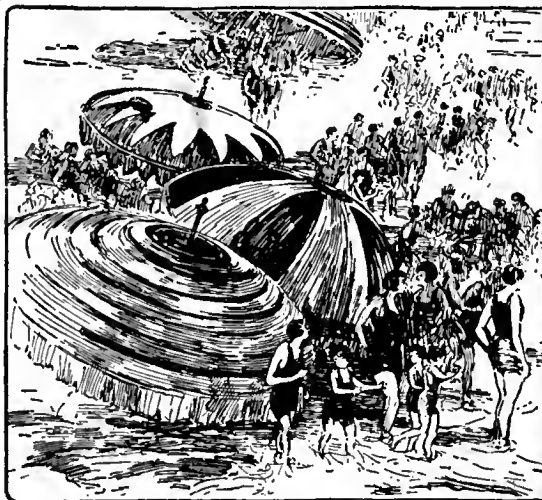
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MONTHLY

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Vol. LXXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1928

No. 2

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Out of the Press of the Past

By HARRY T. FEE



H. T. Fee

I



HAD occasion, while in San Francisco recently, to visit the office of the Overland Monthly. I confess that it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I left the elevator and walked into the habitation of that magazine which was established in 1868 by Bret Harte. That

viewed with Bret Harte the dreams of the past and I thought of George Sterling who sang:

"The winds of the Future wait
At the iron walls of her gate,
And the western ocean breaks in thunder.
And the western stars go slowly under,
And her gaze is ever west—
In the dream of her young unrest.
Her sea is a voice that calls,
And her star a voice above,
And her wind a voice on her walls—
My cool gray city of love."

magazine which has stood, the oldest and most consistent representative of California and California literature down the decades. That magazine which has withstood the onslaughts of time, and the vicissitudes of the years, maintaining the even tenor of its ways, along that road scattered with the wrecks of publications and periodicals and papers of the state. That magazine which has fostered California and California writers and artists, and wrought and preserved in its pages the romance, beauty, literature and the history of this Golden State.

It was the noon hour as I entered the office. The walls were lined with the bound volumes of the Overland. Sixty years of this magazine, which has stood the test of time. And as I gazed, the dust of the Calaveras hills seemed to cloud my sight. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" unfolded in reality. I stood with the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" in the snow-clad Sierra. Colonel Starbottle strode haughtily across the floor and Bret Harte sat again at the editorial desk of that magazine which still bears on its title page his name, beside the golden bear of California.

The streets outside were rife with Christmas shoppers. The windows and the shops were bright with Christmas cheer. The roar of a great city was tumbling over the casement. But I saw the uncouth miners tramping the streets of pioneer San Francisco. I saw romance and adventure, shattered hopes and high resolve, stalking where the crowds and the honking horns and traffic cops held sway. I

Mr. Harry T. Fee is not unknown to Overland readers. As indicated in the following, the Overland office was recently honored by a visit from Mr. Fee. The excerpts here given are from a splendid article by Mr. Fee, written following his visit and appearing in the Stockton Record of December 31, 1927, under the above caption.

Out of the past their shadows flit across the vision of the present. Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Frank Norris and Joaquin Miller and Jack London and Ambrose Bierce and Charles Warren Stoddard and Prentice Mulford and Richard Realf. The seed which they have sown has blossomed through the pulsing years. The perfume of their thought has wafted to the ends of the earth, and brought a breath of California's adventurous mountains and smiling valleys to the world. It is true the achievements of man in this great state, are scattered on the pathway of the years. Its forests have been felled to make shelter and comfort of homes. Its streams have been harnessed to bring light and warmth therein. Its plains have flamed with the miracle of God, and out of its frontier dust doth rise great cities menacing the skies. But over all this, progress and achievement. Above the smug materialism of money changers' row, as on a pedestal of time, stands the publisher, the editor, the reporter, the writer. Stands in fact constructive and uplifting thought. Embalmed in type. Disseminated through the printed page. Moulding and building and leading the souls of this western commonwealth to courage and beauty and sanity and truth.

The Overland Monthly will feature in its June issue the 60th anniversary of its founding. Progress has been abroad since the days of Bret Harte, and in this progress the Overland Monthly has played a notable part.

OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXVI

FEBRUARY, 1928

NUMBER 2

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(Contents of this Magazine Copyrighted)

Lincoln, the Man of the People

By EDWIN MARKHAM

*WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous Heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.*

*THE color of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things,
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.*



Abraham Lincoln
February 12, 1809-April 4, 1865

*AND so he came,
From prairie cabin to the Capitol,
One fair ideal led our chieftain on,
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a King.
He built the rail pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.*

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

—From Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address.

*SO came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridgepole up and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise,
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.*

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Washington: America's Greatest Patriot

NEARLY two centuries ago was born, near the point where Popes Creek enters the Potomac River, a boy who was destined to become one of the greatest forces in the history of the world. Probably no reader of this article is even remotely related to George Washington, or ever saw a person related to him. Why is it then, after this long lapse of time, and in an age so largely devoted to commercialism, that on February 22nd of each year banks, factories, mills, mines and business houses suspend operations? Why are our millions of pupils and students dismissed from their regular school duties? Why do we annually pause to do honor to a departed American?

There must have been something very unusual in the life of this man. He must have performed services of a striking character. He must have touched a responsive chord in the lives of his fellow men. He must have given to those of his time an example and an inspiration which nearly two centuries have not dimmed.

Unlike many of our great men, George Washington was not the child of poor parents. He did not have to struggle as did Lincoln, Grant, Garfield and others. His ancestors were people of means and of high standing in colonial America. In spite of this Washington was, from his youth, frequently face to face with hardship, danger and grave responsibility.

While at school he became interested in surveying, at which work he developed much proficiency. Naturally his ability in this line was in demand, his most distinguished patron being the

By James Franklin Chamberlain
Associate Editor

wealthy Lord Fairfax whose friendship helped to bring the young man into prom-

ship and for the highest service to his country.

Many incidents in the life of the boy illustrate his character. He had developed a strong desire to go to sea, and all arrangements for his going had been made. His mother objected to this and asked him to give up his cherished plan. So strong was his belief in obedience that he conformed to his mother's wish. This characteristic was more than once shown during his later illustrious but trying military career.

As is well known, three European powers were seeking to obtain control of North America. These were Great Britain, France and Spain. The English were crowded along the Atlantic seaboard, but hardy and adventurous spirits were overflowing across the mountains to the westward. The Spanish had entered the continent through the Mississippi gateway and the French through the gateway afforded by the navigable St. Lawrence and its open valley. It was inevitable that these forces should clash as the settlement of the continent proceeded.

George Washington was not twenty-two years of age when he was selected by the Governor of Virginia to perform the very delicate mission of carrying a message to the French commander at the rude fort where now stands the great city of Pittsburgh. This message was a request to the French to withdraw their forces and leave the country to the English. With a few companions Washington made this difficult and dangerous journey of 750 miles through a veritable wilderness, and delivered his message.

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

*Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!*

*He gave us a nation; to make it immortal
He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.
Not with gold, nor with gems
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man.*

*Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till right shall be Might in the councils of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose glory was gained by his service to man.*

inence. Surveying, together with Washington's love of nature and hunting, led to the spending of much time in the forest where there were neither trails nor roads, and where lurked savage beasts and yet more savage men. The youthful Washington could not foresee that these experiences were to furnish him the preparation for eminent leader-

The return trip was even more trying as it was made during the winter. As was to have been expected, the French declined to withdraw, and hostilities soon began.

A little later we see Washington serving as an aide to General Braddock during the French and Indian War. Braddock, although a gallant and able British general, was totally unacquainted with Indian tactics. He refused to take the advice of Washington and as a result his army was ambushed and three-fourths of his officers and one-half of his men were killed. Braddock himself was mortally wounded and thus the command fell upon the youthful Washington. Without regard to personal safety he rode from point to point between the contending forces, the target of many an Indian, yet he escaped injury. The Indians at last gave up trying to kill him, declaring that he was under the protection of the Great Spirit.

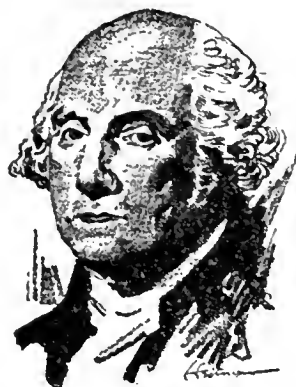
This utter fearlessness was many times exhibited. At the battle of Kipp's Bay, during the Revolution, Washington came upon a regiment in retreat. After trying in vain to get his soldiers to make a stand, he rode directly in front of the British and remained there for some time while bullets rained about him.

UPON the west bank of the Potomac about 15 miles from the city of Washington, stands Mount Vernon, the home of Washington. It is a two-story frame structure erected by the brother of George Washington in 1743 and named in honor of Admiral Vernon, of the English navy. The grounds slope from the house to the river and wide spreading trees and lawns abound. A little to the south and west of the mansion are the servants' quarters and the old coachhouse containing the coach of the first president. As one stands upon the bank of the beautiful Potomac it is easy to picture the boy Washington watching the occasional ship from the mother country come and go. How he longed to sail away upon one of these and see something of the outside world, we well know.

It was to this beautiful home that the young soldier retired at the close of the French and Indian War. He was devoted to his home and was proud of his plantation. All work was done under his supervision and promptness and thoroughness were required of all. The plantation was divided into a number of farms, each of which was visited daily.

Difficulties between England and her

colonists soon began to appear and the feeling grew more bitter with each day. Washington from the first took a firm stand against the oppressions of the mother country. We see the events immediately preceding the opening of the Revolution almost as a series of moving pictures. We hear the fiery speeches of Patrick Henry. We see the chests of tea thrown into Boston Harbor. Paul Revere stands before us in the moonlight, "impatient to mount and ride," and eagerly watching for his signal from Old



North Church. Finally we see the thrilling scene enacted by the men standing "By the rude bridge which arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled."

THERE was now actual war and the colonists enthusiastically turned to George Washington as the one man capable of leading the American armies. Washington accepted the trust but did not believe himself capable of meeting the tremendous responsibilities placed upon him.

The situation was one to try the soul of any man. Here were a few colonists defying the greatest power on earth. We had no army in the best sense of the word. We had no navy. We had practically no manufactures. We had little money and our people were spread out along the Atlantic Coast for a distance of hundreds of miles.

If Washington rushed into battle with his undisciplined army he would meet defeat and the American cause might be lost. If he did nothing he would be criticised on that score. He pursued a middle ground, training his men and setting before them an example of patience, endurance, faith and character of the highest order. Although frequently overpowered he knew when and how to strike and he won some brilliant victories. Washington never knew defeat.

When asked what he would do if the English captured Philadelphia he replied: "We will retreat beyond the Susquehanna; and then if necessary to the Alleghany Mountains."

The winter of 1777, passed in Valley Forge, was one of intense suffering and great discouragement. The soldiers lacked food. Of clothing and shelter they had so little that at times they did not dare lie down to sleep fearing that they would freeze. They slept sitting beside their camp fires. There was almost no medical service. Washington was deeply moved because of the sufferings of his men, but he never lost heart. In this dark hour the English, through General Howe, offered pardon to all who would renounce the American cause. Many took advantage of this offer but this only caused the patriotism of Washington to rise to a greater height.

At last the long struggle was brought to a successful close through the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The commander in chief bade an affectionate farewell to his officers in Fraunce's Tavern in New York City and once more retired to his home at Mount Vernon. But the great leader was not long to be left to the enjoyment of home life. Independence had been gained, but there remained the creation of the American nation.

WE HAD no constitution, only the Articles of Confederation existed as a starting point. The thirteen colonies had differing local interests which were to be welded into a national interest. They had their jealousies which were to be transformed into a national patriotism. This appeared to be a super-human task and again the people turned to the one man who could perform these miracles. Washington was elected as our first President by acclamation. His journey to New York, where he was inaugurated, was a continuous ovation. The people in every walk of life turned out to honor the man who had led them to victory and to independence.

But it was one thing for the hardy American pioneers to defeat the mother country and to declare themselves free citizens of a free land. It was quite another matter for those pioneers to establish a government that should satisfy themselves and at the same time receive the respect of the powers of Europe. The attitude of Washington, which always commanded respect for himself, now compelled the nations of the world to respect the government of his country. He sought peace but would not tolerate

insult. He treated all governments fearlessly and fairly.

Soon after the election of Washington, France and England became involved in war. As the French had aided us in our struggle they naturally looked to us for help. The French minister Genet went so far as to fit out privateers in our harbors and to urge our people to take up arms for France. It required all the patience and the patriotism of Washington to prevent serious trouble because many of our people applauded the unlawful acts of Genet and criticised the President. The quiet, firm and just attitude of Washington finally won and the French minister was recalled.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discrimination. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

—From the Farewell Address.

Washington encouraged manufacturing; he advocated a national bank and a mint; he labored for a uniform system of weights and measures and he left money to be used in establishing a national university in the National Capital.

Very early in his public life, Washington realized that the possession of the Mississippi River was essential to national expansion. Instead of rushing into trouble with Spain, in order to secure this great geographic factor, he strove to bind the people together by building canals and roads. He saw that if this were done the possession of the Mississippi would naturally follow.

A second time Washington was unanimously elected president and he was urged to be a candidate for a third term but declined. Again he went back to the home that he loved, but soon after passed to his final home honored and loved by the people of his own and other lands. What is it then, which after the lapse of practically two centuries causes us to revere the name of Washington? Other great leaders and patriots we have had, yet none hold the same place in our affections as does Washington, the "Father of his Country."

He was indeed the "Father of his Country." He found it, as until his manhood it remained, a colony whose people were bound to the home land by the strongest of ties. Washington, like

others, was ready to fight and die for the the land of his fathers. He left his country a nation; youthful it is true, yet filled with ambition, realizing, in a measure at least, its high destiny and enjoying the respect of the ancient powers of the earth.

It is not because of Washington's physical power that we honor him, although much has been written of this. It is said that no one since his day has succeeded in throwing a stone across the Rappahannock river at the point where, as a boy, he is said to have performed this feat. He was a wrestler and a swordsman of renown and was thrown from a horse but once in his life.

All admire bravery and Washington's life was a constant exhibition of this. He was apparently without fear and when occasion required exposed himself to the greatest dangers. But his moral bravery appeals to us even more than does his physical bravery. Standing alone when he was convinced that he stood for the right had no terrors for him.

Industry and punctuality were among the virtues of Washington. Throughout his manhood he arose at four o'clock in the morning and had accomplished much when the ordinary man commenced the work of the day. We are reminded of the statement of Longfellow:

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Thoroughness was one of his traits. At sixteen years of age he was a surveyor of recognized ability. In the management of his farms he exhibited this same characteristic. As President of the United States he made it a rule to go to the bottom of all questions. He mastered, as far as it was possible for him to do so, the work of all his cabinet officers.

That Washington was honest all agree. It is recorded that the barrels of flour bearing his name always passed without inspection. It was customary for plantation owners when traveling with their servants to pay less for the meals of the latter than they paid for their own. This Washington would never do when his servants were with him on a journey.

Washington, like Lincoln loved humanity. This was exhibited at Valley Forge and his constant attitude toward his suffering soldiers. His parting from his officers at the close of the war again showed his love for the tried and true.

THE entire life of Washington was an exhibition of real patriotism. As we know, he served without salary as Commander in Chief of the Armies. All that he would receive was the amount of his actual expenses. As President of the United States he followed the same plan. Another incident will illustrate the same point. At one time during the Revolution a British war ship anchored in front of Mount Vernon and demanded provisions upon threat of destroying the building if refused. The overseer of the plantation supplied what was wanted and wrote to Washington regarding the matter. Washington was very angry and severely censured his employee declaring that he preferred to lose his personal property rather than to aid the enemy.

Dignity and self-respect were among the qualities of Washington, yet he was entirely unaware of his own greatness and when praise was heaped upon him he was at times so embarrassed that he could not speak a word.

It is for a wonderful combination of high qualities that we honor George Washington, although as Lincoln said, we can no more add honor to Washington than we can add brightness to the sun. He furnishes an example of a well-nigh perfect life. In his day, as in the day of Lincoln, there was a tremendous work to be done not only for the people of this land but for humanity in general. Can we doubt that both men were especially prepared by God to meet their great duties?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

—From the Farewell Address.

THE life of Washington furnishes an inspiration to each one of us to live up to the highest and best of which we are capable; to be true to ourselves and to others; to serve our country and to stand firmly for the principles by which individual and national life should be guided. So long as men and women strive for the good and the true; so long as they hold justice and honor above personal gain; so long as they endeavor to serve and to uplift humanity; so long will George Washington be regarded as America's greatest patriot.

Piping Hot

By Helena Munn Redeuill

THE quarrel started at the breakfast table—damask horizon of many a domestic cloud—over a simple cup of coffee.

"I like it piping hot," said Bob, handing back his cup of untouched beverage to Marjorie as she came in from the kitchen with a plate of toast.

"It was piping hot when I brought it in five minutes ago. I always bring you hot coffee. But you sit there reading the paper. No wonder it gets cold. Didn't the moon get cold when it dropped off the earth?" Her back was very straight and rigid as she disappeared once more into the kitchen.

Marjorie knew it was all the fault of the morning paper, which had gradually become as much of an enemy as a mother-in-law. When they first settled in their cosy apartment and started the cunning little breakfasts that were so much fun to prepare, Marjorie felt their cup of happiness full to the brim. They had talked for months before their marriage about their little nest and planned the simple *petit dejeuner* of toast and fruit and coffee that was to be so easily prepared while Bob shaved and got his collar on. Even during the wedding journey, when considerate waiters gave them solitary corners in transient dining rooms, they had declared their morning meal would be infinitely nicer in their own home.

But that was before Marjorie knew how Bob loved *The Times*. Now every morning he began the day with the printed sheet in front of him. If possible he jumped out of bed and ran to the door for it, delaying his toilette until the last moment. Then followed a scramble for bath and shave and breakfast before a dash for the eight-fifteen commuter's train that carried him to his city office.

But even this scurry, hectic as it was in its confusion, Marjorie thought better than seeing Bob, ordinarily the best company in the world, seated across the breakfast table with the thick sheets of *The Times* propped against the sugar bowl, like the wall of China between them. His eyes scanned the pages with a swift and absorbing glance. His lips moved a trifle as he read the words. The picture had actually become so hateful to Marjorie that with difficulty she now restrained herself from throwing the contents of the disputed cup of coffee right in her adored husband's face.

She gave him the briefest of glances on her return from the kitchen with a

second cup of something "piping hot." It might have been an accident that in setting down the cup her elbow dislodged the newspaper. It might, too, as easily have been a trifle premeditated. Anyhow, *The Times* fell to the floor, taking with it the pile of toast, butter side down on the front page.

Marjorie started to laugh, but her glance met Bob's, and the girlish gurgle stopped in her throat. She had never seen him really angry before.

He shot up from his chair and threw his napkin to the floor.

"If it's so much trouble for you to serve a simple breakfast, Marjorie, I can eat in town!" His eyes gleamed at her like jet marbles and a red spot flamed in the middle of each cheek.

UNBROKEN PATH

For George Sterling

THINK not that earth has stifled
The beat and the breath
Of music, and song has faded
Out of the mouth.

He has not fallen silent,
But even beyond death
Follows the way of music,
The delicate difficult path.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

"Oh, very well." Marjorie tossed up her head. "It's all the same to me. You might as well be in Africa, anyhow; you're not so sociable here."

Bob was getting into his overcoat with the speed of an acrobat and feigned not to hear her. Marjorie picked up the paper and held it toward him and far from her, between finger and thumb. He spurned it with masculine magnificence and pulled his hat down over his smoothly-brushed hair.

"And I don't care if you never eat breakfast here again," declared Marjorie, drawing herself up to her full height of five-feet-five. Before she finished Bob made a furious exit, slamming the door emphatically behind him.

She hurled the offending paper from her as forcibly as its light weight would carry it. Bombo, the pet Persian, at that moment made a leap for an apron string, but met the toe of a shoe instead, and ran under the table with a little me-ow. Marjorie carried away the untasted

breakfast, piling toast and grapefruit indiscriminately into the ice-box. In transit from kitchenette to dining room her heels came down with a firmness that matched her chin. Spoons dropped into the sideboard drawer like bits of exploding shrapnel. The carpet sweeper battered the polished table legs as if they were no more cherished than mop-sticks. Bombo, peeping from his lair, ventured to raise a cushioned paw at the corner of the tablecloth as Marjorie yanked it off with a jerk. Forgetting his previous rebuff he pounced at the last white corner, ears erect, head on one side, tail rising like a plume behind him.

"You darling," cried Marjorie, grabbing him in mid-air and tucking his tininess under her chin. The softness and warmth of his fur unlocked the hot tears that now sprang to her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She looked out into the gorgeous autumn sunshine, seeing neither beauty nor happiness.

Then she began to listen for the 'phone to ring, because, of course, as soon as he reached the office, Bob would call to say that he was sorry. He would remember that they had vowed never to part for the day in anger, that a kiss should always be the seal of every separation. Also, today was Saturday, which meant his half-day off, and all week they planned going to the football game.

Ten, eleven, struck the little mantel clock cheerfully. Marjorie dressed with exquisite care, selecting gloves and stockings as if they were matters of grave importance. She snatched a bite of lunch in a corner of the kitchenette. Twelve o'clock. No ring of any sort. Unbearable. She paced the hallway. Every other Saturday he called by ten to make sure she wouldn't miss the twelve-thirty.

Maybe the 'phone was out of order. She tested it. Central asked her what number in less than three seconds. Perhaps Bob's line wasn't working. . . . She hung up quickly when the switchboard girl told her it was Robert Warner's office. Maddening—How could he be so cruel? Of course, she really shouldn't have told him she didn't care if he never ate breakfast at home again. She cared tremendously. She wanted him to devour and compliment every repast endlessly. She adored his daily words of praise about her feats of culinary excellence. Piping hot! Why, she detested luke-warm coffee herself.

Twelve-fifteen. Silence continued. She could hear only the constant tick, tick,

tick of the tiny clock. Five minutes more until the last rush for the train. She got out her door-key, put extra milk in the saucer for Bombo, still alert for a ring.

The door banged behind her; and her footsteps, racing down the hallway, sent echoes ringing at her back. Perhaps, after all, he thought it less compromising to merely meet her at the down-town station where crowds of other people took away from the embarrassment of the moment. All the long half-hour's ride she pictured Bob's face smiling at her suddenly on the crowded platform. She saw his clean-cut figure darting towards her eagerly. His emotional nature, usually vigilantly repressed in public, always revealed itself for a moment at sight of her and gave her an intoxicating thrill. Perhaps today he wouldn't forget to have a chrysanthemum for her; her always said a football game was not complete without a pretty girl and a big chrysanthemum. Maybe they'd have time for a sandwich, too, at the little shop she loved—

The train stopped and Marjorie got out. The passengers dispersed with a crushing swirl around her, leaving her alone. No Bob in sight. Her heart seemed to fall audibly in her breast, and her eyes smarted with winking back the sudden tears. He must have been delayed at the office as had happened once before. She read the advertisements above the seats in the waiting room. Fifteen minutes dragged by. Still no Bob.

She went down the steps, finally, and across the street to a drug store and a 'phone booth. But no one answered her call to his office, repeated twice. She took a vacant chair near a chilly-looking soda fountain so that she could see the steps of the station opposite, should Bob with swinging gait dash up them.

The crowds surged up the street. A short distance away the white sides of the stadium gleamed in the sunshine. Two pop-corn wagons whistled insanely, and a hamburger man declared his wares with the aid of a megaphone. Every passing car was packed with enthusiastic "fans." A noisy gang of high school boys crowded onto the sidewalk and threw confetti into the doorways.

Then suddenly Marjorie saw Bob across the street. His brown hat reared up a little higher than the rest of the crowd as he rushed along. He looked neither to the right nor left, but with long strides pierced through the throng. Out of the drug store she ran, only to be caught in a jam of motor cars. A khaki-uniformed officer forbade her to cross the street. She bit her lips and pushed

ahead in the dense mob on her side of the pavement. Bob's hat moved steadily forward and at last was out of sight.

The crowd bore Marjorie along with it. Scarcely knowing she did it, she got a ticket in line with the rest. Her eyes strained forward constantly, trying to find Bob's hat again. She was bumped

THE MARBLE MOUNTAINS

THE mountains and the moonlight
Are twined about my soul:
For some there is the sunlight,
Or the flashing thunders' roll;
But the moonlight in the mountains
Makes a happy thrall of me:
Out in the Marble Mountains,
'Twixt Shasta and the Sea.

In a secret vale of moonlight,
Where white azaleas gleam,
The Gnomes from up the Mountain,
Meet the Fairies of the Stream.
Entranced I lie and watch them,
At their elfin sports and play,
'Till Venus rising, warns them
Of the coming of the day.
Soon follows then the dawning,
With its alchemy of old;
While the green Earth changed to purple
And the blue sky turns to gold.

The hemlocks march the ridges,
And wave their banners high,
Where dimpled lakes are mirrors,
For mountain peaks and sky.
The Marble cliffs are gleaming,
From height to distant height;
While blossoms brush my saddle-bow
On trails of sheer delight:
And so I wander, dreaming
That you are there with me;
Up in the Marble Mountains,
'Twixt Shasta and the Sea.

SAMUEL HUBBARD.

and jostled and stepped upon, but she was determined to go to the game in spite of everything. A ragged urchin caught her by the knees and implored her to invest two bits in either a swagger stick or a chrysanthemum. She bought both and swept into the stadium with an air of bravado.

She took her seat breathlessly, feeling altogether reckless. Her cheeks burned and she hummed a little tune softly. The players came onto the field amid the cheers of the crowd and began practice work. The band marched across the field playing one of Sousa's best rhythmic marches. People streamed into the seats on all sides. Many stood along the

barriers below. Marjorie edged closer to her left-hand neighbor as someone pressed into the seat on her right, but she was too absorbed to look any place but straight ahead. The game was on. Suddenly an arrow-like figure bolted down the field with the ball and made a touchdown. The crowd went wild. Hats spun into the air, voices shrieked and sang and praised, and the band jazzed into more wild rhythms.

When the excitement ebbed away, Marjorie found herself clutching the shoulder of the man on her right. Her joyous voice died suddenly in her throat as she looked at him. It gradually dawned on her that he wasn't Bob. With a stammered apology she sat down.

"I'm so sorry—I thought you were my husband—I never went to a football game alone before. Oh dear, how stupid I am!"

The stranger didn't say he wished he were her husband. He merely lifted his hat politely, smiled—not too eagerly—and said it was quite all right.

"In fact," he said, "for a moment I lost all sense of time and place, too. Didn't think but that you were my kid sister."

"Oh, my chrysanthemum!" murmured Marjorie. "It must have dropped when I stood up."

She bent forward to look for it.

"Let me get it." The stranger leaned over at the same moment.

They bumped heads, not gently, but with a whack. Both straightened up, a trifle stunned. They laughed outright, looking squarely at each other for the first time.

"Here it is," said he, handing Marjorie the flower. "It's worth a blow in the head to laugh real hard again. Sort of restores one's sense of humor. Mine's been on a vacation all day."

"Mine, too," confessed Marjorie.

And they both laughed merrily again.

The game progressed. Several successful forward passes on both sides, some good runs and a field goal warmed everyone before the pistol called the half.

Now was her chance to look around for Bob, thought Marjorie. Of course she wouldn't find him in all the crowd, but still— Light grey overcoats everywhere. Tall, broad-shouldered men by the dozens. A sparkle leaped into her eyes as she saw his hat down in front. Her heart throbbed with a spasm of joy and her pulses beat exultantly as she started toward the steps. This time he should not escape her! How surprised he would be when she stepped up beside him and called his name softly. He

(Continued on Page 58)

San Joaquin Delta

By Rhys McDonald

THE two-horned head of old Diablo, shaggy-edged and blue, looks to the San Francisco Bay on the west and, eastward, seizes in one broad stare the whole green finery of the San Joaquin River, its lesser streams and dyke-walled fields. It is to these fields and over this river that the sun-driven shadows flock like cattle herds to graze on the shades of evening and fatten into night. Thus, while silver ripples lead the illusioned sun, pied-piper like, toward laughing tides of gold, does the peak of Mount Diablo, circled alike by hawks and sea winds, shut and lock the delta into night. When from the seaborne Coast Range, where California's largest cities are decked and double decked up the hillsides, the Pacific's salty wind mauls the willows and flaunts upon the San Joaquin River; then is the inland tide all asparkle with the romance that is supposed to exist only in the South Sea Islands. When the fibrous peat is smouldering and the smoke stands up in pillars like the ruins of castles in the air; when the big stern-wheelers that toil between Stockton in the center of the great valley and San Francisco on the sea hew through the green water on their daily trips, their smokestacks moving among the willows on the lower levees like silk hats on solemn occasions; then does the seer of all these things breathe again in admiration of a picture artistically done.

They are too few who know or, if they know, fully realize that there is romance on the river, in the willows, corn cribs, and life-supporting fields. Usually one discovers that a world-record potato crop has been raised on the "Islands," as they are called, and that such a diversity of crops as is enough to make the whole world's mouth water leaves these lowlands annually. That is as far as the discovery goes. Nobody cares to examine a potato patch; consequently nobody examines the San Joaquin Delta. True, world-record potato crops are not to be disregarded by even a romanticist; nor should he find asparagus, alfalfa, barley, corn, and other crops below his notice. For it is in the

raising of these crops that Chinese and Hindus, the turbaned and basket-hatted toilers, figure so interestingly. Likewise, the river barges, prodded along the water paths by tug boats, are full of romance as they lag from port to port.

In general, the San Joaquin Delta is bordered on the east by the San Joaquin itself and on the west by the Coast Range foothills. Its southern edge is caught within Old River where that stream swings south and east from the Contra Costa county line to tangle with Middle River and the San Joaquin. To the north, the delta extends just a few



A River Steamer from the Delta Region

miles north of the San Joaquin till that river meets the Sacramento and its own rich delta. It is rather difficult to give a clear geographical picture of this region, but it may be of some advantage to re-state that the delta leaves off on the west where the Coast Range begins, that it is about twenty-five miles wide and thirty or more miles long, and that it is stitched through and through by three crooked rivers which afford more than four hundred miles of navigation.

Unbending poplars line up across the watered lands, bracing boldly against the sky. Unemotional they are; dignity stiffens them when willow boughs leap and laugh in the wind. If they move, it is to paint reluctance on the canvas of the sky; they are the soldiers of trees, and not one stoops its boughs to break the spear formation of their lines.

The willows are different. Hidden in a sprinkle of leaves, green tears, the weeping willow stems fall waterward.

Softly do they complain in the wind; while the round mud hen wiggles her stern to scoff at such prolonged sorrow. And all the while the water dwells in deep reflection of the willow's lament. Other willows are as carefree and irresponsible as their weeping sister is sad; though whether she really is sad or only blushing, the impish waves might know and never tell. Crowding down to the water, and some even wading in, the trees and bushes follow the river wherever it pleases to lead them and may be seen closing in at every bend to crane their eager stems around the turn. Always, almost, the rivers are crowded about by willows or cottonwoods, or banked by mixed masses of wild rose and blackberry vines. Eucalypti congregate at distant intervals and put their heads together to discuss such topics as a careless breeze might hint of.

Barges must squirm to get around some of the turns, for the rivers dodge about as though lost; fishing boats loll in leaf-hung nooks, lines out and waiting; a wind steals by like a shadow, baffling the lights on the water; a hawk spins slowly and watchfully above; off across a level expanse of country a line of poplars makes its way. They stand like guards over the crooked backs of laboring Orientals but take notice of absolutely nothing. And the laborers in turn seem to notice nothing, to look nowhere but at the clods they break. Their arms and faces are as brown as the dirt they dig, and they dig it rather leisurely than otherwise, as if they had some sort of an agreement with the earth.

There seems to be nothing out of place in the fact that the eucalyptus from Australia grows with the idle, common willow, the feathery tamarack, and the retiring, unsociable poplar; and that Chinese drive caterpillars and trucks. These lowlands have neither the air of the far east nor that of dyke-shored Holland. They are a little of both with the Pacific's winds and tides to flavor them, the San Joaquin River to feed them the Sierra's snows and the mild Coast Range to shut out the sea. They are not for-

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"The Kelp Girl"

By *Frona Eunice Wait Colburn*
Associate Editor

THREE men had to do with the fate of Luiza, the Kelp Girl. These were her father, Tonino, Pascual, her playmate and sweetheart, and Henry Lorton, Government chemist studying the giant kelp of the Pacific coast. Circumstances brought them all to old Monterey where remnants of other days and other peoples supplied atmosphere and background.

A slip of a girl was Luiza—wild as a deer, fleet-footed and wind blown as she stood on the beach sharply outlined against a sunset sky. She was balanced on the top of a rock pile where she had thrown bundles of wet kelp earlier in the day. She was being paid to gather kelp for Henry Lorton's experiments. He was not interested in the potash or iodine content of sea weeds. He was in search of algae oil for use on airplane wings.

Old Tonino had been shaking his head over the goings on for several days. Greedy as he was, he had misgivings about allowing Luiza to work for any man, especially one who was not Portuguese and native born like himself. What could this outsider know of the feelings of Tonino and his kind? Tonino had spent a lifetime in these parts, and had been for years and years herding sheep before he came to Monterey and learned to polish abalone shells.

All this strange Yankee did was to squeeze out oil in the daytime and write late at night. Sometimes he talked about green, brown and red algae, or else it was about elk or onion kelp. Once in a while he asked about the marine gardens. Always, always it was kelp he wanted.

And Luiza had no eyes for Pascual, who knew nothing but a dog-like devotion to her from childhood.

She ran all day for this damned Yankee.

Pascual was making good money with his glass bottom row boats. No one else knew where to find the big bunches of sea weed on the bottom of the bay, nor about starfish and other things.

"Pascual ees big like one ox, but he ees fraid like a sheep with wimmin. He don't know how to make Luiza do what he wants."

Worried and disgusted Tonino went once more to the little drawer in the rickety commode in his shop where he kept the watchchain and charm he had fashioned for Pascual's wedding gift. Long hours of steady grinding had gone

into the making of this antiquated over-ornate finery. To Tonino it was the last word in elegance. Expert knowledge rendered Tonino critical of these "blister pearls," as bits of finely marked abalone shell were known to the trade. Craft and cunning caused him to handle these semi-jewels with extreme care. He drove many a sharp bargain in disposing of them to the souvenir hunting tourist.

Tonino taught Pascual how to entice custom into the gay colored row boats, and had cautioned him never to admit ignorance no matter how frivolous or foolish a question might be.

In the Portuguese settlements scattered from lower San Francisco Bay to Monterey, Tonino ranked as a wise man. He could read Spanish and spell out many words in English. Less fortunate ones considered him very lucky. Tonino felt the call of the sea as did all of his people, but a shepherd may not be a fisherman, and so Tonino gathered abalone shells. He was considered a good man, too. Hadn't he brought up Pascual when his neighbor Pedro died and left nothing? True he had taken to wife Chula, a Mexican girl of doubtful ancestry.

"Her father was as black as a pot," old inhabitants said, and there were none to dispute their sayings.

Nobody ever saw her without a black shawl over head and shoulders, and she was so self-effacing that she seemed to hug the walls when she went into the streets for any purpose. It was she who induced Tonino to give up sheep for shells. Her progenitors dived for abalone in Mexican waters where the finest colored shells are found. These mollusks stick fast on the submerged shores and must be pried loose by the diver who dexterously bags them before coming up for air. Abalones live exclusively on kelp which makes their taking a hazardous undertaking. Chula lost many of her family in this way. Tonino scorned abalone meat as food. He wanted only the shells.

Pascual, unlettered and unworldly, was a shrewd mimic. He kept loungers ashore in roars of laughter with his droll imitations of the giggles and gibberish voiced by the thoughtless passengers. In serious moments when piloting an older group he would speak a little of the jargon of the artist folks of the region. Love of the sea was a sub-conscious in-

heritance, and he unerringly pointed out the beauties he heard acclaimed, and could describe them in correct language.

"Look at that graceful spread of leaf," he would say, leaning over in his boat and pointing downward, "Please, Madame, see the glints of light and shade over near that submerged rock."

On the waterfront, among his own and other men, he had strange adventures to relate of his prowess in conflicts with stingarees, swordfish, sharks and whales occasionally found in Monterey Bay. None of these stories lost in the telling. In his own estimation Pascual was a valiant hero, and an expert in matters pertaining to the sea.

Now, he was willing to row Henry Lorton over the show places in order to learn something new to tell his patrons. For his pains he heard Latin names, much about ash and acid reactions and fertilizing values. This added fuel to his growing distrust and hatred of a man wholly unlike himself or any one of his own blood. How he despised the quiet scholar with notebook in hand, turning over and examining the ill-smelling weeds cluttering the shorelines, befouling the boats and shutting out the view below.

Pascual thought savagely how easy it would be for him to break the bones of the other man and throw him into the sea. Pascual considered himself handsome.

"Luiza should be glad to have me for a husband," he told himself. "Other girls would be."

Vandal, Moorish and Iberian blood strains spoke in his idea of possession. His ingrained sense of propriety was outraged by Luiza's innocent curiosity about any other male. With growing alarm he sensed a change in Luiza. Always had he taken it for granted that she would accept his offer of marriage when he got ready to make it. The other fellows thought so too. Pascual was confidential with his world. The Portuguese residents looked on approvingly.

"Luiza hides from me since that tony feller lives at her house and pays her money," Pascual told himself, wrathfully.

His suspicions flared tempestuously when he overheard Henry Lorton refer to Luiza as "the little Kelp girl." What right had he to speak of her in that way? What did he mean by it? He would ask Luiza's mother.

"No, no; Pascual, mio. I say nothing to Luiza. The ship come in today and Senor Lorton goes tomorrow. He go to Alaska to make more better algy oil. I know Luiza tell me everything. Now she cry, poor child. She have no more work."

From time immemorable men of southern Europe have worn little knives in their belts. Little knives with sharp pointed blades and thick horn handles, heavy enough to be thrown with amazing accuracy. Knives that are kept sharp by rubbing with sand. Pedro brought his knife when he came to America. It was the gift of a Sicilian playmate. It had long done yeoman service when it came into the hands of Pascual. This relic of his father was the sole connecting link with his boyhood and Pascual made it his constant companion.

He was not mollified by Chula's explanation. There was something else the matter, and he would have it out with Luiza. She had humbled his pride before the townspeople, and he would make her pay. His woman must not make eyes at other men.

For hours Pascual sulked on the white sandy beach. No call for the glass bottomed boats gave him ample time to sharpen Pedro's knife to a razor's edge.

HENRY LORTON'S attic room was a confused mess of packing boxes filled with dried kelp and samples of algae oil. Suitcases yawned capaciously for more personal belongings as they stood with wide open mouths against a wall. The typewriter had clicked ceaselessly since it was light. Papers were strewn all over the floor. Carbon copies must be kept of the lengthy report required in Washington. He was well satisfied with his finds along the coast line from Santa Barbara to Monterey. Now, he would move on to the last lap of his mission—on up into the Arctic Circle.

Lately he had been annoyed by the actions of Luiza. She hung around and interfered with his work. He knew without looking at her that her big black eyes were eagerly scanning his face. If he looked up she went white or red, and she stammered in confusion if he spoke to her. She came in like a whirlwind and almost slammed the door off its hinges when, without warning, she rushed out of the room. Sometimes she was snappish and irritable—sometimes silent and morose. Today, she actually cried when he told her that he did not intend to come to Monterey upon his return.

A more sophisticated young man would have understood.

Self-consciousness and vanity were not parts of Henry Lorton's mental equipment. He had a mother complex, and would, if he ever married, select a woman older than himself. To him, Luiza was a sprightly, rather pretty, child. Not that he was so many years older than she, but he had classified her as immature. And, then, too, there was New England training backed by Puritan ancestry. Latin races were in another category. He was a blue-eyed, fair-haired Nordic, full of sub-conscious race prejudice. Education and association made it highly improbable that Henry Lorton would ever marry a Western type. It was certain that when love came it would be all powerful in deciding his choice. Until such time a high code of honor governed his conduct towards young girls.

"What ails this rough-necked crowd anyhow? I never mix with them, but they watch me as if I were a thief. I don't owe one of them a cent. I'm glad this job is ended. It is getting on my nerves."

Henry Lorton took off his big horn-rimmed glasses with a jerk almost hard enough to break them. After a vigorous wiping he readjusted them, and made the typewriter hum for the next half hour. He would have liked to kick somebody. . . .

"Dear God! Luiza's been a good girl today. Amen," was the substance of a childish prayer lisped since her third birthday, and somehow Luiza fashioned her whole life by it. A desultory attendance at school carried her through the grammar grade. She needed no book knowledge to make her keenly alive to the natural beauties surrounding her. She had eyes for the indescribable cloud effects, the exquisite colorings of sea and sky. The wind tossed and bent over cypress trees, the multi-colored carpeting of wild flowers, the tang of the salt breezes, the flight of sea and land birds, even the fluttering of myriad butterfly wings were a part of her dream world.

At one with the wild things the great out of doors absorbed the greater part of Luiza's time and attention. She had an impish camaraderie with the flock of crows which were flying through the trees and cawing incessantly long before man came to Del Monte woods. She knew each member of the black flock and had names for them.

"Madre mia, this one is Diego, and he is a tattle-tale. Hear him scold, and then tell lies about his neighbors," solemnly affirmed Luiza, as she and her literal minded mother threaded their

way from one sand hillock to another. She clapped her hands and jumped up and down with delight when the mother gently chided her for such vagrant fancies.

"But you would not love Luiza if she did not shock you so. You like to hear bird scandal, too. I know, I know, Madre mia."

Of what use was it to try to reason with Luiza?

"She will be woman wise soon enough," was Chula's oft repeated comment when Tonino railed against some madcap prank or impulsive action. Once in a great while Luiza kissed the top of Tonino's bald head with a loud, explosive smack and scampered out of reach before punishment rewarded her daring.

Protective instinct kept the mother heart alert to the change in Luiza.

First came modesty and self-consciousness, especially concerning personal appearance—then restless discontent and a feverish energy that kept Luiza racing up and down the beach early and late. Chula did not voice her convictions. She was silently sympathetic. Tonino knew in a vague way that his settled plans for Luiza's future were in jeopardy. Pascual was sullen and watchful. Those in the know took delight in making mountains out of each molehill happening. The cause of it all, too, was aware that something had gone wrong. To him the coming of the revenue cutter was a God-send, and he made feverish haste to be on his way.

THE waterfront had its own social code. Their fathers had it, and it had not changed from the beginning. The Spaniards and Mexicans came and went. They paid taxes to officials of another regime, but nothing changed the Portuguese remnants. The Presidio overlooking the bay absorbed some of the younger generation, not as soldiers but as servants. They looked on curiously at the activities of the religious folks at Pacific Grove. Sometimes they carried caddies for the villa dwellers, or posed for the artists at Carmel, but always they were the same clannish group, tenacious of their heritage and not perceptibly influenced by newcomers.

Henry Lorton did not belong. He wore white collars. They lived in overalls. He always looked clean. They never did, even on Sundays. Mental divergencies were wider still. This in-offensive studious young stranger could not have won their confidence if he had

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Something About Abalones

By W. W. Tolman

FEW persons are well informed about the life history of the Abalone. Even the authorities on this subject are seeking more light, with their eyes open for more positive information, for they acknowledge there is considerable to learn about this mysterious and interesting mollusk. One of the families of shell fish, it is found sticking to rocks, kelp or heavy gravel at the bottom of the ocean, usually below mean low tide. Abalones can sometimes be found at extreme low tide by walking out from shore, but not in commercial quantities.

One wandering along the rocky places of the Pacific Coast, south of the Oregon line, may frequently find an abalone, moss covered, and with here and there a barnacle clinging to its shell. Such a wanderer has thrilled with the joy of having one of these beautiful mollusks, whose shells are so conspicuously displayed in novelty stores in Southern California. He is struck with wonder. Why are there not more of them? Where do they come from? How many of them are there? How do they live? Do they travel? How old are they? Still wondering, he takes home the one he has found that it may be prepared for the evening meal. Great is his surprise when he learns the cook does not know how to prepare it, or, if she tries, the abalone is too tough to eat. Again he wonders. In the fish grottos the abalone is a delicacy and is offered as a "Special" to the best trade!

All these questions I had asked myself. I decided to go to Monterey, the center of the abalone fishing industry, and learn the answers. Oscar David was just bringing his boat around when I arrived on the wharf. When they were tied up I went aboard and met him, his diver and the two men who attend the diver and the boat. I told them I had come down on a quest for information about the abalone. Scant encouragement they gave me when they said, "There is little that anyone knows about them." But that little was more than I already knew and I would gladly welcome that.

Willingly I accepted Mr. David's invitation to make the next trip with them and, as he said, "Possibly see some things we would not think to tell you." Their trips usually required three nights and two days, which would give them two full days for fishing, and make the

return the third night. Congenial men they were, hospitable, hard-working, accustomed to danger; facing life as if it was a big game. I realized we had a wonderful trip ahead of us.

I spent some time looking over the equipment on the forty-six foot boat. She was powered with a sixty-horsepower Diesel engine, which sent her along at about ten knots at full speed. The wheelhouse held, besides the steering equipment, all the cooking utensils; it was the dining room and the kitchen



A Fleet of Fishing Boats

as well as the wheelhouse. There were no chairs; boxes were used when it was necessary to sit down, which was only at meal time. The cabin was forward of the wheelhouse and below the water line. This contained four bunks around the sides. In the center of the cabin was sufficient room for one man at a time to dress. On the bulkhead, aft, were hooks for coats, slickers and other clothing. A little locker under the bunk in the bow held the bags and large boots.

Aft of the engine room was the gear locker and in the fantail another locker for the tow lines. The fresh water tank, on top of the engine room cover, held enough water for ten days' supply. The gear which was used in the actual fishing I will explain as I saw it used.

Alongside was tied the diving boat. It was a boat of twenty-six feet length, six feet beam, round bottom and shallow draft, equipped with a six-horsepower engine which could propel the boat along at about five knots. When the diver is working the engine drives a pump which supplies the air. A pressure tank, carrying sixty pounds of air, maintains the supply as required below.

It was one o'clock in the morning when we shoved off. As soon as we were clear of the other fishing boats

anchored in the bay, the diving boat was dropped behind on the tow line to a distance of two hundred feet. The course was set for New Year's Island, and with one man at the wheel the others went to bed.

At daylight we hove to a mile south of the island. The anchor was let out to twenty fathoms; the diving boat was brought alongside and secured. We had breakfast before shifting the gear to the diving boat.

All about us breakers roared. We were anchored some three-quarters of a mile offshore, where the white horse manes were whipped into the air by the wind in grand parade style. Even against the wind we could hear the roar which was once the danger signal to the wind-jammer captains. Toward the open sea, and near the island, breakers crashed across a reef which extended a distance out to sea. Between us and the island two jagged rocks showed, collared by a great circle of white where the waves crashed and broke into foam.

A short distance out to sea an occasional swell broke, showing the location of another reef, or rock. This was the home of the abalone.

Great swells were rolling the boats as we transferred the gear to the diving boat. The diver was in his suit when we arrived at a point one hundred feet outside those two jagged rocks. The swells lifted and shifted us and I hoped we would remain some distance from the white foam area.

The skipper disconnected the propeller and shifted the engine onto the air pump. He then took the two long-handled oars and held the boat in position against the action of the wind and swell. The boat was supplied with a twenty-pound anchor on twenty fathoms of chain and forty fathoms of line to be used in case of emergency.

Forward a two-inch pipe had been placed across the deck, clamped at one end and extending two feet through the side of the boat at the other end. A stout wooden ladder, seven feet long, was clamped to the extended end and was now dropped into the water. The diver stepped down this ladder to the water. He stepped easily, or rather warily, for each of his shoes weighed twenty pounds. He stood on the ladder while his one hundred and fifty-pound belt was buckled about his waist. This

was further secured by straps over the shoulders. To the belt was attached a brass scabbard packed with soft grease into which was screwed a very sharp two-bladed knife. The scabbard was filled with grease to prevent rust damaging the knife. The helmet was screwed in place and secured; the lifeline was secured about his waist and hooked conveniently within reach; the airline was attached so its weight would pull on a hook and not on the attachment in the helmet; the air intake valve was adjusted and then the outlet valve. The diver was now ready; he stepped off the ladder and slowly disappeared.

The helmet and attachments had added seventy pounds to the weight of the diver, and yet, he told me, the force of the shifting water at times took him off his feet and smashed him against the rocks.

His movements could be followed by the air bubbles which flowed to the surface. As soon as he had located his field of operation he signaled with one jerk on the taut lifeline—the signal to stop. The lifeline and the airline were now his only connections with the men who held his life in their hands; on all sides were enemies seeking his life—the continual motion of the water which threw him against the rocks, sharks, various fish, sea lions and unexpected dangers which are a story in themselves.

With two jerks on the lifeline he sent for a basket and the prying bar. These were lowered on the lifeline and then the line brought up taut again to feel for further signals. Thus the baskets were lowered during the day and the abalones sent to the surface.

Other signals used in the diving operations are: four quick jerks from the bottom indicate the diver's desire to come up to the surface; four jerks from the top, followed by two slower jerks, inform the diver something has been dropped from the boat.

From the boat one of the men was thrusting deep into the water with a long pole having a scythe-like knife on the end, cutting kelp, to permit more light to penetrate to the diver. Baskets of abalones came up at intervals and were dumped on the deck. The baskets used in raising the abalones to the boat are made of heavy cord mesh-work attached at the top to a wooden hoop, twelve inches in diameter. They will hold about two dozen abalones each. The bar used to pry the abalones from the rocks is of steel, eighteen inches long, with a wooden handle at one end and a flat blade turned up like a pinch bar at the other end. In the wooden

handle is a cord loop which fits over the diver's wrist.

Through conversation and by asking questions I learned much that I could not see for myself.

BELOW the diver has his troubles. He has to fight forests of kelp while looking for the well hidden abalones. He knows the best places are on the edges of clear spaces where they go to feed on the kelp and floating seaweed. They prefer the grassy sides of rocks and heavy gravel near kelp beds. As they are covered with a growth of seaweed and barnacles, they are difficult to distinguish in the dull light under water. The diver has to learn where to look and what he is looking for.

Another serious condition the diver has to face is rough water. Under certain conditions the actions of the tides and the waves stir up the sand and mud until it is difficult or impossible to see. In case of the latter condition the diver goes to the surface and they move to a clear spot. Sometimes this move is many miles, as the abalone inhabits only the rough and rocky places. The long stretches of sand are not favorable places to find the abalone.

Undisturbed the abalone is not attached tightly to the rock, but when touched it excretes a milky fluid and attaches itself so tightly it is sometimes very difficult to get loose, even with a bar. The diver knows of the fatalities which have been caused by persons unwittingly attempting to loosen an abalone with his hands. The abalone beats them to it and catches the fingers and holds them solid; the diver does not try this, but uses his bar.

The abalone is not a fast traveler. That it travels, or migrates, is evident. The diver may clean out a certain spot, and on returning within a week or ten days may find as many abalones as before. No one seems to know where they come from, but they get there.

One of their most important natural enemies is the sea lion. This is evidenced in the fact that off the shores of New Year's Island is a pile of hundreds of tons of abalone shells, cleaned of the meat. On the island are about four thousand sea lions. Such piles of shells are only found where the sea lions infest the waters. They sometimes swim around the diver and when he drops an abalone and it falls bottom side up, the sea lion swims in, grabs the abalone, tears out the meat and swims off, eating it.

Fishermen once thought the average growth of the abalone was one inch each year, but it was found that around fresh

water inlets, warm water or mineral springs, the growth was much more rapid. This rapid growth is not desirable in commercial abalones; the shells are soft and often eaten full of holes by various sea worms, the meat is flavored by mineral or sediment and frequently is not firm. No one seems able to lay down a rule for determining the age of an abalone, nor can the male be distinguished from the female until after they are in the packing house.

During all seasons the law protects the abalone of less than eight inches in width of shell. The only closed season is during January, February and March. This is considered the breeding season. Throughout the abalone grounds at this time are found long strings of jelly-like substance with a red dot every few inches. These are the abalone eggs. At this time the surface is white with a milk-like substance which remains about three days and then sinks to the bottom.

The female abalone lays between one million and two and a half million eggs. From this, it might be assumed, they have many natural enemies, for nature provides this means of propagating the species. The eggs are very small—ten thousand will cover a square inch.

Divers have gathered abalones as deep as one hundred feet. Adequate equipment for research in deeper waters has not been available, so it is not known how deep they might be found. Efforts are now being made to get the equipment for studying their habits and life in very deep waters as well as establish beds along the coast for research purposes.

Most of the abalones taken on the Pacific Coast measure nine or ten inches across the shell. One was found in Bear Harbor which measured fourteen inches and weighed seventeen pounds.

The red abalone is the most abundant species and best adapted to our marketing purposes. The black abalone is used by the Chinese and the Japanese. There is a green abalone found down the coast from San Diego and also in New Zealand and a small one found in Japan. None of these are of commercial value.

The diver remained down four and a half hours and then called a stop for lunch. His customary time for working is from four to five hours each half-day. After fighting the undertow, the tide and the abalones for this length of time he has earned his little rest.

When we were securely tied to the larger boat the abalones were transferred (Continued on Page 55)

Page of Verse

ETCHING—BEFORE SUNRISE

One trembling star
In a pale sky;
Soft mists, pearl-gray,
Changing to rose; and from afar
A lost bird's lonely cry.
Winds move along the grass,
Waking it as they pass;
Ghost-shadows stir and slink away,
Chased by the quick young feet of day.

NANCY BUCKLEY



ARIZONA

MY ORANGE trees are tipped with blooms
Of haunting, trailing fragrance;
Blue-green, gold-green, and greens between
All brown, stiff boughs concealing.

My orange trees hold balls of gold
That kiss and kiss the showers of sun;
Bronze-gold, green-gold, and gold ablaze,
Resplendent suns of amber nectar.

HELENA MUNN REDEUILL.



TO THE MASTER OF MONTALVO

As the fragrance of Spring's perfume
Fills the air and sky and heart
Long after April's showers,
So the mem'ry of Montalvo
Pervasive, subtly, charms the moments
That lie between this hour
And yesterday.

That so much beauty, so much warmth
Could like a mantle soft enfold me
And radiate the dullness of another day—
Which 'sooth must follow
One of infinite perfection—
Marks me as queen of rare possessions;

Or perhaps it but reveals,
As does a flower to one who in-breathes deep,
The living fragrance of that spirit
So rich, so rare, so delicately attuned
To show'ring joy on those about him
That through the blueness of a Monday
Can blaze that shining presence
Of him who is the perfect host.

HELENA MUNN REDEUILL.

NIGHT AT BOMBAY

NIGHT at Bombay, with the moonlight
Softly beaming overhead,
Roses all about unfolding,
Golden, amber, pink and red;
Where the bulbul sings its love song
With ecstatic trills of joy,
To a mate that answers softly
On a note remote and coy.

Night with all its mystic glamor
Veils the Orient's bright flame,
Gilding here a street with silver,
Hiding there a beggar's shame;
Holding tomb and spire and temple
Closely in a magic spell,
Until every sound is blended
In the tinkling of a bell.

MABEL W. PHILLIPS.



POSSESSION

I have a mountain all my own;
It towers with regal robe into a sun-washed sky;
At dawn it frightens me
With its kingly splendor.

I have a mountain all my own;
When I lie close upon its breast
It gives me warmth
And sustenance at noon.

I have a mountain all my own
That guides me with an unseen hand;
From deep'ning twilight into night
It hovers near—a friend.

HELENA MUNN REDEUILL.



THE POETIC VENTURE

DIP your pen in magic
And weave a bit of lace
So fine that artisans
Will with wonder trace
The word, the sound—the beauty
That naught will ere efface.

Dip your pen in destiny
And scroll a gilded dream
To hurtle down the ages
On a forked lightning gleam.

Dip it deep—yea deeper
In wisdom's bust of clay
Model it and nurture it
Til you're taken quite away
Those secrets well worth weaving
By a worker in the clay.

L. B. CULLEN JONES.

"The Kelp Girl"

(Continued from Page 44)

tried. They felt burdened with his presence, and were relieved because of his going.

Returning from the postoffice late in the afternoon, after registering important mail, Henry Lorton espied Pascual sitting with his back turned while his feet hung over the edge of the wharf.

"I've come to say goodbye," he called cheerily enough, "and to give you this pipe for a keepsake; I have enjoyed riding with you."

Pascual did not rise, nor did he turn his head as he silently took the proffered pipe. He mumbled incoherently while his face purpled with suppressed anger. Henry Lorton was too hurried to take more than passing notice, nor did he know that Pascual never smoked anything but cigarettes. A last moment thought prompted the gift of an unused briar wood which the donor himself did not smoke.

The by-standers saw Pascual break the stem into bits and fling his unwelcome present far out into the bay.

Pascual was still smarting under Luiza's rebuff of the morning. His rage against his rival was at white heat. That man had cheated him in everything. He got up slowly and took the trail he saw Luiza follow at dawn. He looked along the rocky shore line until it was dark. Concluding that she had taken the path through the woods, he went back to the house. Finding no one he hid outside and waited.

Darkness was upon the waters, but Luiza still struggled with her first overwhelming sorrow. She was dripping wet from the spray she had battled with during this day that seemed an eternity. Her hair hung in wavy strands over tear swollen eyes, and her breath was a succession of broken sobs. She had not been home since daybreak, but she did not realize that she was faint from hunger and weariness. Many times she cried aloud:

"He goes away! Never will I see him again!" The thought terrified her; even the sight of the ship had filled her with despair. She had thought to hide in the underbrush after her encounter with Pascual, but the noise of the crows drove her out into the open. Her feathered friends could not understand her behavior and circled overhead cawing and flapping their wings distractingly. The urge to see Henry Lorton once more was an insistent obsession. Mechanic-

ally her bruised and tired feet took the pathway for home.

"I must go and tell him goodbye, else he'll think I am mad with him—I-I-who could kees his feet and hands."

At the water's edge—not far from the house—Luiza ran into the arms of her anxious mother.

"Luiza mia, why did you run away this morning? My heart has cried for you all day. Tonino has gone to look—and maybe Pascual also. He ees in very bad temper."

"I slap Pascual in the face this morning. He crush me with his big arms and kees me before I could stop him. He stand outside the door and catch me when I start out."

She did not tell Chula that her tear-wet face and violent resistance had brought a torrent of accusation and abuse from Pascual.

"A zad beesniss, Luiza, mia. The devil walks tonight, and I am afraid."

Chula clung to Luiza, and hurried her into the dimly lighted house. Both women heard Henry Lorton walking about overhead.

"He leave this money for you, Luiza. He say he like to tell you goodbye. He go before midnight."

Luiza did not hear her. She had snatched up the roll of bills, darted out of the door and was speeding toward her father's shop. Chula ran after her. She saw what Luiza did with the money. She did not attempt to follow the girl back to the house.

Pascual, skulking in the shadows, saw the empty room through the dimly lighted hall. The door was ajar, and he entered without disturbing the measured tread of the lodger in the attic. He slipped off his cowhide boots, and secreted them in the rosebush outside the door. Stealthily he crept up the stairway and into a closet at the top. There was no door, but he pulled the heavy curtains together. He scarcely breathed as he heard Luiza come into the house.

It was not long before his worst fears were realized. Luiza came up the stairs haltingly, and, after a timid knock, went into Henry Lorton's room. She found him picking up the scattered papers on the floor. These were all that were left of his belongings.

"Oh! it's you, Luiza," he said, straightening up and noting with consternation her disheveled appearance, and

deadly pallor. Her stunned, benumbed senses left her speechless now that she faced the supreme crisis. Henry Lorton mechanically placed a chair for her.

"Sit down, won't you?" he asked, in what he intended to be a natural tone of voice. She silently obeyed. After a heart-breaking pause Henry Lorton standing before her awkwardly feigned interest in the something she had in her hand.

"What have we here?" He adjusted his glasses, and prepared to examine the glittering object outlined in the dim light.

The old familiar movement, characteristic of his study of kelp, roused Luiza. She remembered her sudden resolution.

"I bring you this watch chain, my father made of blister pearls. They are abalone shells, and I give them for remembrance."

An involuntary shudder, a quick backward step, and Henry Lorton went cold as ice. He stared at the offering without any attempt at acceptance. He could not bring himself to touch the extended hand of Luiza. With full comprehension of its import her action sent a wave of pity through his consciousness. His silence gave Luiza courage to explain.

"I leave all my money with my father for this keepsake for you. I come to say goodbye."

Still avoiding physical contact, Henry Lorton managed to stammer disconnected words of thanks.

"Please put the chain on the table. I will send it to my mother. She will keep it for me."

Luiza seemed to shrivel into a pathetically helpless child, as she arose and reached the door.

"Goodbye, Senor Lorton," she whispered.

"Goodbye, Luiza. I will always remember you as the little Kelp Girl. You have helped me a lot and I want life to be good to you."

His disinterested kindness cut her like a whip-lash. Every nerve tingled, and tired muscles tensed to the utmost gave her superhuman strength and fleetness. She ran down the steps and out into the night, dry-eyed, hoarse with the pain of breathing.

Still under a strong revulsion of feeling, Henry Lorton picked up the chain and tried to concentrate attention on its workmanship.

"Poor Luiza! She is only a child-woman, up against the real thing. She

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

Good Advice - - Buy It and - - Use It - - Ask the Man Who Knows

By TREBOR SELIG

THE man who employs abler men than he is, is an abler man than they are," quoted a well known California capitalist a few days ago in answer to an interviewer's request for the man's secret of success. He is not a trained mineralogist, yet he has made a fortune in mining. He never sold a pound of sugar nor a can of coffee in his life, but he evolved the operative policy for a chain store grocery concern which has become notably popular and profitable. He is not an experienced agriculturist, although he takes a handsome profit each year from a small acreage he bought a few years ago from a bankrupt "dirt" farmer.

"One doesn't succeed in business by the same method that women are said to employ in placing their bets at Tia Juana—shutting one's eyes and stabbing at the racing list with a hatpin," he commented. "One must either know, of his own knowledge, how to do what he wants to do, or he must know where to find out. There are trained specialists, experts, in every phase of business, these days, and by employing them intelligently one can bring to bear on the solution of any problem the accumulated experience and wisdom of mankind. All that I have done is to learn where to get dependable advice—and to buy it and use it."

USE ADVICE YOU BUY

Probably the most significant part of this man's remarks is comprised in the last two words. Many of us feel so self-sufficient that we want no advice, and there may be a few who really do not need it. Many of us, although willing to be advised, do not know how to go about finding the help we need. Too many of us, after seeking out the counsel we require and listening to it with becoming gravity, pay our fees therefor and then disregard it wholly. Wherefore, usually, we find ourselves in the class with those who inspired Elbert Hubbard's epigram: "Many a man looking for sympathy needs three swift kicks properly placed."

This is an era of specialization. It is a time when the myriad intricacies of daily life and of human activity are

confusingly complex and are seemingly increasing by geometrical progression. The day of the general store, except for the small village, has passed long ago. The physician of general practice today refers many of his patients to specialists. Attorneys are increasingly devoting their attention to specific phases of the law. Artisans reach their highest proficiency by confining their work to certain operations. The most efficiently organized manufactories are those where individualization is most highly developed. The "Jack of all trades and good at none" adage applies in the professions and in business as well as in the manual trades, and applies to all but him who chooses one thing to do and concentrates on doing that one thing well.

AGE OF SPECIALISTS

One does not buy diamonds at a book shop nor silks of the hardware dealer. One will not expect to find a high type of goods or wide selection at the village general store. Nor can one expect to get expert advice regarding his investments from his attorney or his grocer any more than he should expect a competent diagnosis of his bodily ailments from his gardener or his banker. The successful capitalist quoted above made his farm pay dividends because he employed an expert farm adviser. He made money in mining by investing his money on the recommendation of a skilled miner. And his grocery stores are operated by men who know the grocery business.

Perfection is achieved by a process of elimination, we are told. That is the doctrine on which the specialist in the professions bases his creed. It is the fundamental theory of trades jurisdiction which, although it has caused vexatious disputes in the ranks of the great organized labor movement, has given the American craftsmen unquestioned pre-eminence over his fellows of other lands. It is the thing which has brought about notable achievement in science and art, in craftsmanship, literature, music, law, medicine, surgery, in invention and manufactory, and is a no less potent force in raising the standards of those

many factors of today's civilization we group under the general term—Finance.

TRUSTWORTHY HELP

The investor, be he a man with a few hundred dollars to be put to work or a capitalist who commands vast sums of money, will find competent and trustworthy specialists to advise with him in whatever phase of activity may seem most attractive. And few, indeed, are they, however high their place or great their capital, but find it necessary and profitable to seek the counsel of specially trained men. If one seeks investment in downtown real estate, he will consult with some realtor who is known to be thoroughly informed on that class of property. If one would invest his money in industrial securities, he will find brokers amply equipped to analyze intelligently any such enterprise. If he is attracted toward conservative bonds, there are those who have made a notable success in selecting such investments.

One takes a foolish and unnecessary risk when he attempts to invest his savings on his own individual responsibility since there are at hand so many opportunities for obtaining sound advice. The capitalist, it will be noted, ascribed his success to knowing where to get sound advice—and using it. One should not invest his savings on the recommendation of some securities salesman whose only qualification is a smart appearance and a persuasive tongue. The trustworthy salesman may have both these attributes, but he will also represent an investment house which is known to be trustworthy, known to be honorable in its dealings and to have proven its ability to direct its clients' operations intelligently and successfully.

In dealing with a house of established reputation the investor will enjoy the comforting assurance that he is employing, for the solution of his investment problems, experts in finance whose success in their chosen work is measured only by the success of their clients. He will thus have the same opportunity for and assurance of success that the capitalist referred to declares to be the secret of his success.

Animals of History and Legend

By Lelia Ayer Mitchell

THE ancient races associated animals with their religious beliefs and imbued many of them with divine power. Statues of animals have become identified with certain cities and carry with them a distinguishing guardianship. The four bronze horses of the Cathedral of St. Mark's have become a part of Venice. They are very old and among the finest of extant gilded bronzes. They are of Roman workmanship and it is thought that they once adorned the triumphal arch of Nero and afterward that of the Trojan. Constantine had them taken to Constantinople and in 1204 the Doge Dandolo took them to Venice. In 1797 Napoleon I had them taken to Paris where they occupied the summit of the triumphal arch in the Palace de Carrousel. In 1815 they were again taken back to Venice by the Emperor Francis and restored to St. Mark's. The four horses, which stand five feet high, were taken down during the last war for protection, but are now in place again over the principal portal of the Cathedral.

In Rome is the great statue of the Roman Wolf nursing two baby boys, Romulus and Remus. Tradition says that in 390 B. C. Amulius had taken the Alban throne from their grandfather, Numitor, and had ordered the two baby boys thrown into the Tiber River. At the time the river had overflowed its banks. When the water receded the cradle in which the children were left landed on high ground at the foot of Mt. Palatine. Attracted by the cries from the cradle a great wolf which was in the vicinity, took them and tenderly nursed them back to life. They were afterward found by a shepherd named Faustulus who took them home to his wife, where they were reared as their own children. When the two boys grew up they established their identity and the throne was returned to their grandfather Numitor, and the villain Amulius, who had usurped the power, was put to death.

In England, the lion, called the "King of Beasts" from his massive head and nobility of carriage and the deference paid him by all other animals, is a favorite figure of heraldry. In the coat-of-arms of Great Britain, the lion and unicorn date from the union of Scotland and England; the lion for England and the unicorn for Scotland. The unicorn is a fabulous, single-horned animal, the counterpart of no existent animal. In

heraldry it is horse-like with the tail of a lion and a pointed single horn growing out of the forehead. The figure was introduced into the British Royal Arms by James I, two unicorns having figured in the Scottish Royal Arms. The Hebrew unicorn of the Bible is the powerful oriental buffalo.

IN 1876 there was unearthed in Greece the remains of the ancient city Mycenae. It was surrounded by massive walls with but one entrance, a huge gate called the "Gate of Lions," over which two large lions stood on a stone fifteen feet long and seven feet thick. The entrance to the gate was between long stone walls behind which archers hid to shoot down enemies. The lions were supposed to protect the gate from all intruders.

In Rome, geese are looked upon as symbolic of protection and are held in great esteem. About 400 B. C. an army of Gauls, who were enemies of the Romans, climbed a steep hill in an effort to reach Rome which was garrisoned by soldiers. One of the Gauls had just reached the highest ledge of rocks when some sacred geese, which were in the grounds by the temple of Juno, began to cry and flap their wings. The Romans, aroused by the noise, rushed out, saw the Gauls, and dashed them over the precipice, and Rome was saved by the cackling of Geese.

The "Wooden Horse of Troy" comes from a familiar legend which has an important place in ancient history. Troy was the capital of a strong empire which had grown up in Asia Minor, along the shores of the Hellespont. Paris, son of King Priam of Troy, visited the Greek King Menelaus and carried off his beautiful wife Helen. To avenge the wrong, one hundred thousand warriors were gathered and sent in galleys across the Aegean sea to the Trojan shores. Troy was then held in close siege for ten years. Then, in a final effort to gain entrance to the city, the Greeks, on the plains beneath the walls of the city, built a wooden statue of a horse. At night they filled the horse with soldiers and the remaining army retired to their ships. When it was light the Trojans issued from the city gates to inspect the wooden horse. Thinking that it was an offering sacred to Athena they were afraid to destroy it and so hauled it inside the

walls. At night the warriors quietly issued forth and opened the gates for the Greeks who swarmed in and set Troy on fire and burned it to the ground.

The bull, wolf, ram, bear, goat and horse were animals which gave religious titles to the Greek gods. Several gods were incarnate in rams, and living rams were kept in temples where solemn ceremonies and services of devotion took place. The Egyptians invested many of their animals with a divine character and to kill a sacred animal was a great crime. If one was killed accidentally the person committing the deed was often murdered by the enraged people.

The white cow was sacred to Athor and represented the lower hemisphere from where the sun was supposed to rise in the morning and into which it sank at night. The sacred bull Apis represented the upper world, an incarnation of Osiris, the Egyptian god of light, health, and agriculture.

Priests of each temple selected a bull which was kept in a magnificent court, surrounded by pillars, near the temple, where it was worshipped. These bulls were not allowed to live longer than twenty-five years and after their death the bodies were carefully embalmed and deposited with much ceremony in the sepulchral chambers of the Serapeum, a temple at Memphis reserved exclusively for these animals. This tomb was discovered by Mariette in 1851, in a limestone cliff opposite the town of Memphis and hundreds of granite Sarcophagi were uncovered in a narrow gallery two thousand feet in length.

A MONSTROUS serpent supposed to exist in the bottom of the river Nile was believed to be its guardian deity. It was supposed to cause those avalanches of earth which came after the overflow of the river when whole fields and banks were destroyed. At such times the serpent was supposed to be hungry and to appease his appetite, fowl, dates, and other foods were thrown into the river.

The Egyptian scarab, a little beetle which has had such an important place in the history of Egypt, is a symbol of the Creator. In the hieroglyphs or picture writing, it meant, "to be, or exist," and usually appeared on the head of one of the gods. With expanded wings it was placed on mummies and is also used as a seal, for rings, necklaces and other jewelry. During the life of this small

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The Play's the Thing

By GERTRUDE F. WILLCOX



LEMENTS of old timers are often heard to the effect that the good and the great no longer take to the "road." That New York is so rich a field, and transportation to the West so prohibitive that it is a rare occasion and a rare star, indeed, that will dare financial worry, and magnanimously give of good theater to the supposedly drama-starved coast. Hearing these sighs, and assuming from the data given in the current theater magazines that New York is the only town that boasts footlights, we develop a regional inferiority complex, consider ourselves of the knowing few when we patronizingly tilt our nose at local efforts and try not to appear too entertained by any production other than the one where the program reads "Starring _____, latest Broadway sensation with entire New York cast." Finally in our thirst for "different" plays and acting that must be better, we go to New York, confidently enter one of the well-known theaters, believing we have arrived at the shrine of dramatic art. Excusing the first shattered illusion as an exception, we go the round of repertoire, but with decreasing enthusiasm. What is here that we have not out West? A few prominent and talented stars, indifferently supported. Perhaps from necessity we have no outstanding theatrical figures, but why not believe that inasmuch as the starring system is severely criticized by leading dramatists of Europe (and America, also) that our necessity may prove our inspiration, and well-rounded casts significant in modern theater. We return home then, slap our local producers on the back, and enjoy the pleasant sensation of local pride.

The Henry Duffy Players with their string of theaters from Seattle to Hollywood bring to the West the best plays on run in the East. Mr. Duffy generally imports a principal from the original New York cast as a concession to the box office and to diffuse the desired metropolitan atmosphere. "New Brooms"

played at the Alcazar in San Francisco with the lead transported from the Fulton Theater in New York in the person of Thomas McWade. One fears the flowers were transported also from New York. They were as stiff and orderly as a New England conscience. "New Brooms" in its apt illustration of a father and son conflict in running the family business, carried its convincing point in a humorous and entertaining manner. That the situations had their counterparts this side of the footlights was evidenced by the many sheepish grins exchanged between fathers and sons all over the audience. The particular bit of acting which was most convincing, however, was Irving Mitchell's indication of a very bad cold. It was so realistic it was contagious. Due to the exposure, half the audience went home and took quinine and the other half gargled with the most recent highly recommended gargle. Can New York be more convincing?

At the President Theater the Duffy Players presented a play most gratifying to the feminine half of the parties out front. Direct descendant of the famous Mrs. Grundy, Daniel Grundy in "The Gossipy Sex" seems to have been created with a double portion of the family traits. Stirring up trouble a plenty by his irrepressible love of amusing people with intimate details of their friends' private lives, and refusing to spoil a good story for the lack of a few words, Danny Grundy has the plot of the play about his ears in no time. Earl Lee makes the character familiar and highly amusing. The manuscript is distressingly over-done, but it at least demands nothing of the audience but ears to hear its wordiness, and as the players' delivery was rapid and clear, nothing was lost.

While such plays as "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," may detract from the light-hearted enjoyment of circus day, they at the same time rid us of the sweetish lolly-pop taste a surfeit of lighter entertainments

affords. It's good to have realism rend one's heart occasionally, to weep honestly, if sentimentally, because of the hopeless love of a clown—a clown that amused the thoughtless while beneath the guise of slapstick, white paint, and buffoonery, lay a broken heart. Lionel Barrymore received a triumphant welcome in his return to San Francisco in the principal role of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" at the Lurie. His characterization of the tragic, pitifully beautiful figure of the clown was worth more than expository analysis of technique. Suffice it to say that upon the fall of the last curtain it took considerably longer to restore the usually placid and unemotional noses to powdered respectability, and many a jaunty silk square placed in the upper left for the sake of vanity was called into service for the sake of a clown.

At the Berkeley Playhouse a children's choral group exquisitely performed Humperdink's fairy opera "Hansel and Gretel." Their childish voices were surprisingly beautiful in their flute-like tones. The naive mimicry of the tricks of opera stars was a delight and their simple and direct acting a reproach to professionals.

Just for fun, and as a relief from the modern thought provoking mood that we hear about but so seldom see, the Players' Guild of San Francisco presented a bona fide melodrama, "Bulldog Drummond" by "Sapper" and Gerald Du Maurier. As the program tells, this play is not old, being produced in London in 1923, but it has the full bag of tricks, and the hair-raising thrills of the "mel-lerest" of melodramas, reminiscent of the days when no play was a play without a lady in distress, a hero escaping miraculously from villainous plots, and a deep-dark villain with an ever present "gat." It was good to drop the air of sophistication necessary to conform to the spirit of some modern plays, and allow one's simpler nature shamelessly to gasp

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Public Schools Week--Ninth Annual Observance

PUBLIC Schools Week in California will be held this year during the week beginning April 23rd. This year features the 9th Annual Observance of the event. Each year the interest on the part of the public has grown and the effectiveness of the meetings has been noticeably increased. Public Schools Week is now looked forward to in many quarters as a community event of the greatest civic, social and educational value.

The American Public School is one of our most valued institutions. It reaches every boy and every girl in the land. To it must go the sons and daughters of rich and poor alike. It is the most democratic of institutions, offering equal educational opportunities for all. Today America is literally going to school. A college education is today as common as was a high school education three decades past. And graduation from a secondary school today is had by as many as completed the eighth year in the "common school" of a half-century or less ago.

But important as public education is generally agreed to be, the average man of affairs knows all too little of the present day school—what is taught, or why, or how. The curriculum has, during the past few years, undergone marked changes. If the average man realizes this, he cannot tell why this is

so. The school program has been enriched through addition of new subjects. The average man knows that there have been tremendous changes in our economic, our industrial, our social life, but somehow he has not seemed to grasp the need for a corresponding change in education and the call for new subjects in school to meet these new conditions.

Present methods of instruction differ widely from those in force in an earlier day. Text books are more scientific and scholarly. School equipments are more satisfactory and diversified. School buildings in arrangement, quality and beauty are far beyond anything known in previous years. The compulsory age limit has been extended; compulsory school laws enforced; the many rather than the few now attend school—all this tends to make education much more costly than it was in the past.

Is public education costing too much? Are taxes too high? Are we training too many young men and young women at public expense? Are fundamentals neglected? Do we give over-emphasis to fads and frills? Are the graduates of the schools entering life's pursuits without a thorough grounding in those branches of knowledge that should be common to all? And what of training in citizenship and initiative and patriotism and business acumen and desire for

service and community cooperation and leadership?

Such are the questions the thoughtful man of affairs is asking today. Education need not be *sold* to the average American citizen. Rather, education must, in its modernized form, be *interpreted to him*. Public Schools Week offers opportunity to bring to the men and women of the community the ideals and ideas of the present day school. Those prepared to do so present to their audiences the changed conditions of today, the plans and purposes animating the school organization, the meaning and value of the curriculum, and the actual results achieved. And the question of school expenditure, and of return on the investment is not ignored.

Public Schools Week has become a community affair. While fostered by the Masonic Fraternity it is not a Masonic event. Meetings are held wherever possible in school auditoriums. All groups of individuals, clubs, societies, organizations should be brought together to plan for and participate in these meetings. Public Schools Week is a California institution, having been organized in this state. It is the forerunner of Education Week, a nation-wide event.

It is anticipated that the 9th Annual Observance of Public Schools Week will be record breaking in attendance and far-reaching in results.

San Joaquin Delta

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eign to California but they are individual. Their canals and barges belong not to Holland nor their turbans and brown faces to Asia. But each finds its place here where the water from the snow-filled canyons of the Sierra summit is shouldered nightly by the ocean's tide.

At evening—summer. The sun is led down the ocean side of the mountains that toss their rocks into the sea, leaving only a vaporous scarf in the sky. Then are the shadows herded into the valley. Stampeding, they sweep down the hillsides, trample the sunlight out, and browse on the darkening day. At last nothing remains of the sunset glow but a kiss of light that wistfully falls on the evening's ashen cheek. The little water ridges chase over the river, racing with the night-time winds that rarely

fail to come skipping in. Smuggled past the hills in darkness, quick sea breezes loiter in the willows, rattling. Noises smack out on the water. Fish splashing. A burly owl adds its hollow "hoo" to the darkness. Birds are uneasy. Above the general low skirmish in the night life on the river a splitting yelp carries

—the mad coyote—; then again are quiet and darkness on the delta.

The delta at night, day, or any other time is as interesting, to him who will look and listen, as India to Kipling, Monterey to Stevenson, the sea to Conrad. It remains for a writer to go into that land expressly to appreciate and write about it. When one does, readers will refer to those river-locked lands when rivers and river stories are being discussed just as one refers now to Kipling's India when mysticisms come into the conversation. In other words, the San Joaquin River delta has characteristics which would appeal to any people with a sense of romance. And should no writer avail himself of this storehouse of material, it will still be there for the one who reads tales of adventure, to acquaint himself with and for his enjoyment.



EVENTS---HERE AND THERE

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Importance of Western Resources Emphasized

Said President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford University in a recent public address "Bordering on the Pacific is more than half the population of the world, whose needs and demands on our resources are steadily increasing. The march of Empire slowly is proceeding from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The new development on the Pacific hinges largely on a better and sounder understanding of problems by the races bordering it. America must play an important part in this.

Of important raw materials which will be needed in developing this half of the world's population lumber of the western states is of particular importance and in any national program of forestry the international demand on our western lumber supply must be recognized."

This is a timely pronouncement. However the rate at which our forests are being leveled by fire and lumbermen would seem to indicate we have an inexhaustible supply of timber which is not the case. A well seasoned program of reforestation should be projected. More money should be spent annually by both state and federal government in forest protection and patrol.

* * *

Center for Scientific Research

An Associated Press dispatch says that the new Brookings Institution to be established in Washington this year combines in one great organization: The Institute of Economics, the Institute of Government Research, and the Robert Brookings Graduate School of Economics and Government. Scientific and economic conclusion will be attempted on such problems as farm relief, disposition of Muscle Shoals, development of inland waterway projects, and even the political equilibrium of foreign relations.

"A major purpose of the Institution," President Moulton said, "is to provide headquarters for visiting scholars from United States and for-

eign countries. Increasingly students from all over the world come to Washington to pursue uninterrupted research work."

This is an admirable plan. It suggests again the need at Washington for the long-talked of National University. Washington offers the most complete opportunity for scientific study and research of any center in the world. The National University should not be an examining institution as some have advocated. We need centers for study much more than we need boards of examination.

* * *

Wrong Number

A new device for the telephone is one that records a message when you are absent from the home, and the person who is calling receives from central, "party doesn't answer." The message which it is desired to deliver is spoken into the telephone as though there were someone on the other end of the wire. A device in the receiver records the message. When the receiver is lifted later the message is delivered in the voice of the speaker.

The next step is that of visibility to each other of the persons at either end of the telephone wire. The user of the telephone whose tendency is to become irritated and peevish when called to the receiver should begin to practice preserving a calm and placid countenance and a poker face, or his business interests will suffer under the new conditions.

* * *

President Coolidge at Havana

The speech of President Coolidge, before the Pan-American Conference at Havana should be read by every American citizen. There are so many high spots it is difficult to quote. Among other things he said: "Unto us has been given a new land, free from the traditional jealousies and hatred of the old world, where the people might come to the fullest state of development. The founders of our Republics sought no peculiar preferment for themselves. The same dis-

interested spirit which is animated by the conduct of our past conferences has given the American family a high place in the opinion of the world.

"What happens in this hemisphere is of more vital interest to all of us than what happens across any of the oceans. Nowhere among these republics have great military establishments ever been maintained for the purpose of over-aweing or subjugating our enemies."

These pronouncements will bear thoughtful study. It is evident that President Coolidge is for peace. But reading between the lines it is clear to see that he doubts the effectiveness of certain types of hookups with countries with which we desire to be neighbourly, but whose ideas and ideals are so alien to our own that such hookups might at this time tie our own hands in our endeavor to help preserve the peace of the world.

* * *

Actors Not Welcomed at Church

The pastor and governing board of a metropolitan church have voted adversely to permitting an actress to address the men's club of the church. The actress had accepted the invitation, so reports state, and her speech was prepared. At the last minute, the program was cancelled.

Is it possible that the spiritual teachings to the flock in question have been so ineffective that the members of the men's club are likely to be influenced for evil by the appearance of this stage star? One writer says that this action reflects the thinking of sixteen hundred, rather than that of nineteen-twenty-eight. In any case, the lady will please accept our congratulations for having escaped from such a cramped atmosphere.

* * *

Educational Forecast

Secretary J. W. Crabtree of the National Education Association forecasts the educational advance. He contends that by studying the tendencies in education the future trend can be determined in the same degree of accuracy that weather conditions are (Continued on Page 63)

Under the Redwoods

By HENRY MEADE BLAND



Whenever I want to take
mine ease,
I find a grove of Redwood
Trees:

For there no chilling north
wind blows,
And there the trout stream-
let flows;

A stream, that plays o'er
polished hubbles
The while it sings with
laughing bubbles.

A stream that many a fern embosses,
That loves to play among the mosses.

The Sempervirens I prefer;
I love their frankincense and myrrh.

Above the dark leaves weave a roof
Soft as a silken warp and woof.

The giants close around me stand,
And hold above me many a hand.

They talk of lorn, lost Babylon,
And glory of wise Solomon;

Or visions shapen by the seer
Come, like old music, to the ear.

So rare it is to take one's ease
Under the green of Redwood Trees.

In their low murmurous evening sigh
Echoes the lover's joy or cry.

Now Boaz sighs for dreamy Ruth,
And sad Niobe moans forsooth;

And Romeo, with a wistful plaint,
Tells how his Juliet is a saint.

Oh, it is odd to take one's ease
Under the Always-Living trees!

These trees, like gods are stern in duty,
Staunch like Truth, and rare in beauty.

Like deities they seem immortal
And shaped to guard at Heaven's Portal.

So, in the twilight's mystic play,
I rest, and think the hours away;

While at my feet a friendly fire
Drives mists afar and shadows dire.

Thus in this Nature-House of mine
Dull thought to me grows most divine.

I weave it into verdant strands,
And grace it as with golden bands;

Thought, that conjures to sigh or sing;
That makes a beggar seem a king!

Yes, when I want to take mine ease,
I hunt a grove of Redwood Trees.

"The Kelp Girl"

(Continued from Page 48)

don't know how to handle herself. She is a good little kid and deserves to be happy."

If he could not reciprocate, he respected and honored the innocence and purity unconsciously revealed. Not even in thought would he sully and despoil. All of Luiza's defenses were down, but he would not profit. Not by word or look would he betray her secret. He did not admit to himself that he knew it. She had left him feeling humble and unworthy.

CHULA was still in the shop when Tonino came in with an unusually large and perfect specimen of onion kelp in his hand. It looked like an old-fashioned black snake, the kind of whip Tonino's father used in driving pack train mules up into the mines in early days. Tonino had been thinking of his father when he picked up the kelp. He found it stretched out on a bed of white sand as he came back from his search for Luiza. He gave no sign that he saw Chula when he came in. He left the kelp on the tiny porch entrance, and went straight to the commode in the corner. In his present mood Chula waited for him to speak. Seeing the open drawer in the commode he made a hasty examination of its contents.

"Valgame Dios! Chula! Come here! Who takes the watch chain?" Tonino was beside himself at the thought of his hours of labor come to naught.

"Luiza, she take the chain just now. She gone to say good-bye to Senor Lorton. He say he like her to come." Chula shivered in the cold fog and her teeth chattered. She had always been afraid of Tonino.

"I make that chain for Pascual. Luiza shall not give it away to anyone. Bring Luiza here and I fix her for this. Tonino bordered on apoplexy. Chula meekly obeyed him.

Wandering in a maze of conflicting emotions trying to adjust herself to this new misery, Luiza stumbled onto the porch. Tonino sprang out at her and knocked her senseless with the bulb end of the onion kelp. A trail of blood outlined the welt raised by the blow, and the iodine from the bruised kelp smarted intolerably.

Luiza's fall galvanized Chula into action. Red eyed as a tigress she flew at Tonino and beat him with her fists.

"Tonino, thou beast! Luiza leave all

her money for the chain. She can do as she likes. Now you kill her! "Ninamia, speak to Chula."

The mother was down on her knees beside her when Luiza slowly opened her eyes.

"Padi mi, you hurt Luiza." Tonino, sick with fright, lifted the limp figure to her feet. "Padi mi," the name she had lisped in babyhood! Tonino writhed as he heard it. Only half conscious Luiza murmured. "Dear God, Luiza has been a good girl today, Amen!"

Tonino, speechless with amazement, sat down on the railing enclosing the porch. He wiped the cold clammy sweat from his face and tried to find a way out of the tragic situation.

His women had failed him. He was subdued and beaten by them.

Chula who had no more individuality than a door mat could fight.

The rip in Tonino's shirt, and the scratches remained after the blows dealt him had ceased to tingle. Chula dared to disobey him! She sided with Luiza. Both were silent when he decreed that Luiza should marry Pascual.

He whimpered weakly as he recalled how Luiza, like a tired child, put her arms around his neck and cuddled up close, when he guided her staggering feet to a seat beside him. The feel of her limp, warm body unmanned him. It was the first time he had ever struck her.

Tonino wished fervently that he was back in the hills with the sheep!

It was late already, and something must be done. That something must restore his self-respect. Tonino inherited a certain pride of race. With penitence came a finer sense of justice. He had thought out an honorable solution.

"Go, thou, Luiza, give back the money and bring to me the chain. Senor Lorton shall not keep it."

Too dazed and broken in spirit to object, Luiza made a halting journey back to the house and wearily dragged herself up the stairs. An ominous stillness greeted her.

Maddened with jealousy, Pascual gave way to hysterical frenzy shut up in the closet while Luiza was in Henry Lorton's room. To him it was ages before she came out. What did she see in this pale-faced outsider? His work was with the sea, too.

"He reads and writes. So does Luiza. He talks things to her I not know about

Chula ees one big fool. She think Luiza tell her everything. * * * * Maybe he kees her just now."

Pascual choked with the thought, but he knew what to do. Men of his race had always known. Goaded by a murderous impulse, Pascual slipped through the unlatched door as soon as he ascertained that Luiza was out of hearing.

WHEN he came out later his face was distorted with passion and his eyes were clearly those of a maniac. He clutched Henry Lorton's papers to his breast, buttoned his jacket together over them, and went cautiously, step by step, down the stairs, pulled on his clumsy boots and ran for his life. In a little cove he had selected earlier in the day he paused. Here he took the typewritten pages and tore them into tiny bits. To complete their destruction he ground as much as he could into the wet sand with the heel of his boot. When his heavy tread failed to conceal all of the carbon copy, he hurried to his boat house, climbed into the smallest craft and rowed far out to sea. He scattered the rest of the paper piece by piece, taking malicious delight in the knowledge that no power on earth could put them together again.

"That feller not going to take this writing away at all. He leave love words for Luiza. She can keep and read all the time. I fool Luiza."

Pascual threw back his head and gave voice to an insane, raucous laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" echoed hideously over the swish of wind and wave. The lighthouse siren answered with a long drawn out warning. For an instant the light in the tower silvered the oars before the fugitive was enveloped by impenetrable mist and darkness.

Luiza froze with horror on the threshold of Henry Lorton's room. Her mouth involuntarily opened—she scarcely breathed, and her eyes stared in fascination at the gruesome sight. On the bed with his head drawn back lay her employer dead. A long, deep gash in the throat, with oozing blood, sharply contrasted with the blackened and bruised flesh. The overturned chair and twisted rug told of the struggle before the victim had been choked into insensibility and thrown onto the bed. The hand hanging over the side tightly clutched the chain Luiza had come to recover. With its sharp point touching the pool of blood on the floor lay Pedro's knife.

"Pascual! Why? Pascual! Why?" muttered Luiza, as she put her hands

"FATE"

A MASTER moves my hand—

A Master guides my will—

A Master leads me on—

Whither? A Master only knows!

EDITH ELDEN ROBINSON.

over her face to shut out the dread vision.

Luiza neither fainted nor cried out. In an unnatural calm she turned and walked slowly until she was some distance from the house. Dazed and benumbed, she was not conscious of any feeling whatever. She stopped and gazed with unseeing eyes into empty space. With a dry rattle in her throat she said:

"I not marry with Pascual. I gonna run away in beeg ship. I go find algy oil myself."

Only a late moon shining dimly through lifting fog saw how it happened.

Next morning a high comber came rolling shoreward, tossing and tumbling a giant elk kelp in its foamy undulations. A long tendril was tightly wound around Luiza's feet. The skin was bruised and broken on the welt across her forehead. The parted lips were swollen, and blood showed on her teeth. A hardier swimmer than Luiza could not have reached the ship against the rip tide, even if there had been no ocean forest to enmesh and drag her down to the bottom.

The dream world of the little kelp girl came down with a crash over her defenseless head.

WASTE PAPER TONNAGE

From 15 to 30 tons of waste paper are gathered weekly from some of the large office buildings in our big cities. Hotels of the large type yield from 2 to 3 tons daily, while metropolitan newspapers dispose of 10 to 20 tons every day. Printing offices and book binderies are also fruitful sources of waste paper supply. In New York City alone there are 800 dealers in waste paper, while the city department of street cleaning collects about 17,000 tons weekly. Of this only 10 per cent is destroyed. The rest is worked over and manufactured into various types of paper and cardboard.—*Thrift Magazine*.

ABALONES

(Continued from Page 46)

to the deck and placed on edge, in long rows, with the breather holes up. In this position they retain the water. Each attaches itself to the one next to it, thus forming a solid string, which facilitates handling at the dock. They were piled three tiers high and then covered with dry burlap to keep the warm sunlight off.

The breather holes, which extend around part of one side of the shell, make it possible for the abalone to get its water and food without releasing its hold on the rock to which it clings.

When day was done and the catch stowed away on the deck, we pulled up the anchor, worked our way out of the breakers, let out the diving boat to the end of the two hundred feet of tow line, and were on our way home.

At the dock the abalones were loaded into another basket, which held about four dozen each load. They were swung on a boom and lifted by a power tackle to the dock and sent to the packing house. There they were stored, temporarily, with the meat portion down, to be worked as soon as possible.

The process of preparing the abalone for the market is unique. A man with a short steel bar separates the meat portion from the shell. The shell is then sent outside to dry and later stored awaiting shipment to manufacturers of novelties and decorations for which the colorful part of the shell is used. The meat is passed along the table to a man who cuts out the unused portion. The good meat is then washed in fresh water and passed to another table, where the dark and white meats are separated. Again the meat is washed. The white meat is put through a machine trimmer that cuts off all the hard, muscular section used by the abalone to maintain its hold on the rocks. The remaining white meat is then sent to the machine slicer, where it is cut.

From the slicer the steaks are sent to the pounder's block. In this operation the steak is pounded with a wooden mallet until it is soft. Care is taken that the steak is not broken. With practice the operators become expert and average from twenty to thirty pounds per hour. Exceptional records of seventy pounds have been made. The steaks are then taken to the cooler and packed in ten-pound boxes to await shipment.

To put the finishing touches on my search for information about this interesting shell fish, I dropped in at "Pop" Ernest's for an abalone dinner. That was the "proof of the pudding."

Traveling Along

By Curt E. Baer

Author, Lecturer, Playright and Artist.

JUST for having observed while gazing out on the amazing blueness of it all, "Gosh, what a lot of water!" I was booed. But for all of it, now about fifty miles off the coast of what must be near the Mexico-California border, it is just the usual hackneyed ocean, inky shadows, sparkling and shining clear green at the crests of swells, with amazingly lasting, white lace patterns of foam.

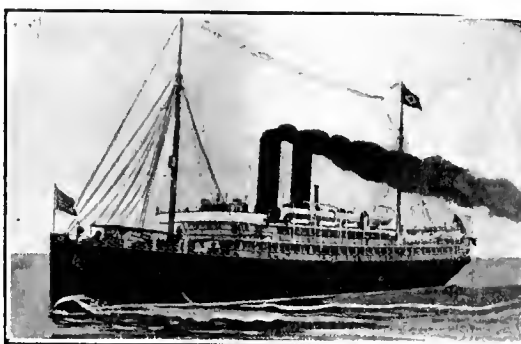
Why is it that most of the fool women and men aboard (the now more honorable, though prosaic tourist class, as well as the more elite who eat of dinners served among flowers and flowered cretonnes) occupy their time as they would were they at home, when the amazingly superb, cloudy and tenuous sky, water and the changing silhouette of the ship against them, are dominant and fascinating.

This morning at Los Angeles we were very nearly left on the dock, sauntering about to absorb the Angelic harbor and city atmosphere. Incidentally I liked Los Angeles for the very reason I was disappointed with it. There is no centralization, all the people seem to have discovered that to live there must be to be seen, and have gone so far as to apply the principle to their buildings, like the lovely icing on a flat pill substituting for castor oil. Incidentally speaking again, quite a moving city. But back of the city, from the ridge of the Hollywood hills, and as a paramount background for Glendale and Burbank, stand relatively small but divinely sculptured hills. Barren, save for brushy growth, there are spurs and ridges, sharply incised gullies, and keen rises that appear purple and indigo velvet in a waning light. They are worth all of the rococo buildings, and all the new theaters that huddle to their lots as if in shame for having made use of all the gilt in the four hundred square miles of Los Angeles.

The dining-room steward of the S. S. "Mongolia" finally got us aboard after we had a run for it, with several dozen well-wishers ashore and an amused gallery hanging over the rail. Then with a trembling whoop the long steamer drew away. There was no yelling, little waving, no serpentine and confetti to litter the wharf as at San Francisco, where excited and tearful, laughing and envious multitudes struggled with each other for a front place on the pier.

The ship drives on, fast. The sea in

the morning light to the left is steely blue, and the clouds thin, high and tawny, always southward, the sun coming up out of a quiet sea, rises higher, cooled by a balmy offshore wind, until at noon it is high over the masts, then sinks away to the brown surface on the right. Wave after wave, swelling and breathing, laced near the ship with patterns and weavings of foam, frail and undulating over the rise and fall, now deep in churning hollows, dull green and glossy, then high on a gleaming crest. The distant horizon fairly hurls itself into the glowing grey distance, with gleaming white stretches of sunlight on



smooth oily waters, murky grey-blue streaks patterned with whitecaps, broken into green frills and snowy surplises. Always moving, surging, toiling, sulking, eddying and swirling, majestically sweeping into a mountainous heave. It's lovely, the sea, alone and enormous, clean, unmarred and unspoiled—the high sky and the water.

Yet it has been a continuation of San Francisco Bay, smoother yet at times, broken only by the flying fish and amazingly apt porpoises, of which at times several leap from the waves at once, to fall explosively into the foam. Now and then a turtle, huge and frightful, or a zigzagging shark, or a coy whale whooshing near the boat.

So far, in spite of several minor annoyances, the trip has been so beautiful, so restful, and so thoroughly marine, that had I gone East by rail, and knowing of this boat, I'd have done penance for life. Not a trace of illness—just running and scrambling about, dancing under starlight to guitars by a Filipino crew, dancing under colored lights to the Blue Danube by the orchestra—and food, marvelous to read about and more

so to consume. Grand gales, very waxey, smooth seas; such cloud masses as dwarf the grandest of mountains; and always water, breathing, moving, sighing—that sound alone is worth the trip. At the front of the boat at eleven, with little or no moon, with a warm stiff wind against us, leaning over the rail to see the swathe cut by the prow,—white, yards long and shimmering, a great, fluffy, tenuous bridal veil studded with phosphorescence as luscious as diamonds, moving with the swells, now curling on itself, a scythe-like sweep of pure shining beauty on velvety black.

You would have loved this morning's deluge, and thunder and lightning. While the majority sat in the General Room, hot and sultry, with closed windows because of the torrent, playing hands and hands of bridge, we were at the prow, drenched to the skin and exulting in the lightning and ponderous thunder. It was superb. On my very brown-red sunburn the rain stings like needles. The deckhands all know us, make us tissue paper cutouts, give us tea cakes, and the stokers advise us where and how to go in Panama and Balboa.

Panama—The entrance to the harbor at Balboa has little gems of islands, immaculate, green of every hue, bright and filled with incredible lights and shadows. The water is dull, light green, the sky heavily clouded with tremendous piles of blackened brown clouds. Pelicans and gannets, flying fish and funny little buoys, red and white, bound the channel down which the steamer moves almost imperceptibly. The waves at the side slowly mold themselves as from green jelly. A narrow, pert little battleship, with a four-inch gun forward and four impressive smokestacks belching piles of thin brown smoke, peeped its salute. Large army biplanes swoop over the ship as it slowly goes up the canal entrance to its Balboa dock. The tremendous rain flattens out every wave in the bay—and every desire to go about. The reddish earth of the cut hills—the white concrete roads; green lamp posts with frosted glass; the rows of fruit sheds, bright mangos and golden juicy pineapples, bananas; neolithic negroes; violent sounds of the hawking cabs, wrestling, whistling at we three—this is Panama. The green or yellow street cars, with jaunty motormen in tan uniforms and a set of brass buttons.

(Continued on Page 59)

Books



Writers

PALESTINE AND THE BIBLE

IN THE MacMillan Company's book "A Pilgrimage to Palestine," Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, the able author, tells plainly in his entertaining style of Palestine yesterday and today; and compares its geographical features with statements contained in the Bible in a manner to be enjoyed by both student and layman. Not only is the manner in which the book is written enjoyable, but the volume is authoritative and illuminating, a combination seldom found and probably never before found in a Palestinian book of this character.

Dr. Fosdick in this book has contributed greatly to the literature of the home land of Judaism and Christianity. He not only describes its geography, climate, peoples and places, but incidents and rulings as well, all of which has helped to build or tear down the country. Dr. Fosdick in reviewing many passages from scripture, does so entertainingly and in a manner to make many turn to their Bible for further study.

In recalling events from both the old and new testament and other events as well, the author brings to his work an historical background that can be appreciated not only by those who intend to travel in Palestine, but by all those who are anxious to learn about this wonderful country.

The book is impartial. By this is meant that this poetic minister takes no part in any controversy as between Jew, Arab or Christian. Instead, he gives all sides and explains why and how the different tribes, creeds and religions found basis for their individual attitudes. Dr. Fosdick graphically describes why Palestine was, and is, a land of "MILK AND HONEY," to some, while a barren country to others, in such manner that one feels he has visited there. While analyzing its beautiful side he does not forget the points that tend to make Palestine less than attractive at other times.

While as before stated, Dr. Fosdick does not take sides in any controversy in giving due credit to Jesus as a great teacher, he nevertheless shows a courage

few ministers possess in that he criticises the Christians for attacking the Jews. He gives much praise to the Jews for their desire to rebuild Palestine, and while stating he is neither a Zionist nor a non-Zionist, he says: "I personally hope that Zionism will succeed." His reason for this is that so much can be accomplished through the ability and pioneering instinct of the Jews which is so ably marked at the present time in conjunction with their work with the Christians.

Of his many statements, is one which explains why the tourist should not rush through Palestine as so many do. He explains that when this is done, Palestine appears as nothing but a barren country. On the other hand when time is taken to traverse it, Palestine appears as a paradise to all who love the country that gave birth to their religion. All of which tends to make their religion more meaningful to them. The price of the book is \$2.50.

CARL W. GROSS.

LINCOLN: HIS WORDS AND DEEDS

THE literature on Abraham Lincoln is increasing as years go on. Many books have been written, some of them researches and of a scholarly nature. Others more general. No book has come to our attention that carries more of the human interest of Lincoln than that recently published by F. A. Owen Publishing Company and written by Oscar Taylor Corson. We are especially attracted to the book, knowing as we do the publishers favorably, and because for many years the author has been one of our most intimate friends. We feel sure that all who read the book will agree with us that any admirer of Lincoln should own a copy.

The 254 pages of the book comprehend seven major chapters setting forth the seven primary virtues of Lincoln's great character—Humility, Reverence, Loyalty, Honesty, Simplicity, Humor and Magnanimity. In addition, a chapter has been added on Lincoln's educa-

tion, together with a chapter on Lincoln's Gettysburg address, and one on Lincoln's tomb. The materials for this book were gathered by Dr. Corson from a close perusal of the published literature and one can see that he has made himself familiar, not only with the monumental work of Nicolay & Hay, but with other works including that of another good friend of ours and close student of Lincoln, Francis Brown.

Dr. Corson visited all the important Lincoln shrines that he might possess himself of the personal touch as far as possible. He interviewed numerous persons, some of them no longer living, who knew Lincoln personally. He says, "in this study there has come an ever deepening impression of the greatness of Lincoln's character together with the conviction that his character can best be revealed and interpreted by what he himself said and did."

There are a number of excellent portraits of Lincoln. Interspersed through the book are quotations from letters and documents. The author's manner of expression is such that the book may be used by the student in school as well as by the general reader. Libraries throughout the country should be possessed of this volume, the price of which is \$1.50.

FRONTIER BALLADS

ONE gets his first impression of a book from the cover before it is opened. The impression conveyed by Frontier Ballads, by Charles J. Fienger, is one to insure a reading of the book. And after opening the volume in question, this impression is carried out in fact. Frontier Ballads is somewhat "different." Only a Charles J. Feinger could secure the material and put it together in the form in which we find the volume in question. It is the author's own collection of favorite songs of the border and frontier, and these are accompanied in most instances with the music. More than that, there is given a description of how the song was sung, and the circumstances under which the

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Piping Hot

(Continued from Page 41)

would never dream of her coming to the game alone. Her eyes softened as she anticipated his sudden smile at sight of her, his happy squeezing of her arm—

At last the stairs. There were so many that with the sun shining in her eyes, she was obliged to look down for a moment. Her glance returned to Bob's hat for guidance, but it was no longer

there. In one brief instant he had disappeared again. Quick, quick, to left and right she searched, the smile frozen on her lips.

Then she almost laughed outright. She had been looking for a well-known hat. Now she saw Bob's head, bared and bowing to someone near. His face in profile was also smiling—too happily smiling. The crowd shifted so that the next moment she saw to whom he was speaking. It was a pretty blonde wearing a dark, closely-wrapped coat and white gloves. Both her hands were in Bob's and her uplifted face smiled into his. The two profiles silhouetted themselves against the dark background of the crowd as Marjorie, standing motionless on the stairway, caught sight of them. In fascination she watched the pair. As she stood transfixed on the stairs, the bewitching siren coquetted at Bob, emphasizing her remarks with little nods and gestures, tapping his arm with her white-gloved hand incessantly.

Again Marjorie started slowly down the stairway. She couldn't endure watching them any more. She hoped each time she looked up from a step they would be gone. But Bob merely replaced his hat and leaned sideways a bit to hear the remarks of his companion. Marjorie descended slowly into the crowd.

Then she bit her lip suddenly and tried to check the mist that clouded her eyes. Bob's lady leaned still closer to him, whispered something in his ear, slipped her arm through his and bore him away.

Marjorie, who had wished a moment before they might fade from her gaze, now rushed after them, beating her way through the helter-skelter crowd. But when she reached the bottom of the stairs Bob's hat was out of sight.

Her body began to move through space unconsciously. The game which had so engrossed her a few minutes before now seemed too stupid to watch to the finish. The noise of hundreds of voices in the throng surging and tramping about her wearied her terribly. Everything was a hodge-podge. She would go home—

Somehow she got back to the street car line and into a waiting car. She sat down heavily. Her mental self slowly slipped back into the physical. With it came fatigue and sickening depression. Her shoulders sagged forward and she looked fixedly at the floor.

Then she felt something surge over her like a scorching wind, banishing

fatigue. Her throat parched. Pulses beat furiously in her ears. Revenge suddenly wrote itself all over the advertisements above the windows opposite. Tremendous strength permeated her being. She felt strong enough to vanquish a Caesar. With cinematic swiftness picture after picture flashed across her mental vision—pictures of showing Bob a thing or two.

The street car stopped with a terrible suddenness. There was a crunch of brakes, a woman's scream. Marjorie lurched against an old man at her side holding a potted fern. Everyone got up, rushing for the exits. Through the window she saw a wrecked taxicab, tilted drunkenly against a lamp post, the front wheel off. A woman's white-gloved hand stuck out through a pane of shattered glass. Her head was out of sight among the cushions. Across her lap Marjorie could see the shoulder and arm of a man, limp and lifeless, his hat fallen across his face. A hat—Bob's hat!

Marjorie forced her way through the mass of frightened passengers to the exit. The motorman clanged his bell repeatedly.

"Keep your seats!" shouted the conductor, but no one paid attention.

"Let me off. Let me off. My husband's hurt," screamed Marjorie.

"Nobody's hurt." The conductor seized her by the arm. "Not a passenger in this car is hurt."

"But my husband is in that taxi!"

The conductor looked at her questioningly, but did not release his vice-like grip on her arm.

"Let me off, I say. Let me off this minute!" With a shrug of his shoulders he finally let her through the door.

Marjorie's feet scarcely touched the steps and pavement as she ran toward the shattered taxicab. Two policemen were holding back the crowd. A siren screeched from a distance, heralding a rushing ambulance.

"My husband! Please let me through. My husband—" repeated Marjorie in vain. No one heard her. The siren pierced nearer, stopped. Two white-clad orderlies sprang out. The taxi chauffeur helped them revive the woman, who had only fainted.

"Go slow," warned the police surgeon. "The man's hurt worse."

Marjorie's voice died in her throat. She couldn't even whisper. Helpless, mute, she watched them lift the man gently, slowly, out of the taxi into the ambulance. The arms and legs hung loose like those of a rag doll. She crowded forward to the ambulance, at last reaching the steps. With a final

(Continued on Page 62)

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CHICAGO

Traveling Along

(Continued from Page 56)

tons, sweep along in a large smooth curve, rocking rakishly and clanging their important bells, past blue houses with violet borders, tan with green.

Gazing at the old church of the Golden Altar, a most exquisitely old, worn and beaten but still living church, we turned away to see large billboards advertising the showing of "The Vengeance of Kriemhilde" in a small theater. It is the companion and sequel to "Siegried," and it was too late for us to see. Across the way was Lew Cody in "The Gay Deceiver." We went out of its sight, only to run into a Rotary Club sign!

Havana, Cuba—From midnight until the eleventh hour of the night, what it all amounts to, save for three or four lovely architectural endurances, is: we went out to the tropical gardens and had some of the free beer! But I had only half a glass and that did not seem to find its place or fit in anywhere, so I had to get rid of it the best way I could. Liquor being the chief prop and staff of life here, the handiwork shops throughout the town are decidedly inferior and tawdry. Second-hand scarf pins and elaborately painted bedroom sets in Japanese style rub the glow from each other in the same murky store. Everything is decidedly high in price, and not to be fought over or argued about.

A dominance of imitation in architecture, in frescoes and marble and tiles, mark the aspect of the city as a whole. There are beautiful colors, some wide prados, palatial cars and so enormous a bedlam of automobile horns that had the narrow streets been dirty rather than spotlessly clean, a stockyard would have searched for other fields to be heard. Our party was attacked first by the customs gentlemen and porters; then, having received a Swedish massage to determine the absence of tobaccos and weapons, passed through spiked iron portals into the maw of taxis and more porters, hotel agents and tour dispensers. Packards at three dollars the hour, Buicks at two-fifty, a new Chevrolet (into which a furious page had crammed our five bags and from which he was commanded to extricate them, resulted in a pitched battle of fists, words, yells and entreaties, until a pompous policeman in a swooping black moustache and a bright blue uniform started beating them with clubs. We drove away in a Dodge, weeping disconsolately at the absence of a rattle-trap Ford.

Havana is Los Angeles with its streets twisted and language forgotten, with a genuine history and a splendid harbor—and miles upon miles of wrought iron. Out of the pandemonium stands a symbol of refreshing purity, a drink we learned to know in Panama. It is made from very ripe fresh pineapples, pale yellow green, and floods the soul and being with gratitude. It is called Pina.

New York—There is a small sunken ship near the center of the harbor, and in the wake of the entering "Mongolia," the rapidly recurring swells cause the guarding bell buoys to clang dismally in the morning dusk. All around the liner ambitious tugs pull enormously long and heavily laden barges; some with coal, some with a discreet disposal sign revealing the unsavory contents. What sea gulls there are, are quiet and small. They must either prefer San Francisco, or else have been temporarily out of town—perhaps at a congregation of disposal barges.

The astounding thing about New York, even at Broadway in the forties, is the amazing quiet. No violent blaring, very few newsboys, in fact none at the midnight, and save for a police whistle and the recurring rumble of the elevated, it is as if between the high walls of the streets an invisible blanket gently stifled the noise—or else all the men wore rubber heels.

It is gratifying that save for its enormous superiority in size and altitude, the city is so like San Francisco. But San Francisco is comparatively much noisier, has fewer but larger playhouses.

The redeeming feature of the nervous landing, the flighty customs inspection and appraisal of a string of amber, the violent rushing for cabs and draymen, the long walk through the river streets to town, was a fruit salad. Cold, fresh crisp green, orange, lemon, salmon and cream-colored elements of delight, capped with a wisp of snow. That fruit salad, achieved and erected as it was in the concrete heart of a tremendous city, had within the limits of its heavy china plate and pale lettuce, all the sparkle and coolness of a swimming pond in the creek at the old ranch. There the leaves of the willows were green and silvery; the corn swiped from the patch was toasted orange; the water clear green and then dark and murky and capped with foam.

ANIMALS OF HISTORY AND LEGEND

(Continued from Page 50)

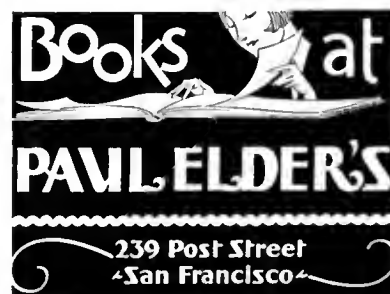
animal it was worshipped and after death it was embalmed and deposited in mummy-pits with great pomp and ceremony.

Many animals of the earlier races were symbols of deep significance: Birds represented the advent of divinity and one species of ibis was worshipped everywhere and the embalmed remains are found by the hundreds, in bird catacombs.

The cat was sacred to the god Bast and at its death it was embalmed, thousands of the cat mummies being found in caves in Egypt. The cat was sacred to Isis or the moon and the death of a cat in a burning building was lamented more than the loss of the property. In ancient Rome the cat was a symbol of liberty. Almost every city had a guardian animal and the different towns and districts were jealous of the honor of their favorite. Disputes over the animals often led to prolonged conflicts and permanent hostility. Almost every family and every person also possessed an animal god which was the object of special devotion. With the death of a dog, every member of the family to which it belonged shaved his head.

The little animals which perhaps carry the greatest message to the world are the "Three Mystic Monkeys" of Japan. These strange figures are grouped together and carved in wood and stone and found along the roadways all over Japan. Legend relates that Koshin, the god of roads, appointed three monkeys to guard the highways: Mi-saru, who covers his eyes with his hands and sees no evil; Kika-saru, who covers his ears with his hands and hears no evil, and Iwa-saru, who covers his mouth with his hands and speaks no evil. "See No Evil; Hear No Evil; Speak No Evil."

From the beginning animals have had an important place in legends. Statues have perpetuated them in marble and bronze and smaller replicas have brought them to our attention to trace to their origin.



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Lindbergh Always a Money Saver

HABITS of thrift have ever characterized the life of Col. Charles A. Lindbergh and it was due fundamentally to these sturdy practices that at certain periods of his career, when opportunities for advancement presented themselves, he was ready. It is related that during his school days in Washington he exhibited practical aspects of mind. In his personal habits he was thrifty and industrious. His leanings were scientific, in which he received the encouragement of his parents.

Upon his graduation from the Washington High School, he entered the mechanical engineering school of the University of Wisconsin. How many college boys save money? Yet Lindbergh actually did this during his year and a half at Madison. He built up a savings account which though not large was a demonstration of his appreciation of the value of thrift.

It was during these student days at the University of Wisconsin that Lindbergh's mind began to feed on the subject of aeronautics. He read everything he could find on the subject. He dreamed of becoming an aviator, but, in his modesty, it is doubtful if he ever thought he would become one of the greatest international heroes of all time.

With the small savings he had accumulated in Madison, he bought a motorcycle and rode to the flying field at Lincoln, Neb. There he learned his first lessons as a birdman. And there, too, he continued his habits of thrift. By the time his flying course was completed he had built up a savings account of \$250, which was used toward the purchase of a Curtiss plane. This was his first investment in aviation.

But now his ambition was vaulting. He was not satisfied with his limited grasp of aviation. So he enrolled in the Army Flying Service at Brooks Field. He completed the difficult course at Kelly Field and was enrolled in the reserve corps. It was while studying aviation at these fields that he earned the commendatory report which was included in the address delivered by President Coolidge in Washington when Lindbergh was decorated for distinguished service.

Desiring to turn his flying ability to practical use, Lindbergh next joined the air mail service as a pilot flying out of St. Louis. For the first time in his life he was earning a regular salary and he did not forget his savings account. He

practiced thrift systematically, banking a certain sum out of each month's pay.

It was about a year ago that he first became interested in the idea of flying from New York to Paris. At that time Rene Fonck, inventor and aviator, failed to rise from the ground at Roosevelt Field in a start for Paris. This mishap registered sharply with Lindbergh's keen mind and he began intensive study and research. Having always been a boy of good habits, it was not difficult for him now to devote all his spare time to these studies.

He worked out not only the details of the type of plane he thought suitable for a New York to Paris hop, but he figured out the financial aspects of the venture. He made tentative plans in minute detail. His estimate of cost was \$20,000. This included \$6,000 for the plane, \$6,900 for the engine and aerial navigation instruments and about \$7,000 for miscellaneous expenses.

By the time he had developed his plan to the point where he was satisfied with each detail, his savings account had reached something over \$2,000. He went to Major William B. Robertson, President of the Robertson Aircraft Company. Robertson was so impressed with his plan that he introduced the youthful air mail pilot to Mr. Harry Hall Knight. Lindbergh answered every question to the satisfaction of these gentlemen. He convinced them of the feasibility of his plans and he added strength to the argument by offering to invest \$2,000 of his savings account in the venture. This was accepted and accounted for 10 per cent of the sum raised. The rest of the story is known around the world.

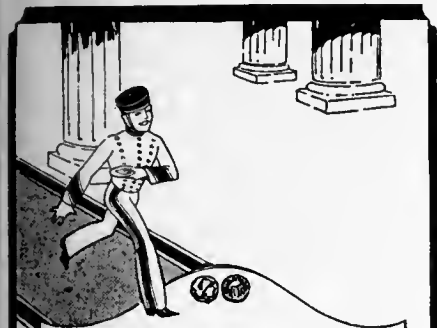
Lindbergh, minus his habits of thrift as a school boy in Washington, as a college boy in Madison, as a student of aviation, as an air mail pilot, might still have become the Lindbergh we know today. It is not for us to read the secrets of genius. But when Charles A. Lindbergh was saving money he was acquiring the knowledge and developing the physique that made it possible for him on May 20 and 21, 1927, to electrify the world with his adventure through the clouds. No sensible person will, we believe, deny that thrift was an important factor, as accessory before the fact, in the Lindbergh odyssey.

—Thrifty Magazine.

BOOKS AND WRITERS
(Continued from Page 57)

author heard it. All of which gives a background and color that carry an added interest in the volume.

There are a series of woodcuts by Paul Honore that add greatly to the charm of the book. These depict some of the frontier characters in graphic way. The frontispiece is in color. All in all what can be gained from the book and in reading between the lines, is sufficient to give the student a much better idea of



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IRELAND AND THE FOUNDATIONS OF EUROPE

MUCH has been written of the Emerald Isle and its wonderful people. "Ireland and the Foundations of Europe" by Benedict Fitzpatrick is a distinct contribution to the literature of the subject. Mr. Fitzpatrick is author of "Ireland and the Making of Britain," etc., and is well qualified to speak authoritatively on his theme. The present volume is in essence a capstone to his other published works although it is complete in itself, and carries in 24 chapters a view of Ireland and its place in modern civilization based on its earlier history, that shows the author as a thorough student of his subject.

Particularly interesting are such chapters as the ones dealing with the Colonization of Frankish Empire, The Irish Apostles of Germany, Laying the Foundations of Modern Philosophy, Irish Literary Colonies on the Continent, Irish Foundations in Northern Europe. The author himself says, that the book "Gives an account of the work of medieval Irishmen on the Continent. Nevertheless the reader cannot appreciate the author's full argument unless he is familiar with books, meaning the earlier book, Ireland and the Making of Britain. The book is published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, has 450 pages and sells for \$4.00 net.

ALL THESE

WE ARE under obligation to Paul Revier Frothingham for the delightful volume entitled, "All These," and issuing from the Harvard University Press. Mr. Frothingham, a former Boston minister of renown, an eloquent

(Continued on Page 64)

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Piping Hot

(Continued from Page 58)

thrust of her shoulders she got upon the lowest step and peered within.

Her voice released itself into a scream that rose above the clamor. She crushed her way back to the street-car track, followed by the momentary, wondering glances of those about her. Looking out of the street-car window she caught a glimpse of a stretcher through the door of the ambulance. On it lay the limp form of an old man with white hair. A brown felt hat, exactly like Bob's lay unheeded on the pavement where it had dropped. . . .

When she reached home and turned the key in the lock, Bombo bounded to welcome her. She sank wearily into the first chair. Bombo, purring ecstatically, jumped onto her lap, arching his back under her chin and tickling her cheeks with his luxuriant tail.

"You love me, anyhow, don't you?" She cuddled him into her two palms and turned his head toward her. His eyes seemed to smile into hers.

"There are some things we don't understand, Bombo. At least, I don't." She dropped him onto a cushion, went into her bedroom and changed her dress. Mechanically, she switched on a light in the hall and turned on the gas under the shining aluminum kettles that contained the dinner.

A footfall sounded in the hall outside. A key rattled in the door. The latch clicked as the door shut hastily again.

"Hello!" called Bob, picking up the kitten and peeking into the kitchen. "You beat me home, you rascal!"

Suddenly her arms flew round his neck, clinging, tightening about him. She crushed her lips to his. She looked up at him hungrily, stroking his hair with her hands and holding his face between her palms.

"Are you really here?" she whispered.

"Betcher life. All here and a yard wide." His arms extended to assert the three-foot limit and enfolded her assuringly. "Where'd you think I'd be this time of day?"

"My imagination's had you through a variety of experiences since I saw you leave the football game today. Gentlemen Prefer Blondes?"

A guilty flush raced to his cheeks.

"I thought you had eloped with the mysterious stranger who gave you the big chrysanthemum," retorted he.

Marjorie's arms dropped to her sides. Bob leaned back against the wall. Incredulity wrote itself all over their coun-

tenances.

"Quick! Tell me who the man was!" Bob seized her shoulders as if really angry.

"Never!" She laughed in his face. "At least, not until I know it myself. But the blonde, the smiling, flirty creature with the white gloves. Who was she? Dare you speak her name?"

"Easily enough. Ralph Norton's wife. Used to be Sadie Allen. We played together as kids. She spied me down in front and took me over to their car. She and Ralph brought me home just now."

"Oh—and I thought you were hurt in a car smash. I screamed, and then I laughed. It was an old man, after all."

Bob's arms enfolded her again and she sobbed against his coat.

"And where were you at one-fifteen? Not at the station to meet me, that's sure!" Her eyes were dry and flashing once more.

Bob's hand went to his vest pocket.

"See that little slip of paper? Yes, it's only a check, but look at it closely and behold its marvels. Look twice at those wonderful words—*One Hundred Dollars*. Old man Groaty called me out to his place this morning. Kept me tied down all forenoon. Thought every minute he'd ditch me and give the case to Kennedy. Gosh, but he's a hard guy! I didn't dare get out of his sight long enough to 'phone you for fear I'd lose my chance to land him. And when I got back to town you'd left the house."

"I waited till the last minute, thinking you'd call."

"Got to the station too late for your train, too. Gosh, but I was mad!"

"I saw you across the street, but the crowd swallowed you before I could catch up." Sudden tears gathered in her eyes at memory of the dreadful moment.

"There, there, dear. It's all right now." He patted her shoulder as her head once more snuggled against his coat. "The only thing that made me happy at all today was to know I landed a wealthy client. That will mean a lot to us, sweetheart. And the proof is this retainer. It's yours."

"Mine? Why?"

"Call it peace money if you like. You see, I left home today for the first time without kissing you good-bye."

His eyes looked at her shoes and a blush crept under his cheeks.

"And one of my kisses is worth a hundred dollars?"

"Plus that—and very much plus."

(Continued on Page 63)

The odor of scorching vegetables penetrated the hallway.

"Oh—the potatoes!"

"Wait a minute. Let the murphies burn." But he followed her into the kitchenette. "I must finish my story. I still have an important bit of news. I subscribed for two copies of *The Times* today. I've decided to read mine on the way to town. We don't care when you look at yours just so you don't bring it to the breakfast table!" He laughed a bit sheepishly as he raised her chin and let his eyes sink into hers.

"And I was thinking about getting an electric percolator." Her glance wavered a moment, then steadied to meet his. "What do you think about it? I could serve your coffee without needing to go to the kitchen during the meal. It'll be hot, too. Piping hot, every time."

EVENTS—HERE AND THERE

(Continued from Page 53)

prophesied. Crabtree says: "There is no way of knowing how much of the recent advancement was due to the vision of those leaders and to the work of the National Association. A few of the striking gains since 1918 are as follows: Then—1,600,000 students in high school and now 4,000,000; then—about 1,000 groups of teachers studying the problems of the profession, and now—about 25,000; and then—8,000 members in the N. E. A.; and now—180,000.

"Battles are yet to be fought," says Secretary Crabtree. "With the backing of public sentiment, they will be more easily won than were the earlier battles for common schools at public expense, high schools at public expense, and universities at public expense. The next are to be battles for school betterment, for efficiency, for equal opportunity and for general improvement in the territory which has been won."

Perhaps no one element has been so effective in advancing the cause of education in the United States as has the National Education Association. The 180,000 members should soon be doubled. For a number of years there has been a larger number of California teachers enrolled as members of the national organization than enrolled from any other state in the Union. This has been largely due to the effective organization of teachers in California. This record should be maintained.

* * *

Thrift on the Increase

A notable increase in the number of savings depositors during the twelve

months ended June 30, 1927, as compared with the previous year is reported by the Savings Bank Division of the American Bankers Association in a statement just issued by W. Espey Albig, manager of the Division. Although the total of more than twenty-six billion dollars in savings deposits at the end of the fiscal year showed an increase of \$1,368,094,000 over the same date last year, the gain is less than in previous years and "consists mostly of accumulated interest instead of new money."

Mr. Albig is of the opinion, however, that this decrease does not indicate a lessening in thrift, but is "simply a diversion of savings to other forms of investments outside interest-bearing bank deposits. Every indication points to the fact that banks are being used more and more simply as reservoirs for the deposit of funds until such time as depositors amass sufficient to purchase investments.

Throughout the United States and in all walks of life the practice of thrift is becoming popular. The American Society for Thrift, and the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation are doing much to bring to the attention of people the necessity for the creation of habits of thrift on the part of the young. This country has no more place for the spendthrift than for the miser. Nothing aids the trend toward good citizenship more definitely than does the practice of thrift.

* * *

Intelligence Tests

Says Dr. Frank Crane in a recent McClure Syndicate article, "Mrs. Susan M. Dorsey of Los Angeles schools, and a bright woman, said the other day that, 'An intelligence test does not measure intelligence, but achievement. It does not measure brain matter nor brain opportunity. It is a test of mental experience rather than mental ability.'

This is the gist of the whole matter very admirably summed up by Mrs. Dorsey continues Mr. Crane. The intelligence test is really a test of how sophisticated you are. We have often wondered about these tests and have always believed that we were not dumb simply because we didn't know the capital of Afghanistan.

It is the same trouble with all examinations. They are really tests of what you have seen and heard, of your experience. A man may have a very keen intellect and may not have traveled much, nor seen many things, nor

(Continued on Page 64)

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THE PLAY'S THE THING

(Continued from Page 51)

and thrill at situations glaringly impossible without the theater, but glamorously credible over the footlights. It was amusing to see, however, that the Players' Guild very carefully noted in its program that this was a departure from their usual selection and hoped the public would accept it in the spirit of fun, etc., etc. We must not misunderstand the Guild in putting on something not quite the best modern theater. It was only a fling between the glories of a past season and the anticipated ambitious Spring. Were it not for thoughtful program notes, the simple public would be so misled! But back to the play. The players were spirited and placed their characterizations with a sureness of melodramatic swagger to please the most veteran actors of the "old school." Ronald Telfer as the tenacious Drummond carried the weight (?) of the play in the confirmed heroic manner. Others followed their instincts more or less, with results as intentionally obvious as the red curtains in the "Chamber of Horrors." A few minor details were noted, as the lack of stamps on letters in the morning mail. Probably that was an irrepressible modern tendency, a gentle reminder, in lieu of a program note, that while the play was obvious in every way, there was a limit to all endurance in a modern theater and a meticulous observance of detail ridiculously impossible. At any rate the audience, given its cue, responded enthusiastically to the spirit of fun in which the play was offered.

BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 61)

and scholarly man, wrote and lectured extensively; and the bringing together into one volume of numerous of his contributions has given us a book valuable in the extreme.

The "All These" included in the title are: John Cotton, John Fiske, John Ruskin, Edward Everett Hale, William Everett, Charles W. Eliot, and other eminent men of recent times. There are 11 chapters in this book of 315 pages, with an enlightening foreword by Robert Grant, and an introduction by M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

Many addresses when put into essay form for publication lose their strength and virility. Not so with these essays and addresses by Dr. Frothingham. And he speaks regarding many of the notables he characterizes, from intimate and first hand acquaintance, hence his estimates of personality have value and weight. The price of the book is \$3.50.

EVENTS—HERE AND THERE

(Continued from Page 63)

read many books. Keen minds and capable, well balanced brains are as common out in the backwoods as they are in the city. The city mind merely has the advantage of having been about more.

We place too much value upon mere knowledge, mere acquaintance with facts and mere familiarity with data. We overemphasize sophistication. To be sure, experience is said to be the best teacher, but there is something else to be said for solitude and reflection. A man may gain adroitness and readiness by wide acquaintance and large experience, but it does not necessarily mean that he has any better brain. As a matter of fact, the commonest result of sophistication is boredom.

The capacity of a man's intelligence or the dexterity of it is not measured by the extent of his fund of knowledge, but his ability to use that information."

Mrs. Dorsey is sound in her contention when she says that an intelligence test "is a test of mental experience." Dr. Crane hits the nail on the head in his declaration that it is ability to use information rather than the extent of his fund of knowledge that determines a man's intelligence. We have somewhere expressed it thus—knowledge is not power; knowledge is power only when knowledge is transformed into terms of power-producing energy.

* * *

On Lynchings

President Robert R. Morten of Tuskegee Institute has compiled the following for the past year. "There were sixteen persons lynched in 1927. This is 14 less than the number 30 for 1926, 1 less than the number 17 for 1925, the same number 16 as for 1924, and 17 less than the number 33 for 1923. 12 of the persons lynched were taken from the hands of the law, 6 from jails, and 6 from officers of the law outside of jail.

States in which lynching occurred, and the number in each state are as follows: Arkansas 3; Kentucky 1; Louisiana 1; Mississippi 7; Missouri 1; Tennessee 2; Texas 1."

Mob psychology is not as yet an open book. In this country the law is frequently too deliberate in taking its course. Lynchings are a relic of barbarity but could our citizenship be assured that justice would be meted out to the criminal without undue delay these attempts at lynching would die out.

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You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blot or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. L. H. Orley, Albano, Va. Oh boy, I am tickled skinny to have the Inkograph, it's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send original in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it was grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a teacher by profession. I have a \$7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.

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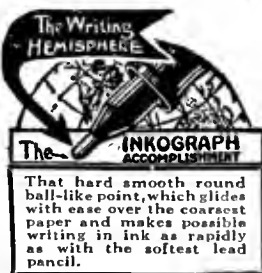
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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

THE year 1928 marks an epoch in the history of the Overland Monthly. Established in 1868, the present year is the Sixtieth Anniversary of the magazine, of which Bret Harte was the first Editor. It is fitting, therefore, that attention should be focused upon the event. To that end, the June issue of Overland Monthly will be an Anniversary Number, unique in many ways.

In addition to a wealth of the best modern fiction, this Anniversary Number will carry numerous attractive features that will be looked forward to with interest by Overland Monthly readers; and that will make the issue valued and treasured in years to come. During these sixty years there have been tremendous developments in California and on the Coast in the fields of industry, of commerce, of manufacture, of trade and transportation, of agriculture and horticulture, of mining, and in fact of every activity. This Anniversary Number will show graphically in text and pictures what this development has been, and indicate something of the possibilities for the future.

The great West, untrammelled by tradition, has, during these six decades, been able to blaze new trails such as would have been impossible in any other section. Road construction has been carried to a point reached nowhere else; the development of

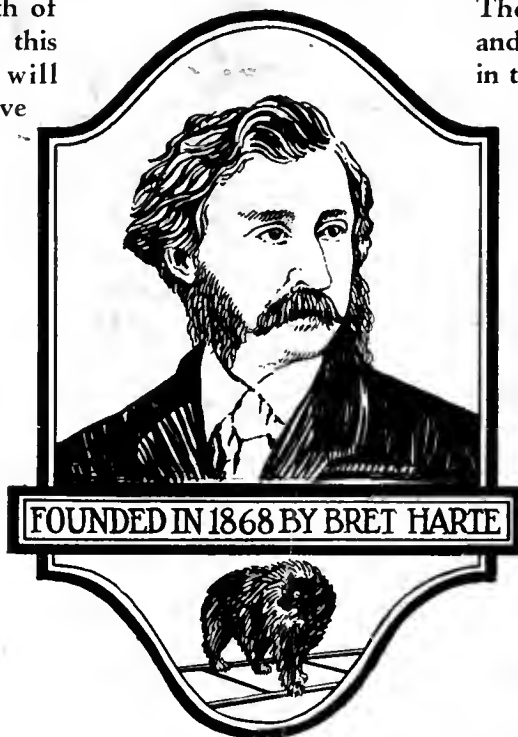
hydro-electric energy, of literature and the arts, of education in all its phases, a widespread library system — these and other matters have been so far developed as to cause favorable comment on the part of people everywhere.

The great out-of-doors will be featured with its parks and playgrounds; and the opportunities for travel, sight-seeing and sports and pastimes given full attention.

The real makers of California and the Coast will have place in the number. And the part played by commercial and

business houses in building up the West will not be overlooked. In fact, this Anniversary Number of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine will be a compendium and reference work for people at home and at a distance. Aglamor attaches to the days of '49 and to those early Argonauts who blazed the trails to the West. There is recurring interest in the Russian colonization,

the Spanish regime, the discovery of gold, the voyage around the Horn, the completion of the first trans-continental railroad, the cultivation of the great valleys, the building of cities, the development of manufacturing and trade and commerce by land and water. And now with the Pacific at the front door of the Continent, and the eyes of the world upon this coast, we may well look forward to an era of prosperity.



June Issue - - Sixtieth Anniversary

FEB 21 1928

DEPT. OF THE INTERIOR
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OVERLAND

MONTHLY

FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



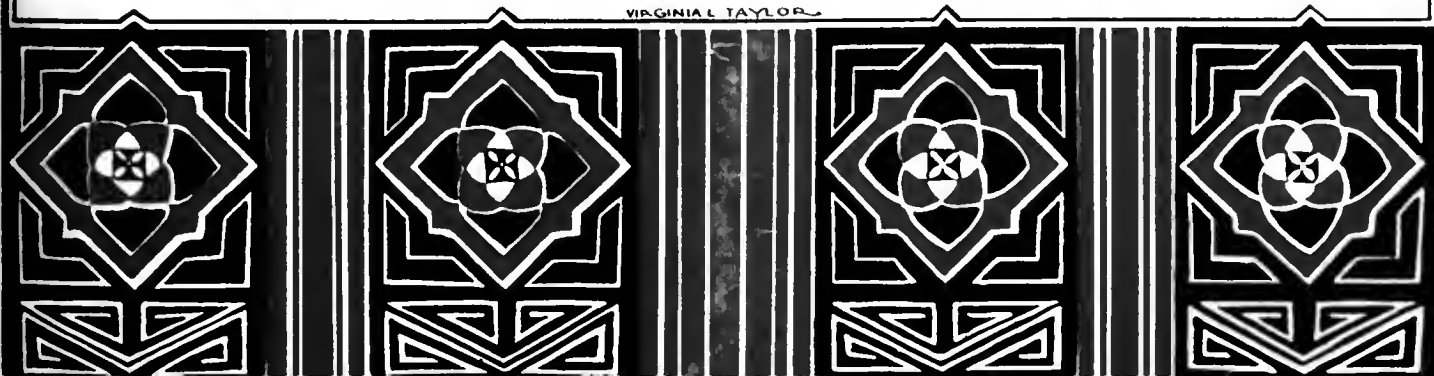
Vol. LXXXVI

MARCH, 1928

No. 3

PRICE 25 CENTS
AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VIRGINIA TAYLOR



THE CALIFORNIA BOTANIC GARDEN...TODAY



A MAGIC wand has waved over the hills which formed the brush-covered entrance of Mandeville Canyon a year ago. Engineers, landscape architects, steam shovels, teams, laborers—all have striven steadily to prepare a proper setting for the California Botanic Garden.

Now a road from Beverly Boulevard connects the Garden with the City. At its end stands the Administration Building housing the Garden laboratories and herbarium. Here are stored 180,000 specimens gathered by gift, purchase, or by one of the many field expeditions maintained in the Orient by the Garden.

Just beyond, in a lath house, you may glimpse a few of the rare plants or flowers that are being prepared for transplanting in the Garden area. Further up the canyon, at "the Island," are found another lath house and experimental beds. There, under the care of the scientific staff, many test plantings are being carried on.

All about are evidences of the magnitude of this great community project. Roads curve through the hillsides and bridge the canyons. From the clearings, where systematic gardens soon will bloom, oaks, sycamores and distant mountains make a landscape of rare charm.

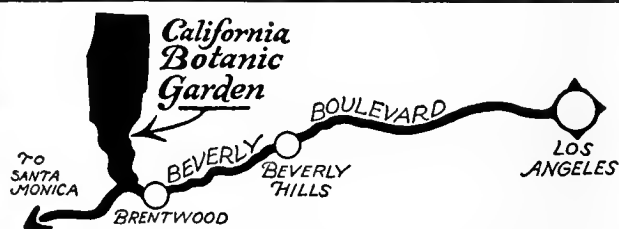
Here in this ancient canyon, man is working with Nature to the end that all men benefit. Rancher and city man—home gardener and scientist—every walk of life will be richer for the work that is being done in the California Botanic Garden.

Everyone who is appreciative of the civic importance of this Garden—who wants to know more of what is being done here—who loves the beauties of outdoors—is invited to visit this spot, even now nationally and internationally known. Drive westward on Beverly Boulevard this weekend, just fifteen miles from downtown. Or send for illustrated folder depicting the Garden of tomorrow.

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Luther Burbank -- March 7, 1849 -- April 19, 1926

(See Page 74)

OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXVI

MARCH, 1928

NUMBER 3

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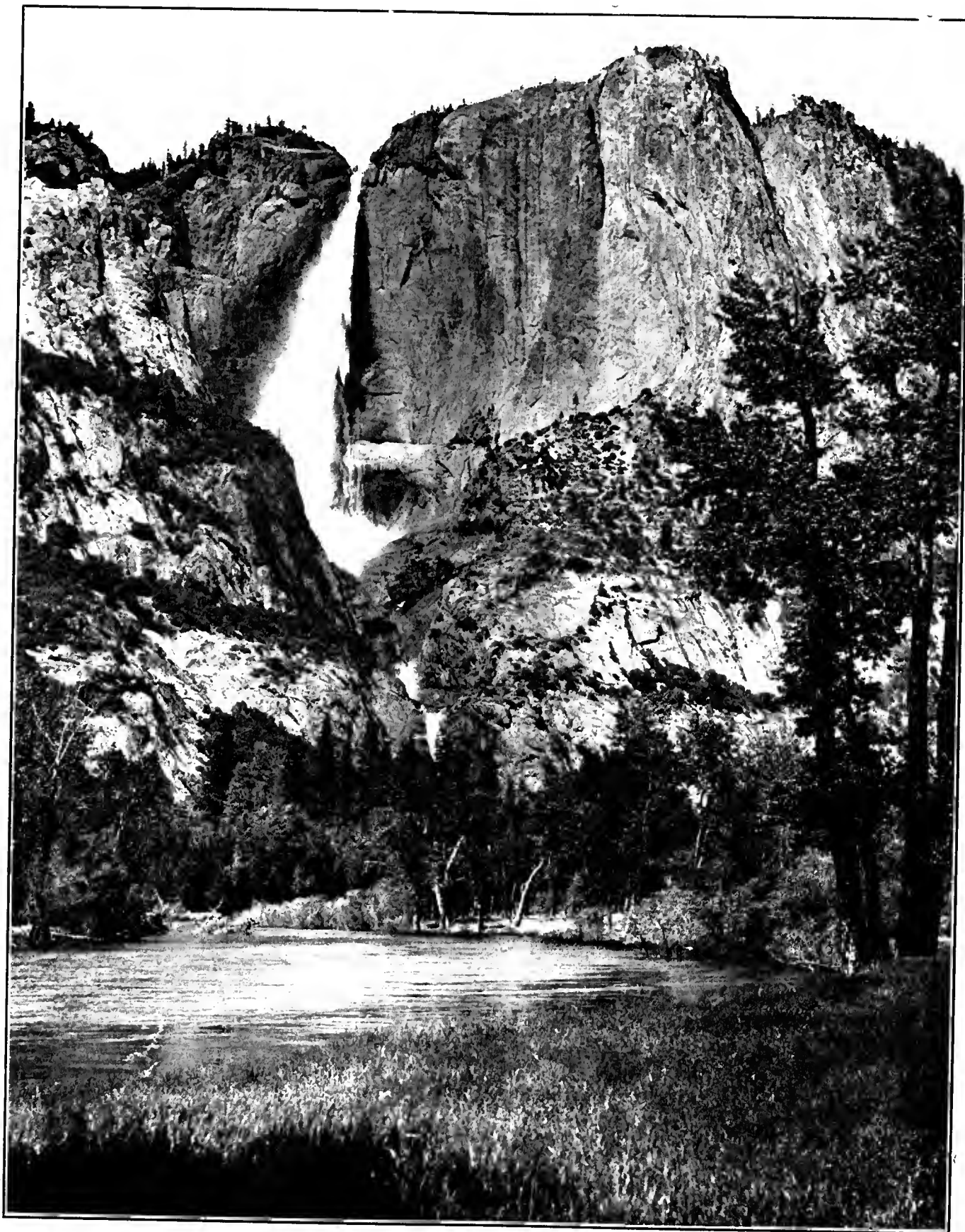
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Yosemite Falls --- Yosemite National Park

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

FEB 1 1928

In Redwood Canyons Lies Beautiful Contentment

Prose Word

Patricia Brown

WHY are the magnificent sequoias heralded as one of the marvels of the world?

What is the claim of their tawny trunks rearing their majestic heads

above the proud sweep of the Pacific? The tale is precious to America. For these green shadowed forests preserve the grandeur of antiquity upon our continent. Emerald fringed they stand upon the mountain ridges—a record of the silent ages concealed within the primitive bosom of the mighty solitude. Here lies the sacristy where the wanderer senses the pulse-beat of the universe.

Rose-red, the straight spires of the living redwoods gleam in the heart of the pungent wilderness. Grooved and shaggy the outer sheath of the sequoia, fluted by rain and wind, holding aloft a banner of light and dark greenery, fragile as a dryad's silken gown. Through the hem of lace-like foliage, draping the bold bronze towers over the thousand canyons close by the circling waters, the gold sun shines with a subtle glow upon the tall shafts of the singing trees. There the purple shadows blend with the lingering light of day in the cool bowers, where the west wind whispers like a vesper bell above the chanting of forest and sea.

Sing on, great sentinel sequoias, of time and tide when the glad earth was young; when the Gods of the Big Trees sped your fragrant aisles before the

redman slept in your green Tipii. Sing on of the cycles past, of love and life immortal.



One of Many Beautiful Redwood Canyons

Now the rains of winter fall in your brilliant greenery. The redwoods sway, catching the diamond drops, rousing in beauty as the moisture slides through their needle branches. In your realm

the fir, the cedar, spruce and pine girdle the hillsides—a pungent array. Calm and serene, monarch supreme, the sequoia lifts its regal splendor to the Sky Father, communing with the Wind

Gods and the elfin spirits that roam the upper air.

Up and down the canyons of the west, the sea mist plays about the Sequoia Sempervirens or the Redwoods, while the sunbeams enter the glades, stealing down with golden arrows, strung to their bows—like archers of the forest, driving the fog into seclusion. Below the blue sea pounds about Cape Mendocino, flecked with cold, glittering white foam. The redwood monarchs listen to the melody, sweeping in from foreign shores, whispering of lands beyond the horizon line.

From their towers of glory, the singing sequoias looked down upon the human family, struggling upward from its first rude beginnings toward ultimate organized society. Then the Tree Voices gladdened the rising world. The Ice Age devastated the giants, while their seeds sought refuge in the crevices of solitary canyons, swept by the glaciers. So the savage aeons passed, while the noble sequoias whispered above. At last to the California shore

they swept. There to remain, they murmured, "FOREVER! FOREVER!"

The centuries passed. The tall trees drowsed in the summer sun. They clung to the coast from the slopes of the

Sleeping Princess, as legend calls Mt. Tamalpais, on the south, to the rim of green-girdled Oregon, on the north. This was their sanctuary of life and hope.

CLOSE to the Pacific, the fathers of the redwoods sprang lustily from the brown earth carpet. The fog drifted in to cool their soft green fronds, as the tall spires of the ever-living sequoias pressed through the white cloud billows, swathing their boughs in fairy mist, scented and sweet like veils of the Kashmir. Feathery fronds from a primeval land of ferns draped the bosoms of the sequoias.

In their growing might, the giants molded an arch of shadowed magnificence where the rippling silver river flowed through the high-backed mountains. In his royal chariot, the sun burst through the dinness—folding the tips of the tall trees in ribbons of splendor. A thousand dawns and a thousand sunsets flamed with aureols light in the western sky. Amber and violet, saffron and rose, the clouds floated over the mist-blown trees upon the still canyons. What wonder that the redman, standing lone in salutation of the dawn, was lifted up in that communion with nature, was satisfied with the promise of the morning!

Here, there are limitless lanes where the trees rise two, three, or even four hundred feet in height. These are the sequoias found only on the western coast of America. None may visualize them unless he has stood within the redwood forests gazing upward toward the boundary of the sky, while the whispering tree-brothers sway about him. Here in the solitude of kings he may rest. Here in the lap of the cool sequoias, with their

woods to the purple sea. "But now if you will sit at our feet we shall teach you the wisdom of the ages. If you will rest within the fern bed at our base we will sing to you, as we have sung through the centuries. We have waited; you have come. The moment was planned from the beginning. Our dreams we sing to you—for time is not, nor space, nor distance. Our hopes we give you—for love is our paeon of life. The redwoods whisper to you; forget your chains—for you are free. Know contentment; it was meant to be."

The spirit of the wanderer treads the upper air. Like the straight tall shaft of the magic tree he wings his way. He stares over the canyons. The singing sequoias are fifteen to twenty feet through the base—these mist-blown, murmuring kings—their rose-red bark with its shaggy linings is lightly carved. Perhaps the giant ferns of the past were tossed suddenly upon the tall masts of the beautiful redwoods, and forgotten there. It seems as if they clambered on that hardened, impenetrable stem tired of the damp earth, that in the aerial lanes the clouds might rest in their gentle branches in their trip across the summer sky.

BUT it is the Sequoia Gigantea that stands pre-eminent upon the globe—cousin of the Sequoia Sempervirens. They range in diameter from ten to thirty feet at their broad base of heavy shaggy bark, rising to a height of a hundred feet before their perfect lines are broken by a drooping branch; then sweeping upward two hundred feet, mantled by green and pungent foliage, clinging close to the breast of the mighty monarch of trees.

With their prelude of dreams, their vast halls where man has moved to power! Unveiled harmony rests here—the hopes of thousands of forgotten years. Then subtle odors flung to the wilderness, as the command of Nature swept the shining flowers, the trees, and man himself upon the forward, struggling tide—so that we may never rest in the development that urges Mother Earth to outdo herself.

A message throbs for you in the deep loving breast of each solitary sequoia. There is a tale of divine right. There is the beauty of kinship with the dew, the sun, the magic rain, polishing the rose-red towers in the sky. There is the song the sequoias chant, "Life shall be forever and forever, when its seed is strong and pure."

Their hymn of praise begins with the earth, free and untrammelled, pulsing with the first faint breath of life. It grows swelling in volume, as we see the moccasined feet of the redman, sliding through the dim, dark aisles of the redwood groves above the blue Pacific.

There they stand upon the distant mountains, misty-eyed, gazing toward the roaring swirling tide that speaks to them of the Old World, where they once sojourned, chanting low of isles to the south, of the rhythm of far-off shores, pulsing in white-breasted billows that surge about Cape Mendocino, pointing its finger into the waves of the west. Lords of the Ultimate West, the sacred sequoias!

For a time they listen to the sea-song in silence, as the breezes flee through their branches. Then the singing sequoias raise their voices of enchantment and hope in a supreme melody that



An Unfolding Panorama

close-drooping branches, pressing to the father-mother tree, they bind his heart.

"I DID not know," the wanderer whispers suddenly.
"You did not know," echo the red-

Old as the pyramids, these living monuments of America! Who alone may claim the regal triumph of the sequoias?

echoes through the redwood canyons, the emerald ridges and the pleasant meadow lands.

While the glades are shining with a thousand glittering leaves, there is a cool sparkle in the canopy of green.

Ferns drape the canyons, stretching their fingers from tawny stems to the waiting shadowed river. Upon the height within the chaparral where oak and redwood meet in warm embrace, the redwood lily displays her gorgeous satin-white bloom, spotted with pink and a rosy purple. Seven feet tall, the ruby lily spreads its clusters to the sun, with a fragrance that will disclose its presence to one skilled in woodcraft. Where in the world is there a perfume distilled on purer heights?

He who finds a redwood lily has caught the lonely beauty of the primitive, refined in the evergreen court of a redwood princess—living in the lace bowers, where few shall ascend upon the unbroken trail.

Delicate insects flit in the green-tossed sea of sequoias. A few days and they will pass whence they came. While the sequoias glimmer in the moonlight, gleaming downward through the shadows of the redwoods—everlasting in their pungent beauty—home of the bird, where he dreams in that bower.

The tiger lilies and the violets bud and blow under the shade of the noble redwoods. A splendor sleeps in those shadowed lanes, binding us with its spell. In the sweep of grandeur, our emotions are carried upward into the coolness, the glory of these reddish brown shafts with their evanescent, fragile wreath of delicate flat leaflets. The reddish bark is grooved from the base of the tree to the tip—the branches droop lightly upon the friendly comrades of Sequoia Land.

Romance and history rest in their fragrant bosoms. As the sequoias sway on high they croon their lay of life and love in the regal heights. Memories sublime come, cascading down from the emerald kings of the mountains above the sea. Long have they gazed upon the width of glittering water—that changes in the glimmering light, as the Sun God drives again into the wind-swept waves.

THE tall trees saw the first approach of the white man into the kingdom of western evergreens.

The galleons of Spain swept through the fog billows as the sun dispelled the mist to flame in riotous red and gold upon Cape Mendocino. Cabrillo sleeps in the waters that washed the Redwood

Coast, and the Sempervirens hymned his praise, as Ferrelo piloted the little vessels on.

"*Palo Colorado*," the Spaniards shouted, as they gazed upon the sequoias. "*Red Woods*," and the sunset fired the tall spires of the unknown wilderness.

In 1594 Captain Cermenon, wrecked near Drake's Bay, stood within a grove of redwoods with his crew, far from Natividad. Then the first sequoia felled by a white man crashed to the earth. It was hacked and hewed into a boat that carried the seventy sailors back to Mexico.

The sentinels of the Redwood Coast saw many a galleon appear on the dark blue waters of the Pacific; and the redmen peered from the sanctuary anxiously, curious as the sail-birds rode the

the yellow metal in the sands of the rivers, the rocky canyons in the heart of California.

The Stars and Stripes floated in the sea breeze, nailed to a young redwood, stripped of foliage. While the sequoias upon the slopes above sang lustily beyond Fort Bragg, and in the upper trails the redmen leaped after the deer upon the mountains, where the redwoods gave them shelter.

Thus we step from the glory of the past to the reality of the present, the meaning of the future.

TODAY the sequoias stand beyond Eel River upon the *Hills of Humboldt*, mighty redwood warriors, murmuring together of marvelous adventures, the sights they have witnessed, since first their wandering seeds fell in a mountain ledge to be protected and preserved by the great Sky Father.

The imperial Sequoias, Tree Monarchs of the Universe, remnants of the Giant Rulers of a Past Kingdom, give thanks to the white men, who have segregated portions of the tall trees in groves and parks, that shall retain their treasured memories for the future.

In this Valhalla of Harmony and Peace they are the pride of America—where the laughing

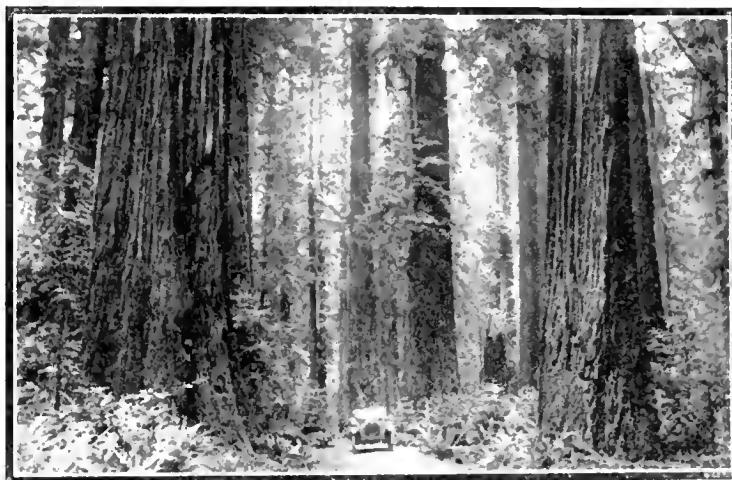
waterfall tumbles from ledge to ledge at the base of the sequoias. The sword ferns gleam on either hand in the shadowy coolness.

To the quietude of the green-veiled redwood canyons comes a wanderer from the south. The harpist leans against a tall straight redwood, looking over the redwood ridges to the glittering sea.

Erect and powerful, the sequoias leap from the dark earth to the band of heaven. The exquisite greenery, tipping their branches, seems darker near the trunk of reddish brown bark—as though Nature, designing this high-girdled tower, tossed her filmy lace veil about the redwood.

"Here is the King of the Wilderness," she thought. "I will place upon his head an emerald crown." And she tossed tall ferns about the monarch, so that this robe fell close about his heaving bosom. Abundant life is the sap of their veins; they symbolize infinity.

(Continued on Page 86)



Play of Sunlight and Shadow

waves. Into a cove Sir Francis Drake swept in his palatial Golden Hind, waiting the coming of his Spanish prey, swooping out to seize the treasures of the south, gold of the Incas, a rare cargo for the English queen.

"Woh-woh-nau," hooted the great owls in the shadows of the still forest, as the paleface disappeared. Then the redmen sped joyous on the redwood canyons.

Triumphant on the ridges, the wise sequoias stood, until the paleface entered the sacred glade, listening to the tree song of the centuries. The shadows closed over him; and the coolness caressed him. The green bowers hung their mighty spell upon him. He trod the fern-fringed, sweet-scented paths, and the azaleas fell upon the trail, cloying the air with their fragrance.

For gold was at last discovered; a white tide swept in from the north, the south and the east to the great and fragrant tree-lined, wondering west—into the realm of trees, searching beyond for



Pensive Mary

Mary Pickford - - A Closeup

By Mona London



DIDN'T try to make eyes at Douglas Fairbanks. I mean, Mary Pickford was there. I didn't stare at Jack Pickford. I mean, Bebe Daniels sat between us. (Apologies to Lorelei.)

Seriously, I had eyes for no one but Mary. And Mary has the most pensive eyes imaginable.

What I like about Mary so very much is the fact that she is so natural. She does not need to be affected to be sweet. She is naturally sweet. She is adorable. She is magnetic. And all this from one who has never been guilty of writing a letter to a motion picture star.

My impression of Mary is that she will never lose the place she holds in the heart of her public. A sincere example of permanency of the impression which she makes can be given first hand.

Away back when Mary and I were little girls, Mary played with a stock company in my home town, Hamilton, Ohio. The play was called "The Little Red School House" and was written by none other than Al Reid, father of the late Wallace Reid. Every week my sister and I were taken to stock company plays, all that was to be had in the town, and out of the many actors and actresses, I remember only one individual—"Gladys Smith." I rave about this "Gladys Smith" always in reminiscing my childhood, and three years ago, I learned that the Gladys Smith of those days is the Mary Pickford of today. This play was the first stage work of Mary's and she could not have been more than eight years old. And in my memory, I see Mary of twenty-five years ago as clearly as she appears to my eyes on the screen of today.

Mary tells me that those were the days to which memory often goes. Her mother was understudying all the women in the company, her sister Lottie was understudying Mary, and Jack was playing a minor part. They received for all their talent the sum of twenty dollars a week and railroad fares. Out of this they saved enough to buy a steamer trunk and this trunk they still have as a memento.

After driving in from the Riviera Golf Course, where Mary and Douglas had been playing, Mary and I visited in the luxuriously fur-

nished home of her mother. This beautiful home was a surprise gift from Douglas and Mary to Mrs. Pickford.

I asked Mary when she would start work on another picture and she answered me "I really don't know. It all depends on mother. You know mother is not very well, and I am spending a great deal of my time with her. Poor dear mother, if only she could be well again."

And then there came a telephone call from Mrs. Pickford who had been at the Hot Springs for a night, to tell Mary she had not slept well and that she would probably be back in town later in the day.

When Mary came back from the telephone she said, "I am so sorry that mother is not here so that you could meet her."

Earlier in the day I had asked Mary how she had retained her title "Sweetheart of America" over so long a period, when so many new and beautiful faces were crowding their way to the screen. Mary did not answer me intelligently. Tears came to her eyes and she said, "I don't know. But it makes me feel so very, very humble."

After hearing Mary talk to her mother, I concluded that I knew how Mary kept her place in the land of film worship. I concluded that one may be an artist, one may be beautiful, one may have a wonderfully high-powered press agent, but the public has a discerning eye. An eye that reaches beyond the camouflage of paint and print and physical charm. An eye that searches into the soul. And when this eye has reached the soul it sees what is there in all its clarity. And when the public eye has put its magnifying glass against the life of Mary it has detected a sincerity of thought, a sincerity of living and a genuine love for those who are near and dear to her, with a sweet tolerance unto all.

"I had the great fortune to have been born poor," Mary told me. "For now that I have gained so much of life I am able to appreciate the value of the real things and not put too much stress on the things that my wealth can buy."

When I parted from Mary it was with this in mind,

"He Who before Time was, by His own light
Kindled to Life the myriad Lights of Heaven."



Luther Burbank, Scientist, Philosopher, Man

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

IT IS characteristic of many really great men that they are modest, unaffected, retiring. They are quiet in their tastes, simple in their speech, temperate in all their acts. They seek neither notoriety, nor publicity, nor the acclaim of the multitude. They speak little; they think much. They concentrate, investigate, experiment, and are ever ready to accept new truth as a substitute for tradition or fiction or dogma. They are thrifty of their time and their energy. They are satisfied only with all the facts, are willing to give credit to others and are ever ready to modify their conclusions in the light of further research and fuller knowledge. Such are the men who make the largest and most worth-while contribution to the world in all that pertains to material wealth, to creature comforts, to personal satisfactions, to bodily health and to spiritual well-being.

Some time in the autumn of 1900, the writer of this article undertook to persuade one of the world's great men, as above characterized, to make a public address. For a number of years previous to that time, the attention of the civilized world had been directed to the results of this man's experiments and investigations. We expressed to him the hope that he would present, to a group of thoughtful people, something of the character of his experiments and the results of his work. To our dismay the invitation was at first declined. This man,—modest, unaffected, retiring—assured us that such role as public speaker was impossible for him; he never appeared in public; he was timid; he had neither power of expression nor personal magnetism to hold an audience; he was not deserving the compliment we paid him in our invitation, and regretted he was unable to accept.

Our appeal at last prevailed. The evening arrived and with it came—Luther Burbank! Never shall we forget the hour when we presented him to the eager and sympathetic audience. Rising in his place and speaking at first hesitatingly, apologetically even, he soon became rapt in his theme. The audience sat thrilled at the wonderful story of effort, of obstacles overcome, of accomplishment, as it flowed straightforward, direct, and entirely devoid of self-praise, from the lips of Luther Burbank.

On January 10, 1925, we paid a more recent visit to this world-famous man. As we entered his comfortable home at Santa Rosa, he came to meet us with apology that we had been kept waiting

LUTHER BURBANK's birthday is March 17th. It is fitting that there should be discussed in this issue of *Overland Monthly* something of his life and work.

Some time ago, and not long before the passing of Mr. Burbank, the present writer made a visit to the Santa Rosa home of the great naturalist. Subsequently he published, in another magazine, the *Sierra Educational News*, a story regarding the man and his work. This article appeared under caption—*Luther Burbank—The Man of Tomorrow*. In a letter to the writer, dated at Santa Rosa, February 6, 1925, Mr. Burbank wrote:

"Dear Mr. Chamberlain: I have just received and read your 'Luther Burbank—The Man of Tomorrow.' You have caught the matter on the fly, and have written a magnificent article perfect in every respect, which will without doubt do much good. I sincerely hope so. Very few writers have the vision and ability to express thought as you have done. Faithfully yours,

—"LUTHER BURBANK."

Following the appearance of the article, Mr. Burbank made two visits to our office. On one of these occasions I was absent. He graciously acceded to the request of my assistant, to be shown through the offices that the corps might have the pleasure of meeting him personally. Naturally their delight in so doing was very great. As showing the great human interest of the man, he wrote on his return, under date of March 17th:

"My Esteemed Friend Chamberlain: . . . 'Give my most happy kind regards to all your office helpers whom I had the great pleasure in meeting, and of course keep a generous share for your good self. When I visit the city again will try to meet you again and shall be glad to see you in Santa Rosa whenever you have the urge to come this way.'

Our original article, with some changes and omissions, is herewith given in response to repeated requests from California and beyond. The personal touches in this author's note will help to humanize the article.

AUTHOR.

a scant three minutes. We were reminded of that earlier day and could not refrain the thought that here, after a quarter century of achievement, with honors thrust upon him, was the same modest, unassuming Luther Burbank. As in the earlier day he preferred to work, to experiment, to think, to accomplish, rather than to appear in public. He possessed all the qualities of scientist, scholar, philosopher, philanthropist and friend of humanity.

On the day of this visit new experiments were under way. Mr. Burbank that morning had an untried man in the field. Care must be exercised that certain work he started properly. Articles for publication awaited completion; correspondence piled his desk; scores of publicists, scientists, business men, authors, agriculturists, tourists, the curious and the serious, were ready to come from the farthest corners of the continent in anticipation of a few minutes of his time. Realizing all this, we said to Mr. Burbank that we would make our stay brief. "You will do nothing of the kind," he replied, "you will stay until I tire you out." With such a greeting thus began one of the most interesting afternoons in our experience.

The impetus that started Mr. Burbank as a boy toward his accomplishments that have revolutionized plant improvement through artificial selection, came from contact with the farm. As a farm boy he first began to manifest that observation that has led to many of his great achievements. Observation, thought and concentration, coupled with his mother's interest in study and in the out-of-doors made Luther Burbank. He walked three miles each day to and from school and worked at night. His master remarked that he "noticed that the students who had the best lessons were not those who lived in town, but those who walked the longest distance." Mr. Burbank recalled this statement of his early master and expressed good-natured disdain for those who excused themselves for not being prepared in their lessons, by saying they had so much outside work, with long distance to travel, that they could not prepare properly.

"I thank my lucky stars that I was never taught the old-fashioned form of botany in school." Thus spoke Mr. Burbank with a twinkle in his eye, in reply to our inquiry as to what textbooks he would recommend as a guide and inspiration for the youth to interest them in nature study. We were also anxious to know the most helpful book

he had read as a boy. He realized thoroughly that had he studied "herbarium" botany in school, in the days when he was a lad, he would have been required to follow a musty text book. Nature, rather than the book, was the guiding influence in Burbank's life and work. Text books are valuable and should be used, but must be vitalized by the interest of the teacher. Otherwise the work is deadened and formalized. The activities should be outlined carefully and kept within the range of the ability and observation of the child. The book should be used as supplementary merely. Any teacher of school gardening or nature study should be required to meet an intelligence test which particularly tested observation. If not naturally observant, no amount of scientific training will make teachers competent to handle nature-study. The best work should be field and laboratory studies and not based alone on text books.

Confronted as are the schools with the problems of an overcrowded curriculum, it is not strange that I desired Mr. Burbank's opinion on the public school course of study. He declared in no uncertain terms his belief that too many subjects are taught. We must by all means first determine the objective to be reached before deciding what subjects and what aspects of these subjects to teach. Nature study must be given a prominent place, but it must be the right type of nature study. Every child should have a school or home garden.

"What," we asked, "is the starting point in this nature work?" "Start with the seed, of course," said he. "Seeds are plant eggs." Begin with seeds that are familiar to children, such as corn, wheat, beans. They should plant and tend and watch the seeds. Then in order to arouse interest, choose extreme types, such as the cocoanut. Here is a seed with a hard shell. The inner portions are protected by a heavy covering of mattsess. These cocoanuts grow for the most part in sandy soil on oceanic borders. They drop into the water, float, and are carried by waves and tides and winds. Sometimes they are transported hundreds of miles. Did you ever think what a wonderful part the water plays as a means of transportation for seeds? The hard shell protects the seed. The shell is impervious to water, but the cocoanut is provided with three openings in the shell through which sprouts may come, so that if one opening is filled or covered over, there is still another exit for the sprout. The cocoanut is an extreme, both as to size and seed and as to protective devices employed. The

begonia is almost the opposite, as it is small and is not protected.

The protective quality of plants is a marvelous thing. Take for example the sensitive plant. So much as touch one leaf of the sensitive plant and all the leaves will close up one by one until they resemble stems rather than leaves. Mr. Burbank went on to explain that care must be exercised in the improving of a species, that the protective qualities provided by nature are not lost. He so improved the chestnut, both as to size and quality of fruit, and by removing



Old Burbank Home—Santa Rosa

the burr and shell, that nothing was left to protect the inner seed. In consequence the birds were able to entirely destroy the crop. Such illustrations of the protective features of plants are most interesting and instructive.

We have long contended that in all schools, including the junior high and beyond, both boys and girls should be taught the fundamental principles of organization and business procedure. We asked Mr. Burbank what could be done to make rural life so attractive, socially and financially, that the people who were now leaving the farms would remain on them. It is well understood that many districts, particularly in New England, of late years have been abandoned and the farms have grown up to weeds. "One reason why farming is not profitable at times is that the farmer is not a good business man," said Mr. Burbank. While men in other walks of life—mechanics, tradesmen, laborers, business interests, professional people—have organized for protection and advance, the farmer, for the most part, works individually. He, too, should organize and work for a common cause. It is quite clear that until the farmer understands the value of organization, studies business methods, knows how to buy and sell, how to reduce the overhead and practice thrift through eliminating waste,

no adjustment of our economic system will save him.

Mr. Burbank advocated the teaching of boys and girls the principles of business and this, not only in the rural, but in all schools. They should be taught relative values and how to buy and sell. This can easily be done incidentally, in connection with various school subjects.

Reorganization of the school on the lines of the junior high school and junior college, Mr. Burbank believed in thoroughly. A question on the school caused him to remark that Mrs. Burbank could reply better than he. Mrs. Burbank gladly joined our circle. "There is danger ahead," she said, "if we aren't able to supply more men teachers for boys in the upper grades, in the intermediate school and beyond. These students have the influence of the mother in the home in their earlier years; they need the masculine mind at this later period." Apparently, too, thinks Mrs. Burbank, men take more kindly than do women to teaching the sciences and kindred subjects. These are all strong arguments for the consolidation of schools and the departmentalizing of school work.

And then, as illustrating how broad in his sympathies and wide of vision was this man of science, he offered this as a supplement to Mrs. Burbank's statement, that we should value in school not only nature study, but the other subjects. "*The schools make a mistake*," said he, "*in not cultivating the feelings more*." In recalling later this statement made by Mr. Burbank, I was reminded of an utterance by Charles Darwin, in effect that had he to live his life over, he would give some attention each day to the finer things of life—poetry, music, art, literature, recreation, the humanities. Our great scientist, Burbank, always realized the value of these things. He cultivated the feelings and sentiments. He was an idealist as well as an investigator.

Those who knew Mr. Burbank realized how versatile he was. He never lost his grip on the past, nor his vision for the future. Many times as he talked his philosophy was couched in the form of a parable or telling figure; or perhaps he chose an epigram to make his point. Speaking of education, a brace of sentences etched themselves upon our memory. "The trouble," said he, "with education, religion and all humanity, is that we live in the past rather than the present. *I believe in living in the present and in preparing for the future.*" What a text here for a sermon or theme for an essay!

When Mr. Burbank expressed himself as favoring more latitude for students



Vaughan MacCaughey Photo

Reading left to right—Jas. A. Barr, Luther Burbank, Jas. Barr Jr., Arthur H. Chamberlain.

in the selection of the subjects they are to pursue in school, there was brought up the whole matter of election versus prescription in our courses of study. Needless to say, he was less than friendly toward the old idea of rigidly prescribing the curriculum. He believed that years of study are not necessarily valuable to a given pupil, especially in certain subjects. "Individuality is the most precious thing in life," said he. "There is an individuality in the mineral, the crystal, the animal, the plant, as there is in the human. Every human being has a distinct individuality that should be developed as far as possible through education. Emphasis must be placed on those subjects that appeal to the individual, that secure his interest and attention and that will prompt him to further observation and application."

Our discussion of heredity and environment opened up a whole field of interesting observation. The work done by Mr. Burbank during the last few years of his life put him in position to speak with authority on such matters. The lower forms of life are dependent largely upon heredity. The more advanced forms depend chiefly upon environment. Then came one of Mr. Burbank's scientific statements couched in epigrammatic form: "*Environment can carry heredity to the heights.*"

Many people are wondering whether it is possible to apply the selective principle employed by Mr. Burbank to the elevation of the human race. We had long desired to put this question to him. "Can you," we asked, "apply the selective principles that you are now using in your work with plants, flowers, fruits

and vegetables to the betterment of humanity?" Quick as a flash came back the response, "*Selective breeding is the only solution of civilization.*" We must have a scientific appreciation of selection. The principle, when made effective, will result in progress more vitally than will education or religion. However, this progress must all come about through education. We must realize in this day of advanced civilization that humanitarian measures do not require that the socially unfit, more than the criminal, be left at large. Such should be confined in institutions and away from society.

In his work on plants Mr. Burbank discovered many wonderful and im-

portant truths relating to the human. He says that the human mind is less receptive to change or modification or suggestion than is the plant to improvement. "It takes more time to adapt the people to a new species than it takes to produce the species."

In school and the world at large there are three main groups of individuals. There is that large intermediate or average group that forms the bulk of our society. In addition we have a super-normal group, comparatively small in numbers. There is, then, the sub-normal group. While we should give every individual the opportunity for all the education that he is capable of using,

(Continued on Page 80)

Cable Address "Edison, New York"

From the Laboratory
Thomas A. Edison,
Orange, N.J.

January 27, 1925.

Mr. Arthur H. Chamberlain,
Executive Secretary,
California Council of Education,
Phelan Building,
San Francisco, California.

Dear Mr. Chamberlain:

In reply to your letter of January 20th let me say that I consider Luther Burbank is one of the greatest assets of the Americans. Nature seems to have chosen him to be her schoolmaster for the training of the lowly plant and leading it to a higher life.

I cannot conceive of a more useful man nor of a better example of the highest type that has as yet been reached by the Aryan Race of men.

I sincerely hope that Mr. Burbank may be spared to the world for many years.

Yours very truly,

TAE:O

Thomas A. Edison.

Unknown to Mr. Burbank, we obtained from Mr. Thomas A. Edison a letter in appreciation of Mr. Burbank's work for use in our article. On seeing the letter for the first time when the article appeared, Mr. Burbank wrote:

"The letter from Mr. Thomas A. Edison is certainly a surprise and I wish to express my thanks to you for obtaining this remarkable letter."

Jewels and Gems in Primitive Settings

By Leila Ayer Mitchell

Author of *Animals of History and Legend, Etc.*

PERSONAL adornment to enchant outward beauty is such an inclusive part of the attire that thought is rarely given to the origin of the ornamental decorations or to the process involved in making them wearable. Jewels are referred to in the first and second books of the Bible and were and are a part of the ostentatious wealth of rulers and are frequently used as a pleasing medium for bestowing gratuities.

A finished string of beads, a circle of brilliants or a pendant of jade, all meant alike: an intervening period of dexterity in labor and thought and a concentration of purpose from the starting point to the visible termination.

From the earliest times beads have been used by people of the various religious beliefs throughout the world, Buddhists, Mohammedans, and Christians alike. Beads were used by the ancients to record time. Circles of beads, denoting termination, are often found upon the heads of deities and strings of them were found in the most ancient Egyptian tombs as decorations of the dead. They were also used as barter by the Phoenicians in trading with various nations in Africa. Since the 14th century the manufacture of glass beads has been chiefly engrossed by the Venetians.

Bead, Beade, or Bede in Anglo Saxon and Old English, signified "a prayer," and came to mean the small perforated balls of gold, silver, glass, ivory, and hard wood, used for keeping account of the number of prayers repeated.

Rings, earrings and bracelets are alluded to in the books of Genesis and Exodus as ornamental gifts, but later the rings were also used as signets. To give the signet ring to any one was a sign of confidence and the giving of a ring by the husband to the wife indicated that she was admitted into his confidence. The ring symbolized eternity and constancy and the ring on the left hand was supposed to denote the wife's subjection, and on the third finger it was supposed to press on a vein which connected with the heart. The third finger has always been selected as the finger on which official rings were worn. Bishops wore one to indicate ecclesiastical authority. Rings were the ground work of many Oriental superstitions and there is a lucrative traffic in selling charmed rings.

The first Greek signet rings were made of iron and every free man had a right to wear one. Gold rings were worn in the early days as a part of the official dress of ambassadors, senators and chief

magistrates. The early rings were cut in the gold and only one was worn; later they were set with precious stones and several were worn on different fingers.

Bracelets and armlets have been used by every nation, both savage and civilized, from the earliest period. The Persians wore not only bracelets and armlets, but earrings, collars and necklaces, which often consisted of valuable strings of pearls. These ornaments were used to indicate the rank of the wearer. Among the Romans, armlets were frequently conferred upon soldiers for deeds

Mrs. Mitchell is writing for Overland a series of articles dealing with matters that come constantly within the general range of experience, but which the average well-informed person knows little about. The present article in this series is full of information and interest.

—EDITOR.

of valor. Emperor Nero wore on his right arm the skin of a serpent, enclosed in a golden armilla for a charm.

Earrings were worn by both sexes in Oriental countries and they are frequently mentioned in scripture. There was no part of dress on which the Romans lavished greater expense. In the more valuable of the antique earrings, pearls were almost always used. In place of the ring the ornament was often attached to the ear with a hook. They were worn in Great Britain in Anglo Saxon times, later went out of fashion and renewed again during the Elizabethan days. Since then they have been discontinued and revived as fashion dictated.

PINS were first used in Europe in the last half of the fifteenth century. They were made of iron wire. Later brass was used. Modern methods were used in 1850. The ordinary small pin, which is so necessary to the household, actually goes through quite a process before it is finished and ready for the market. There is straightening and cutting the wire, pointing and cutting the single pin, twisting, cutting, annealing and stamping or shaping the heads, yellowing or cleaning the pins, whitening or tinning, washing, drying and polish-

ing, winnowing and last pricking the papers to receive the pins.

The brooch, from the root meaning to pierce or to stitch, was an ornamental pin used by both men and women from the time of Homer. This ornament consisted of a ring or disc with a pin across the back fastened at one end with a joint, and at the other end with a hook. They gradually became more and more elaborate and were wonderfully beautiful in workmanship and design.

The Cameo, a name given to a precious stone upon which some design had been carved in relief, was often used for brooches. The art of cutting the cameo is very ancient, examples in different colored layers existing which date back to 150 years before the Christian era. The stone usually used by the ancients was a variegated onyx. The stones hollowed out are called "Intaglios." Cameo cutting is believed to have been of Asiatic origin, practiced by the Babylonians from whom the Phoenicians carried it into Egypt. From Egypt it was taken to Greece where it was brought to great perfection, and later practiced extensively in Rome. During the Alexander period of Greece, the cameo was not only used as a personal ornament, but also in cups, vases, candelabra and many other objects. Cameo cutting was not done so much in medieval times but was renewed in Italy under the auspices of the Medici family and became an important branch in manufactured art objects.

The Ruby, a transparent stone of a deep red color, is perhaps the most valuable of the precious gems. The best examples are worth more than diamonds of the same size and quality. The finest red rubies are generally known as the oriental ruby, a variety of corundum, brought from Ceylon and the Burman empire. They are found in abundance in alluvial deposits. The throne of the Great Mogul, the former emperor of Delhi, was adorned with 108 rubies of from 100 to 200 carats each.

The Diamond, the most popular of all the precious stones, is a mineral of great hardness and refractive power and consists of crystallized carbon. Its value as a precious stone is due to its remarkable brilliancy and hardness and because of its rarity. The greatest production is from the fields of South Africa, of which Kimberley is the center. The mines consist of the diggings and washings of alluvial deposits. The diamond cutting center is at Amsterdam, Holland.

Though there are many forms of cut-

ting, the two principal types used are the brilliants and the rose diamonds. The brilliant cut is the most expensive and difficult but it is also the best to bring out the beauty of the stone. It has an upper or principal octagonal face surrounded by many facets, and other things being equal, the greater the number of facets the more valuable the diamonds. Sometimes lapidaries multiply the number of facets to hide imperfections in the stone.

Rose diamonds have a flat base, above which are two rows of triangular facets, the six uppermost ending in a point. Rose diamonds are made of those stones which are too broad in proportion to their depths to be cut as brilliants. Stones still thinner are cut as "Table Diamonds." The value of diamonds varies with the change of fashions but the rule generally used is to square the number of carats the diamond weighs and then to multiply by the price of a single carat. The value is increased by being cut although the actual weight is diminished.

Platinum, used now almost exclusively for the setting of diamonds, was first discovered by the Spaniards in the sands of Rio Pinto and was given its name because of the resemblance to platina, the Spanish for silver. It is usually found in small glistening granules of steel-grey color and always contains an admixture, in varying proportions, of several metals, most of which are rarely found except in association with platinum. It is the most malleable and ductile of metals rolling into smaller wire and thinner plate. It is more precious than gold and is very infusible and resistant to most acids and is often used for laboratory crucibles. The principal mines are in the Ural mountains in Russia.

Silver, a whitish metal used much in chains and filigree ornaments, was first found in Spain. It was the principal coinage of Europe in the Middle Ages. Porcelain was unknown and the Chinese, Indians and Persians used it for table service, working it in many beautiful designs. It is harder than gold and softer than copper and is found in many of the countries of the world. The Sterling mark on silver indicates that it reaches a standard of value of fineness established by the British government. The alloy, to achieve sterling quality, must have 925 parts silver to 75 parts copper and this is the standard of the British coinage. The name was derived in the Middle Ages when the Eastphalian traders were known in England as Easterlings. They formed a guild and their coins were of uniform weight and excellence. The name Easterling was afterward shortened to Sterling which

became the name for pure or Sterling money or jewelry.

PEARLS, both artificial and real, are much used for personal ornamentation. The real pearl is a peculiar product of certain marine and fresh-water mollusks or shell-fish. The inner surface of the shell is covered with a secretion called "nacre," or "mother of pearl." An intrusion of sand or other substance is covered also and gradually grows to a pearl. The Chinese keep in tanks a species of fresh water mussel and insert between the shell and the mantle of the animal either small leaden shot or small round pieces of mother-of-pearl. These receive regular coatings of

ficial pearls were invented by a Frenchman in the time of Catherine de Medici, and the manufacture of them is extensively carried on in the department of the Seine. Roman pearls, which are of more value than most of the artificial ones, differ by having the coating matter on the outside, to which it is attached by an adhesive substance.

Amber, of which some of the most beautiful beads are made, was used in very early times. It has been found in Mycenaean tombs, in remains of the Neolithic or Stone Age, in Denmark and in England in deposits of the Bronze Age. Amber is a fossil resin of vegetable origin, usually of pale yellow color, but also reddish and brownish. It comes both opaque and transparent and occurs in round, irregular lumps, is slightly brittle and burns with a bright flame and pleasant smell. Rubbed with fur it develops magnetic qualities and for this reason the Romans called it *elektron*. It is found in different parts of Europe but is obtained in great quantities from the coast of the Baltic Sea where it is partly cast up by the sea, partly obtained by means of nets and partly dug out of beds of carbonized wood. A forest that has been undisturbed for centuries produces extensive fields of this gum which, as it oozes out of the trees, flows to the roots and lies there forming large deposits. The fossil is found in various parts of Europe and a limited amount is found in this country. It is very light in weight and takes a beautiful polish.

Red Coral, so much admired for its beautiful red color, and much used for ornamental purposes, is chiefly obtained from the Mediterranean Sea. This red coral has a shrub-like branching form and grows to the height of about one foot with the thickness about like that of the little finger. It is brought up from the water by grappling hooks dragged after a boat, the pieces being broken from the bottom by beams of wood which are sunk by weights. Much of the coral of the Mediterranean is shipped to India. There is a black coral which is rare and more highly prized than the red. There is a great variety of coral but that used for ornaments is hard, solid, rose red or pink colored and susceptible of high polish.

Jet, which takes its name from a river of Lycia, from the banks of which it was first obtained, is a bituminous mineral of perfectly black color. The name of the river and the small town on its bank was Gages, and the pieces of jet found there were called *gagets*, which was afterward corrupted into *gagat* or

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To the Memory of Luther Burbank

By
NELL GRIFFITH WILSON

Close to the heart of a tree he lies
In a garden that tenderly yearns,
Deep in our hearts a prayer of love
While the incense of memory burns.

Rest to a tired hand and heart,
Release to a wonderful soul,
More beauty on earth for dream-lit work,
Onward to Heaven's high goal.

Close to the heart of a tree he lies
In a garden that tenderly yearns,
Deep in our hearts a prayer of love
While the incense of memory burns.

(Luther Burbank rests under a large cedar of Lebanon near the garden where he labored for many years.)

the nacreous secretion and after a time look like pearls formed under ordinary circumstances.

All of the foreign pearls used in jewelry are produced by the pearl oyster, the shells of which are sometimes a foot in diameter, but usually about nine inches. They are found on the coasts of India, Borneo, Australia and the West Indies. The chief locality of the Ceylon fishery is a bank twenty miles long and twenty miles from shore. The season lasts about three months and is carried on under government regulation.

Among the Romans, pearls were a great favorite and enormous prices were paid for them. Pink pearls are especially valuable but are apt to fade. The largest pearl known is in the Kensington Museum, London. It has a circumference of four and one-half inches. Arti-

From Sea to Sea In the Pyrenees

By Ray Willis

THERE is enjoyment to suit all tastes in the Pyrenees. The season is a gay one, for those wishing to add to its height. Some choose rather to follow on its heels, starting the tour of the mountains in September, when the larger resorts are emptying, and the weather is cooler.

The old carriage road, made sixty odd years ago, has been widened, and several companies run tours from Biarritz and St. Jean de Luz on the Atlantic side, to Cerbere, on the Mediterranean. Since the climbs these autos must make are often dangerous, it is wiser to make the trip in one of these cars, built for mountain travel, and driven by men who know the road well, rather than trust yourself to a driver to whom the route is new, even if he be your own.

It is a simple matter to arrange a "stop-over" at several places on the route, for there are many beautiful spots from which excursions may be made. These would otherwise be missed. The autos go and return through the same towns, so tourists often thread their way back gradually by rail, taking in places of interest in the valleys, on the return journey. Some find it worth while to ship their cars ahead of them, to use on this easier return route.

It is but a twelve hour railway journey from Paris to St. Jean de Luz, which is a good center for preliminary excursions, before embarking on the mountain trip. From there, the train runs over the Spanish border to San Sebastien and the Andalusian coast. This city is beautifully laid out beside a gorgeous stretch of seaboard. It has many good hotels, and interesting places to visit.

Re-crossing the border at Hendaye, it is well to include Biarritz and Bayonne in the itinerary from this stage of the tour, perhaps joining the mountain auto at St. Jean de Luz. In any case, there is a delightful side-trip to be made from this place, up to Sare, which should not be missed. It is reached by tram from St. Jean. Midway on this ascent, a funicular railway connects with the tram-route, from which La Rhume may be reached, the highest point of that particular range.

Sare is a charming Basque village set high in the hills; it is the tram-terminus. There is a choice of small hostels where good accommodation may be had. There are many walks, climbs and drives to take from this simple rural place. From La Rhume, the views are superb; while the famous caves are only a few miles

beyond the village. There are many other caves of the same nature throughout the ranges, which form the formidable boundary between France and Spain, too formidable to need policing.

After a short stay at Sare, it is possible the traveller will feel no call to descend to St. Jean, so, provided his seat is booked, he can join the mountain-auto there, and the panorama begins to unfold.

EACH small village will cluster round a typically basque church, with its square belfry tower, round apse, thick

A delightfully written account of a journey made by all to few American travellers. Mr. Willis has gone somewhat out of the beaten path. His pen pictures of the scenic beauties of the Pyrenees, the manners and customs of the people, and of experiences along the way should inspire many to accomplish this trip which can be made with comfort and at modest expense.

walls and galleried interior. Intricate beaded decorations are to be seen in the graveyards about them, and war memorials are never missing, many of them of rare beauty.

A usual sight is a peasant, almost hidden by an umbrella, perched on a load which again hides the motive power,—a small wiry donkey. It is a land where all greet you. The faces are good ones, bred of work in the open air. There are ubiquitous pretty, dark children, clean and well-cared for, and not begging, as in Italy, Greece or Spain. The boyner, the Basque cap of Tam-o'-shanter cut, tops the rough clothes of the men. Black is worn by the older women, all of whom put on graceful veils for church, being devout Catholics. Everyone wears locally-made canvas sandals, well adapted for hill-climbing. One may see old women bent at right angles from carrying burdens, for all work hard. Washing is done in the streams, the linen being rubbed against flat rocks.

The solid houses always provide shelter too for the animals, either by means of a center archway, or an elongated slope to the roof at one side. These appear to be tiled with halved red flower

pots, unevenly applied. The shutters also add to the color scheme. They run the gamut of greens, from jade, to that made by a heavy proportion of ultramarine; and of blues, from egg-shell to peacock; while all tints of russet are as fully represented as in a setting sun or an Autumn forest. These jets of color flung about the countryside make an appeal to many artists, and sleek, dun-hided cows, with their ancient wooden yokes, are never out of the picture. These patient beasts give a double service, yet the pulling of burdens does not seem to interfere with the quality of the dairy produce. Even the pigs appear clean, and pink and happy.

The route lying so close to the border, there are occasional peeps of the frontier, marked by two sentry-boxes; a French and a Spanish soldier each pacing beside his own. They appear however to be as unnecessary as along another far more extensive frontier, that triumph of civilization, where the United States merges with Canada.

St. Jean Pied de Port is the first important stop; a walled medieval town with picturesque street-markets, where everything is cheap—except to the foreigner!

Even before you begin to climb, obtaining the first view of the greater snow-capped heights, travellers will find themselves registering vows to explore later on some of the hill-set towns now regretfully left behind the dust of the double wheels.

After switch-backing down into valleys again, you mount once more, until, at the end of the first day's tour you settle into Eaux-Bonnes with the dusk. Here, as in many places in the Basque country, there is the peaceful sound of running water, for there are no problems of irrigation, as in many parts of California, and wealth does not need to be expended in this direction, neither does one-fifth of the land lie fallow, for all small patches of land are under cultivation, even at a great height, where the labor entailed appears to be an impossible feat; while quite close to the snow-line there are herds of goats.

Where the science of agriculture seems to be non-existent, the traveller is bound to make comparisons, and to wonder to what extent prosperity might increase if machinery were in general use; antiquated methods discarded; new experiments tried; and orchards planted in orderly rows. Yet there are no strikes for higher wages, and the people could

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Luther Burbank

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and while any system of schools should take into account these three groups, we must not waste time in educating pupils beyond their innate capacities. In a democracy such as ours, we draw the citizenship largely from the central or average group. Therefore, this group is entitled to the major part of time and money spent on education.

Deviating somewhat from the general theme of discussion, we asked Mr. Burbank his opinion of the permanent influence on education of the radio, which at this time occupies such an important place in our economy. He saw great possibilities in the radio and was persuaded that it is to have a marked influence, but so far as education is concerned, the radio, he said, would take second place to visual methods in education. Evidently Mr. Burbank felt that knowledge which comes through the eye rather than through the ear, is most educative and will be of the most permanent value.

WE desired many times to know what Mr. Burbank considered the greatest obstacle he had been forced to overcome in his work on flowers and fruits. It will be remembered that for years he found great difficulty in convincing many of those who should have been most open-minded and progressive that it was possible or even proper to improve upon nature, as they put it. He had to overcome much persistent, troublesome medievalism. He believed that the one greatest obstacle to progress today is the bigot. As an illustration of this he cited the great accumulation of letters that had come to his desk during the few days previous. Mr. Burbank had recently given utterance to certain views concerning evolution about which the fundamentalists and modernists are so at variance. Without being dogmatic, Mr. Burbank had based his views upon years of study and research, and was able to declare that there is no conflict between evolution and religion.

For the most part the letters received, taking him to task for his attitude, were from those who were either fearful of making their identity known, or who were narrow and provincial in their views, and were still living in tradition and the past.

Burbank smiled a little when asked directly what he considered the most important contribution he had ever made and the most promising experiment he now has under way. In the first place he was never given to over-emphasis of

the results of his work. He did not think of himself as a great benefactor and therefore was not liable to evaluate the results he achieved at their highest. He was inclined to be modest in his reply to our question by enumerating a number of problems upon which he had recently been engaged. He recalled, however, that his first really important piece of work was in developing the Burbank potato. This dates back to 1873. Mr. Burbank estimated that if all of the Burbank potatoes produced since that time were in course of transportation it would require 14,000 miles of box cars to hold them all.

"I have tried to teach the people," said Mr. Burbank, "that the plant is amenable to the wants and needs of man." His work upon the walnut illustrates this. The walnut is not a rapidly growing tree. His work produced a tree that would in ten years grow as much as under ordinary or normal con-

call that hardwoods are usually of slow growth. Moreover, this development of the walnut tree results in a species that will flourish in practically any climate.

We were shown some of the specimens of wood taken from this walnut tree. These specimens were much harder than those ordinarily seen and take a wonderful polish. It was conservatively estimated by Mr. Burbank that the development of this walnut tree has added to the wealth of the world one thousand million dollars. The results of all this can be readily appreciated when we pause to consider the need for conservation of our forests and for scientific reforestation. Mr. Burbank was a thorough believer in the teaching of conservation and thrift to the boys and girls of the schools today.

In plant breeding it is necessary, if we are to secure the best results, that the good qualities be combined with rapid growth and hardness. In the improvement of varieties we find in many cases varieties will be produced that can be transported long distances. In this way foods from one part of the country can

Whom do you love among your schoolmates? Not those who throw stones at innocent animals; not those who break and destroy fences, trees, and windows; not those who wish to quarrel and fight; but you do love and respect those who are kind, gentle, and unselfish—the peacemakers.

Weakling cowards boast, swagger, and brag; the brave ones, the good ones, are gentle and kind.

Cultivate kind, gentle, loving thoughts towards every person and animal; and even plants, stars, oceans, rivers and hills. You will find yourself growing more happy each day, and with happiness comes health and every thing you want.

Luther Burbank

ditions it would grow in a hundred years. Not only did he increase the rapidity of growth, but the wood itself is much harder than in the ordinary tree. The significance of this is noted when we re-

be made available to those people who live thousands of miles away. When Mr. Burbank came to California there was not a plum that could be shipped,

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The Art of Papermaking

Its Place In Civilization

T. Crockett Macormack

Manager Advisory Dept. Zellerbach
Paper Co.

IT IS a generally accepted fact that civilization did not really begin to advance until paper and its use through printing began to spread knowledge to everybody. It is, of course, used in education, in art, in the compilation of history, and in an increasing way in commerce. We have today paper clothes, paper wheels, paper buckets, baby carriages, boxes, packing for machinery, shoes, and some day, in order to get the best of Henry Ford, someone is going to invent a paper Lizzie.

Paper was first made in China. Sometime, some centuries ago, probably before Christ, it was introduced into Europe through a battle with the Arabs, in which certain Chinese workmen were captured, and these workmen introduced the making of paper to the Arabs, who later introduced it into Europe.

China does not today, however, make very good paper, despite the fact that she was the first country to invent it. Most of the paper, and the best machine-made paper in the world, is made in the United States, although Japan makes probably the most lasting paper from the inside bark of a tree. Italy, also, was one of the first countries in Europe to make paper, and still today makes the finest hand-made papers.

It was almost the 14th century, probably 2000 years after paper was invented, before it began to come into general use, and, in the 14th century and the 15th century, the invention of printing in Germany brought this about. Before that time, a great many records were kept on paper made from papyrus, an Egyptian plant, and although Herulanum was burnt 79 years after the birth of Christ, only recently they discovered, in the ruins of this town in Italy, some 1800 manuscripts written on papyrus; so that paper made from papyrus has a very long life.

One frequently hears the word "Parchment." This comes from the fact that some kind of a finishing process in papyrus for paper use was invented in a little town called Pergamus, and from this name "Pergamus" comes the word "Parchment."

There are a great many different kinds of paper, of course. There are papers for newspapers and magazines and books; there are papers for writing purposes and box covers, and for advertising papers generally. These papers all have to be made in different

ways with different finishes and different appearances to create different effects.

The text, or printing paper, constitutes the largest item in the preparation of most advertisements that partake of book form. Of these papers there are many varieties and grades. The antique printing papers, with or without deckle edges, are now used in a very wide range of the finer printing. They are suggestive of the early and much-admired hand-made papers of past centuries, and lend themselves readily to the most artistic and distinguished results. The surfaces are varied and interesting, and their non-reflecting qualities make them the easiest of all papers on the eyes of the reader. Almost all really fine printing is done on papers of this class, and these papers are the joy of the artistic typographer.

The quality of such papers varies according to the materials used in their manufacture. This ranges all the way from pure wood pulp to 100 per cent rag. The chief advantage of the rag stock is its enduring quality rather than its appearance. A pure rag paper will last for many centuries without material deterioration, as an examination of the early books in any important library will disclose. By the proper admixture of rag and wood pulp, papers may be produced which will lose nothing in appearance and will have a far greater span of life than is ordinarily required. While those who want the very best, regardless of cost, will continue to prefer pure rag printing papers, the great bulk of the better printing and advertising requirements can be adequately met by the papers of mixed content.

Most text papers are made in both laid and wove. These are terms familiar to all users of paper, and they have their origin in the early days when all paper was made in hand molds. These primitive molds consisted of frames of bamboo over which was stretched a woven cloth. This produced a sheet having something of the uniform texture of the cloth, and thus originated the descriptive name of "wove" as applied to all papers having a uniform and unmarked surface.

In another form of mold, fibres of bamboo or similar plant were laid in

parallel lines and held in position by being sewed at intervals with horsehair, flax thread, or the like. The paper taken from such a mold showed the patterns of the cross fibres and the sewing, and thus early these cross marks became known as "laid" marks and the line of the sewing as "chain" marks.

The paper machine, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, displaced the hand mold, but the wove and laid papers continued. The effect is now secured by means of the "dandy roll" revolving against the sheet when it is still wet and impressionable and before it has left the wire of the Fourdrinier. The "wove" dandy roll is covered with plain wire screen, while the "laid" dandy roll has cross-wires to make the laid marks and chains extending around the roll at short intervals. In some antique papers in which an effort is made to imitate the early papers accurately, intentional irregularities are introduced into the manufacture of the dandy roll. Laid marks may be accentuated or diminished by increasing or reducing the pressure of the dandy roll on the forming sheet. They are most readily seen when the sheet is held to the light, as they are produced in exactly the same way as are the watermarks so commonly employed for the identification of writing and printing papers.

Many smoother forms of book paper are manufactured and are in wide use because of their adaptability to special kinds of work and their lower cost. Periodicals and commercial books could not advantageously be printed on rag content antique finish papers. The ordinary sized and super-calendered (S. and S. C.) book papers are made of wood pulp, usually a mixture of sulphite and soda pulps. They are comparatively inexpensive, much better-looking and more lasting than newsprint, and smooth enough to accept any form of ordinary commercial halftone. When a lower finish is wanted, only the calenders attached to the paper machine are used. This produces a sufficiently smooth but less brilliant surface, and is known as machine finish. The so-called "English finish" is between the two.

The introduction of the halftone engraving process, about the year 1890, was quickly followed by a demand for a very smooth surface, capable of receiving the impressions of the finest screen halftone plates. The coated pa-

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Without Printing, What?

By L. A. Ireland

Secretary Printers' Board of Trade and
Editor of the San Francisco Printer

STANDING on a ferryboat crossing the bay as it pushes toward San Francisco, one views, with something that thrills his very soul, the magnificent buildings in which much of the business of the Pacific Coast is daily transacted. Yet what would these colossal buildings and this great city mean to us or to the world if there were no printing presses.

The very heart and soul of modern business is the printing pressrooms. Without printing you could cash no checks; you would have no letterheads, statements or billheads. There would be no catalogs, folders and booklets. You would have no newspapers or magazines. There would be no birth or death certificates, and no marriage licenses. Railway and steamship tickets would be unknown. Your children would have no books to take to and bring from school. There would be no telephone directories or telegraph blanks. You would be unable to buy postage stamps. There would be no labels for prunes, oranges or lemons; and tuna, salmon and corned beef would be left to the imagination. And worst of all, you would have no currency with which to pay your unprinted bills.

No wonder, then, that during the war printing was classified as one of the essential industries. Here in San Francisco the printing and publishing industry occupies first place among the industries of the city, and this by a margin of several million dollars over the next nearest large industry—coffee and spices.

The following table shows the comparative standing of the leading industries in San Francisco as recorded by the 1925 census report:

Industry:	Value of Products
Printing, bookbinding and Publishing	\$41,515,595
Coffee and spices.....	26,823,482
Slaughtering and meat packing	20,012,919
Motor vehicles.....	17,649,428
Bread, bakery products, etc.	15,743,322
Foundry machine shop products	13,187,586
Furniture	11,036,262
Confectionery and ice cream	7,740,398

More important than the huge volume of business done is the value added by manufacturing to the cost of the materials. No industry in America ranks higher than printing and publishing in this respect. Here in San Francisco the cost of materials amounted to \$11,753,641, and through manufacture the value added to this was \$29,761,954. Coffee and spices added to materials cost but \$4,089,096, which clearly shows what the payroll and investment in printing plants means to the city. In printing and publishing as a whole, the number of plants increased from 296 in 1923 to 344 in 1924, and the number of wage-earners from 3282 to 3559, and the wages increased from \$5,885,871 in 1923 to \$7,226,824 in 1925. These figures do not include salaried employees.

In Los Angeles the number of plants in 1923 was 357, employing 3722 wage-earners, earning \$6,617,348, as against 361 plants in 1925, employing 3933

wage-earners, earning \$7,765,806. Thus the average annual earning per employee in Los Angeles is \$1974, as against \$2030 in San Francisco. In book and job printing San Francisco did a total volume of \$15,503,731 with 2178 employees, or an average per wage-earner of \$7118. Los Angeles, with 2263 employees, did a total volume of \$15,512,622, or an average production per employee of \$6855. The wages paid to book and job printers in San Francisco totaled \$4,168,790, or an average of \$1914 per employee, while in Los Angeles 2263 employees received \$4,021,209, or an average of \$1777.

These figures show that the wage-earners in the printing trades, without even considering salaried employees whose earnings are even higher, make up a substantial group in the two cities of those who buy dry goods, groceries, real estate, transportation, football tickets, musical instruments, automobiles, insurance, and all of those things which make for big business and high bank clearings.

Aside from the fact that printing done in San Francisco is carried to every inhabited spot on the globe on California fruit cans, and that our magazines, trade journals, newspapers and fine books are to be found the world over, there are several craftsmen here who have gained world-wide recognition for their fine printing. Only the judgment of time will tell how greatly the skilled pressmen, composers and artists that are making San Francisco printing world famous have influenced the art of modern printing. But this much may be said, that no collection of modern fine printing would be complete without samples from several pressrooms in San Francisco.

A Thrift Leaders Tribute to Franklin

By S. W. Straus

President American Society for Thrift

THE nation recently celebrated with due reverence the anniversary of the birth of one who in many respects ranked as the greatest of all Americans—Benjamin Franklin.

Although excelling in statesmanship, literature, business, finance and science, Franklin no doubt holds his highest place in the public mind as the commanding advocate of thrift. It may be stated, too, that it is the reflection of sound public opinion when a nation is willing and glad to pay such homage to one who has taught us so much about the values and needs of thrift in our daily lives.

The life of this great, simple man abounded in amazing developments. Many of his accomplishments were dramatic—intensely absorbing—spectacular. Yet we all think of him most, love him most dearly and revere his name most reverently as the one who for more than 150 years has kept the thoughts of the nation on thrift.

It is to be noted that the Franklin philosophy which, through all these long years has been growing ever more popular and impressive, is the epitome of

simplicity. It is this charm that has had much to do with its virile ascendancy from year to year.

But the truths of life are simple. Humanity never can get away from fundamentals. The plain axioms of Poor Richard will live through the ages.

Our standards of living will continue to progress. Fifty years from now life will be quite different from what it is today insofar as conveniences, comforts and advantages go. But the upbuilding effect of the homely virtues remain as unchanged as the mountains or the sea.—*From the Thrift Magazine for January.*

What Constitutes the Fine Art of Bookmaking

By *Frona Eunice Wait Colburn*

Associate Editor

A MASTER creation in literature ranks next to an act of God. All of the achievements and aspirations of mankind are recorded between the first symbols and an aerogram. Sign language, graphic and manual, was the first universal means of expressing ideas. One of the most difficult things to write successfully is a two line "Want" advertisement.

To begin making a book it is necessary to consider the font of type to be used, the style of composition, the size of the page, and the paper upon which it is to be printed. If illustrations are to be employed, will they be half-tones from photographs or wash drawings, or will there be wood blocks in color or fine line drawings in black and white? Will there be a border in plain lines or an elaborately colored fancy outline, set inside ruled lines in self or contrasting color? Will there be ornamental head and tail pieces with tall initial letters beginning the chapters? The Persian book with its illuminated initial letters, elaborated into a miniature picture and the gold embossed pages, bound in finest leather or brocade heavy with gold leaf and jewels or beautifully enameled, is still the last word in fine book making. These specimens are rightly considered museum pieces, and rank with other rare art objects as among the treasured possessions of a discriminating collector.

Master printers have designed fonts of type with all of its ornaments, which have given them distinguished names among connoisseurs of typographic perfection. Who does not revere William Morris, of the Klemm Press, London, or the Garamond type of the sixteenth century? Caslon, so-called "Old English," and some of the later artists in type making are names to conjure with in fine handcraft printing.

Once the style of type is decided upon, then comes the art and skill of the compositor. Here he has a chance to show individuality, while rendering strict obedience to the rules, written and implied, of sound craftsmanship. He decrees the punctuation, capitalization and division of words which shall form the printed page. He also decides the width of margins, and the spaces between lines. Will the text be set solid or will it be leaded out to lighten the face of the type, spread the copy over more pages, and make the book easier to read? Once these questions are decided, the copy being properly edited, is divided into "takes," after which the corners

are turned together. Each "take" is then placed on the hook in the composing room, where it remains until the foreman removes the cork which has been placed over the point of the hook, and the process of transforming the written page into type begins.

A master craftsman with taste and good judgment reads a full type line ahead of his copy. This not only enables him to space each word evenly, but prevents breaks at the end of the line. To have few or no hyphens or punctuation marks at the end of the type line is one of the tenets of good composition. When the page of type is assembled this indication of good work is called a perfect "justification." Otherwise the printed page has an uneven, raggedy appearance. Another important point is the number and thickness of the leads used in horizontal spacing. Are they single and double spaced leads, old style, or are they so many "picas" to correspond to the "points" used to designate the size of the face, and the body of the type now employed?

Once the type is set, proofs read and corrected, the "matter" is then placed on the imposing stone and the makeup man has full control. He must measure the columns of type, compose the form of each page by skillful use of leads of various lengths and thickness, and then lift the mass into the forms, lock up the pages, and "pull" a final page proof. This is scanned for overlooked errors either in composition, spelling or English.

These conditions being satisfactory, the pressman carefully takes an impression on the paper selected for the book. Here the quality of ink, the exactness of adjustment and the evenness of imprint are scrutinized. Illustrations, fancy borders, ornamental head and tail pieces are included in the pressman's undertaking. It is up to him to see that the final ensemble is as near perfect as possible.

The printed folios, running numerically, and varying according to size of page, are then folded, stitched and cut into proper width and length for the binding process. No better test of fine handcraft book making is found than in the way the leaves are stitched together. Is the work so perfectly done that the new book opens wide without strain? Or does it creak and groan at the first

touch and threaten to go all to pieces while undergoing inspection? If so, then wire has been sparingly used where honest-to-goodness linen thread should have been tightly and closely stitched through and through the folded pages. Before the book is bound the finish of the edges of the pages must be determined. Shall they be smooth cut or deckle-edged? Shall the tops be mottled, gilded or tinted?

That only the finest quality of paper has been used goes without saying. Is it smooth-finished, or has it a velvety softness which absorbs the ink and leaves a restful page which appeals to the eye and invites the reader to accept its message at full face value? Is there a subtle blending of the tones of ink and paper? Does the page balance in values, and is the result pleasing to all the senses involved? Does the work from the inside seem to have poise and completeness? If so, then let us consider the binding.

Here a world of fancy comes into play. What shall the cover be? A soft, limp ooze leather, a bit of choice old gold or silver brocade, a plain silk with enameled traceries picked out in color? Or shall it be a paper so dainty in texture and coloring that a queen might treasure it as a keepsake?

The heavy boards are covered with calf, pig or sheepskin, embossed or plain finished with contrasting back strips, and simple lettering. Then there is the Morocco, hand-tooled, with designs intaglio or repousse in self color or in combination with gilt or colored enamels or jewels. Miniature portraiture is sometimes seen in fine bindings, especially in books of the Rococo period, when dress and decorations showed the influence of the Louis' of France. One expects the contents of such books to be poetic or of lighter vein than the classics or sacred books of an older age.

Of the ten finest handcraft printers in the United States, four live in San Francisco. These men are medal winners in three of four contests with European craftsmen. There are firms in San Francisco who turn out fine books which are sought by collectors all over the world. In the sharpest competition Europeans may have an edge on the press work done. If so, the difference in excellence is only a shade and all concede the superiority of the composition done by California craftsmen. There is a growing demand for the reproduc-

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Page of Verse

THE HIGHER ROAD

IF I could stand upon a lonely hill
And grasp one heart-throb of the
songs that cry
From out the illimitable miles of sea and
sky,
I would be glad; If I could sing and fill
One night with beauty tremulously soft
and trill
As acolian snow, I would be glad that I
Had lived; I would not dumbly walk or
lie
Less tuneful than a leaf-embedded rill.
Tho prostrate at Apollo's golden shrine
And harkening for the silver flute of
Pan
Earth doors stay closed; Yet Heaven
may not ban
The inarticulate, devoid of song—
Somewhere upon a higher road and long,
I shall be singing and the song be mine.

EULALEE TYRREL FISHER.

THIS SONG OF MINE

STRANGE thing, this song of mine,
Always ringing in my ear,
From out my inward being,
Without a note, without a tune,
Its ringing, ringing, ringing.

I'm singing, singing, singing,
Always in my soul;
A song without a note,
A song without a tune.
I'm singing, singing, singing.

From whence comes this
Ringing, this singing in my soul?
It must be the joy of living—
Living, living, living,
This singing, ringing in my soul.

—MONA LONDON.

MARSH MORNING

MOIST greyness, and a stillness
Dimly blue as heaven's smile!
Shadows deep, o'er pools that sleep
In purple gloom, the while
They wait, expectant for the Dawn'

Small twitterings, and a silence
Pregnant with a thousand notes!
A tiny breeze, that ill at ease,
Sighs, fluttering, and floats
With gentle whisper, swift away.

A crimson shaft, a call, a whirl
Of wings—and all the marsh astir!
In answer to that golden gleam
Of light, that pierces with its beam
The night, and gives to them another
day!

FRANCISCA VALLEJO



HOMESICK

'Tis a fine land entirely, and kind they are to me,
But there's something a-calling—a-calling like the sea,
For Killarney in the rose time, the wispy winds that roam,
The fog, the green of shamrock and the little hills of home.

'Tis a fine land entirely, but here I am alone,
And my heart is a'breaking for ways that are my own—
For Killarney in the rose-time, the blue of Irish skies . . .
Ochone, it would be heaven, sure, and rest to my old eyes!

—NANCY BUCKLEY.

KERRY GLEN

'Tis the weary time I've been away from little Kerry Glen,
Where, of a starry evening, danced the tiny fairy men;
As soft as the sigh of wandering winds their gleaming feet
did pass
Over the moonlight's silver veil a-shine upon the grass.

'Tis the weary time I've been away from a heartache in my
breast,
And roving the wide world over, I found no place to rest;
'Tis the weary folk I've bided with, and watched them
dreamily
While the fairy feet were dancing on the breaking heart
of me.

'Tis the weary time I've been away—I was ever the lad
to roam,
But oh, the many times my heart has leaped the world to
home,
And the little glen of Kerry, and the laughter of the sea,
And the sweet, sweet eyes of Moira, smiling up at me!

NANCY BUCKLEY.

WINGS

WHAT beauty lies in common things!
Those pigeons, strutting in the shade,
Far off, seem ugly and ill-made;
Not songsters like the lark that springs
Towards Heaven's gate, and soaring sings;
But voiceless creatures, dull and drab,
Till suddenly they rise and stab
The air with their swift-rushing wings,

The soft, pale glory of their wings!

Then power is theirs and strength and grace
And adaptation to an end;
And when at last they condescend
To light here in a sunny place,
Both charm and beauty grow apace;
Their feathers iridescent sheen,
Their jewel-like amethyst and green,
All thoughts of ugliness efface.

Ah me! how like the human race!

We mortals, too, seem drab and tame
When base preoccupations shade
Our souls; or mean roles, meanly played;
But when some high, heroic aim,
Some splendid faith, some holy name
Inspires us, then there stands revealed
A beauty hitherto concealed,
Winged thoughts, brave deeds a saint might claim,

And souls aspiring as a flame!

STEVEN S. BLAIR.

Our New Botanic Garden

Rupert Murray

Secretary Los Angeles Chamber of
Commerce

WILL our children be denied the feeling of romance and visions of a foreign land that is stirred within the breast of the sentimentalist when he inhales the fragrance of a small package of tea?

This, itself, is a small thing to ponder over and yet the thought is significant of the potential possibilities for the future new era in agriculture of California and the Southwest, predicated upon the recent establishment of the immense acreage for botanical research at Mandeville Canyon, just outside Los Angeles.

The introduction of tropical fruits as an addition to our already wide variety in California, as well as tea, coffee, medicinal plants and even new rubber producing flora, are spectacular features included in the garden's work which explain in short order to the lay mind a part of the purpose to which the project is dedicated. Its parts in the economic and business life of California and the Southwest will be of greater importance than finding new crops for soil.

Incorporated as the California Botanic Garden, this big plant research institution is the realization of a dream, dreamed by many groups of far-seeing men in California for the past fifty years, who early saw the need for an experimental garden that would serve our agriculturists as Kew has served the British Empire. Dozens of sites have been considered during this time, but it remained for a group of Los Angeles men, including agriculturists, to select the Mandeville Canyon site and proceed definitely to acquire the property and set up the present institution.

Through gift and purchase, the entire canyon with a length of over 6 miles and comprising 3200 acres, was taken over by an appointed trust company. Eight hundred acres of the canyon floor, including hundreds of small ravines, are dedicated in perpetuity to plant research work, the remainder of the acreage being set aside as an endowment to carry on the work of the garden. Parcels of the endowment tract were prepared for disposal as home-sites to secure needed operating funds; but before this was done, inspection of the entire project was invited of the United States Department of Agricul-

ture, the Federal Horticultural Board, the State Department of Agriculture and the Collector of Internal Revenue. As a result, the full endorsement of each of these departments is on record and the latter office has exempted the garden from the payment of income tax, as well as holding that gifts to the project

named director of the garden. Dr. Merrill's share in the discovery of chaulmoo-gra oil, demonstrated as the cure for leprosy, has raised him high in the scientific world and his leadership secured for the California Botanic Garden is regarded as a valuable asset.

In the few months that the garden has been in existence, rapid progress has been made. One hundred acres have been cleared for buildings now completed and planting, taking care, however, to preserve all natural flora, while a corps of botanists under the direction of Dr. E. B. Copeland, assistant to Dr. Merrill, are working in experimental beds. One of the first experiments to be conducted in the garden, incidentally, is to secure a fire and drought resistant chaparral to be planted as a cover along the slopes of the canyon.

Mandeville Canyon was selected for many reasons, among them the fact that the area is favored with a climate agreed upon by eminent botanists as highly favorable to the introduction and cultivation outdoors of rare plant specimens. Dr. A. W. Hill, Director of Kew Gardens, near London, and Dr. H. A. Gleason, Director of the New York Botanical Gardens, both of whom have inspected the site among those who pronounce the spot as the most ideal of any yet employed in botanical research. The range of altitude from near sea level to nearly 2,000 feet, the available water supply on the property, diversity of soils, range of exposures through topographical diversity, are among other reasons.

The location has already demonstrated a portion of its possibilities on the H. C. Oakley Estate, included in the garden holdings, where in twelve years the late owner has developed a tropical garden containing exotic fruits and flowers from all localities, which thrive and reproduce equally as well as in their natural climate. Banana trees bear full fruit and there are a host of others unknown to this country, which give the garden a marked tropical atmosphere.

With the possibilities of such cultivation in view, the garden already has twelve plant expeditions in the field collecting specimens from various districts in the Orient and the South Seas. Each

(Continued on Page 94)



A View in the Botanic Garden

are allowable reductions on individual tax returns.

These facts are stressed to emphasize the standing of the garden as a non-profit institution and that under these terms of its trust, all revenue secured must be entirely devoted to the purposes of the project.

Dr. E. D. Merrill, Dean of the California College of Agriculture at Davis, Cal., and for more than twenty-five years in charge of United States botanical research in the Philippines, has been

Redwood Canyons

(Continued from Page 71)

The young growth hovers about their splendid parent, responding to the romance that binds the great heart of the redwood tree to the sea, the earth, the atmosphere. A link from the past, when the young earth was alive with a marvelous growth of greenery, and man but an atom in unlimited space.

A little path runs, circling the freedom of the hills. Forward moves the harpist through the drapery of trees. He breathes deeply of the delicious air. His eyes glow. A mighty power sweeps about him. He gazes far into the warmer lower valleys and the sun-gilded hills.

"SEQUOIA LAND," he speaks aloud. "The last of May! The rhododendrons are sending their rose-tinted blooms in flowery spikes among the redwoods.

Out upon the Noyo River, or close upon the Navarro, cool and tranquil, we shall come upon them—the most beautiful sight the redwoods offer. Trilliums, three feet tall in the damp forest, in a low thicket, or near a mossy log, gleam like three-petaled stars. They become even more beautiful with their shades of lilac, pink, deep rose, dark red or royal purple. Their heavy golden stamens scenting the canyons with subtle, rich perfume. In March and April they appear, laughing, in the rain. Let us wander hand in hand through this beautiful Eden. With its enormous dark sword ferns in boundless luxuriance, like palms in an old cathedral, under the arch of sky. Where God steps it seems in that subdued light, until night pulses in the rhythm of the trees. And the golden satellites above rest lightly on the wilderness monarchs.

This is the wild, enchanting land where the spell of the sighing sequoias conquers the wanderer. Oh, the sweet, enticing odors of the sword fern glades, where the huckleberry and salal make green bowers on the hillsides! Oh, the delicate, refreshing beauty of the five-finger fern, rising upward from the river in masses of cool perfection upon the steep banks!

Shall we ride into the stream to pluck an armful of brown stems with the dainty ferns waving from their garden bed, where the giant redwoods lean above them, guardians of the helpless?

Oh, the enchanting fragrance in the redwood canyons!

This is the rugged haunt of the bear and the deer; the spotted fawn seeks cover; the rabbits hide in the green-

looped trails; the quail flee, whirring down the emerald lane, scurrying into the thickets; the squirrels speed up and down the redwood trees; and the chattering chipmunks happily scold each other, while the mocking bluejays flash their azure wings in the green folds of the redwood branches.

The dense foliage is spicy sweet, and the redwood breathes its kindly friendliness beyond the bluffs of the rugged, indented coast. He who has felt this spirit has caught the vital message of the sequoias.

Man may destroy the Cathedral Trees



A Forest Monarch

with his power; but he may never rebuild these living towers within his lifetime. Dark green, shining green, delicate green—the tracery of branches. Shimmering, matchless, profuse, the sacred aisles below. Spring and summer, autumn and winter, the green bowers call, where the redwoods reach their arms to you in the mist and the sunlight.

Summer in the redwood canyons! Bluebrush scents the warmer slopes. The hillsides are covered with that blue and lavender haze. Yellow broom sweeps toward the wild lilac sprays, creamy and white. Nature like a brother, a true comrade waits your

favor, with the pleased sense of an artist who donates his soul's golden hours to you."

With the world forgotten, the harpist follows the mountain trail until he is lost to view in the arch of the distant redwoods. Contented, at peace, he seeks his favorite haunt in the upper canyons.

There is another picture not so beautiful—where the redwoods rise phoenix-like from the ashes on the blackened hillsides, bravely sending their green sprouts into the sunlight. For they are ever-living, the Sequoia Sempervirens, and though man devastates her forests, the redwood continues its growth.

Desolation gazes from those charred slopes. It seems a battle has been fought. The axe of the chopper resounds upon the hill, laying low the kingdom of trees. But man visions what these beloved trees will become.

REIGN on, great sequoias of the Pacific forever, whisper to us these secrets of the past. Murmur aloud of the unknown future. Guard the dreams of the coming generation. Bear us the contentment of the forest—for your sight is greater than ours. Your vitality is drawn from a wondrous source. You live in the pure heights, so that man entering your habitat is raised on gentle pinions to that controlled vibrant sphere where you have lived in the solitude of the great.

Beautiful redwood canyons! Where man may rest in an invigorating world of swaying trees, listening to the murmur of the centuries in the still twilight of your fragrant lanes. Until in majesty rising you thrum your emerald harp, twined with its wreath of lilies fair, while the echoes drift over the western rills and blue-shadowed gorges.

Spell of sequoias! We listen long and well; but we still wonder at the drifting dreams you give to us, where you dwell in the sacristy of your chosen home.

Very beautiful the contentment of the forest; for here is the essence of life itself. Preserve it—the fragrance of the shadowed aisles, the fairy flowers on the canyon's rim, the singing birds that swoop from branch to branch in the green pathway, the tinkling little leaves, the pensive rivers, placid and serene. Here is perfection of line, of symmetry beyond the grasp of man, the power of myriad colors, woven into the green harmony of shadow and light, the symphony that heals, that leaves no stain.

THE Gigantea and Sempervirens perpetuate the past. They have outlived the glacial period. Shall they not

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

There is No Substitute for Safety

By TREBOR SELIG

"FOR what doth it profit a man to gain a ten per cent dividend and forfeit his principal?" paraphrases a reader of *Overland* in a recent letter asking information regarding certain securities and, incidentally, passing along some pertinent comments of his own. "An investor must maintain a proper perspective. He must not hold the yield so close to his eye that he loses sight of the principal," says this correspondent. "High yield is a desirable thing but there is no substitute for safety."

A book lately being widely read during these days of spectacular air conquests quotes a noted trainer of air men as constantly reminding his students that "dead flyers don't fly any more." It is a thought to paint on the wall. It means quite as much to the man with a thousand dollars for investment as it does to a man with an airplane. Capital lost earns no more dividends, at least for the man who loses it.

The constant essential in choosing an investment, the man with a thousand dollars must ever keep before him that threadbare but never obsolete motto "Safety First"! He must, of course, first determine his own individual requirements but whatever they may be, or his hopes or his opportunities, if he is an investor, and is not a gambler nor a speculator, safety for his principal is the first and the constant essential. Whatever else his investment may or may not be, it must be safe.

He will, if he is prudent, seek competent advice from a responsible investment dealer but he himself must decide what his investment requirements are. No two people, perhaps, have quite the same problems to solve and each man knows best just what purpose must be achieved by his investment program, although he should largely depend on the professional advice of his dealer in choosing the proper securities to serve his purpose.

A DEPENDABLE INCOME

The investor must also be sure that, while his principal is safe, the income will be forthcoming at stated periods in dependable fashion. It must be a fair income. Every genuine investment is, in

reality, a loan and the lender is entitled to a reasonable interest yield. But he must not forget that there is ever a constant balance between safety and yield. When one is high the other will be commensurately low. He must not hold the interest rate too close to his eye.

If he seeks a readily marketable security he must accept a lower yield. Marketability is seldom essential to an investor. It is an obvious advantage to a speculator but to an investor seeking a dependable income it is a quite unnecessary expense. The latter wants a permanent and not a temporary employment for his money. The investments of Mr. Average Citizen should be in securities of recognized standing and if they are, he will have no difficulty in borrowing against his holdings as collateral sufficiently to meet any ordinary unexpected emergency.

WORRY-PROOF BONDS

The investor should also consider the matter of tax exemption. Certain forms of securities are not taxable as personal property, although this saving is usually balanced by a relatively reduced yield. And another factor to be considered is the matter of personal attention an investment requires. In this respect the ideal security for most people, perhaps, is the coupon bond which needs one's personal attention only on the dates when interest coupons fall due and when the bond matures. Many securities of this class are amply secured and yield an adequate return.

Of importance to one who is building up a regular monthly income program from his investments is the interest date and the period of the investment. In planning ahead one may foresee a date when he must have his money paid back in cash, and an orderly income program would provide for interest or dividends payable each month or at definite periods. In the consideration of bonds the denomination is important since one's investment is measured by cash available. Possible enhancement in value is to be considered but is a factor of speculative operation rather than of permanent investment.

DIVERSIFICATION

For the methodical and purposeful

builder of an investment income diversification of securities is also one of the important items in his list of rules. It is not wise to put all one's eggs in one basket, however sound that basket may be. A few securities of higher-than-average yield, one may discreetly include in his list of holdings perhaps, if he will prudently balance them with others of especially conservative type. One should not invest his entire capital in one or two phases of industry or business nor in one or two geographical districts. The wider the spread of one's investments, the less chance he takes of embarrassment or loss.

But whether he observes any or all of these other rules of investment procedure, the one thing he must keep in mind all the time is that there is no substitute for safety, that the alluring and coveted high yield is always a fair warning of commensurate risk to capital, that safety and earnings are always automatically balanced. It is a warning that is plainly written that he who runs may read.

BURBANK AND THE OVERLAND

THOSE of our readers interested in the article on Luther Burbank, appearing on page 74 of this issue, are referred to our issue of June, 1923. Therein appeared a splendid article on Mr. Burbank by one who enjoyed long and favorable acquaintance with him, Miss Honoria Tuomey. Miss Tuomey is well known to "Overland" readers.

At the time of the publication of the article in question radical betterments were made in the "Overland," it being determined to return more nearly to the policy originally laid out by Bret Harte and his associates. The format of the "Overland," having combined with it the "Out West Magazine," made famous by Charles F. Lummis, was changed to meet the newer demands.

Luther Burbank sent a personal message to the "Overland" at that time.

"Personal greetings to the new 'Overland.' May it have great success in championing the advance of progress in our beautiful state, thus fulfilling the desire of its famous founder, Bret Harte."

EVENTS---HERE AND THERE

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

President Coolidge on Journalism

President Coolidge, in addressing the National Press Club at the dedication of the club's new building in Washington, spoke on Journalism. His speech was replete with wisdom. Among other things he said: "The press ought to undertake to recapture the dominant position it formerly held as a distributor of current information and a director of public opinion. It ought to contest with our universities as an influence for education and match the pulpit in its support of a high moral standard."

"In no small degree," said he, "you are the keepers of the public conscience. By being servants of the truth you can help to create and support that confidence in our institutions, and in each other, which is the foundation of national progress and prosperity."

The press is a powerful factor in shaping public opinion. The seasoned newspaper man may tell you that the daily press gives the people what is wanted by them—it is meeting a popular demand. And the "cub" reporter echoes glibly what his superior says. But President Coolidge knows that the press, in common with the school and the pulpit, should create standards and point the way, rather than seek the lower levels. We are proud of the American Press, but as yet, it has not begun to measure up to its possibilities. The thoughtful and sincere members of the press will welcome this utterance of the president and profit by it.

* * *

Human Waste

In the interest of thrift and conservation, President Grace of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation is offering a series of gold prizes for the greatest progress made in 1928 toward eliminating human waste caused by preventable accidents. The Bethlehem organization will be divided into groups and a prize of \$1000 offered the group making the best percentage of time lost due to accidents. President Grace, who employs 68,000 men says: "We have made good strides in manufacturing economics during the last few years, but there

still remains much that can be done, especially in further reducing the human and economic waste caused by accidents."

This is a splendid example that other large organizations could follow with profit. Conservation of human material has been given all too little attention. The economic loss alone from preventable accidents is enormous; and the waste of human life and effort is beyond the mind to grasp.

* * *

Salaries and Standards

In commenting upon the meager pay received by teachers in Spain, Arthur Brisbane says: "10,000 school teachers in Spain are paid 58 cents a day. The curse of Spain and the cause of her downfall from great power have been lack of education and substitution for education. The fact that 10,000 Spanish school teachers exist is, however, a hopeful sign even though their pay is a disgrace."

Mr. Brisbane is entirely correct in his comment. Spain, however, is not the only country that suffers because of lack of education. The poor pay received by teachers in whatever country secures to the boys and girls instruction of a very indifferent sort. So too is it in Mexico. Poor pay for teachers, inadequate professional standards, meager educational facilities—all tend toward a low level of intelligence amongst the poorer classes. Indeed, it is lack of equal educational opportunities that tends toward poverty and vice.

* * *

Television Realized

Television has been made a reality. There sat the other day, in a laboratory in London, a man and a woman before an electric eye. A group of people in a darkened cellar in a small town near New York City observed the movements of this man and woman across the ocean, as they turned their heads and shifted from side to side. The report states, "The images were crude, imperfect, broken, but they were images none the less. Man's vision has spanned the ocean; trans-Atlantic television was a demonstrated reality, and one more great dream of

science was on the way to eventual complete realization."

It will be remembered that when the telephone first came into use the transmission was imperfect; it was difficult to understand clearly what was being said. It took time to develop perfection. In the same way with the Victor talking machine and the victrola. The smooth, well-rounded tones were in the beginning harsh and grating. It can be well understood that in the question of television it is a matter of a little time only before the transmission of visual sound will be accomplished with ease. It is stated that the transformed vision of a man and woman in London came through the ether in the form of a bumble bee's hum, or a musical buzz. The wonders of science will never cease.

* * *

School Executive Honored

Mark Keppel, Superintendent of Schools, Los Angeles County, has rounded out 25 years of service as head of the county schools. In an interview in the Los Angeles Times, Mr. Keppel said, "When I took office 25 years ago, the county boasted 15 high schools with 2200 pupils,



Mark Keppel

while today we have 100 such institutions, with more than 180,000 pupils. A quarter of a century ago, we had 1200 teachers in the city and county; today we have 14,500. Then we had 40,000 children in school, while today we have 500,000.

"It cannot be denied," said Mr. Keppel, "that the newspapers and motion pictures are two of the world's greatest agents in the field of education. It is true that our rapid transportation and swift means of communication makes it easier to do wrong and to escape penalty, yet it is foolish to talk about slowing up; nor is it desirable that progress in any line should be abated. Business and industry have out-distanced social, moral

(Continued on Page 93)

Books



Writers

MEXICO AND CENTRAL AMERICA

TWO books for the juvenile reader in home and school are just from the press of F. A. Owen Publishing Company, Danville, New York. These are, "Mexico and Central America," by Harry A. Franck, and "Sentinels of the Sea" by Francis C. Owen.

The first of these books is a geographical reader by a man who has traveled extensively and written of his impressions frequently,—of scenes and customs in foreign lands. "Mexico and Central America" appears most timely. The author says in his foreword, "As children read about our Latin-American neighbors, we feel confident that they will be impressed with the fact that the people of the whole world are one great family; that which effects one nation affects all nations sooner or later and to a greater or less degree. Children, like adults must be led to see that people everywhere have their virtues and their ambitions, their trials and hardships, and that the misfortune, or the prosperity of one country is reflected in other countries far away."

The book carries 23 chapters with numerous maps and half-tone illustrations. The latter are many of them not so clear as they should be for a book of this kind. The text is interesting and the volume is a contribution to the literature of our Southern neighbors. There are 88 pages, with a list price of 96c.

SENTINELS OF THE SEA

THE second book, "Sentinels of the Sea," is a volume in The Young Learner's Library, and is a little out of the ordinary, in that it treats of the whole matter of lighthouses in delightful fashion. The book carries several general sections including Navigation, Lighthouse History, the Lighthouse Service, Fog Signals, The Coast Guard, The Weather Bureau and others. Under each of these sections, there are portions devoted to different themes, such that the reader has a comprehensive idea of the meaning and extent of lighthouse service; how it is maintained, and the

results achieved. Scattered through the book are bits of verse and poems illustrative of the life of the sea, and these themselves are of high literary merit; and the book is illustrated with pictures that have in themselves great teaching value. The cost of the book, 72c, is small as compared with the value of its 130 pages.

THE RIVER AND I

THE author of the book "The River and I," John G. Neihardt, is not unknown as a writer of travel. In this volume he treats of his trip down the Missouri. And a most delightful trip it was. It takes a keen observer to write of a trip of this kind in such manner as to make the story attractive as well as informational, and Mr. Neihardt has succeeded in doing both.

"I have come," he says, "to look upon the Missouri as something more than a stream of muddy water. It gave me my first big boy dream. It was my ocean." And again he says, "The Missouri is more than a sentiment—even more than an epoch." And thus he goes on in a phraseology reflecting at once the scholar, the observer, the scientist and the philosopher.

In eight chapters the author carries us along with his companions in his floating home down the wonderful Missouri, giving many pen pictures of scenery and life along the way. The book abounds in half-tone illustrations of views that in themselves give a decidedly good impression of conditions as they were found. Among the chapters of special interest are those entitled, "Sixteen Miles of Awe," "Half-Way to the Moon," "On to the Yellowstone," and others.

The careful reader may gain from the volume an excellent idea of the country through which the river flows and to which it is tributary; and of the commercial and industrial significance of the region. The book is an enlargement of an account written in 1908, which ran as a serial in Putnam's Magazine, and later appeared in book form. The present volume is one of 200 pages, and is quoted at \$3.00. Other works of Mr.

Neihardt include "The Song of Hugh Glass," "The Quest," "Collected Poems," and various other works.

CAMEOS

By NANCY BUCKLEY

NANCY BUCKLEY has a way with her —which means that she gives to her work a charm that makes criticism difficult, and nearly always unnecessary.

Normal man's enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and his experience of love is spontaneous, and therefore, when the poet, in Cameos, has given us so much of the real glory of the world, what else can the most hardened critic say but *thank you!*

A bird sings because it must, and Nancy Buckley's muse is as effortless, and very often as bewitching. She loves wide spaces, but also has a tenderness for narrow winding lanes and small, homely houses. She runs to greet the large-hearted, but dances with the little people as one of them. She is rich in shining, young simplicities, and is delighted to share her heart's opulence with others. She tells us in one of her delicate, shimmering poems that she "*likes to remember a thousand beautiful things*" and in another, that she has "*seen beauty in strange places*." Throughout her work we discover how fragrant and transparent her memories are. Nearly every poem has the lightness, the beauty, and the importance of a sigh of ecstasy,—and from them I single out as prime favorites: Gypsy Heart, Kerry Glen, Homesick, Vagabond, Crossroads, Innisfail, My Little House, When I Am Old, Indifference and Prayer.

Some poets beautifully remember what they once felt; but Nancy Buckley is still experiencing the delight she puts into her singing, and for this happy reason, her poetry is more a heart-impelled expression of the joy of life than its measured explanation.

Her poems tell me that the best way to live one's life is to enjoy it to the full, to love it for God's and our neighbor's sake, and to give thanks. Of course she is supremely right.

ARMEL O'CONNOR.

HONORE WILSIE MORROW

HONORE WILSIE MORROW, whose admirable novels, *ON TO OREGON*, *WE MUST MARCH*, and that excellent story of Lincoln, *FOREVER FREE*, are delighting readers has brought into the present a man who belonged in this day, but who was so much in advance of the time in which he lived that he was ridiculed as an impractical failure. Amos Bronson Alcott was appreciated by few, one of the few being Ralph Waldo Emerson. Alcott's ideas

of education, worked out in the face of opposition and harsh criticism, are today generally accepted. Alcott and his family suffered a long martyrdom, and their poverty was relieved only when one of the daughters, Louisa, found sale for her stories.

LITTLE WOMEN, *LITTLE MEN*, *EIGHT COUSINS*, *ROSE IN BLOOM*, and the rest of Louisa May Alcott's stories for young people hold their place, a part of every girl's reading, it is to be hoped. They are apparently more widely read now than a dozen years ago. Mrs. Morrow, realizing that lovers of the daughter will be interested in the educational ideas of the father, has entitled her book *THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN*. She has probably done a larger work than merely writing the life of a man who has not received the recognition he deserves, for she has called attention to his many volumes of journals which may now receive the attention of students of education. The ideas which he worked out in his own school and sought to disseminate from the lecture platform have their message for present-day thinkers. Those, however, who avoid research or heavy biography have no need to turn from Mrs. Morrow's attractive volume. She does not write as a professor of pedagogy, but as one who calls others to delve into the wealth hidden in sixty volumes of journals kept by a philosopher whom Emerson called "the most extraordinary man and the highest genius of his time." Little, Brown and Company have put out the books in a pleasing volume with good print and wide margins.

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

IMMIGRATION CROSSROADS

"IMMIGRATION CROSSROADS," by Constantine Panunzio, Professor of Social Economics, Whittier College, The Macmillan Co., price \$2.50.

Constantine Panunzio, who writes on immigration, now Professor of Social Economics at Whittier College, landed in this country when 18 years of age with 50 cents in his pocket. In his book he points out in a plain manner that the present drastic restrictive immigration measures have not accomplished their purpose. "Immigration Crossroads" brings out clearly the point that immigrants should be admitted because of their personal qualities and not because of any special qualities possessed by the country from which they come. Professor Panunzio gives many facts and figures to prove that the immigrant question is far from settled, and that much wrong has been done to the foreigners by those who were born in the

United States, but whose parents were among the poorest immigrants.

Some of these, the author shows, think themselves true-blooded Americans, and do all in their power to keep all immigrants away, simply because they happened to be born in a poor country, or in a land other than that of Caucasian. In reality, it is shown, the United States would benefit to a great extent if some of these immigrants were allowed to enter.

Panunzio, while maintaining and proving all these facts, insists, however, that he is, to a certain degree, an advocate of restriction. "But," he says, "the problem must be developed out of broad far-sighted and scientifically grounded views of national and international, social and economic progress and human welfare," and not from a standpoint of prejudice, as is often done and has been done, he shows, with the 1924 law.

CARL W. GROSS

THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE

"THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA," by Thomas A. Tallmadge, Fellow, American Institute of Architects, W. W. Norton & Co., 311 pages, \$3.50. This is a most worthy treatment of an intensely interesting subject. The science of architecture coupled with art has had a tremendous development in the past few years. The architect today has taken the place of the builder of yesterday. There are tremendous engineering problems involved in architects' work. Tallmadge has written a book popular in character, but thoroughly scholarly and scientific. The book is not a catalog of buildings, but gives outstanding examples extending through the various periods. There are numerous full-page illustrations to make clear the text. It is a book that will be welcomed by architect and general reader alike.

THE STORY OF MUSIC

"THE STORY OF MUSIC," an historical sketch of the changes in musical form, by Paul Bekker, author of "Wagner," "Beethoven," etc. Translation by M. D. Herter Norton and Alice Kozachak, W. W. Norton and Company, 311 pages. Price \$3.50. There have, during the last few years been numerous books put upon the market devoted to music. The volume under consideration is a contribution to the literature of that subject. The author treats his theme in the most human way appreciating as he does the importance of music in the life of the people.

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CHICAGO

Luther Burbank

(Continued from Page 80)

the fruit would be ruined before it reached its destination. He then developed the seedless plum and other fruits that could be transported. Various results follow upon such work as this—results that have a marked effect upon the industrial and financial aspects of our civilization, thus influencing our economic structure. By securing fruits that will permit of shipment, refrigeration is stimulated and commerce and manufacture influenced.

Some years ago Mr. Burbank put out a new variety of wheat. The farmers have found that this variety yields 20 per cent more grain than will any other, save perhaps some Italian wheats. Similarly, there is increase in yield in various vegetables and cereals and fruits. As the mind begins to dwell upon the results of the work of this man, there seems no limit to the possibilities.

The Burbank thirteen-acre Goldridge Experiment Farm was located by him at Sebastopol. This proved the world's greatest laboratory for the conducting of experiments in plant selection and improvement. The home place at Santa Rosa was also used in a similar way. Here is found the old homestead, as well as the late, more modern residence of Mr. Burbank. In the office on the Santa Rosa place was carried on all work in connection with his correspondence, writing and the like. A catalog of the experiments and exhibits and an inventory of the different lines of work would fill a volume.

There are at Goldridge quince trees bearing 260 new varieties of fruit, pears bearing 200 new varieties, cherry trees carrying 600 new varieties on only 454 individual trees. Two thousand new varieties of plums are grown on three-fourths that number of trees. There are select varieties of roses in abundance, and daisies, hibiscus, cannas, perennialasters and numerous other wonderful flowers. The original giant Royal hybrid walnut tree has for the past fifteen years paid 6% interest annually in nuts and grafts on an investment of \$10,000. There are artichokes and white blackberries and New Zealand flax, and a thousand and one other fruits and vegetables, shrubs, plants and flowers, bearing new and large and luscious varieties. To say nothing of spineless cactus, white and all-fruit blackberries, giant garlic and prunes in abundance. All of which gives some little idea of the wide range of Mr. Burbank's activities in creating and improving species.

"Can you forecast, Mr. Burbank, what results will be found at the end of the road as coming from this work of yours on improvement of varieties? You have given a lifetime to plant improvement. As you look ahead, what will this type of work mean to the world in the next one hundred years?" And then came from Mr. Burbank a sentence of a dozen words more significant and meaningful than contained in many a long treatise and bearing upon the results of his labors. *"The world's food supply will feed one-third more people than now."*

A sidelight on the remarkable capacity of the man for work was at one time given the writer by Mr. Burbank. His work in the gardens and fields and the calls made upon him for conferences and in other ways, left him scant time for constructive writing. It was a somewhat common custom for him at times to place beside his bed on retiring a pad of paper and a large soft pencil. In the early morning at 3 or 4 o'clock Mr. Burbank would awaken, and not daring to expose his arms while writing, he would write on the pad with a large stub pencil under the covers. By running his left thumb down the pad as a guide as he wrote, following the completion of each line a proper start could be made on the next line. While the conditions under which this writing was done was not conducive to excellent penmanship, both Mr. and Mrs. Burbank had learned to translate satisfactorily. Here was a lesson in determination and hunger for accomplishment that would be difficult to equal.

One may be so close to a personality or enterprise that, through loss of balance or lack of perspective, he may be unaware of the real significance of that enterprise or the true worth of that enterprise or the true worth of that individual. Again, one may be standing afar off, so absorbed in the little daily round of existence as to be blind and deaf to great happenings. To fully appreciate the contribution that Luther Burbank made to the world, one must have known him, must study his work and ponder in quiet. As one talked with the man, listened and observed and analyzed, one was persuaded that in the confines of quiet Santa Rosa dwelt one of the world's great benefactors. No kind of financier was Burbank; no captain of industry; no master statesman; no artist of voice or brush or pen; no military

hero ne. What then was the secret of the Man's greatness?

As we left his serene and hospitable home, and found our way down toward the throbbing city with its surging, anxious multitudes, its ceaseless comings and goings, its industry and manufacture and barter and transportation and strife, then came deep down in consciousness an understanding that after all, it was there at quiet Santa Rosa among his flowers and fruits, that Burbank endowed the world. He dealt with vital and elemental things. His was a fundamental work. The fruits of his painstaking and unselfish years of labor are daily reflected in the comforts and satisfactions experienced by men and women everywhere.

REDWOOD CANYONS

(Continued from Page 86)

exist in this era of specific civilization?

A greater blessing shall be yours who say, "Live forever, sequoias, in our land of peace."

A greater glory shall be yours when later generations stand in these redwood forests of the Far West, listening, listening to the voices murmuring through the moving branches. Feeling the pulse-beat of the wilderness sound in the mighty breast of the Cathedral Tree.

In the quietude of the redwood canyons, in the tinkle of the redwood hills, in the shadows of the winding trails of the redwood ridges, BEAUTIFUL CONTENTMENT is spread like incense on the tall-spired gracious heights of the western mountains, where the fog billows rest on the forest breast, and the great trees point their green fringe through the white cloud drape!

THE POETS' SCROLL

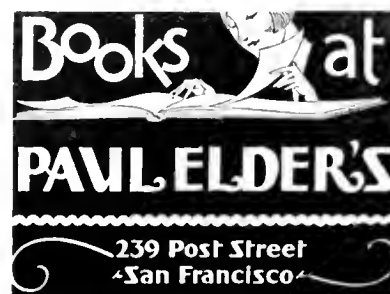
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From Sea to Sea

(Continued from Page 79)

hardly be happier than they now appear to the tourist's eyes. In the West, the land is dear and tends to be dearer; while there, the reverse holds sway. If the introduction of canneries and higher wages would subtract from their content, it would seem almost a pity to disturb it, just as it seems almost a sacrilege to hurry through their peaceful villages.

The "middle-man" too is not required by them. The country people are largely self-supporting, and where they are not, old barter customs hold. The peasant who supplies the butter, for instance, will distribute his produce and refill his emptied basket with other necessities before returning home. And the man who slaughters sheep will be able to supply a whole village and not want for shoes, or wine, or fowls.

THE beauty of the mountain roads repeat themselves many times during the run from sea to sea. The one winding up from Eaux-Bonnes by means of many hair-pin turns to Col d'Aubisque is but one of many which cause you to hold your breath for more reasons than one. You see only shepherds' huts by way of habitation until over the pass, where there is another view of the far heights, rearing their heads to the silence of the snow-line. Dipping valley-wards once more is only a short respite before climbing a yet higher point. Past Argeles and Pierrefitte, to which you say another mental: "Au revoir," you land in Cauterets, almost breathless from the air and beauty of the mountain-top.

It is a good plan to stay awhile in Cauterets, and from there, visit the ice-fields of Garvarnie.

Perhaps the most wonderful day of the whole trip across is covered between Cauterets and Luchon. It is then that the highest ascents are made, from which you glimpse the full glories of the Maladetta, the Nethou, Poseta and the glaciers. In old school books, the Maladetta is still accounted the highest peak of the Pyrenees, but the other two have been explored since, putting it about a thousand feet in the shade.

Many tourists stop over at Bagneres de Bigorre before going on to Luchon, in order to make side trips, such as to Lourdes, intensely interesting; to Pau, with its marvelous Chateau, and other resorts.

Now up, now down, you pass through many villages, threaded like multi-colored beads on a white ribbon. From the valley, the houses on the mountain-sides

appear to be pictures hung on a wall while some of the streams are spanned by bridges so light, that they appear as if they should be taken in at night and stacked up, like garden chairs.

Luchon stands on the border-line of the two countries, and here, it is essential to break the journey, for Superbagnères must be visited, for its view of the glaciers; also Lac d'oo, a lake perched high, and almost as beautifully situated as Tahoe is in the Sierras.

There are such beautiful walks to be made from Luchon, that the traveler's heads eastward once more with great regret. All too soon the head of the valley is reached again, towns lie at your feet; the oxen appear like Noah's Ark toys, stiff and small from such an extremely superior position.

Through St. Giron to Aulus-les-Bains you go, from there to Foix, a large city, slightly off the "Route des Pyrénées," past Ussat-les-Bains to Ax-les-Thermes, with its churches, fine buildings and multiple hotels. From here again, there is much to see; another mountain lake, near the Pic de Carlit, one of the lesser heights, for by now the highest have been left to the west of you. An excursion must be made to the "Escaldes" and to the large caves of Puymorans, of which many interesting tales are told.

THE whole way across, there are innumerable salutary baths and waters supposed to be a cure for various ills. Thues-les-Bains and Canaveille-les-Bains lie on the road to Vernet, which with Amelie-les-Bains, form the last important stopping places.

After that, the hills drop towards the sea once more, and it must be a tremendously impressed little party which descends at Cerbere, somewhat stiff-kneed, perhaps, but with a consciousness almost reeling with beauty.

Apart from agricultural industries there are also marble quarries among the mountains, such as the famous works at Vitry. Gleaming marble stones shining through the lapping water of mountain streams. There were several monasteries and convents. Every village has its ball court for the game of Pelota, and in larger places important matches are played.

The scenery is happily but little spoiled by unsightly advertisements, although the plain "BYRRH" placard appears near any settlement. There is only one slope of the mountains on the

whole route which is at all bare, the
est is green pasture, or much cultivated
nd in many cases, well-wooded.

Banyuls-sur-Mer is a good resting
place before taking the rail up to Per-
ignan, thence on to Narbonne and Car-
assonne. This last, with its ancient fort-
ed walls, is so unique as to need a story
o itself, or many of them. The main
ne back to Paris can be joined at Tou-
ouse, or taken at Bayonne, after jour-
neying westwards in order to take in
important places such as Lourdes and
au. For no visitor can afford to
eglect these, even if making but a super-
cial tour of these gorgeous Pyrenees
mountains.

THE ART OF PAPER MAKING (Continued from Page 81)

ers or enamels were the response. The
most detail in halftone plate can be
reserved in printing on these papers,
the manufacture of which every mi-
croscopic irregularity in the surface of
the paper is filled with an impalpable
China clay, fixed with casein, a glue
made from milk. By calendering, a
surface almost glass-like is produced.
The great advantage of paper of this
ype lies in its receptiveness to very fine
nd light impressions. Its principal ob-
jections are its reflecting quality, mak-
ing it rather hard on the eyes in any
ontinuous reading, and the brittleness
ue to the coating. These have been
et in some measure by the introduction
f duller coatings and ivory and India
ints and by the making of special sheets
escribed as folding enamels.

There is a paper for every conceivable
se; there has to be, for without it,
ur modern civilization would collapse,
r at least stand still.

Paper and printing combine to ad-
ance and perpetuate the records of our
eeds, our arts and our business. A sub-
stitute has never been found, and in this
eneration at least it will not be dis-
covered.

MR. GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM of
G. P. Putnam's Son, well known
ublisher, has recently been a guest at
many functions in California. Mr. Put-
nam, who is a noted explorer, has spent
much time in the north, especially in
the region of Baffin Bay. Mr. Putnam
poke before the Commonwealth Club,
and was the guest of honor of the Book
sellers' Association of San Francisco at
an affair arranged by the secretary, Mr.
Paul Elder. Mr. Putnam has collected
a vast fund of information regarding
the north, and his audiences listen to him
with delight and profit.

EVENTS HERE AND THERE

(Continued from Page 88)

and educational progress; and that be-
ing the case, it is up to us to speed up
our educational and social problem.

"When I was a boy compulsory
education was not known in Cali-
fornia. Today every youth between
8 and 16 years must attend school at
least 170 days in each year. There
is no excuse for a boy or girl not re-
ceiving an education. Moreover, al-
though our natural resources have de-
creased somewhat, there never were
so many opportunities for the advance-
ment of youth. Altogether people are
becoming cleaner, saner, happier and
better."

*Few public school officials in the
United States are better or more favor-
ably known than is Mark Keppel. The
opportunities for service in the county
superintendency today are greater than
are those in almost any other branch of
the educational service. Mr. Keppel is
a man of clear vision, fearlessness, and
progressive. He has been responsible for
more far-reaching legislation than has
any other person in California. He has
contended fearlessly and with success for
higher professional standards, more mod-
ern courses of study, a lengthened school
year, increased salaries for teachers, re-
tirement allowances, teacher tenure, a
better financed school system, and other
important advances. To him more than
to any one else, is due the credit for the
enactment of constitutional amendment
No. 16 which brought with it equal edu-
cational opportunities. He is known the
nation over for his knowledge of the
problems of school finance and for his
championship of the cause of childhood.
His work as President of the California
Teachers' Association and California
Council of Education is spoken of every-
where with admiration and approval.*

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By

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OUR NEW BOTANIC GARDEN (Continued from Page 85)

of these plant collecting parties is headed by botanical experts familiar with the flora of the localities in which they are working. The newly completed herbarium at Mandeville Canyon is also being rapidly stocked with reference material, secured through gift and purchase.

With the records before us of the achievements of other notable botanic gardens, there can be no reason why the California Botanic Garden shall not come to be regarded in a few years as one of the most important institutions in the west. To Kew, the British owe their success in securing the monopoly on rubber. And again to the work of this garden can be attributed the rehabilitation of Egypt, after French colonization had failed, through the introduction of a variety of cotton that utilized wasted Nile waters and became a commodity with a world market. The gardens of Berlin, New York, Brooklyn, St. Louis, Ceylon, the Philippines and many more, have likewise contributed much of importance.

The west's need for scientific plant research, which involves not only genetics or plant breeding, but a study of the soil, climate and conditions pertinent to their cultivation, can well be appreciated when one considers that in the southwestern states alone there is estimated to be three hundred and fifty million acres of arid lands. Valuable forage and economic plants have been produced in other countries on land under conditions almost identical to those prevailing in the Southwest. Such possibilities are unlimited.

With the coming development of the Colorado River, a vast portion of the now arid desert will be added to our productive acreage. Imperial Valley is a world renowned example of the amazing fertility of this desert soil when favored with available irrigation, although as yet the full capabilities of the area are unknown. As an instance, coffee experiments are now being conducted near Holtville with a species of Mocha brought from India. The results to date are promising.

We in America use but 300 economic plants grown within our country, as against China's 3000 and Europe's 1200. From this alone it would appear that there is room for us to devote considerable attention to botanic research. Glancing over California, the botanist says we are growing too many crops which are grown far more economically in less temperate regions and on chacier lands. So will the garden operate for our economic good.

And viewing all the needs for the

work of a botanical garden, as well as its service to education and economics, must not be overlooked that by its contributions in decorative flora to the many communities it will serve, the California Botanic Garden will become one of the Pacific Coast's most notable cultural assets as well.

BOOKS AND WRITERS (Continued from Page 94)

He traces the development of music from early time when instruments were primitive, and methods simple down to the present. There are chapters devoted to instrumental harmony and to such musical masters as Bach, Handel, Mozart, Wagner and others. The full page illustrations of a number of the outstanding musicians of the past and present adds much to the value of the book.

CHILDHOOD IN BRITTANY

"A CHILDHOOD IN BRITTANY EIGHT YEARS AGO," by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, illustrations by Paul Leslie Houghton-Mifflin Company, 224 pages. Brittany has always been a land of romance. The author is enabled to bring to the reader some delightful and accurate pen pictures of the life, manners and customs of Brittany and quaint Quimper where she was born. The memories given by the author are based many of them upon conversations she has had in her own tongue with an old French friend. One has a much better idea of Breton and the French life of that region by reading these intensely interesting stories which are illustrated with the most dainty drawings and etchings imaginable, artistic in the highest degree. This volume on a "Childhood in Brittany" will bring delight to many a reader.

CALIFORNIA POETS

California is not devoid of poets. We have before us a little volume entitled "THE SEARCH AND OTHER POEMS," by Henry Meade Bland, from the press of the General Printing Co., San Jose. Mr. Bland has collected in this book some of the most delightful poems including together with "The Search," "The Pioneers" which is reprinted from the "Book of Poetry," edited by Edwin Markham, "Under the Redwoods," "In Yosemite" and other well-known verses from one who has done much to advance the cause of literature in the West. There are a number of full-page half tones of Yosemite Falls, El Capitan, and other views that add to the interest of the little volume.

Cristel Hastings, author of "Here and There in the Yosemite" put out soon.

(Continued on Page 95)

JEWELS AND GEMS IN PRIMITIVE SETTINGS

(Continued from Page 78)

Jet is a form of pitch-coal and is called black amber by the Prussian amber diggers, when it is found in sand and gravel beds. It is electrical when rubbed and is capable of being cut and carved and of receiving a high polish. The largest quantities of jet are obtained from France, on the coast of eastern England in the neighborhood of Whitby, and also in Alberta and New Brunswick, Canada.

The Whitby jet, which is perhaps the finest, is found at Whitby, in Yorkshire, and when obtained is mixed with fragments of bituminized wood of coniferous trees. Spanish jet is also very fine and is found in the province of Alturias. Though jet is covered with a hard blue-brown shell which is removed with files and the jet sawed in pieces of the required size. It is then made into rosary beads, crosses, earrings, bracelets, beads and other ornaments.

Jade, a greenish hard mineral, is found in China, America and New Zealand, and was taken to Europe by the Spaniards who found it in Mexico. It includes chiefly two species, jadeite and nephrite, and is particularly valued by the Chinese who use it for ornamental purposes. The workmanship of the Chinese makes it more valuable. The stone was in use in prehistoric times and was used for weapons and utensils. The Chinese and the Spaniards both considered it a lucky stone and at one time it was forbidden for any one but royalty to wear it in India under penalty of death. Real jade is just a little oily and cannot be scratched with a penknife; it is not transparent and the nearer it is to the emerald in appearance the more valuable it is. Besides green jade there is mauve, white and pink. The shades of green are described as lettuce, apple, grass and pea green but the rarest has a white appearance tinged with faint pink throughout. The emerald appearing white is called imperial, and a silvery white is called camphor.

Custom has made the wearing of some kind of ornament mandatory and though modes may change, from the beginning of time, a variation of personal ornamentation has been an interesting part of the apparel.

As we go to press, a large number of Pacific Coast educators are en route to Boston to attend the annual meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association. The San Francisco desires to enter in the 1929 session.

BOOKS AND WRITERS
(Continued from Page 94)

time ago a little volume entitled, "Alta California." This is a story in rhyme of the Golden West and pictures the changes that have been brought about from the early days down to the present. There is brought before the reader the life in early California, the Spanish period, preceded by the Reign of the Redman, and then following other epochs such as the mining days, the industrial development of modern times and etc. The book is done in a most admirable way.

EDWIN MARKHAM is the winner in the contest for poems about leaders, given under the auspices of the American section of the Poetry Society of Great Britain. There were many contestants in this contest, of which Mrs. William A. Bartlett acted as chairman of the Premiums Committee. It is interesting to note that Professor Henry Meade Bland was given fifth place in the contest. Many of the outstanding poets of the nation participated. The poem written by Mr. Markham, and for which a prize of \$100 was given in a contest of over 600 poems submitted, is entitled "The Leader," and is as follows:

Earth listens for the coming of his feet;
The hushed Fates lean expectant from their seat.
He will be calm and reverent and strong,
And, carrying in his words the fire of song,
Will send a hope upon these weary men,
A hope to make the heart grow young again,
A cry to comrades scattered and afar;
Be constellated, star by circling star;
Give to all mortals justice and forgive;
License must die that liberty may live.
Let love shine through the fabric of the State—
Love deathless, Love whose other name is Fate.
Fear not: we cannot fail—
The Vision will prevail.
Truth in the Oath of God, and, sure and fast,
Through Death and Hell holds onward to the last.

A DELIGHTFUL luncheon was recently given at the Saint Francis Hotel, San Francisco, complimentary to Mr. Richard Halliburton, successful author and traveler. Mr. Halliburton is known best for his two volumes, "The Royal Road to Romance" and "The Glorious Adventure." The luncheon was sponsored by Mr. Halliburton's

(Continued on Page 96)

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THE ART OF BOOK MAKING

(Continued from Page 83)

tions of the classics in all languages put into beautiful book form by local firms. Be it said to their credit that they do not overlook the good things written by Western writers. The world at large is indebted to the fine printers for the preservation of many toasts, poems, essays and speeches of contemporaneous literati for generations yet to come.

With Van Dyke let us agree that "books are our substantial world," and try to realize the value of a rare gem in conception of thought, inspiringly told, and made permanent by all of the arts used in creating a fine book. Such a companion never grows tiresome. It has no moods and is always ready for a quiet hour of contemplation, rest and study.

BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 96)

publishers, Bobbs-Merrill of Indianapolis, and all local arrangements and invitations cared for by Paul Elder of San Francisco. Following the luncheon, a distinguished group of writers, editors, newspaper people, book sellers and literary folk generally listened with interest to a splendid address by Mr. Halliburton. Preliminary remarks were made by Mr. Elder. Mr. Halliburton was presented with a most timely and graceful speech by Mr. George Douglas of the Bulletin.

EVENTS HERE AND THERE

(Continued from Page 93)

S. P.'s Parking Stations

IT is noted that plans are in progress for the installation of free automobile parking stations for the benefit of patrons of the Southern Pacific Company adjacent to their depots. "We hope," says Mr. F. S. McGinnis, Traffic Passenger Manager, "that this will eliminate any delay or inconvenience to the motorist who drives from his home to the railway station."

Progress is the order of the day. The automobile in revolutionizing not only traffic in particular but the construction of hotels, apartment houses and homes. It is a problem not merely in cities, but in towns and villages to know what to do with the automobile when not in the garage. This forward move by the Southern Pacific is most suggestive. It will eventually mean that many thousand acres of land adjoining railroad property will be utilized for parking purposes.

THE James D. Phelan Poetry Contest called forth such a response that the judges were well nigh overwhelmed. Two of the three judges have completed their work. The manuscripts are now in the hands of the third judge, Edwin Markham.

We hope those who submitted poems in the contest will appreciate the tremendous task imposed on these judges. It not infrequently happens that in a contest of this study of manuscripts and rendering of decision is a matter of months, or of even a year or two. We hope, however, to be able soon to give to the columns of Overland information as to the successful poems.

THE second annual Book Fair in San Francisco will be held at the Mark Hopkins Hotel February 27th-March 3rd. This will consist of a loan exhibit of fine books executed by experts and printed on hand presses. In addition, the book shops will lend from their private collections, thus adding to the value of the exhibit. Among the features will be a notable graphic display upon the walls, showing examples of fine printing, and especially many of the broadsides that are sent out at the Christmas season.

The entire exhibit, both books and graphic art, is non-commercial. Nothing is to be sold. The books exhibited will be in cases under glass, and treated as museum units, and no catalog issued. It will be recalled that of the ten recognized finest printers in the United States, four of these are located in San Francisco, all of whom have come into national prominence.

Mr. Samuel T. Farquhar, who writes the "What's What" in the book page for the San Francisco Chronicle, will give special attention to the books, while Mr. T. C. MacCormick of the Zellerbach Paper Company, will devote himself particularly to the graphic art. The entire exhibit is under direction of Mrs. Frona Eunice Wait Colburn. The Book Fair will open in the Room of the Dons, Mark Hopkins Hotel, February 27th, and continue until Saturday, March 3.

ATTENTION is called to the announcement on the outside back cover of this issue of "Overland," setting forth that the June issue will feature the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of "Overland." This anniversary number will be much sought after. In our April and May issues there will appear coupons

for the convenience of those who desire to procure additional copies for themselves or copies to send to friends.

Some most attractive features are planned not only for the anniversary number, but for the issues throughout the year. The May "Overland" will feature the opportunities for sightseeing, travel, recreation, resorts and the out-of-doors generally. The vacation period is much used for travel and sightseeing throughout the entire West, and the May issue placed in the hands of Easterners will aid them materially in shaping itineraries and the proper selection of places to visit.

Another number will in the near future carry interesting material relative to the development of thrift and conservation throughout the schools. The "Overland" has been selected as the official publication for the California Association for Education in Thrift and Conservation.



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Men, here's that long looked for freedom from tight belts and unsightly suspenders. Here's a little "wrinkle" that does its job of supporting the trousers far better than any sort of harness you have ever worn. With all clothing loose at waist, and the trousers hung correctly—from the shoulders—what more comfortable, healthful means of support could be found?

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(Dr. Cates' Patent)

Holds your shirt down, too; and trousers hang trimly at the waist and instep.

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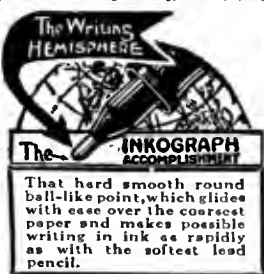
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I received my Inkograph with which I am writing this letter. I have purchased at least one dozen ink pencils. Yours seems to be the only one that gives me perfect satisfaction. I believe you have solved the problem of the perfect writing instrument. Dr. Richard T. McLaury, Dunkirk, Ind.

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Gave pen thorough tryout. Enclosed find sample of work I had it perform. Have been using pencil. Never got entire satisfaction. Hard pencil makes original too pale and soft pencil makes poor copy. I am highly pleased. S. M. Cooper, Inquiry Division, P. O. South Bend, Ind.

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It sure has improved my hand writing—I never took home any medals for penmanship but I can almost read my own writing since I got this pen. M. F. Johnson, Medina, Wis.

I want to thank you for the return of my Inkograph pen, which you repaired for me. I feel rather lost without this pen in my pocket. I prefer it to any pen I ever carried principally because of the ease with which one can write with it, not having to be careful whether one slide the pen to the North, East, South or West, it flows freely in all directions. Wm. B. Brown, New York, N. Y.

Received my Inkograph and same is filling a long-felt want. Kindly send two more of the same style by parcel post collect as soon as possible. Theodore Priestley, Akron, Ohio.

I bought one of your pens a year ago. You sure build the best pen on the market to my notion. Frank R. Ellsworth, Fargo, N. D.

I wouldn't take \$5.00 for the pen I am writing this letter with. I have a good fountain pen but don't write any more with it. I am proud of the Inkograph and that I can say this to you and mean every word of it. R. H. Wilson, Beckley, W. Va.

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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

THE year 1928 marks an epoch in the history of the Overland Monthly. Established in 1868, the present year is the Sixtieth Anniversary of the magazine, of which Bret Harte was the first Editor. It is fitting, therefore, that attention should be focused upon the event. To that end, the June issue of Overland Monthly will be an Anniversary Number, unique in many ways.

In addition to a wealth of the best modern fiction, this Anniversary Number will carry numerous attractive features that will be looked forward to with interest by Overland Monthly readers; and that will make the issue valued and treasured in years to come. During these sixty years there have been tremendous developments in California and on the Coast in the fields of industry, of commerce, of manufacture, of trade and transportation, of agriculture and horticulture, of mining, and in fact of every activity. This Anniversary Number will show graphically in text and pictures what this development has been, and indicate something of the possibilities for the future.

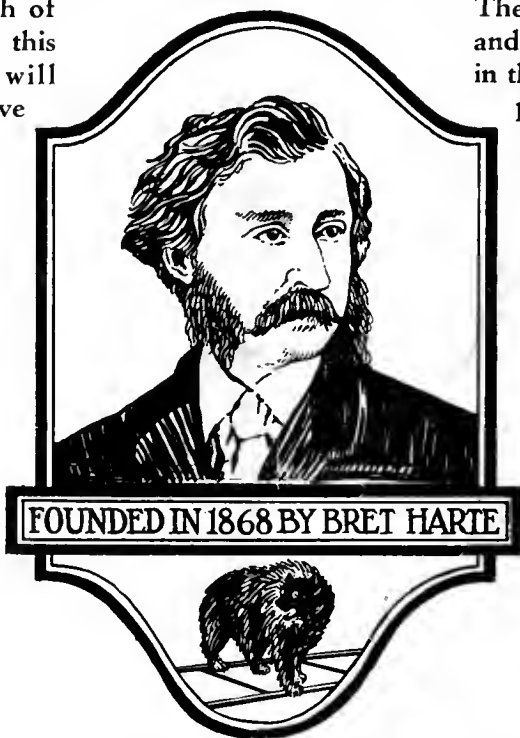
The great West, untrammelled by tradition, has, during these six decades, been able to blaze new trails such as would have been impossible in any other section. Road construction has been carried to a point reached nowhere else; the development of

hydro-electric energy, of literature and the arts, of education in all its phases, a widespread library system — these and other matters have been so far developed as to cause favorable comment on the part of people everywhere.

The great out-of-doors will be featured with its parks and playgrounds; and the opportunities for travel, sight-seeing and sports and pastimes given full attention.

The real makers of California and the Coast will have place in the number. And the part played by commercial and business houses in building up the West will not be overlooked. In fact, this Anniversary Number of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine will be a compendium and reference work for people at home and at a distance. A glamor attaches to the days of '49 and to those early Argonauts who blazed the trails to the West. There is recurring interest in the Russian colonization,

the Spanish regime, the discovery of gold, the voyage around the Horn, the completion of the first trans-continental railroad, the cultivation of the great valleys, the building of cities, the development of manufacturing and trade and commerce by land and water. And now with the Pacific at the front door of the Continent, and the eyes of the world upon this coast, we may well look forward to an era of prosperity.



June Issue - - Sixtieth Anniversary

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MONTHLY

FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



Vol. LXXXVI

APRIL, 1928

No. 4

PRICE 25 CENTS
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VIRGINIA L. TAYLOR

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The magazine is for sale on selected News Stands in San Francisco and Los Angeles. It is also found in the Book Departments of many of the leading Department Stores.

Attention is drawn to the announcement in this issue, page 115, of the winners in the Overland Poetry Contest. Prizes for the winners in this contest were made possible through a generous donation from Honorable James D. Phelan.

On outside back cover of the current number will be found statement regarding the forthcoming 60th anniversary issue, the "Overland Monthly" having been established in 1868 with Bret Harte as first editor.

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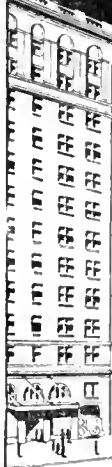
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OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME LXXXVI

APRIL, 1928

NUMBER 4

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Contents of this issue and all back issues of Overland may be found in "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" at any library in the United States.

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Absolution

I KNOW a hill that is pine-grown,
It is stone-set and wind-blown;
And there sometimes I stand
When the sky holds the slanting light,
And I let the brown land
Shrive me clean;
And the sea
Wash out the old worn pain;
And the trees
Absolve me of my stain;
So beauty clears my sight
And I am free
On my hill transformed by purity.

LELIA HILL LYTLE.

High Tide

THE spray leaps up above the cliff's stern face;
The rocks resist the onslaught of the sea;
They range themselves against their enemy;
Each one remains in its appointed place
And bears the blows that for a little space
Fall thick and fast and strike remorselessly.
The land they guard is in security,
Though fierce and angry waves come on apace.

A swishing sound like steel on clashing steel
Is heard amid the tumult of the fray.
The deep-toned thunder's rolling, peal on peal,
Resounds above the impact of the spray.
The roar of waters in the caves reveal
How nature's forces strive to have their way.

BELLE WILLEY GUE



OVERLAND MONTHLY

and
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APR 1 1927

Interwoven Mysticism of Oriental Art Objects

By Lelia Ayer Mitchell

Author of Jewels and Gems in Primitive Settings, Etc.

DID you ever pause in front of a window in which you saw a fascinating bit of the Orient and wondered what significance was attached to each queer but artistic object: the fat bronze Buddha squatting on a lotus leaf, the pair of Mandarin ducks, or the designs on the blue jars in which grew dwarfed cypresses?

In some we recognize the religious influence, in others designs of nature: fruit, flowers, trees and plants. Then there are birds and animals and butterflies, while around the whole lies a subtle mysticism. Developed to the fullest artistic beauty, these art objects and motives, with their interpretations, have become an intricate part of the legendary art of the far East.

India, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, Greece, China and Japan have all contributed from their realm of traditional designs. The first primitive people chiseled in stone forms to represent some meaning which they wished to convey. Twenty-eight hundred years before the Christian era, Orientals wove into their rugs many interesting creations of nature; the lotus, vines, roses, palm leaves and trees. Interwoven with symbolisms, these motives adorn many of the art objects of the ancient countries.

From India and China we have eight familiar objects of art which are associated with the doctrines of Buddha and which appear as decorative designs on the porcelains of China and Japan: the lotus, fish, knot, umbrella, canopy, jar, conch, and the wheel of the law.

The lotus was first used to signify the sun; for it opens at the first rays of the sun and closes when the sun goes

down. It is often called the "Flower of Life," in the sacred books of India,



Many examples of decorative art in China and India derive their significance from the doctrine of Buddha. Sitting upon the Lotus Flower, Buddha is a familiar figure.

which speak of the gods as springing from the wheel-like form of the lotus. The eight petals represent the spokes which signify the perpetual cycle of existence. Buddha is seen everywhere on objects of art, sitting upon the lotus flower. At funerals the lotus is carried before the procession to express the hope that the departed may enter into the

"Paradise of the Lotus Seat."

In Japan, the Fuji-no-Yama Mountain, rising with eight distinct depressions around its crater, is spoken of as the "Mountain of the Heavenly Lotus." The lotus is the most used of all of the oriental rug motives and signifies new life and immortality.

Fish, also seen on porcelains, signify of restraint; and as they are believed to swim about in pairs they suggest the thought of harmony. The Knot, without beginning or end, is an emblem of longevity.

The Umbrella, used in many of the old carvings, is a symbol of royalty; for in the state processions, the wealthier people have umbrellas held over their heads by attendants. In China it is a mark of official standing and the rank may be told by the color of the cover. If a king is present no other person is allowed to carry one. It is often seen placed as a canopy over the head of Buddha.

The Jar or vase-shaped object of art is deeply venerated as the receptacle which is believed to contain the ashes of Buddha. One is kept in important temples and carried with great pomp in religious processions. The Conch was used by the chieftains as a trumpet and is a symbol of the preaching of the law. At the sound of the conch shell the people

would go to hear the law declared. The Chinese government has at times given a conch to the ambassadors, on their departure to a foreign land, to insure their prosperity and a safe voyage.

The "Wheel of the Law" is one of the oldest examples of Indian sculpture and represents the solar system. The spokes of the wheel of which, "none is

the last" is a symbol of occult power. It is often seen accompanying the deities and signifies universal dominion.

Perhaps the design most frequently seen in Japanese decorative art is the Chrysanthemum. It is the flower of the Emperor and is called the "Flower of the Festival of Happiness." At the festivals celebrating the Emperor's birthday, petals of the flower are placed in the drinking cups to insure the drinker long life and happiness. The flower is on the imperial crest and on the imperial standard.

Another familiar art motive is the Iris, which is an emblem of victory, and is credited with strength giving properties on account of the remarkable hardness of the plant. The Wisteria is associated with out-door life and is an emblem of youth. The Bamboo, of which there are fifty different species, is a favorite decoration of Japan. It signifies long life, which originated from the great age it attains and from the fact that it is an ever-green. The bamboo tree is always associated with religious belief and divine power and bounty. In rugs it is the tree of life and also a symbol of constancy and endurance.

Legend relates that seven wise men were the advisors of an ancient king and whenever their advice was rejected they retired to the quiet of a bamboo forest to deliberate. The bamboo and the tiger in India suggest safety. The elephant could not penetrate a bamboo forest so it became the safe refuge of the tiger. The bamboo and the crane is a very familiar emblem of longevity and happiness.

The lovely spotless blossoms of the cherry trees of Japan are regarded as symbols of high courtesy and true knightliness and have been accepted as a badge of patriotism and called the national flower. The cherry blossoms and petals are often used with the bird-feet pattern. The Willow Tree is believed

to have the power of haunting human beings. It is often depicted with the swallow, typical of grace and docility. The willow branches are sometimes used in religious ceremonies for sprinkling holy water.

Before the snows are gone, the beautiful blossoms of the plum tree appear as a herald of spring and are emblematic of long life. In porcelain decorations they are often depicted with the pine and bamboo and are termed the "Three Friends of Winter." The hawthorne pattern, usually seen with pink petals on a blue background, is in reality an effect of falling blossoms of the early plum on broken ice, which in China floats down

oxen. It is emblematic of longevity and is called the "Tree of Life."

Japan has seven gods of Good Fortune which are carved in ivory and done in bronze for paper weights. The god of Longevity has a bald, elongated head, long beard and a rough staff. He is usually accompanied by a sacred tortoise, stork, or white stag. The god of Daily Bread is represented by a fisherman. The god of Riches carries a miner's hammer, and is often seen seated on a bale of rice with a large bag in one hand and rats near by waiting for an opportunity to feed on the rice. The god of Contentment is a smiling fat old man with bare belly, holding a bag and a

hand screen. The god of Learning carries a scroll of writing attached to a staff and a hand screen and is followed by a young stag. The god of Military Glory is dressed as a warrior and holds a spear and a small pagoda. The goddess of Love is richly dressed and is often attended by fifteen boy children.

The Dragon is the emblem of the emperor and presumably rules the air, the earth and the depths. There are a number of varieties; the largest one is a development of the cobra and has a bearded, scowling head, straight horns, scaly serpentine body with four feet armed with claws

a line of bristling spines and flame issuing from the hips and shoulders. Another, called the archaic dragon, looks like a lizard and is often seen on handles or wound around necks of vases.

The sacred Tortoise has a broad hairy tail, which it acquired after living a thousand years, emblematic of long life. It is associated with the pine and bamboo. The pair of Mandarin Ducks is the recognized emblem of conjugal felicity, appropriately figured on a wedding gift. Purely Chinese ornaments always has an inner meaning, either religious or of a complimentary character.

(Continued on Page 126)



Fujiyama Mountain in Japan. The "Mountain of the Heavenly Lotus." Of all oriental motifs used in art objects, the lotus is the most popular.

the rivers from the north when the plum is in full bloom. They are flowers of the New Year's festival and carry the message that winter has departed.

The Pine Tree grows in profusion over the whole of Japan, so it is used constantly in decorative effects, usually in conjunction with the tortoise, crane and bamboo. It is believed to live for hundreds of years and is a symbol of stability of character and of unflinching purpose. Its needle shaped leaves are believed to have the power to drive away demons.

In China the peach tree is a great favorite and is often coupled with the

A Modern Plumed Knight

A Smithsonian Chronogram

By Ada Kyle Lynch

WHEN James Gordon Jamieson left Smithsontown to wrest fortune from opposing forces in the metropolis of his native state, friends predicted for him early financial success. In the minds of the young people, early success presaged another break in their social circle; for undoubtedly as soon as James was well established, he would return, there would be a wedding and Alma Allerton would go with him to the city to preside over a new home.

But Jamieson was not at all certain that he wished to marry Alma when he had made his fortune. To the people of Smithsontown this doubtless would seem dishonorable; but from Jamieson's point of view there were extenuating circumstances, as he had not proposed marriage to Alma Allerton.

A chance arrangement early in their social life led to his accompanying her to a society function, and as it apparently made the young lady happy, frequent occasions were found for repetition of the arrangement. Being a chivalrous young man, Jamieson did his best to make the occasions times of pleasure. Unfortunately, Miss Allerton took all this as homage rendered her charms, failing, as she would, to detect chivalry for chivalry's sake. And thus the case rested when he entrained for the city.

The first Sunday after Jamieson's arrival in the city he went to church. In his pocket as he started out that lovely morning was a letter from the Smithsontown church which he had attended, setting forth his qualifications for admittance to membership in the sister church in the metropolis, and a letter to the city pastor from his parents asking the Christian sponsorship of the reverend gentleman for their son, who had elected to come to the larger place as a means to earlier competency than might be his portion in a small town.

As he came down the steps from his boarding house, he felt just a bit jubilant that he now was a part of this great city with its many rushing inhabitants, its wide streets and its imposing buildings; but also, if the truth were known, a trifle lonely. For Sunday at Smithsontown meant a family and neighbor affair, people going to church in family groups, and joining and greeting other family groups and worshipping as one great family in the church where every one knew every one else.

He had arrived in the city Thursday evening and life in the boarding house had not yet been conducive to friendships intimate enough for proffered invitations to accompany anyone to church.

Just as this loneliness crept unbidden to his mind and he was nearing the pavement, from a door across the street came a girl. Now in his heart, although he had not realized it—for Freudian burrowings were not at that time a part of life—Jamieson was an idealist, and



SYMPHONY

THE many days sound out a symphony Of oft-recurring themes. The violins And woodwind introduce the melody. The oboes take it up. The harp begins Another that is lost when all the strings Return to catch it up, while clarinets Renew the theme with soft imaginings That one remembers and, again, forgets.

Allegro-scherzo—and the time is slow; Then minuetto, presto, quickly now The days and years fly by—away they go. Andante and vivace—one sees how The marcia funebre will always be Hidden within life's gayest symphony.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY



he had unconsciously held enthroned—
THE GIRL.

At this instant he knew why he had not proposed to the girl "back home," although the girl expected it and all the people at home expected it. Subconsciously he had held in reserve the belief that THE GIRL had not yet appeared, and he could not as a chivalrous gentleman ask for a love he did not return.

He knew as well as if it were written out in upper-case letters that THE GIRL came out from that door across the street, and that he should follow her whithersoever she led.

If she led to a church he would follow. If it were his own church—the one for which he held the letter of membership—he would be glad; but if not, he would repudiate early teachings and go with her.

If it were not a church to which she went—but in the midst of thought he realized that as she turned down the street (in the direction that his church lay!) she held in her hand a book, per-

haps a prayer book or hymnal, and he hoped their beliefs might be the same, for life adjustments were so much more easily made when early training was along the same lines of thought.

On down the street they went. At the next block he crossed over, keeping near enough to prevent crowds separating them, and yet not near enough to attract her attention; and as he walked he studied her. But that was not necessary. He knew as well as if every attraction were catalogued and notations made that she was all he expected and for which he had hoped.

The church was only a few blocks away. This, added to the importance of the fact that the landlady looked, acted and talked somewhat like his mother, was one reason for his choice of city home. The edifice was soon reached.

Perhaps, or doubtless because his look was so intense, she turned as she took the first step of the flight that led to the open, welcoming doors. The chimes were pealing their invitation to enter, and her sweet face mirrored a vague wondering as to the something that had led her to turn around and look, an act of itself discourteous, but imperative, as she was obeying an impulse she could not disregard. The look of wonderment deepened as she saw him looking directly at her. A something vibrant with an un-understandable shock passed from one to the other in the fraction of time before she turned back and went on up the steps entering the door at the right.

Jamieson entered at the left, taking a seat well back that he might scan the congregation. But he was unable to see her. Had she been displeased that she had seen him looking at her, and left by another door? Desperately he was about to leave the church and search for her, but at that instant the choir came in, taking place's back of the pulpit, and in the front row, her sweet face with a perturbed look upon it, was THE GIRL.

Was ever knight of olden time more fortunate? True to his ideal he had found her, and still serving in the line of duty that would be given added pleasure in performance because of her presence, he felt the jubilation of spirit equal to that of the plumed knights of ancient days, and the happiness that comes of merited fruition of hopes.

After service he presented his letters to the pastor and was asked to come to

his study at a stated hour. There, as the facts of his connection with the Smithsontown church were made known he was invited to join the choir.

To meet THE GIRL at choir practice was but a step to walking home with her and then was added the unalloyed happiness of calling for her on the evenings of practice. To cross the street and bring music was as a matter of course, and then to be invited in to meet the mother was as natural as to have the sun shine.

Mrs. Westmore was a charming woman. She was just what Jamieson would wish Wilma to be, when years should have rounded out their lives together, and he, a gray-haired, perhaps somewhat rotund successful business man, should still be the fervent lover of the only girl he had ever loved.

Dr. Westmore, he learned, had died some years prior, a victim to too conscientious work as a physician among the poor of the city, but one was very conscious of the homage of both mother and daughter to a great man, although his devotion to his profession had left them little beside the home in which they lived, and from which they eked out their income by renting rooms to students from the university.

TIME, for Jamieson, flew. His letters to his parents were tintured with the happiness he knew was his, but which was not yet put into words either by himself or by Wilma. It seemed too wonderful to talk about, too sacred to voice.

Letters from Alma Allerton came all too regularly. She wrote to encourage him in his work; to keep him from getting lonesome; to assure him that although many parties were being given and many picnics and excursions planned she did not attend any of them, as she was so much happier at home writing to him. Her father and mother were sending their best wishes for his success and wanted to know when he could have a vacation and come home for a visit; and of course he would know without having her put it in words just how anxious she was to see him, although not for worlds would she have him neglect his business for her pleasure.

His letters to Alma were reluctantly written after proddings from her, and the proddings were the harder to bear because they dripped with cloying honey and saccharine "forgiveness for the devotion to business that made his answers so very brief, but she hoped it would shorten the time of separation, bringing nearer the day when fortune would smile and separation be a thing of the past."

Now what could a young man do in such a case? He could not write to her what he had hoped his absence and brief and impersonal letters would show her—"I do not love you, and I most certainly do not wish to marry you." That indeed would be brutal, and although Jamieson was a home-lover and wished mightily for a home with Wilma presiding at his table, welcoming him at night and bidding him God-speed in the morning, he could not write to Alma and tell her of his wish. Also, being a gentleman, he could not refuse to answer her letters, although the interim would have led any one but one who could not detect chivalry for chivalry's sake, to wonder if business were sufficient reason for the long delay in answering, and for their brevity.

ONE evening as he and Wilma were practicing a chant for the next Sunday morning service, the maid from the boarding house came over for him.

"A telegram for you, Mr. Jamieson. The messenger is waiting."

Hastily excusing himself, he left with Wilma's murmured hope that it was good news, to find a message of some length from Alma. Her father had died suddenly and "would James come as early as possible, not waiting for the day of the funeral, but taking, if he could, the first train after reading the message?"

Surprise made Jamieson dumb. He always had respected Mr. Allerton, not caring, however, for his over-plump wife, who ruled him by proxy—in other words, through the father's love for his beautiful daughter. Alma was a beautiful girl, Jamieson well knew, and he should be proud of the fact that the only child of the foremost business man of the town showed so evidently her preference for him; but aside from the fact that he did not love her was the un-analyzed belief that Alma was a willing proxy to her mother's rulings, if not their instigator, and that did not measure up to requirements for his ideal.

He could not arrange to go till the morning of the day of the funeral, wishing all the time that he could telegraph that he could not come at all, and send instead flowers, and platitudes of consolation. But that seemed brutal, and as emphasized, Jamieson was a gentleman and could not bring himself to be brutal.

When his parents greeted him there was a suppressed excitement about them that he accounted for by the fact that his father and Mr. Allerton had been friends from childhood, and true friends are val-

uable and a great loss from one's life. His mother was busy with arrangements for the funeral and a dinner for the bereaved ones, just as all small towns expect, and there was no opportunity to ask of her an explanation of a remark she made mysteriously as she hastened from the room in answer to a call: "How splendid that you need not go back, James!" What could she mean?

He was soon to be enlightened. With his parents he was ushered into the room where the will was to be read after Mr. Allerton's funeral, although he could see no reason for their inclusion among more than numbers of friends and neighbors that he could mention.

The words of the document as read by the attorney hummed through his mind without meaning anything, till his own name was read: "and to James Gordon Jamieson, son of my old friend I leave my business—(here followed description)—and knowing his worth his business acumen, I add in cash fifty thousand dollars that they may marry immediately. It is my wish that their happiness need not be delayed by lack of funds to supply necessities of material life."

It was a splendid man who had written that document. He had put into his love for his daughter, his only child, and added to it the love he would have given a son, had he had one, and that gift was in his eyes made holy because it embraced his beloved daughter and the man she loved, a man he knew worthy.

Dazed he heard, "and because of business needs supervising, I ask of the young people an immediate marriage, which instead of a seeming disrespect, is a respectful yielding to my wishes."

James rose. Not because of any action of brain or will denoting a wish to rise, but because he saw the others rise. Alma did not wait for him to come to her. Like a flitting bird she nestled against him, and his arms were about her. He often wondered afterward if he placed them there—he had no remembrance of any such intention or if Alma with one of her quick bird-like movements manipulated them to that position.

Alma's soft lips were on his, and then she turned to the party in the room saying: "Father wished us to have the ceremony as soon as the will was read."

Was ever chivalrous gentleman faced such a dilemma? Was ever plumed knight of ancient days so enmeshed? He loved Wilma with all the strength of his first and lasting love, but he had never

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"Tolstoy"—Man and Master

By Mona London

THE grandeur of his person was none the less in a modest California bungalow, than it had been in the gorgeous toggery of a true Russian nobleman, with wealth beyond imagination surrounding him. I speak of Count Ilya Tolstoy, as he greeted me at his home at 5612 Harold Way, Hollywood, where he so graciously allowed me to disturb him from the huge pile of manuscripts which covered his desk. For today, this son of Tolstoy the great, is crying on the benevolent spirit of his father by assisting young authors who besiege him for advice.

With "Resurrection" and "Anna Karenina" so recently on the screen, the name of Count Liov Nikolaievitch Tolstoy has become familiar to thousands of Americans who had never known of him before.

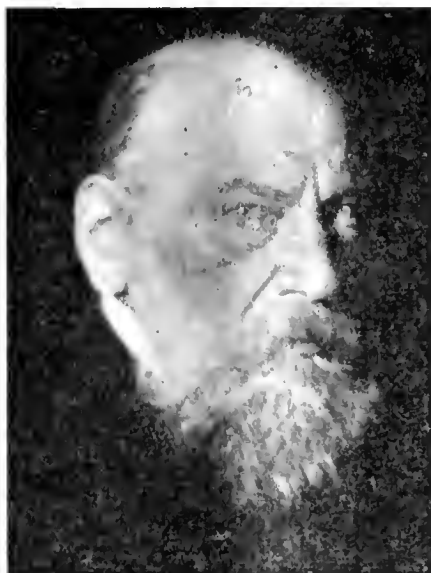
I knew of course that Count Ilya Tolstoy had assisted directing "Resurrection" and I also knew that he had actively assisted in the directing of "Anna Karenina" which was produced under the name of "Love" to satisfy the demand of the "Box Office."

Of course if one has lived with the author of a book and watched the daily work of this author in producing his plain children, and if one has loved this author, and revered him beyond words, then one would want to see the work of such loved one remain in its original state; and if given to the public in any form, the desire would be to see it given without variance from the original. Because this could not be done and at the same time please the "box office," and because he had no legal right to demand that this be done, Count Tolstoy did not wish to assist in the directing of "Love."

Count Tolstoy has no more legal right to dictate what shall be done with the writings of his father than have you or I. He, with the other rightful heirs to the estate, signed an order to the court confirming the will of their father that all copyrights should be waived that might in any manner be attached to the works of the great writer. The huge sum of six million dollars was offered to the heirs if they would but break the will and sell the copyrights. But they also refused to do. And not because they believed it would be impossible to break the will, but because they knew it would be easy to break the will; and they loved their father with great love—with a love beyond the limits of this world.

The religious teachings of Tolstoy are

very far from anything which we have here in America today, but the procedure of thought which brought about his religious structure is not unlike much we read and hear today. In his confessions he wrote: "I remember once in my 12th year, a boy, now long since dead, Volodinka M——, a pupil in the gymnasium, spent a Sunday with us and brought us the news of the last discovery in the gymnasium. This discovery was that there was no God, and that there was no God, and that all we were taught on the subject was a mere inven-



Latest Photograph of Count Leo Tolstoy

tion. (This was 1838). I remember well how interested my elder brothers were in this news; I was admitted to their deliberation and we all eagerly accepted the theory as something particularly attractive and possibly quite true.

He will tell you that "Voltaire amused without disgusting."

At the age of sixteen he ceased to pray, ceased from conviction to attend services in the church and to fast. Believed in a God—not what kind—denied nothing.

He tried to reach intellectual perfection, but very soon this striving for an ideal of general perfectability brought on the desire to have more power, secure a greater share of fame, of social distinction and of wealth. All these things he did attain in unlimited measure.

In his confessions he details the things that were held in high esteem, "Ambition, love of power, love of gain, lechery, pride, anger, vengeance."

An aunt, a "really good woman" wished for him more than anything else the experience of an affair with a married woman.

He says "I put men to death in war. I fought duels to slay others. I lost at cards, wasted my substance, wrung from the sweat of peasants, punished the latter cruelly, rioted with loose women, and deceived men. Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence, murder. There was not one crime which I did not commit and yet was not the less considered by my equals, a comparatively moral man."

And then marriage—and a life more conducive to religious thought.

It was in the early eighties, Count Tolstoy tells me, that his father underwent a moral crisis. And to quote him: "You know the story of Jesus when he went into the desert and had his moral struggle for forty days and nights, and with my father it was several years."

As the great Tolstoy himself expressed it, "I felt that the ground on which I stood was crumbling. There was nothing to stand on. I had been living for nothing and had no reason for living."

He said that he breathed, ate, drank and slept. "But there was no real life in me because I had not a single desire, the fulfillment of which I could feel to be reasonable."

And so from all this moral struggle the life of a man who had been rich in matter became rich in spirit. He desired to present the teachings of Christ in a purified manner, in a manner as he thought Christ would have them transmitted to the world. He spent five years on "A Criticism of Dogmatic Theology," a new translation of the four gospels.

There was one of Christ's teachings that he believed and wished to practice. The one teaching of Christ that is generally reduced to small letters. That was that money should not be credited with value. He believed that money was evil as well as all individual property. Naturally, Count Tolstoy told me, if his father believed money to be evil, it would be evil for his family. "Now on the other hand, a man having created a new religion, thinks that this religion is the real one, and he was anxious to have others continue to preach it after his death. And here comes in a certain friend of my father for about twenty-five years or more. He became a kind of a disciple, a favorite of my father. This

(Continued on Page 118)

The Passing of Ina Coolbrith

INA DONNA COOLBRITH represented literally the "last leaf on the tree" of literary lights beginning with Bret Harte, the founder of "Overland Monthly," and ending with George Sterling, a protegee of the California poetess.

Miss Coolbrith was not a prolific writer, and despite her established reputation, left but one published work—a small book of poems, entitled "Songs From the Golden Gate," which was first published by the Bancroft Company, and afterward reproduced by the house of Houghton-Mifflin. The little volume does not contain an outstanding poem, nor does it represent the best verse written by Miss Coolbrith. The book will now be eagerly sought by collectors because of its limited numbers, and the fact that it is the only collection of Miss Coolbrith's work that has been put into book form.

In a copyrighted article by Robert H. Davis of the New York Sun, much information is given concerning the early life of Ina Coolbrith. Miss Coolbrith was born in Illinois March 10, 1841, and, according to Davis, was the daughter of Don Carlos Smith, brother of Joseph Smith, the prophet and founder of Mormonism. Her mother was Agnes Coolbrith. Early in the '50s Ina and her mother left Illinois and crossed the plains over the old overland trail with James Beckwith, a famous Indian scout, and finally arrived in Los Angeles, where Ina Donna Coolbrith, taking the maiden name of her mother, began her education.

Some years ago Miss Coolbrith came to San Francisco, where she began her literary career. From 1874 to 1893 she

By Frona Eunice Wait Colburn

was connected with the Oakland Public Library, and some time in her early efforts she was made the only woman member of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. Her name has been connected with much of the literary history of San Francisco; and there is no doubt that she was in close association with the men who founded what is known as the Bret Harte School of Writers.

Her early associates were Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Markham, George Wharton James and Charles Warren Stoddard. Later, she knew Jack London and George Sterling, and seemingly took a pardonable pride in the achievements of these masters in the modern world of letters. There was nothing flamboyant in Ina Donna Coolbrith's style of writing. Rather were her poems gem-like in their classic refinement; but she belonged to no distinct period. She was pre-eminently a sweet singer of pure lyric quality, and it was this attribute which endeared her to her associates.

No woman surrounded by all the loving care of an adoring family received greater consideration than Ina Donna Coolbrith commanded from her friends to the last hour of her life. She passed on at the ripe age of 87. By gift, and shrewd investment, she accumulated a competence which with characteristic generosity she bestowed upon those who had served her faithfully and well. Never an extremist, Miss Coolbrith represented the pioneer spirit all through her long life. She was in sympathy with all forward movements, but her enthusiasms were tempered by a sound judgment and a conservative attitude which

added much to her well-recognized power for good.

The outstanding feature in Miss Coolbrith's long life was the loyalty and devotion she inspired in others. Her friends never allowed the public to forget its debt to Miss Coolbrith, and there was shown in the persistent demand for honors which came at intervals during her life. This same spirit was much in evidence when the last rites were paid at her funeral. The Bohemian Club covered her coffin with a pall of Lilies of the Valley—her favorite flower; and other loving hands placed a mound of cut flowers at the head of her grave. The simple rites were enhanced by the reading of some of her work, and by the sincere expressions of appreciation voiced by her friends.

Ina Donna Coolbrith lived in a constructive period of California history. She saw much that was inspiring and exciting, and she lived through the catastrophes with a calm and sturdy fortitude in keeping with her pioneer parentage and early experiences. If the art of living is as the Greeks claim, "The greatest of all arts," then Ina Donna Coolbrith's greatest poem was her own life. Her lines, "Beside the Dead" were impressively read by Professor Lionel Stevenson, chairman of literature in the University of California. She sleeps in Mountain View Cemetery, Piedmont. Her pallbearers were prominent men of letters from the University of California, from the Bohemian Club and other literary centers. A prominent figure in the life of her time, Ina Donna Coolbrith will leave an unfilled niche in the Hall of Fame, built not by mortal hands, but by the aspirations of a progressive race.

INA DONNA COOLBRITH

By N. J. HERBY

No, Singer Laureate of the song-wed West,
The windblown grasses shall not cover you.
For-get-me-nots shall blossom over you,
Whose lyric strings were ever tuned with zest,
And whose sweet songs in gentle-voiced request
Called kindred souls to share with you the brew
Distilled from flowers that on Parnassus grew,
And stirred responsive chords in every breast.

You scorned the tinsel of unearned renown.
The wreath of olive you would gladly yield
To one whose shackle-chains himself annealed.
Your modesty forbade, but we pressed down
On your illustrious brow the verdant crown
That now reposes in a fallow field.

INA COOLBRITH

By HARRY T. FEE

The voice is silent, the song is sung,
The play is finished, the curtain rung—
Down on the scene by the prompter, Fate,
And the heart of Poesy is desolate.

The soul of genius with Time is dumb,
The day is ended, the night is come.
Shattered the lyre and broken the lute,
And the voice of the singer of dreams is mute.

But there on the hillside and here by the sea
Is the lilting dream of her melody
In the calm of valleys, the heart of the throng
Is keeping tryst with her living song.

Stratford-on-Avon, The Home of the Master Poet

"Which road do we take for Stratford, please?"

The Englishman examined us critically as if wondering what possible motive could have brought Americans to England, and more particularly what interest one could have in the sleepy, peaceful, but picturesque town of Stratford. The reply came in good time:

"You keep straight on to the top of the road, then turn right round and ask the next man."

This being a characteristic form of reply, we had learned to interpret such. There was no hill visible but we were safe in presuming upon a cross road somewhere ahead, and here would be found the "top." The admonition to "turn right round" did not necessarily mean we were to retrace our steps. And we always felt as if there was no imposition on our part in making inquiry, as we had the permission of the man last approached to ask the next one.

It was June and we were on foot and camping in "Shakespeare's England." The fragrance of fresh hay was heavy in the air. Magnificent stretches of pasture land spread away on either hand. Edges, as neatly trimmed as those bordering the city streets at home, lined the road. Picturesque cottages with thatched roofs and with sanded doorways, as clean as a wind-swept beach, dotted the landscape here and there. To the left was a ribbon of glittering water winding in and out, lying in places to the bank on either side and again losing itself behind clumps of trees. And straight ahead a spire, rising out of a mass of green, that shone dead black in contrast to the river on its bank. A quick turn of the field glass and at our very feet lay our goal. There stretched the Avon that with every ripple rededicated the lines of the master poet; and there the spire of Holy Trinity standing the watch of centuries over the one but for whose life the region could now be almost unknown.

It becomes quite evident to the seeker after truth in the "Heart of Merry England" that the chief business of the residents of Stratford is the welcoming of visitors. While passing the market place a young lad whose personal appearance pleased us exceedingly agreed to help us get our first glimpse of the place. "How old are you?" said I to our conductor. He replied, "fourteen years, sir." "Have you ever been in London?"

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

I asked. "No, sir." "Ever visited Liverpool?" "No, sir." "Ever been to Manchester?" "No, sir." "Leamington?" (A few minutes ride from Stratford). "No, sir." "Do you ever expect to go?" "I don't know, sir." "How much did



—Chamberlain Photo
The Shakespeare Birthplace

you make last year showing people about?" "I took four pounds, sir."

There was in the year 1564, in Stratford-upon-Avon, a house in Henley Street owned by one John Shakespeare. It was built with outside frame and thatched roof as were the other houses of the time. A portion of the house was used as a dwelling and the remainder as a place of business—that of a wool stapler and glover. It was in this house, known as the Shakespeare house and still standing, that the great poet was

since known as the Shakespeare birthplace. The portion on the left is now used as a record room where valuable historical documents are kept. The larger room on the right, originally the commercial part of the premises, and used until recent times as an inn, has been converted into museum and library. Here are preserved and exhibited all rare copies of the poet's works, as also relics connected with Shakespeare and with the town.

America leads the world in the spirit of advertising and no man ever had a clearer conception of the value of advertising in building up a business than our own countryman, Mr. P. T. Barnum, the great showman. In 1847 the Shakespeare place was offered for sale and Barnum conceived the idea of purchasing the building, of taking it down piece by piece, and of conveying it to this country, where he would reconstruct it and use it for show purposes. The sentiment of the English, so slow to exhibit itself, now began to take form. Many thought it would bring discredit upon the English people to lose the house to an American. It was suggested, however, that should Barnum obtain the house, another building could be erected over the cellar on the old foundation; but this was answered by those who knew the showman and his methods that Barnum would take cellar and all and would perhaps find some way to transport even the lot to the States.

To the credit of the English, let it be said, the scheme was blocked, but Mr. Barnum, as suggested by one author, got what was just as good for him—a fine lot of advertising. The house was finally bought by popular subscription, being sold at public auction for £3,000. Three hundred years earlier John Shakespeare had paid £40 for the same house that was then new.

It has been remarked that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind, especially in women." Some day a seeker after fame will write a thesis on the *Psychology of the Inscription* and a great university will grant the genius a doctor's degree. It is human nature to carve one's name in places difficult of access, or on the walls of the tomb or dungeon or upon the doorstep of the great. The small windows of the small upper room where Shakespeare was born are cut full of the names of those who have journeyed there, and the whitewashed walls bear silent testimony of the admiration in which the poet is held. Thackeray and Washington Irving have left their auto-



—Chamberlain Photo
Stratford Grammar School

born fourteen years after the middle of the sixteenth century.

Soon after the death of William Shakespeare the house was divided into three tenements, the center portion being

graphs upon the walls, the latter no less than three times. The name of Brown-
ing appears upon the ceiling, while



—Chamberlain Photo
Memorial Theatre

scratched upon the window glass are the signatures of Scott and Carlyle, and so faint as to be almost indistinguishable are the hands of Dickens, Tennyson and Lord Byron. An upright at the side of the fireplace in the room is called the "actor's pillar," an examination making clear the cause of the title.

Many there are who have broken into verse and have left their lines on the historic walls, and one has commented upon this propensity in this wise:

Oh Shakespeare, when we read the
votive scrolls
With which well meaning folks deface
these walls;
And while we seek in vain some lucky
hit,
Amidst the lines whose nonsense non-
sense smothers;
We find, unlike thy Falstaff in his wit,
Thou art not here the cause of wit in
others."

In the museum room below is a straight-backed, deal desk, at which the poet used to sit while attending the old Stratford grammar school. It is cut and marred in every part, and one is impelled to ponder upon the seeming impossibility of developing a poetic nature in such quarters. Shakespeare as a poet was surely born, not made.

Probably no American writer ever admired Shakespeare as did Irving. He visited Stratford on two different occasions and devoted much time to a study of the old place and in acquainting himself with its surroundings. Irving has written in this room:

"The home of Shakespeare faith we here
may see,
That of his death we find without a
trace;
Vain the inquiry, for immortal he,
Of mighty Shakespeare's birth we here
may see,
That where he died in vain to find we
try—

Unless the search for all immortal he.
And those who are immortal never die."

WASHINGTON IRVING,
Second Visit, 1821.

One hesitates to leave this house where was born and where lived a man whom we still find it difficult to fully appreciate. A man who was at once learner and teacher, student and philosopher. Reluctantly do we pass without the door and on to other scenes.

Just across the street is Guild Chapel, built in 1269. The chancel was rebuilt in the middle of the thirteenth century and Henry VII remodeled the structure at a later day. Guild Hall adjoins the Chapel, and here in the second story was the Stratford grammar school; and we may picture Shakespeare himself as "The whining schoolboy with his satchel, and shining morning face, creeping like snail, unwillingly, to school." "New Place," where the bard passed the last nineteen years of his life, is some distance away. Only the foundation re-



—Chamberlain Photo
Ann Hathaway Cottage

mains, another building occupying space on the same grounds and used as a museum.

The sun hung low in the west, and the sky was painted in brilliant but harmonious colors as I pulled away from the shore to a point midway of the Avon and there rested my oars. The current of the stream was barely noticeable, the surface of the river shining as a polished mirror. The reflection of the trees on the bank could be seen far below as the most delicate of tracery. The air hung fresh and invigorating and no sound or movement broke the stillness. There was no discordant note and one found it almost impossible to believe there could be a spot in this small country of England that has given so much to the world, where such quiet and inactivity could reign supreme. Up the river a distance of a half mile was the Shakespeare Memorial Hall and Theater built in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth, and an

equal distance down stream rose the spire of Holy Trinity that had beckoned us as we gazed over into the promise land.

The Memorial Hall was erected by popular subscription and contains a theater, library, art gallery and museum. Here may be seen enacted the plays of Shakespeare by performers of the first quality, and in the library will be found copies of all books relating to the master poet, and here all future works of the character shall find a place.

The Memorial Theatre was partly destroyed by fire in 1926. A new structure to cost \$750,000 is to be built. The money is being raised by donation. Part of the walls and stage of the old theatre will be used in the new structure. Designs for the new building were submitted by architects the world over. The successful contestant being Miss Elizabeth Scott of London. An Anglo-American committee made the selection.

The Fountain and Clock Tower, in an open space or plaza where several streets converge, is the gift of Mr. George Childs, our own countryman. The town hall, erected in 1768, adorned with the statue of Shakespeare presented by Garrick one year later at the event of his visit to Stratford direct the great Shakespeare Jubilee. The Red Horse Inn, another landmark and spot of interest, is down on Bridge Street. This is sometimes called Washington Irving's Inn, for it is here that Irving used to tarry on his visits to the Avon country, and here he wrote his famous paper, *Stratford-on-Avon*.

The Red Horse is the most ancient of all taverns in Stratford and was held much in favor by Shakespeare himself. On the left as you enter is the coffee room and adjoining it the parlor so much occupied by Irving. Here is the grate



—Chamberlain Photo
Red Horse Inn

the poker that did such service in Irving's hands as he stirred up an unwilling

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The Miner's Halfway House

By Waldemar Geo. Brunke

IT was near the end of May in Central Oregon. The wagon road up Sawdust Hill was too steep for any motor vehicle except a caterpillar—and I had heard so much about Monument Peak and the virgin forest of the Sантиam National Park—I parked the car, filled my knapsack plumb full—and hiked.

Up hill past the ravages of the logging camps, already hidden by a second growth, I came to the gorge of Mad Creek. The mountain stream foamed its way down the cliffs in a series of waterfalls. Deadfalls dammed it here and there at the foot of abandoned brush-covered lumber chutes which had once shot the trees from the hilltops to the snow waters of the spring.

The slopes of the Monument Peak foothills, up to the sharp dark-green line of the pines, was a pathetic chaos of down-timber and standing snags, a dead forest of bleached skeleton trees. As I went onward, I was somehow relieved when an intervening buttress of rock shut out the sight of wanton destruction, which saw and fire had wrought.

The trail entered a clearing. I stared in wonder at the beauty of it, my mind trying to translate into words what the eyes registered. I unfastened my pack and seated myself on a stump, to dream—just to dream with the multitude of glad wild flowers.

What a colorful peaceful scene! Each little delicate bloom peeking over the swaying grass tops nodded friendly to me, each invited shyly my admiration of its own individual charm. I smiled at them, apologizing mentally that I knew so little about them; and they smiled back, asking me just to stay and be glad with them.

A bear mother eyed me shrewdly, set me down as harmless, and took her young to the swimming hole in the middle of the meadow; a deer family looked me over, uncertain whether to graze or

bound away; they decided to stay. And I had searched for beauty of nature the world over to find it here in my own homeland surpassing all I had found elsewhere.

Not far from me were the walls of a tumbled down log cabin. Someone once upon a time had lived here—that explained the even outline of the clearing. I pondered who could have lived here, what kind of person it could have

"Fine day, stranger." He smiled his thanks, as I made room for him on my stump. "Just rambling?"

"Rambling is right," I agreed, "and I sure enjoy it here. Are you going far?"

"Quartzville, but I can't make it today. The sun will be down in a couple of hours, you see, and the town is fifteen miles back in the mountains. You better come along with me to the Miners' Half-Way House and bunk there over night. Unless you want to sleep out?"

It's only a little ways into the timber. We can have a campfire and pass the evening swapping stories."

To sit at a campfire in the forest and listen to this backwoodsman—I told him I would be only too glad to go with him.

It was only a mile and a half to our destination. I had expected to see an ordinary log cabin. Instead of that I beheld a house built out of five-foot timber even to the roof. A couple of forest giants which the wind had sent crashing over the house still lay across that roof, broken at the gable. That perhaps

explained the hugeness of the logs.

The house was squat, only fifteen feet high, one double sash window in each side, the single door facing the west.

The stovepipe was so high on account of the snow, the miner explained, it served during the winter, when the cabin was buried deeply under the white mantle, as a landmark for weary travelers. There was a chopping block and a wash-stand with a basin on it near the entrance, even a clean frayed towel hung on a nail. Above the door the following legend: "STRANGER, YOU ARE WELCOME. THE MINERS OF QUARTZVILLE BUILT THIS HOUSE THAT TIRED WANDERERS MAY REST IN COMFORT. ENJOY THE HOSPITALITY, BUT DO NOT MISUSE IT."

We entered. The heavy plank floor was clean. Behind the stove in the left-

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Interior of Miner's Cabin

been to whom nature herself erected such a glorious memorial as this wild-flower paradise.

A flock of grouse came leisurely out of a rhododendron thicket. They picked here and there at wild strawberries or after insects until the spring which bubbled out of the lone rocky outcropping invited them to bathe. An eagle sailing overhead sent them whirring into the protection of the tanbark trees.

The deer family became uneasy, sniffed the wind, and speeded away in graceful bounds. The bear mother lumbered off, urging her protesting twin cubs along with her nose. A man came swinging in long strides, and sweating, out of my trail, a miner, to judge by the contents of his pack.

He glanced at me appraisingly, sensed a kindred spirit, and dumped his heavy pack-sack with a sigh of relief.

What Do You Think About It?

THE development in transportation facilities is one of the marvels of the age. Today man has practically conquered space and he travels at will over the land, across the waters and through the air. The products of the most remote corners of the earth are now laid down at our doors, and touring the world is an experience yearly enjoyed by large numbers of people everywhere.

As a matter of fact, modern life is absolutely dependent upon modern means of transportation. The products of farm, forest, mine, mill and factory are of little value in their places of origin. An industrial world is built upon transportation as the connecting link between producer and consumer.

A little reflection shows how rapid has been the development in transportation. The parents of the present writer crossed the plains in a "prairie schooner." In the year 1800 there was not a mile of railroad in our country. Today we have more than 250,000 miles of railroad. The navigation of the air is yet in its infancy, although aircraft have visited practically all parts of the globe. In 1890 automobiles were just coming into use. At the present time there are, in the United States alone, some 20,000,000 autos and trucks.

That the automobile is a powerful factor in lessening provincialism, there can be no question. Thousands of people yearly cross the continent by this means. Great numbers of people, who but for the auto would seldom get beyond the confines of their homes, now make week-end trips of some considerable extent. The drudgery of life is thus relieved to a remarkable degree. Automotive vehicles are playing an increasingly important part in the commercial life of the nation.

But let us consider the other side of the question. In exchange for the benefits conferred we are paying a terrible price. Through the medium of the public press we are daily informed of an appalling loss of life, due to this means of transportation. These reports appear to make little impression upon us. They do little by way of stimulating us to action. We make a few remarks and dismiss the matter as though it were of slight consequence.

In California alone the loss of life resulting from automobile accidents has increased, from 1413 in 1923 to 1700 in 1926. In the United States the loss of life from this cause in 1926 was 20,000. The fatalities in the entire country, resulting from all accidents, was in the

By James Franklin Chamberlain

same year 89,140. In other words, accidents involving automotive vehicles were responsible for 22 per cent of the total number of lives lost.

The total number of lives sacrificed does not give a true picture of the situation. We must show the loss in ratio to the population. The National Safety Council is doing a valuable work in assembling and publishing statistics and graphs. These show that fatalities resulting from falls have decreased from 15 per 100,000 population in 1911 to 13.4 in 1925. In the case of railroad accidents the decrease has been from 13 to 6.6 per 100,000. The figures as applied to auto accidents are 2.2 in 1911 and 17 in 1925. There has been improvement in all lines save that pertaining to the auto, and this improvement is the result of effort toward bettering the conditions.

The statistics published by the National Safety Council show the following to be the chief causes of auto accidents: Not having the right of way, skidding, exceeding the speed limit, being on the wrong side of the road, cutting the left corner, driving off the road. Each of these, when analyzed, goes back in some measure to speed. About 70 per cent of the accidents occur in clear weather and on dry roads, and about 60 per cent during daylight. These figures point to speed as an important factor.

Both observation and careful study of statistics show that pedestrians are responsible for a large number of accidents. For the United States as a whole, 54 per cent of the cases of personal injury and 35 per cent of the fatalities occur at intersections. Figures published by the Public Safety Department of the Automobile Club of Southern California show that the fatalities resulting from auto accidents in Los Angeles in 1927 numbered 338. Of this number 58 pedestrians were crossing a street at some place other than an intersection. Thirty-two were crossing a street carelessly, and 20 were running or playing in a street. On the other hand, speeding is given as the cause of 47 of the 338 fatalities.

No contagious disease is yearly carrying off one-half the number of people in California that are being killed as a result of auto accidents. The foot and mouth disease led to far greater action than does the awful loss of human life caused by automobile accidents.

The remedy is simple and we all know

what it is, but we do not seem to be willing to apply it. To do so means that we must forego a little personal satisfaction resulting from fast driving. We must start to our work or on a week-end trip five minutes earlier. Under this awful tragedy falls upon a member of our family, it means little to us.

We need laws and they should be strictly enforced, but a greater need is an awakened public conscience. No doubt laws keep many from stealing but a much larger number refrain from so doing because of high moral standards. To the end that human life may be saved, and that the hundreds of thousands who are annually injured may be spared suffering, every motorist and every pedestrian should adopt the standard of absolute obedience to all laws and regulations concerning traffic. Let us pledge our conscience that we will not travel at a rate of speed greater than that permitted by law; that we will make all boulevard stops; that we will not cut in when traffic is heavy; that we will never take the right of way when it does not belong to us; that we will not pass vehicles on curves; that we will not pass vehicles when near a hill top; that we will keep our brakes in good order; that we will cross streets at intersections only; and that we will always use extreme care in walking on streets and highways. This does not cover all of the points that should be observed, but if these are honestly lived up to during the remainder of the year 1928, fatalities will be greatly reduced.

During the World War most of our people were vitally interested in food conservation. They heartily participated in the work of saving. Certainly we are anxious to save human life and suffering, and this can be done without any sacrifice. What is needed is organization and leadership. The situation should receive attention in every paper in the land, not occasionally, but frequently. It should be presented from the platform and in every school. Let us organize and join "No Accident clubs." Let us enlist in a warfare to save life. What do you think about

SPRING

Across the sky like feathers of white swan

The clouds brush lightly.

Piercing the earth like colors of the dawn

Crocus gleam brightly.

ALICE HAYS.

Page of Verse

NATURE'S MASTERPIECE

THE ones who dwell beside the western ocean
Behold creation's greatest mystery;
The wide expanse of fathomless blue water
Is like no other wonder that can be.

All other marvels fade away beside it;
It is supreme in its immensity;
Observers of the masterpiece of nature
Must watch beside the mighty western sea.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.



APRIL

HER eyes are filled with laughter bright,
Her feet are shod with gold,
Her lips are made of morning light,
And happiness untold.

Upon her cheek the sun's warm kiss,
And in her hands young Love,
And Joy springs up in sudden bliss,
Like flight of happy dove.

A truce she's made with Sorrow deep,
And ever-bitter Care,
And in her heart so fair and bright
Youth dwells eternal there.

NANCY BUCKLEY.



SPRING SONG

A CART passed in the dull gray city street,
Piled high with Spring. Each petaled blossom sweet
Was like a bird that sang a song of hope,
And every listening heart of those that grope
Along life's wilderness forgot its fears
And saw dead memories live through happy tears.
The flowers in music sweetly sang along—
The empty hearts reached out and caught the song
That lightly flew and thrilled the dusty air
With grateful showered notes so sweet and rare:
And as they held it close, it sang of life
And love, and hope fulfilled, and ended strife:
For a brief hour the heart forgot its pain,
And eager hands took up their work again.

NANCY BUCKLEY.

TO MRS. ATHERTON

ILLUSTRIOUS daughter of a glori-land,
Excelling all thy sisters in thine art
Of fathoming the human mind and heart,
One, who has sat beneath thy magic wand
Together with the multitudinous band
Of happy worshippers in every part
Of earth's creation, wishes to impart
That which the fates for thee have long since planned:
"If Winter Comes," yes, it has come and gone,
And others, too, thank God, but thy great fame
Will be forever Spring, and to thy name
Posterity shall see all homage done;
In future ages, as now, Atherton
Will be as welcome as the rising sun!
W. W.



"I SAW A PALACE"

To Nettie

I SAW a palace 'gainst a sunset sky,
Its dark-hued silhouette piercing the haze
Rose, spire on buttress, lost in evening's maze.
A sight of rapture for the spirit's eye.
And in the street that passed its towers by
The people pressed. Some few who set their gaze
To catch the glory in the West ablaze,
But most did hasten East, nor saw it die.
And thus Earth's beauties daily wax and fade
By many unperceived, by most unseen.
The towers in the sky with gold o'erlaid
For many hurrying souls have never been.
The palace in the West! But men press on
Their faces Eastward set, 'till night is drawn.

LEROY V. BRANT



NOW

THE visionary days that roll ahead,
The used-up days that fall off far behind us
And all the days that topple with the dead—
Unreal, forgotten quickly, they remind us
That these days, gray or fair but with us now,
Must lift us up or drag us down. We live
Once, in the present, and we cannot bow
Beneath the weight of years knowing they give
But loads of old regret for us to bear.
And all the years to come have nothing less
Of doubts and fears for us. In the Now we share
The Future's all-pervading dreaminess
In what the all-pervading Now may lack—
Living today and not once looking back.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY

The Plumed Knight

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spoken to her of love, though his heart ached with longing for her.

He could truthfully give the vows required of those who enter the state of holy matrimony and live up to them as a chivalrous gentleman should, but there was one word in the ceremony that in some way he should evade, for that word he could not profane by profession. The word was "Love."

No one noticed the evasion, not even Alma—for had she not failed to detect the quality of chivalry for chivalry's sake? Nor did she heed the unresponsiveness of his lips when he gave the perfunctory kiss of proprietorship demanded of every bridegroom—lips frozen by blood from a numbed heart.

If any spoke or thought in the weeks to come of the change in James, they attributed it to two causes: the city life, and the responsibility of a large business added to grief at the sudden death of a dear family friend.

In a few years his father followed his friend to the restful, unsolved unknown, and after a brief interval his mother was laid beside her life companion.

Ten years after the ceremony pronouncing James and Alma man and wife Mrs. Allerton, who had made her home with "the children," as she called them, suffered a stroke of apoplexy from which she never recovered, but lingered for four years. The stroke had followed a quarrel between Alma and her mother. These quarrels had grown very frequent, and James had learned that any interference on his part was only so much added fuel to the blaze of fury in which his wife indulged.

Shortly before her death Mrs. Allerton took James' hand, tried to draw him toward her, and seemed to say: "My boy." Of that he could not be certain, but he knew she wished to voice approval, and that was sufficient reward for him.

JUST fifteen years after the date of their marriage, Alma Allerton Jamieson wakened to find her husband gone. A note addressed to her she found on a table near her bed. This note advised her that she would find the business in good financial condition ready to be turned over to any one she chose to appoint. He was going away taking with him only the funds left him by his parents. She need not look for him, for he was not coming back.

Could she have followed him she would have seen him take a train for the city and upon arrival go to the board-

ing-house where he had stayed when in the city before his marriage. The landlady in charge was not the one who looked, acted and talked like his mother. This made it easier for James, for he had no wish to talk of the intervening years. He asked for a front room and said he probably would be there for the week-end.

As it had been on his former coming, he reached the city Thursday evening. Friday he watched the doorway of the house across the street, scarcely expecting to see her, but if Wilma were still there, she would be going to choir practice in the evening, even if household duties kept her indoors through the day.

The hour came: passed into the next hour, before he could believe she would not be there just as he had pictured her every day for fifteen years. He would know without the need of words that she would be true to him. He knew he was true to her.

How else could he be worthy of her, if as a gentleman he did not give to the elder people their meed of care and respect? How else could he still hold his knighthood, if, wedded to another woman, but with the obligation to love discounted, he had not scrupulously carried out to the letter, even though withholding the spirit, the duties placed upon his shoulders without his consent, but nevertheless obligatory?

Until he had fulfilled the duty to his parents who knew nothing of the tragedy in his life; until he had fulfilled his duty to the mother of his wife, who, although not deserving of his respect was a helpless woman put in his care, he was bound to that service, and must abide.

Now he was free. The woman by whose duplicity he was enmeshed in a loveless marriage, was no longer dependent upon him. He had left her financially many times better off than when the business had been given him, and he had always considered it a trust, not a gift. He had come to the city to see Wilma, to tell her all about it, then go far away, filling his life with business activities in a strange land. He would

*Oh, Life's a merry-go-me-round,
And he who said, "sans teeth, sans hair,"*

*How well he knew what Life's about,
For LIFE is ever "cycle,"*

*And we begin, where we leave off,
Without teeth, and without hair,—*

Ah, yes, Life is but a merry-go-me-round!

EDITH ELLEN ROBINSON.

wait till Sunday morning and if she did not come out from the door to go to church, he would go to the house to call.

Saturday morning while watching the house, hoping against hope, the door opened, and from it, with her eyes directed to the window at which he sat, came forth his wife. She smiled at him and came across the street. Very soon he was summoned—"A lady to see you, Sir"—and being a gentleman, he went down.

They took the first train home. Alma explained that she was confident after reading his letter that he had gone to the city. She had spied upon him before the wedding, and while her parents thought she was visiting a school friend she had taken a room there under an assumed name, and had watched him for several days as he and Wilma went to choir practice, to church, and practiced music in the home. After reading his letter she had followed him on the next train, telling friends that they were going to the city, and that she was taking a later train leaving him free to attend to some tiresome business matters, before time to go to the theater in the evening. That they were not certain just how long they would be away, but it would not be long.

Because he was a gentleman Jamieson said little in answer to her statements and the woman who did not recognize chivalry for chivalry's sake, twitted him and through the tantalizing harangue that followed, he learned that Wilma was detained at home caring for her mother who had grown very frail, and that neither of them knew of his presence in the city.

His heart grew lighter at this knowledge, for he had feared—he scarce knew what! That she might be dead, although he felt he should have known that, the bond between them was so fine and strong. That they might have gone to some other city to live, in which event it would have complicated the finding. Never once did he doubt that she knew in some occult way that he was true to her and only bided the time when he should be free to come to her.

A week after their return from the city, Alma had a stroke much resembling that which befell her mother, but she lived only a few hours, unable to speak.

"I have told her many times," said the family physician, "that she must be careful. But she loved society too well to give it up."

Being chivalrous, honorable and a gentleman, James rendered to the dead the respect required of him by the people of Smithsontown, and in reality by himself. The manner of his living had in-

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

Able and Willing to Pay

By Trebor Selig

WHEN Charles Dickens wrote *Little Dorrit* he dwelt with the social phase of a custom contemporaneous with Marshalsea Jail, rather than with a fallacy of financial methods then in vogue. For seven decades his readers have shed tears of sympathy for the hapless debtor victims of that custom and some have wondered at the stupidity of men who considered threat of prison sufficient security for money loaned.

Mr. Harry V. Harlan, writing for *National Geographic Magazine*, tells of a custom among the natives of Ethiopia where an unresponsive debtor is chained to his creditor, presumably until the debt is cancelled either by payments advanced by the debtor's friends or by discouragement of the creditor. Under the circumstances the latter seems a solution of the difficulty quite as probable as the former.

The threat of being chained to his creditor, or of sentence to Marshalsea Jail might promote in the debtor a willingness to pay, but he must also have ability to pay, if the creditor is to be satisfied. Neither willingness without ability nor ability without willingness to pay can be pleasing to a creditor. A satisfactory debtor must be both willing and able to meet his obligations. There is an ancient adage that emphasizes the difficulty of extracting blood from a turnip, and it should stand as a daily reminder to every investor.

The first yardstick one should use in measuring an offered investment is that which tests the security. Marshalsea Jail thrived in its day because, by some silly method of reasoning, an unsatisfied creditor might hold the person of his debtor as security. Mexican and Rifian bandits still consider such a practice good commercial usage, but in civilized business and financial circles it has long been obsolete. Today one demands a pledge of property of adequate marketable value as security for a loan.

Every true investment is a loan. The outright purchase of real estate or of commodities in anticipation of market price enhancement must be classed as speculation, since it involves only the factor of capital and not that of income. The purchase of stocks, although it

brings the investor a nominal proprietary interest in a business, is but an operation whereby the investor's money is loaned to further the conduct of that business. Investment in bonds or mortgages is an obvious loan of funds.

Whatever form of financial operation the loan may take, the first consideration is the security. One loans money to a farmer to finance his planting or his harvesting or certain improvements, and accepts an interest bearing note and mortgage as security. One loans a builder money for the erection of new homes or a commercial structure, and protects his capital by a mortgage. One buys shares in a bank or a railroad or manufacturing concern and the money is added to the working capital, while the investor collects his dividends and holds the stock certificates as security.

The oldest form of investment history records is the loan secured by real estate mortgage. Archaeologists of the University of Pennsylvania searching the ruins of Babylon in 1893 uncovered the archives of an ancient financial house. Hundreds of clay tablets were found on which were inscribed the firm's business records. One of them, in perfect state of preservation, is a real estate first mortgage translated as follows:

"Thirty bushels of dates are due to Bel Nadin Shun, son of Marashu, by Bel Bullitsu and Sha Nabu Shu, sons of Kirebti, and their tenants. In the month Tashri (month of harvest) of the 34th year of King Artaxerxes I, they shall pay the dates, thirty bushels, according to the measure of Bel Nadin Shun, in the town of Bit Balatsu. Their field, cultivated and uncultivated, their fief estate, is held as a pledge for the dates, namely, thirty bushels, by Bel Nadin Shun. Another creditor shall not have power over it."

This Babylonian mortgage is dated 430 B. C., but it is known that this or similar forms of documents pledging land as security for debts were used as early as 2000 B. C. While the phrasing has changed and refinements of detail have been made during the last forty centuries, the essentials of the document and the fundamentals of the

transaction are substantially the same today. This ancient tablet records the ability of the "sons of Kirebti" to pay, as well as their acknowledged willingness.

When one chooses an investment his first step must be to measure and weigh the security. If he buys a mortgage on land, he must be sure that, in case of foreclosure, the land could readily be sold for the amount of the loan plus the accrued interest and the costs of collection. If one buys stock in a manufacturing concern, he must assure himself that there is ample business and revenue to justify the capitalization and the indebtedness and the expected dividends. A bond is a mortgage-secured promise to pay interest on money loaned and to repay that money when due. Its value is measured primarily by the value of the property pledged.

Few indeed are the investors who can analyze the financial statement and business prospects of an industrial concern or public service corporation or bank, and accurately estimate the fair price to pay for its stock or its bonds. Few can appraise the value of mortgaged real estate or other property pledged as security for bonds, and determine its adequacy to protect the investment. Few are the investors, big or little, who can depend wholly on their own judgment in choosing safe employment for their funds. All must trust in large measure to the judgment and technical skill of men especially trained in making such analyses.

That is the province of the experienced and reputable investment house. It employs specialists whose peculiar duty is the appraisal of property, the analysis of financial structures, the estimation of income prospects, the preparation of legal safeguards, the accurate and thorough weighing and measuring of the borrower's ability as well as willingness to pay when payment is due. The judgment of such a house, matured and refined through long and comprehensive experience, is obviously more reliable than that of any individual. When such a house offers a security as desirable investment, the individual may well accept that recommendation.

Black Wheeler

By Fred Lockley

"BLACK" WHEELER has finally arrived. His stories are appearing in *Ace High* and other western magazines. He and Eli Colter collaborate in the writing of western stories. "Black" Wheeler used to be known in Wyoming, New Mexico and Colorado as "Poker Face Bill." His real name is W. R. Wheeler and he hails from the Western Reserve in Ohio, where he was born in 1858. His own story is far more fascinating than fiction. I have known W. R. Wheeler for years. About 14 years ago, when he was running a small neighborhood grocery store on the Powell Valley Road near Portland, Oregon, he conceived the idea of writing some of his experiences for publication. For some years I had been manager of the *Pacific Monthly*, but at that time was conducting a column on the editorial page of the *Oregon Journal of Portland*. He asked me to read one of his stories. It was hopelessly crude, from the standpoint of grammar and construction, but it had a peach of a plot. I tried to show him how hopeless it was to submit such a story to an editor. I told him that it would take years of study of plot construction, composition, punctuation and the reading of O. Henry and other authors, before he could hope to write.

His hair was already grey, but instead of realizing the futility of trying to become an author at that age, he said, "I guess I better start to learning the A B C of the writing game right away, for I am going to be an author." He set his alarm clock for 3 A. M. and every morning he put in three hours of study, so that he could open his store between 6 and 7 A. M. He got an old broken down typewriter and began hammering out stories. He wrote scores of western stories—cowboy stories, stories of Indian fights, stories of prospecting and mining, of saloon fights, of mule-skinning and bull-whacking—many of which I read. They were all hopeless from an editor's standpoint, but nevertheless there was the real atmosphere of the west in them. The plots were good, but they were not well handled. I tried to point out as well as I could some of his many faults. During his spare time he haunted the public library and during the next ten years he spent all of his spare money sending stories to the various magazines and getting them back as quickly as the mail would bring them, accompanied by printed rejection slips. Finally the *Overland Monthly* published one of his stories.

About three years ago he sent a story to Harold Hersey, at that time editor of *Ace High*, for which he received \$35. It was entitled "The Things Worth While." Almost immediately he landed the sale of another story, "The Claim Hogs of Oro Grande." Then he won a prize for a true experience story. Just about then he met Eli Colter, a young woman of plenty of ability as a writer, but who lacked knowledge of the west and western atmosphere. They formed a 50-50 partnership—he to furnish the plots and she to whip them into readable form. Their first story, "The Glommers," brought back a check for \$150. It was published in *West* and was accepted by Anthony M. Rud, who asked for more of the same kind. Eli Colter took a story of "Black" Wheeler's called "A Thousand Feet Below," tore it to pieces and put it together again and landed it in *West*. This was followed by "Snow-Blind Gulch," and in rapid succession by "The Ass Called Balaam," "Balaam Spills the Beans," "Swirling Dust — a Death Valley Story," "The Battle Axe," and various other western stories.

When I asked "Poker Face Bill," or "Black" Wheeler, as he signs his stories, to tell me something of how he secured his material for stories, he said: "I was born on the Western Reserve in Ohio in 1858. When I was a little tike nine years old, we moved to Kansas. I worked on the homestead till I was 12 years old and then I landed a job digging post-holes for Sam Langdon, who had a ranch on Cow Creek. Instead of paying me cash, he gave me a shoat for my work, which I at once traded for a Manhattan 36 caliber revolver. This old-time hand gun was a cap and ball pistol. In those days, in Kansas of a winter morning, you could see prairie chickens in every direction, perched on the fence posts. I got to be a good shot—so good, in fact, that I could generally shoot a prairie chicken's head off. I landed a job at \$10 a month as a farm hand. In the spring of 1877, when I was 19 years old, Fred Gibbs and myself went to Sioux Falls, the end of the railroad, and struck out on foot, with our blankets on our backs, across the open prairie for Fort Thompson on the Missouri River. Fort Thompson was on the Crow Indian Reservation. It was March when we struck out and we got caught in a blizzard and nearly froze to death lying out on the open prairie.

From Fort Thompson we walked to Fort Pierre. It was a late spring, for I remember when we crossed the river the ice was still running. We landed a job as bull-whackers on a freight outfit bound for Deadwood. They drove from six to ten yoke of bulls hitched to a huge freight wagon with a trailer. We not only drove all day, but we had to take our turn night-herding the bulls while they grazed on the buffalo grass. I soon became expert with the short-handled, long-lashed bull whip. I could make it crack like a pistol and could flick a half dollar at the full length of the whip. The government had taken away the Sioux' land in the Black Hills, promising to pay them for it, but failing to keep their promise. The Sioux Indians were restless and discontented. We passed several newly-made graves on Dead Man's Creek—travelers who had been killed by the Indians. Throwing open of the Black Hills and the failure of the government to keep its promise were really the main cause that led to the Custer massacre which had occurred the year before.

That country at that time was a hunter's paradise. There were antelope on the rolling hills in countless thousands, and you could get all of the deer, bear and elk you wanted. The hide hunters had pretty well killed off the buffalo. I landed a job standing knee-deep in water in the tail race, shoveling tailings from the end of the sluice box in a placer mine. Later I landed a job grading for the new mill of the Homestake Mine. An old prospector had owned this claim, but in a dispute over the title he was killed. Mr. Hearst of California secured possession of it, and, though the gold-bearing ore runs less than \$3 a ton, it has been producing for the past 50 years and was the basis of the Hearst fortune. They were crushing the ore with an 80-stamp mill when I was there. After a couple of years in the Black Hills I went back to Kansas to help my mother. My father had died in the meanwhile. Later I returned to Deadwood, enlisted in the cavalry and was stationed at Fort Meade and, in fact, helped build that fort. After my services in the cavalry, I put in a few years as a cowpuncher in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas. I prospected from the Canadian line into old Mexico.

All were grist for my mill, for I had an insatiable curiosity and interest in my fellow men.

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Overland Poetry Contest

AS readers of the "Overland Monthly" are aware, there was announced, a number of months back, a prize poetry contest for California poets. Senator James D. Phelan, a well known patron of the arts, offered prizes aggregating \$200 for the best work in both published and unpublished sonnets and lyrics.

For the best unpublished sonnet, a prize of \$30 was offered. For the best unpublished lyric, a prize of \$30. The second and third best sonnets were to receive prizes of \$15 and \$5, respectively; and the same for the second and third best lyrics.

For those who had published during 1926-27 a sonnet or lyric, the first prize in each instance was to be \$30; and \$15 and \$5 for the second and third prizes, respectively, for both sonnets and lyrics.

Honorable mention was promised for the best sonnets and lyrics following first, second and third choices.

In various numbers of the "Overland Monthly" the conditions of the contest were set forth. Manuscripts when received by the "Overland Monthly" were placed in the hands of the judges. The judges selected were Edwin Markham, Raymond W. Barry of the State Teachers College at San Jose, and Dr. Lionel Stevenson of the department of English, University of California. Acting in conjunction with these judges was Henry Meade Bland of San Jose.

As set forth in the announcements given from time to time, manuscripts submitted were not to be returned to the authors. It was advised that carbon copies of all work be retained by the author. It was understood that only those poems which were awarded prizes would become the property of "Overland Monthly."

The number of poems submitted exceeded all expectations. As a result the judges have very nigh been swamped. Hundreds of letters have been received by the "Overland Monthly" during the months past making inquiry as to the winners in the contest. The list is given herewith; and such poems are published in this issue as space permits. It is hoped additional poems winning prizes will appear in the pages of this magazine from time to time.

The management of the "Overland Monthly" takes occasion to thank publicly the judges upon whose shoulders fell such a burden of work—they are deserving of high praise. Appreciation also is expressed to Honorable James D. Phelan, who so graciously made possible

these prizes, and whose interest in the cause of letters is well known. The magazine congratulates as well those authors who were successful in the contest; and those others whose work, while meritorious, could not be accorded honorable mention. Hope is expressed that these contestants will persist in their work toward the continued development of the literature and poetry of the Pacific Coast. The list of successful contestants follows:

Unpublished Sonnets

- (1) Query, Dorothe Bendon, Mills College, California.
- (2) Laborers, Lori Petri, 727 27th Ave., San Francisco, Cal.
- (3) Tears and Bells, Minnie Faegre Knox, 1420 Mortimer Road, Oakland.

MENTIONED WITH HONOR

- (1) R. L. S., Clara McCreery, Casa Madrona Hotel, Sausalito.
- (2) Silver Leaves, Dorothe Bendon, Mills College, California.
- (3) Stone Image, Frances Mayes Daft, 1179 Delmas Ave., San Jose.
- (4) Forgotten Prisoners, Vincent Jones, Hotel Lankershim, Los Angeles, Cal.
- (5) I Am Compassionate, Margaret Dale Chappell, San Jose.

Unpublished Lyrics

- (1) My Aethe, William McNaught, 2099 Vallejo St., San Francisco.
- (2) Stubble Hill, Elwyn Bell, 672 North First St., San Jose, Cal.
- (3) Song of Autumn, Willard Maas, 325 B St., Porterville, Cal.

MENTIONED WITH HONOR

- (1) Preparedness, Camilla Washburn Taylor, 2623 Benvenue Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
- (2) Let Me Live One More Spring, Elwyn Bell, 672 North First St., San Jose, Cal.
- (3) Glen Mornan's Hill, Nancy Buckley, 2070 Fell St., San Francisco, Cal.
- (4) Sea Music, Nancy Buckley, 2070 Fell St., San Francisco.

Published Sonnets

- (1) I Shall Want More, Clara Maxwell, Taft.
- (2) Scherzo, Snow Longley.
- (3) Futility, Dorothe Bendon, Mills College, California.

MENTIONED WITH HONOR

- (1) Circus Parade, Gladys Guildford Scott.
- (2) Allegro)
- (3) Andante) Snow Longley.
- (4) Finale)
- (5) Love of Life, Dorothe Bendon, Mills College, California.

Published Lyrics

- (1) Caught, Sarah Hammond Kelly, Santa Rosa, Cal.
- (2) Progress, Elizabeth A. Everett, 2632 Regent St., Berkeley, Cal.
- (3) Absence, Torrey Connor, 604 B, Hammond Ave., Oakland, Cal.

MENTIONED WITH HONOR

- (1) Perfect Happiness, Evelyn Brownell, 622 San Luis Road, Berkeley, Cal.
- (2) Night on the Desert, Nancy Buckley, 2070 Fell St., San Francisco, Cal.
- (3) Echo Song for May, Laura Bell Everett, 2632 Regent St., Berkeley, Cal.
- (4) Ships, Alma L. Williams, The State College, San Jose.
- (5) An Old Whaler, Cristel Hastings, Mill Valley, Cal.

Published Lyrics

CAUGHT

I WOULD be old and gray,
Quiet and still,
Peaceful as an oak tree,
Asleep on the hill.

Past time for flowering,
Soberly I'd wait,
While Spring's gay riot
Danced by the gate.

I would have silence,
Dreaming, alone.
(Life cannot hurt you
Once youth is gone.)

I have latched my gateway,
Bolted my door;
Spring shall not catch me,
Ever, any more.

I shall have quiet,
Nothing to fear . . .
(Green and gold and azure!)
Spring, I am here!

SARAH HAMMOND KELLY.

Literary Section, Albany (Ore.) Democrat-Herald, March, 1927.

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Lu-Po-Yoma--A Legend

By Cristel Hastings

Author of Books of Verse: "Here and There in the Yosemite," "Alta California," "Gardens of the Gobs," and "Songs of the Sea," Etc.

ONCE upon a time, hundreds of years ago, a peace-loving tribe of Indians, the Pomos, lived on the sun-drenched side of the Mayacamas Range in Northern California.

Here they had their tee-pees and their camp-fires. Here they spread their blankets on the earth and slept with only a covering of stars over them. Bears shuffled along through the tangled manzanita, but the Pomos were not afraid, for to them the bear was the Spirit of all things good. And the bear looked upon the Indians as his friends and did them no harm.

The braves of the Pomo tribe were skilled with the bow and arrow, and many pieces of venison were hung in the Tee-pee of Great Smoke when winter came.

The women folk were nimble-fingered and the baskets they wove of long grasses were a joy to behold.

Papooses dozed all day in the sun and there was no such thing among the Indians as strife and discord.

In the spring months many fish were speared from the banks of the Cache Creek, and the tribe hunted and fished and were contented.

When autumn came the squaws filled their baskets with acorns from the lichen-hung oaks that grew all about, and the community larder was never empty.

But the happiest of all the tribe was the young brave, Co-noke-ti, for did not Lu-Po-yoma, the loveliest of all maidens, smile upon him? She was brown as a madrone tree, and as lithe and graceful as the willows that hung over the creek in the spring. Her voice was low as that of the wood doves that fluttered about. Lu-po-yoma was beloved of her people and her heart was sunny.

The squaws vied with each other in weaving their best baskets for her who was the daughter of their Chief, and the braves invariably brought the choicest fish to the wigwam of her father, and the finest venison, knowing full well that the beautiful Lu-po-yoma would partake of them also.

If Lu-po-yoma was sad and unsmiling, the skies became overcast, gentle rains fell, and gray veils of mist and fog drifted and hung over the hills toward the sea. If she wept (and sometimes she did—all maidens do!) thunder rumbled and lightning flashed.

And if she smiled—ah, that was another matter, for her smile was *June* itself! Her sigh was the West Wind, and birds stole their songs from her lips.

BUT one day while Co-noke-ti was away among the blue mountains with his bow and arrows, a strange Chief of another tribe walked among the tee-pees clustered about the foot of the Mayacamas Range. He came, at last, upon the wigwam of the Pomo Chief, and there his sombre eyes beheld the lovely Lu-po-yoma.

The stranger was known as Chief He-le-na, and his country lay toward the south of the Pomos. He brought greetings to the tribe, and before he returned to the country of his people he demanded the hand of the maiden Lu-po-yoma.

But Lu-po-yoma's heart was far away over the blue hills with the young brave, Co-noke-ti, and in terror she fled into the great oak forest in search of him.

This greatly angered the haughty Chief He-le-na, and he determined to break the maiden's spirit. Into the forest he followed her, sending many swift arrows after to frighten Lu-po-yoma. Even today you and I may wander along the peaceful shoreline of Clear Lake and there we may find some of the many arrow-heads the Chief He-le-na sent after the fleeing maiden to halt her flight.

But the swiftest pony could never quite catch up with Lu-po-yoma. Deer were not as fleet as she, and the wind that rustled the leaves of the trees was her breath as she hurried swiftly by in search of Co-noke-ti.

At last, angered and wearied beyond endurance, Chief He-le-na returned to the campfires of the Pomos. His swarthy face was like a thunder cloud and children hid behind their mothers as he strode among them.

Straight to the wigwam of the old Pomo Chief he went, but Lu-po-yoma's father had heard nothing from her since she rushed forth from the wigwam into the night, and his heart was heavy with woe.

Chief He-le-na refused to return to the country of his people without the beautiful maiden. Her flight made him more determined than ever. He tethered his pony among the oaks and prepared for the long vigil beside the glowing camp-fire of the Pomos until she should return.

The father of Lu-po-yoma was greatly troubled for he dared not refuse the

mighty He-le-na that which he demanded, for the country that lay toward the south of the Pomos rumbled and shook with the Voice of Steam that crept up through great crevices and hurled itself into the air as though in a great anger.

THAT night the tribe slept with one eye open, for ominous clouds of trouble and warfare hovered over the lonely group of wigwams. Their hearts ached, too, for Lu-po-yoma who had fled from among them and they could not sleep for thinking of her flying among the hills in search of the young brave whom she loved.

The stars refused to be lighted, and the moon forgot to shine. All was the blackness of night. Only the dull-glowing embers of a dying campfire gleamed to sullen life now and then in the fitful wind that moaned among the trees. And over it crouched the blanketed figure of Chief He-le-na waiting for dawn—dawn and Lu-po-yoma.

Papooses whimpered all through the night and were restless. The Pomos spoke among themselves in low voices that were as the moaning of a strange and unhappy wind. Trouble and anxiety stalked the camp of the Pomo tribe that long night, and the oaks all about waved their arms in a frenzy of pain and grief.

BUT dawn came at last, and with it came the weary but joyous brave, Co-noke-ti. Over his stalwart shoulder lay a magnificent buck he had brought down with his arrow. All night he had torn his impatient way through the stubborn manzanita and chemise-bush that grew in a tangled maze all about the blue hills, so that at dawn he might lay his prize at the doorway of Lu-po-yoma's wigwam.

Shrill cries greeted him as he walked among his people. Braves hung their heads and squaws wept. He feared that a great tragedy had befallen them while he had been away. And then his heart sank, for the lovely Lu-po-yoma, always the first to greet him, was not among those who welcomed him. Instead there stood a sombre-eyed Chief of another tribe among them—a stranger from whom the Pomos shrank in fear.

Co-noke-ti hurried straight to the wigwam of Lu-po-yoma's father, a great dread filling his heart, and a fear for the maiden's welfare. And then he learned of the ill-starred coming of the Chief He-le-na from the south country

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EVENTS---HERE AND THERE

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Education of Women in Financial Matters

Under the auspices of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, there has been formed a national committee for the education of women in financial matters. The idea is to protect women from losses through unwise investment, and to guard them against imposters and spurious salesmen. Mrs. Bessie Q. Mott, chairman of the advisory directorate, says: "The Better Business Bureaus estimate that through the purchase of worthless securities, the women of this country will lose more than \$700,000,000 in 1928." It is further stated by Mrs. Mott that "Insurance companies report that 90 per cent of estates over \$5,000 left to women are dissipated within seven years of receipt."

This is a well-timed move on the part of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and Mrs. Mott and her committee have a splendid piece of work to perform. This committee on education in banking and investment will find the American Society for Thrift ever ready to give assistance in the building up of sentiment that will protect the women of the nation against impostors and frauds in the line of securities and investments. Indeed, not only the women, but the men generally, even many of the so-called business men, are daily drawn into shady investments from which they need to be protected. The National Committee has as its general advisor Herbert H. Houston, formerly president of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, and for many years National Chairman of the Truth in Advertising Movement and The Better Business Bureaus.

* * *

State Parks in California

The development of the system of state parks in California is well under way. The 1927 legislature made provision for a six million dollar bond issue to be put before the voters the coming November. For every dollar raised this way, there will be an additional dollar donated by private interests which will result in a fund

of twelve million dollars to be expended on state parks. The Park Commission consists of William Edward Colby, chairman; President Ray Lyman Wilbur, Stanford University; ex-Senator W. F. Chandler, Henry William O'Melveny and W. P. Wing. A survey of California to determine suitable park sites is to be carried on under the direction of Frederick L. Olmstead.

There is no state in the Union that offers as great opportunity for out-of-door life as does California. We now have within our border a number of national and state parks that attract annually hundreds of thousands of visitors. However, the possibilities of developing out-of-door playgrounds and recreation places in our mountains and forests have hardly as yet been touched. The fund that is available under proper administration, and with the help and direction of the members of the State Park Commission and of Mr. Olmstead will go far toward creating in California a system of state parks that should be the admiration of the world.

* * *

The Work of Ina Coolbrith

Under caption, "The Work of Miss Coolbrith," there appeared recently in the Stockton Record the following editorial:

THE WORK OF MISS COOLBRITH

Ina Coolbrith, California's poet laureate, who has furlled her tent and gone forth on another adventure, came to this state as part of the argonaut stream pouring over the Sierras. As a little child she was a member of an emigrant party that entered the Sacramento valley by way of Beckwith Pass. In fact, her memory was of riding in the saddle before Beckwith himself, the picturesque Virginian and guide who brought the travelers over the mountains.

Here in that colorful early era Miss Coolbrith became a member of the brilliant literary group which was only second in strength to the Concord circle then flourishing on the other edge of the continent. And the Concord coterie had no women

whose verse had the music and power of Miss Coolbrith's.

No estimate of her work and place in western literature could be made more gracefully than Edwin Markham did in his splendid book, "California the Wonderful." In his tribute to her, he says:

"Ina Coolbrith had a rare romantic fortune—to be young and a poet, in the great days when that brink of the western sea was in the radiant morning hour. Yes, she was part of that lyric April hour; for as a young woman she was associate of the literary circle who made the glory of 'The Overland,' and she was literary adviser to some of them.

"Her imagination apprehends and expresses a phase of the 'ancient rapture' of the Creator at work in our Far West. Her ode to California voices better than any other poem the bigness and brooding beauty of our empire by the sea. It embodies a noble symbol veiled in happy phrase and lovely music. Her 'Rain-in-the-Face' is a sword thrust against our injustice to the Indian, and shows the insurgent phase of her spirit. But her prevailing note is that of faith which holds steadfast against the chances and changes of the world."

This is a splendid statement of one whose contribution to the literary life of California and the West has meant so much. Miss Coolbrith's passing reminds us that in her quiet way she has for half a century been a tremendous power for good in the life and development of California. She wrote little for publication as compared with the output of many authors and writers. But the product of her pen was of a nature to bring abiding results long after the author had left us. Her place will be hard to fill.

* * *

Lelia Ayer Mitchell who contributes to this issue the article entitled, "Interwoven Mysticism of Oriental Art Objects" will follow in May with a most interesting story on "The Trek of Porce-lain." This series of articles by Mrs. Mitchell is attracting wide and favorable comment.

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST EXPOSITION

CALIFORNIA this summer expects to entertain the greatest influx of visitors in its history, with the Pacific Southwest Exposition at Long Beach, July 27 to August 13, the mecca for tourists and travelers from all parts of the United States, Canada, Mexico and other foreign lands.

The Pacific Southwest Exposition is the largest enterprise of its kind attempted in California since the world-famed Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco and the San Diego Exposition, both held in 1915.

The event is to be staged in commemoration of the landing of the Spanish padres, depicting the cultural and commercial progress of the entire Pacific Southwest and its evolution from a colorful, romantic Spanish domain to a bustling world mart.

Having assumed international aspects, with pledges of participation already received from Belgium, Mexico, Guatemala, Argentina, Cuba, Panama, Germany, The Netherlands and Sweden, its success is believed assured. Many other nations bordering the Pacific and Atlantic have manifested interest in the event, with promise that possibly a score of foreign lands will participate with exhibits of commercial products, rare antiquities and cultural art characteristic of their people.

The exposition is to be located on a 60-acre waterfront site at Long Beach and preparation of the grounds is already under way. Actual construction of ten immense exhibit palaces is expected to be launched in April.

Governmental recognition of the exposition has been accorded through Congressional approval of a measure sponsored by Senator Hiram Johnson providing tax-free importation of foreign articles designed for exhibition purposes. In addition, the measure pledges co-operation of the government to make the event a success.

Back of the general theme of the exposition is being woven the romance of the old Pacific Southwest of the Spanish days. The exhibits in the educational department will show the development of the modern educational system from the early adobe school to the modern edifices housing the present day system. The art exhibits will show examples of the work of the early Spanish artists, as well as those of modern artists in this and foreign nations. The romance of oil, from the early days when a fire hardened wooden pole driven inch by inch into the ground gave California its first oil wells

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"Tolstoy"

(Continued from Page 105)

man was persuading my father to write a will. But my father, believing in the teaching of Christ, would not believe in any kind of a Government. Once he would not believe in any kind of Government, he would not believe in writing a will that would be legally valuable.

In the summer of 1910 when my father was very weak and had spells when he would become practically unconscious; (he was then eighty-two) this friend would use his own strong will in persuading my father to write this document. So my dear father wrote a will disinheriting all legal claim to his copyrights both for himself and his heirs.

But please remember this, my father kept a little diary, which he called a little diary 'Only for Myself,' and in this he wrote 'Teherthoff compelled me to start controversy, which is against my desire, and very disagreeable to me. What I should have done was to gather my family together and tell them my will.'

And so I gleaned the true story of the spirit of the great Tolstoy and felt something of his presence in the room. For on the wall in front of me hung a painting by this son, a copy from a

famous original, of his father in peasant dress. For when this thinker found his inner self, he changed his outward dress that he might be one with the poor. His ambition became contrition, his love of power vanished into justice, his love of gain became charity; the lechery he confessed gave way to purity, his pride became humility, his anger became patience, his vengeance gave way to forgiveness.

September 1928 will be the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Count Liov Nikolaievitch Tolstoy. The London Tolstoy Society, which was organized for the purpose of celebrating this fete, has been so successful among the literati that steps are being taken to form a branch here in California.

Tolstoy was a great author before the religious crisis came to him and he possessed a mind of indefinable qualities. I asked his son, "How must you have felt in the presence of such a great mind, to have daily contact and to call such a one 'Father' by right of parentage?"

His answer came without hesitation, "I was always as a child before him."

The Plumed Knight

(Continued from Page 112)

tensified the importance of each obligation, making it impossible for him to go counter to the unwritten law that all his life he had followed. To do otherwise would have been a shock to all that was best in his own nature, and to the ideal he held in his heart of the one and only girl—although he now pictured her as having acquired some of the charm due to matured personality, like unto that he had so admired in the mother.

AT THE end of a year he sold the business, announcing to friends, his intention to travel.

Could the Smithsontown people have followed him, they would have seen him after reaching the city, go directly to the house across the street from the boarding-house of the early days. He rang the doorbell and was ushered in, disappearing from the view of the outside world.

What was said by James and Wilma

we need not know. But we may know that the frail mother had gone on just a few weeks before, to join the lover of her youth and the husband of her young womanhood.

The pastor who had welcomed James to his city church, had read the burial service with its comforting words, and he now read for James and Wilma the marriage service with its wonder-words of fulfillment. It was noticeable that the bridegroom gave the word: "Love," with distinctness and emphasis.

Luggage accompanying them on their round-the-world travels, bore tags reading: "Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Jamieson."

Below these names, fantastically traced but undiscernible to any without divination powers, and knowledge of fairies who wield elfin brush and eerie paint, was the legend:

"A Plumed Knight and The Lady of His Ideals."

LU-PO-YOMA

(Continued from Page 116)

and of his determination to carry the maiden back to his own people. They told him of Lu-po-yoma's frightened flight into the forest of shadows in search of Co-noke-ti, and of the all-night vigil of the strange Chief before their camp-fire.

The young brave's heart was torn with anguish as he thought of the maiden's flight into the night. He remembered the long drear cry of a coyote. It might have been Lu-po-yoma wailing in her grief. He recalled the rush of the night wind as it had cooled his burning brow. It may have been her whispered warning. A thousand anguished thoughts crowded the young brave's mind and his grief was such that it made even the stranger among them turn aside.

AND then, weary as he was, Co-noke-ti turned his face toward the west wind and, without a word, strode into the forest. For many days and nights he searched among the blue hills for a trace of Lu-po-yoma. Many times he ran eagerly ahead to embrace the maiden who must be wandering about the hills in search of him, but always he found only the brown arms of a madrone mocking him. Rains fell upon him and he knew them to be her tears. The wind was her breath and the darkness of night was her weariness. The moon did not shine for many nights, and the stars hung unlighted in the heavens. Even the birds forgot their songs and flew away to happier climes.

But Co-noke-ti's great courage did not waver once as he stumbled through the black, wintry forests that would have discouraged even the most fearless hunter. But no trace of Lu-po-yoma could he find. And yet Co-noke-ti would not leave the wilderness until he had found the unhappy maiden of his heart.

At last he determined to retrace his moccasined foot-prints toward the camp of the Pomos, for Lu-po-yoma may have wandered back to her people.

Ominous clouds drifted across the sky and a sound of rushing waters filled the world. The strength of Co-noke-ti was well nigh spent, yet he kept on and on, wearily but faithfully.

A rift in the scudding clouds allowed a wan moon to look through the misty veil of the heavens for a forgotten moment. Co-noke-ti stood still, for a great lake of rippling silver lay stretched out before him. This was a strange lake that no Indian had ever before looked upon. Co-noke-ti knew that it could not have been the tiny Lake Thurston, nor could

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POETRY CONTEST
(Continued from Page 115)*Unpublished Lyrics*

STUBBLE-HILL

TWO horses on a stubble-hill,
Standing together,
Shoulder to thigh,
While rain spills
From a tipping sky . . .
Gray weather.

Their long necks droop
Slowly;
Wet noses sniff the grass—
A flank lifts
In a muscular loop—
A hoof falls
Sending an echoless splash
A little way . . .

Heavy hided ribs
Bend,
Achinly distend
In a long, deep sigh . . .

Their heads rest
Each on the other's loins,
While wind blows west,
While rain spills
From a tipping sky.

ELWYN BELL.

Unpublished Sonnets

QUERY

I LISTENED when men spoke, and I could feel
Their voices slipping beneath my arms like wind.
I knew, in a dream more definite than steel,
The soft, sibilant push of flesh and mind.
Seeing a bird's wing or a purple cloud,
I doubted when they talked of death and birth
As things that they could touch or say aloud,
Because I was not even sure of earth,
And feated to mention names of things unknown.
Sometime, somewhere, when everything is said
That can be said, I shall be left alone,
As still as lichen flattened on a stone.
Will there be fear and strangeness in that bed?
Or will I know for certain I am dead?

DOROTHE BENDON.

Published Sonnets

I SHALL WANT MORE

I SHALL want more of life than this brief span
Of three-score years and ten allotted me,
And other loves, and new comradery
Built on the old, but to a nobler plan.
I must glimpse fairer suns; the walks of man
Desert for highways past the farthest sea,
Grazing the points of stars as breathlessly
I join the upward circling caravan.

O blessed, gracious, and abiding Care
That gently leads me through long days of peace
After as much of pain as I can bear,
Grant me the thing which only seems surcease,
A temporary space of rest . . . And then
I shall want love and tears and death again!

CLARA MAXWELL TAFT.

Stratford-on-Avon

(Continued from Page 108)

fire, and the chair in which he sat. We sat down in Geoffrey Crayons' parlor and persuaded the maid it was really lemonade and not porter or ale we desired. And although the lemon flavor was decidedly lacking, that of historic association was much in evidence.

How many thousand visitors from every civilized country on the globe have trod the path across the fields to Shottery—the path made famous by the passage, back and forth, of the greatest



—Chamberlain Photo
Holy Trinity Church and Avon River

framer of phrases the world has ever known. Tourists, historians, literary lights, the curious, the student, the philosopher, the sentimentalist and the sober minded—all have mused and pondered as they pressed onward toward the simple cottage once the home of Ann Hathaway. With scarce width for two abreast and bordered on either side with beautiful hedges; over stiles, and past vegetable and flower gardens, the lane at last winds in and out to the Ann Hathaway cottage.

Today the house is owned and shown by distant relatives of Ann Hathaway. On an earlier visit I was privileged to talk with the last direct descendant of the famous Ann, a woman of many years and willing to chat about the records and deeds of the family.

A wide stone path, bordered by fine old trees, leads invitingly from the entrance of the churchyard to the door of Holy Trinity, and it is more than likely the stranger has reserved this visit till the last. There is indeed an atmosphere of more than awe and reverence surrounding the place; a spirit of worship pervades everything and everybody, and while the interior of the church is far less beautiful than many English houses of worship, it is overpowering in its simplicity and its significance. Its general trend is Gothic. It was begun in

the twelfth century upon the site of an older building. The stone spire, erected in 1764, replaces a wooden one of former years, and is 163 feet high. The transepts and part of the central tower were built in the thirteenth century, the aisles in the fourteenth and the remainder added in the fifteenth century. The chancel and nave are not in exact alignment, being on a "bias" or "skew."

In the year 1564 the babe Shakespeare was baptized in the old font; and as you pass from here up the church to the altar rails, you see why in later years they have been moved back as the floor is worn and hollowed by the march of many feet. Inside the chancel are the graves of William Shakespeare, who died April 25, 1616, and that of his wife, Ann Hathaway. Buried here also is Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susannah Hall, her husband, Dr. John Hall, who called his wife, "Good Mistress Hall," and their son-in-law, Thomas Nashe.

On the wall overhead is the most trustworthy bust of the great poet bearing this inscription:

"Stay passenger, why goest thou so fast,
Read, if thou canst, whom envious
death hath blast
Within this monument; Shakespeare
with whome
Quick nature dide; whose name doth
deck ye tombe
Far more than cost; sith all yt he hath
writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his
witt."

The curse, written by Shakespeare and placed at his request on a stone slab, runs thus:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbear,
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

In the south transept is the American window, built by contributions from Americans. It illustrates the "Seven Ages" of the poet and was unveiled by our ambassador, Hon. Thomas Bayard, on Shakespeare's birthday, 1896.

With what wonder, respect, admiration and awe does one look upon the last resting place of the Master Poet, and with what feelings of regret does one turn to leave the quiet town that, but for one man, would scarce be known outside its own little world. Here lived a man of moods and sides. He was a student and a teacher, a poet and philosopher, an historian and a tradesman, a

thinker and a doer. His was a nature that could sympathize with the weak and downtrodden, or mete out justice unbounded to the hypocrite. His writings at once show the damning effect of a bad conscience and the peace which comes with a knowledge of something well and honestly done. All the traits of human character and of the strengths and weaknesses of human life are laid bare by him, and always in such a way as to be understood by all.

Probably no lines were ever written that contain a greater abundance of happy and valuable suggestion, than those carrying advice of Polonius to his departing son, Laertes:

"Give thy thoughts no tongue
Nor any unproportioned thought its act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy
voice.
Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not
gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of hus-
bandry.
This above all, to thine own self be
true,
And it must follow as the night, the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any
man."

An English friend once asked us why so many Americans visited Stratford. Himself a resident of London, he had never felt the urge to journey thither. It seemed strange to him that so strong an appeal should be made to foreigners, by an English poet. Intelligent reply to such inquiry is difficult indeed. It cannot adequately be framed in words. But surely association for a time with the scenes and surroundings of Shakespeare's day aids materially in our estimate of the master poet. It leads as well into full claim of that complete literary inheritance which, lacking appreciation of the marvelous contribution of William Shakespeare, would be barren and incomplete.



Books



Writers

HIGH IN HER TOWER—By Charles Phillips, F. T. Kolars, New York, 1927.

IN these days when books of poetry are hurried rough-hewn from the press, as if expecting destiny to shape them further, there is rich satisfaction in a volume in which the finish of each poem tells of utmost effort bestowed upon it. It is a labor of love, the sort into which souls pour what they cannot give perfunctorily or poorly.

"High in Her Tower" is the title of the volume containing some sixty poems by Charles Phillips, professor of English of Notre Dame University, Indiana. The dedication is this:

"For Ina Coolbrith
'High in Her Tower'."

The exquisitely finished verse has a note like Matthew Arnold's in its recognition of "a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Friendship in its loftier reaches is the theme of many of the poems. There are tributes to other of the earlier singers of California, especially Charles Warren Stoddard. One reads from poem to poem, making the happy discoveries that render a book of more than passing interest.

The volume begins and ends with a poem to Ina Coolbrith, the title poem closing with this stanza:

"High in her ivory tower
My lady lives,
But from her golden dower
Such bounty gives
Of truth, of love, of beauty,
Of strength and high pure duty,
That by her song's allure, her gentle power,
She lifts the world to share her hal-
lowed bower."

Instead of the usual advertisement,

*A merited word to Miss Coolbrith by one who knew her well, written a few days before the passing of the Poet Laureate.

the jacket of the book bears the following sketch:

"Ina Coolbrith, to whom 'High in Her Tower' is dedicated, is poet laureate of California, the first poet in America to be named laureate by act of legislature. The outstanding living figure of the Golden Era of California literature, Miss Coolbrith links the past with the present in American letters in a unique way. Friend and contemporary of the great writers of the past generation, patroness and friend of the poets of her own time, the names of a galaxy of famous men and women are linked with hers—Bret Harte, Whittier, Robert Louis Stevenson, Stoddard, Mark Twain, Miller, London; in Europe, Tennyson, Christina Rossetti, Carmen Silva—the list is as long as the roster of two generations of literary celebrities.

"It was Whittier who 'discovered' her in the East, as it was *The London Outlook* that proclaimed her in England. It was her poem, 'With a Wreath of Laurel,' that brought about the restoration of Byron's grave and made her name known on the continent. Miss Coolbrith still writes and takes active part in the literary life of California. A new edition of her poems has recently been published by Houghton, Mifflin."

One is glad to know that the book came out in time to be a beautiful gift to Miss Coolbrith in the last months of her life.*

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

THE LARIAT, long directed and edited by Col. E. Hofer, of Salem, Oregon, has been transferred to Frank J. Bellemin, of Multnomah, Oregon. We wish the new editor and manager every success. Col. Hofer has made a remarkable contribution to the literary life of the West. The Lariat has made a place for itself as an exponent of literary criticism and of poetry. It is a welcome visitor to our desk.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

WHEN GOLDEN SONGS OF THE GOLDEN STATE came out somewhat more than ten years ago, its editor, Marguerite Wilkinson, was known to lovers of poetry by two little books of poems published five or six years earlier, *IN VIVID GARDENS* and *BY A WESTERN WAYSIDE*. The *GOLDEN SONGS* comprise representative poems of California poets from Bret Harte on. As an editor and critic Mrs. Wilkinson did notable work.

When in the effort at new modes of expression new verse became, formless as it seemed to many, a form to be reckoned with; when the term *vers libre* was a literary shibboleth, Marguerite Wilkinson published *NEW VOICES* in which she presented examples of work by the newer writers and by her discussion so clarified the situation that the book became a recognized guide. Four years later, in 1923, her collection, *CONTEMPORARY POETRY*, was received with favor and became at once a standard among the many anthologies appearing from various presses. *THE WAY OF THE MAKERS*, 1925, resulted from her study of the methods of the earlier poets.

BLUESTONE, a collection of poems, takes its title from a consideration of pioneer virtues exemplified in the lives of her forefathers, their honesty strong as the bluestone on their farms. It was read by many who had not seen her play, *THE PASSING OF MARS*, called out by the beginning of the World War.

The reflective mood of *BLUESTONE* continues in *CITADELS*, her later lyrics, which shine with a spiritual quality that will endear them to many readers. It has been said that beside the writer who signs himself "A. E.," no one in this country is giving to the lyric a note at once so joyous and so spiritual, as Marguerite Wilkinson. In *THE GREAT DREAM* Mrs. Wilkinson forevisioned what the city of the future may be. In *THE RADIANT TREE* she gave the meaning of Easter, and in a third little volume, *YULE FIRE*, she collected her Christmas poems.

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Books

Marguerite Wilkinson wrote frequently for the magazines, sometimes under her own name and sometimes under the pen name of Harley Graves. She was a member of the Poetry Society of America and of the Authors League. Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, she was educated in Evanston, Illinois, and in New York. She was an honorary member of *Phi Beta Kappa*. Her husband, James G. Wilkinson, was for some years a professor in the State Teachers College at San Diego. Later his work took him to New York, and there they made their home.

Her death by drowning, off Coney Island in January, occurred when by the doctor's orders she was taking her daily exercise, swimming, and was probably due to heart failure, for the water at that point was not deep. In her early forties, she had never been seriously ill, and her joy in her work had enabled her to labor without strain. In the out-of-doors she found rest and refreshing. One reads over again in *BLUESTONE* the opening lines of her *Chant Out of Doors* with its reference to the swimming of which she was so fond:

God of grave nights,
God of brave mornings,
God of silent noon,
Hear my salutation!

For where the rapids rage white and scornful,

I have passed safely, filled with wonder;
Where the sweet pools dream under willows,

I have been swimming, filled with life.

Mrs. Wilkinson's love of Nature did not crowd out her interest in people or her wish to aid them. Her last summer was spent in unpaid work among the needy in the great city that had become her home.

Marguerite Wilkinson's personality had the strength and sweetness of the out-of-door that she loved. She did not leave the sky out of her landscape. Reared in a harmonious home of the best American type, she exemplified the ideals of that home. Mrs. Wilkinson's father, Nathan Kellogg Bigelow, died some years ago. Her mother has recently come to California to make her home with another daughter, the violinist, Miss Natalie Bigelow of Berkeley.

Poet, play-writer, editor, critic, as she was, author of much uncollected work, Mrs. Wilkinson is known and loved by many readers who are familiar with

none of the writing to which reference has been made, but who carry with them on their jaunts, or take indoor vacations by reading her description of happy voyaging, as told in *THE DINGBAT OF ARCADY*. Professor and Mrs. Wilkinson built their own boat, *The Dingbat*, and saw parts of California and Oregon in the perfect freedom of out-of-door enthusiasts. Their companionship, their ability to find in river and wooded bank and summer sunrises the happiness that suggests a golden age of joy, their insight into Nature, and poet's eyes for loveliness, make the book a little volume of refreshment. Among other good writing it contains, it seems to me, the most exquisite pen-picture of eucalyptus trees to be found.

Of Marguerite Wilkinson's place among writers it is too soon to speak. Some critic generations hence may trace a spiritual quality in some future group of poets to her influence, and many seek to evaluate those of whom she wrote may return to her sane and well-poised judgments.

By LAURA BELL EVERETT

* * *

CHATTERBOX FOR 1928

THE famous "Chatterbox," that has brought joy to the children for many years past, is fully up to the standard in its 1928 edition. While primarily a holiday book, issuing in time for the Christmas season each year, it is nevertheless appreciated throughout the year. The "Chatterbox" was founded 48 years ago. It carries in its edition this year as heretofore, many delightful stories with historical and literary background. There are articles having to do with the development of science in its everyday aspects such as to appeal to the inquiring boy's mind. There are articles touching games and sports, travel, the out-of-doors, manners and customs of peoples, dress and transportation, and stories of home life, interesting to boys and girls alike.

There are many articles that recognize the importance that imagination plays in the development of the young mind—but with it all, the book is clear and wholesome and interesting to the highest degree. There are many full page drawings and cuts, as well as photographs and sketches—all illustrative of the text. And scattered through the book there are numerous full page color plates that are themselves works of art and suggestive of bedtime stories for

(Continued on Page 125)

Halfway House

(Continued from Page 109)

and corner was a pile of neatly stacked wood; the stove needed only the striking of a match to set it going. Farther along the wall hung an orderly array of clean pots and pans. Then a long shelf containing clean dishes, canned goods, spices, beans, half a side of bacon, tea, coffee, macaroni, lard and flour. In that corner stood a heavy table and four chairs. In the opposite corner was a hand-made bedstead, large enough to accommodate five; quilts, tattered but clean, were stacked on the pine bough mattress ready for use. In the near right corner were a mop, a broom, a snow shovel, three axes and a shining crosscut saw.

"We stay here," my companion touched, "have a good time, and then clean up for the next man. What do you want to eat, pork and beans?"

Pork and beans it was, and it sure tasted good. When we had finished with supper and washed the dishes, we lighted a campfire outside, dragged a log near it and sat down. An owl hooted in the tree tops; a gray wolf howled from the cliff, answered by his mate; in the shadows among the tanbarks, eyes gleamed a red or green reflection of our fire; a squirrel whistled in the branches.

I listened to the voices of the forest with the same shivery fascination I had felt as a kid when my grandmother told me ghost stories. The miner's voice startled me out of my abstraction.

"Been wondering about the house?" he inquired, and continued when I nodded, "I'll tell you the story of it.

"About forty years ago a young couple took up a homestead where now the clearing stands. For two years they lived happily in the log cabin of which you saw the remains; they were the first to till the soil in this region. There was one baby.

"During the following winter, after a heavy snowfall, the child became sick. The father set out to get help from the nearest settlement, which was twenty-seven miles away. You must understand that in those days the virgin forest extended everywhere, that only game trails traversed it, and that hostile Indians weren't a bit scarce at the time.

"His wife buried the baby. Every

night she hoisted a lantern to the top of the gable so that her husband could find his way home at night.

"She lived there alone year after year waiting for her man. The valley settled. Back in the hills a miner found gold. Quartzville and other gold-rush towns sprang up. A much-traveled road went from Gates, the Santiam River village, past this clearing into the backwoods; the log cabin, with its lantern and hospitality, had a warm place in every miner's heart.

"The mushroom towns vanished, only Quartzville remained and flourished. The lumber companies built mills in the valley and their crews devastated the foothills. The woman became silver-haired and bent. And then, one night, the lantern did not burn—she had at last joined her man.

"The miners found her will on the table, which deeded her place back to the state under the condition that never again was it to be homesteaded. They came by the thousand to do honor to the departed soul, whom they all had loved as a mother.

"And then we built this house. The love which we had found in that clearing we transferred to this building. That's why things are as you see them."

Long after my companion had gone to sleep, I sat there, dreaming into the campfire's glowing embers the impressions of the day. No longer did I ask why nature had outdone herself to decorate that clearing. No longer did I wonder at the atmosphere of home which I felt in the Miner's Half-Way House.



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In the Court of Christian People

By Trebor Selig

In our issue of February brief comment was made of an incident that caused considerable publicity in the press. The men's club of a prominent church invited as guest and speaker a well-known woman stage star. At the last moment the pastor of the church succeeded in having the program cancelled. It was stated in substance that no actor should be permitted association with the church members.

The following has come to us from a leading citizen. The names of the principals in the affair and of the church and its location are deleted from the article.—EDITOR.

The People

vs.

John R. Doe.

JOHN R. DOE, D. D., Pastor of the First Spotless Church of Pine Hill, Officer in the Army of Christ, stand up. Hear you the charge that is brought against you and answer what you may, why you should not be found guilty.

You are charged on two counts, John R. Doe, D. D., either of which, if guilt be proven, is ample cause for revocation of your commission and for visiting upon you the scorn of Christian people.

Firstly—You are charged with treason, to-wit, giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

Secondly—You are charged with conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, to-wit, the violation of a fundamental law of Christian civilization and a breach of common Christian ethics.

As to the first charge, know you that your revocation of the Emily Moore invitation and the inevitable public reaction to it has caused high glee among the hosts of Satan. Your act has proven an injury to the cause which will not be overcome for many years in this community. It has assuredly given aid and comfort to the enemy.

As to the second charge, know you that your misconception of the effect your act might have on this community or, perchance, your blind disregard of it, constitutes an exhibition of crass ignorance of statesmanship and diplomacy which are necessary attributes of leadership; and your ignorance of or wilful violation of the factor of personal honor involved is something wholly incompatible with gentlemanly conduct.

Miss Moore is a lady held in high esteem and warmly loved by many thousands of people in this community. Neither this Court nor you, John R. Doe, D. D., have any evidence contributing to her detriment in reputation or character, nor to an unfavorable appraisal of her fitness to be, or to be invited to be, the guest of the Men's Club of your Church.

The extensive and influential profession of which she is a member is one constantly in the public eye, is given more publicity of an intimate character than is accorded any other social group.

Its members, privately and publicly, no better and no worse in morals and character than are the men and women of the community you and your Church and your Cause exist to influence and serve.

Because they are constantly before the public, their errors as well as their virtues are given greater publicity than accorded others. If, in your opinion, and that of others inclined toward intolerance, a taint of scandal attaches to the stage and its people, it is because of a deplorable but very real social depravity, and not because the average moral plane of stage folk is low. Neither this Court nor you, John R. Doe, D. D., have any evidence in contravention of this statement.

There is, then, nothing in fact which you, John R. Doe, D. D., could base an objection to the presence of such a gathering of Miss Moore or any other reputable member of her profession. There is nothing which could have prompted you to forbid the issuance of such an invitation, were that point at issue.

What grounds you found for the thing you did were dug up from your mental file of ill formed impressions and your own prurient mental notes of things heard and read but best forgotten.

Miss Moore was formally and officially and in good faith invited to the honor guest of the Men's Club of the First Spotless Church of Pine Hill with the leadership of which you have been entrusted. It is not pertinent here to discuss whether or not the invitation should have been issued. The fact the invitation was issued.

But the propriety of issuing such an invitation is not a factor in the charge against you, John R. Doe, D. D., and that this Court takes but secondary notice. Miss Moore, herself, and the vast army of stagefolk whom you have so vicariously and stupidly insulted and antagonized, are but incidents in the matter. The subject at issue involves the official act of a Leader of Christian People and a question his personal integrity and fitness as such.

She accepted in clean good faith, and

(Continued on Page 126)

BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 122)

the young, or lessons for the growing boys and girls. In addition to the prose articles and stories, there are splendid bits of verse scattered throughout the book, and the amount of information contained between the covers will attract many older readers to the volume.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1928. L. C. Page & Co. 316 pages, profusely illustrated, in board covers, \$1.75; bound in cloth, \$2.50.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC

THIS volume by Wycherley is a vast storehouse of knowledge having to do with the early pirates, buccaneers and adventurers who sailed the seas and pioneered the western waters. Attention is given to those famous characters, Drake, Morgan, Dampier, Watling, Cook, Selkirk and other notables who made themselves famous upon the seas.

The author tells in most graphic language the story of the capture of the galleon by Drake, and how he passed the winter in California; of how the famous William Dampier sailed around the world, not only once, but three times. There is brought before the reader the story of the Albatross which, it will be remembered, furnished the foundation for the "Rhime of the Ancient Mariner," and of Alexander Selkirk, whose experiences suggested Robinson Crusoe. And coupled with it all, he tells of those sea-rovers of the Pacific who, like the pirates of the early Spanish main, made free to capture vessels and take prizes whenever and wherever they saw fit. Especially does the author tell of those exploits on the high seas in the taking of the golden galleon that carried their precious loads from Chile and Peru in South America, and from Mexico and Manila.

There are many full page illustrations from old wood cuts, and there are maps and drawings of value. The book is well printed and carries a bibliography and a valuable index.

BUCCANEERS OF THE PACIFIC, by George Wycherley. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 444 pages.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON

IT is easy to designate a book as a "best seller." "Main Street" attracted much attention; Colonel Lindbergh's "We" has had phenomenal sale; "Trader Horn" draws \$4,000 a week in royalties. Now comes "The Great American Band Wagon," which we predict will find its way into hundreds of thou-

sands of homes. It is written in a style somewhat "different," and while it touches a humorous vein, there is running throughout the book an underlying note of sound philosophy.

The author treats of present day tendencies and especially those tendencies that are extreme in comparison with the manners and customs of the older day. There are in the book 17 chapters, carrying such headings as The Open Road, in which chapter is pictured the simple days of the forefathers; the Caravan, featuring the trend of empire westward. In the chapter on the Great American Bar, the modern drug store and its product is set over against a famous and discredited institution of former times. The craze for golf, and the reasons for its popularity; the tremendous tide of travel over the Atlantic each year to the European centers; the motion picture; the prize-fight mania—these and other topics chain the attention of the reader until he has finished the book. Some of the chapters are reprinted from magazine articles. The author has written other books, but this is his most pretentious work. The illustrations preceding each chapter are most appropriate to the subject treated.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BAND WAGON, by Charles Merz. The John Day Company, 263 pages.

PETERSHAM'S HILL

A DELIGHTFULLY written book, interesting to children and grown-ups alike, because all really normal people enjoy fairy stories. "Petersham's Hill" is, in the language of one lover of the tale, "a fairy story of charm and rare whimsicality." It will make its chief appeal to the youngsters of seven to ten years of age.

Miss Hallock, the author, is well known from former literary efforts. She is joint author with E. A. Winslow of the "Land of Health"; and with C. E. Turner of the "Health Heroes." She has written much for children, and has so dramatized health that the subject has become interesting and popular with children. In climbing Petersham's Hill, the principal characters find out many wonderful things. The story is rich in imagination and originality. The illustrations prepared by Harrie Wood are highly artistic and add much to the charm of the book. Chapter 16 is in verse. The map on the inside covers, showing the country back of Petersham's Hill, is a most delightful conception, and of high interest to the child mind.

PETERSHAM'S HILL, by Grace Taber Hallock. E. P. Dutton & Co., 132 pages.

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By

GEORGE STERLING

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BY RETURN MAIL!

LO-PO-YOMA

(Continued from Page 119)

it have been Lake Pillsbury which lay far, far toward the north of the Pomo country.

Co-noke-ti was weary and foot-sore. A gentle wind revived him, and the wind was the soft touch of Lu-po-yoma's hands. A dove stirred and cooed dreamily in the bush. It was Lu-po-yoma's voice. The moon lay reflected in the waters of the strange lake—it was the beautiful face of the unhappy Lu-po-yoma.

AND then Co-noke-ti heard what the night wind began to whisper softly. It told of the maiden's flight and her long, unhappy search of him. It told of her wearying courage, her hopelessness and defeat. It told him, too, of the long, long night Lu-po-yoma had laid herself in the cold, arrow-strewn hollow of the earth and had wept and wept, for she could not find Co-noke-ti.

The wind told him how at dawn a new lake had looked up at the astonished skies. The maid of the Pomos had been unable to go farther, and the tears she had wept formed a great lake—so great that its waters covered her forever and ever.

Co-noke-ti was overcome with grief as he listened to the tale the night wind whispered, and his tears mingled with the waters of the lake. He stretched out his aching hands and dipped them into the water—into Lu-po-yoma's tears.

But the wind urged him to be courageous. A brave must not weep, even for love. At last, Co-noke-ti arose and held his head high, although his heart was almost broken. A star or two looked down and watched him. All the world lay asleep—all but Co-noke-ti, and his heart was too troubled for dreams.

The night wind whispered and caressed him with gentle touch as he stood beside the shimmering lake, and only Co-noke-ti knew whose hands they were.

AT DAWN the sun climbed up out of the east to look down upon a strange new mountain that had risen during the night—a mountain that seemed destined to stand eternal guard over a placid lake of silver. The sun never knew that the courage of Co-noke-ti had made him choose to remain forever beside his beloved Lu-po-yoma. Here he could live forever in peace and happiness, for was not the low voice of the dove that circled over and about him the voice of Lu-po-yoma? The soft caress of the wind at night was the cool touch of her hands, and the sparkling gleam of the water when the moon lay reflected on the lake made of it a smile

(Continued on Page 127)

Oriental Art

(Continued from Page 102)

The Sleeping Cat of Neko familiar to us, done in porcelain, as door stops and paper weights and sleeping on cushions, is a symbol of good luck. This tortoise-shell cat of three colors is especially lucky to sea-faring people. Many Japanese people believe that if they are drowned at sea they will never find spiritual repose. They believe that they will shout and wail as they lurk in the waves. The master of a junk will pay any price for a tortoise-shell cat to insure immunity from shipwreck. It is also believed to have control over the dead.

Perhaps the most familiar of any of the little groups done in wood, pottery, ivory or bronze, are the "Three Mystic Monkeys." These strange little figures are carved on stone slabs and seen along every country roadside in Japan. The legend of the Wise Monkeys had its being when Koshin, the god of Roads, appointed three messengers to keep guard over the roads. The first is Mi-saru, who covers his eyes with his hands and sees no evil. The second is Kika-saru, who covers his ears with his hands and hears no evil. The third is Iwa-saru, who covers his mouth with his hands and speaks no evil. This little group carries to every traveler a message of charitable thinking: "See no Evil; Hear no Evil; Speak no Evil."

The elephants of India are also much used figures in bronze, ivory and teak wood. The elephants first became known generally from their employment in the wars of the East. They had been taught to cut and thrust with a kind of scimitar which they carried in their trunks. They were sent into battle covered with armor and bearing towers on their backs in which were the warriors. They are looked upon as sacred and always have a conspicuous place in the great processions and state displays of India.

The Temple Gateway, with the familiar and beautiful outline of two upright and two horizontal beams, is often made of bronze and stone. The gateway originally stood before shrines to insure peace and quiet and represented the gateway to the true life of grace.

Lanterns and Lamps are dear to the hearts of China and Japan. Among the followers of Buddha there is a belief that the spirit lingers after death, for a period of years, near the spot that was home. The surviving relatives and friends erect stone lanterns and keep them lighted during this time. In and around the temple grounds there are

lanterns almost without number. When a Buddhist dies, the spirit is given a spirit name which is carved upon one of these lanterns.

One of the most beautiful festivals of Japan is the "Festival of the Lantern." It is held from the thirteenth to the fifteenth of each July and each evening the cemeteries are festooned with lighted lanterns, by the relatives of the dead, as a devotional to the departed. At midnight of the third day, boats of straw or bamboo are laden with food, wrapped in lotus leaves, and the masts and ropes are hung with lanterns. These are set adrift upon the nearest water and it is believed that the spirit will return to them. Small lamps in the shape of ducks are lighted and set afloat for the souls of those who have been drowned.

Oriental artists for generations have woven around each art object a legendary sentiment which has become more interesting and beautiful with time. The subtle symbolism attached to this legendary art of the ancient countries has given us a stored up treasure around which evolves the early history, religion and customs of the Far East.

IN THE COURT OF CHRISTIAN PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 124)

you, in your abysmal lack of an appreciation of what constitutes good faith or wilful disregard of it, forced your personal opinion and your ecclesiastical authority on the men of your church. You compelled a breach of common social ethics which promptly and properly and inevitably has become a stench in this community.

By this act, John R. Doe, D. D., you have brought a disgrace upon yourself, your Men's Club, your Church, your Creed, and upon the Cause whose welfare and advancement is presumed to be your chief excuse for existence.

By it, you have nullified the conscientious and intelligent work of hundreds of devoted men and women who have striven to bring the influence of the Christian Church into the lives of the thousands without its bounds.

Christ came not to save the righteous, you once were taught but have evidently forgotten. The Church exists in part to preserve unimpaired the righteousness of those who have accepted it, and in part to extend its beneficence to those who are yet outside its sphere of influence.

(Continued on Page 128)

LO-PO-YOMA

(Continued from Page 126)

of silver that was Lu-po-yoma's own. For the lovely maiden could only smile through her trembling tears, content, at last, to be forever alone with Co-noke-ti.

And that is why Mt. Co-noke-ti stands always alone—blue and lonely against the sunset skies—as he dips his hands down into the tears of the maiden he loved, for only Co-noke-ti knows—Co-noke-ti and the Night Wind.

PACIFIC SOUTHWEST EXPOSITION

(Continued from Page 118)

to the modern rotary drills and equipment, which pierce the earth to a depth of more than a mile in the search for the black gold, will be shown.

The romance and progress of transportation from the slow moving oxen and mule teams, which brought civilization and American business methods over the Rockies into California, to the modern 12-passenger limousines of the air, which place Chicago and New York in close contact with the Pacific, will be graphically portrayed in the Palace of Transportation.

Household methods of interest to the feminine heart from the stone corn grinders of the early Spanish women to modern appliances of every nature will be seen in the palace devoted to household equipment. In the land and community development building will be pictured the growth of cities, countries and states within the Pacific Southwest area, as well as those skirting the Pacific. Co-operation of the chambers of commerce of all cities within the eleven Western states which form the western division of the United States Chamber of Commerce has been promised and the building devoted to exhibits of this nature will give the visitors a comprehensive picture of the Pacific Southwest of this and other days.

With 4,000,000 people residing within 200 miles of the gates and millions of others potential visitors from the Pacific slope and other points, it has been variously estimated the attendance should run between 750,000 and 1,000,000 persons.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC NAMES NEW PASS BUREAU HEAD

T. F. Eagen, chief clerk of the Pass Bureau, Southern Pacific Company, has been appointed manager Pass Bureau, Pacific Lines, according to an announcement by Paul Shoup, executive vice-president.

The appointment becomes effective April 1, to fill the vacancy caused by

the retirement of C. J. Millis as head of the pass bureau.

Eagen began his railroad career with the Southern Pacific in 1903 as a messenger and office boy in the vice-president's office. He held various clerical positions in the vice-president and general manager's office mostly to do with railroad passes. In 1913 he was made chief clerk of the pass bureau.

Although only 40 years of age, Eagen has had twenty-five years of railroad service and has created many practices which have been adopted by other large railroad systems.

NEW "TOOTS" IN RAILROAD VOCABULARY

The language of locomotives will blossom out with a brand new "word" on April 1, according to George McCormick, Southern Pacific's general superintendent of motive power.

"To-o-oot, toot-toot, to-o-oot" is the "word," and it will signify to motorists, pedestrians and others using the highways that a train is approaching a grade crossing.

Hitherto locomotives approaching grade crossings have sounded two long and two short whistle blasts, but this is now to be changed to one long, two short and a final long sounding of the whistle.

David Wark Griffith is one of the best-known men of the day. Readers of "Overland Monthly" may look forward to a close-up of Mr. Griffith to appear in our May issue. This feature is by Mona London, the author of "Tolstoy" in this issue, and of "Mary Pickford" in the March number.

One of the interesting recent books issuing from the press of Bobbs-Merrill Company is the "Splendid Californians" by Sidney Herschell Small. This volume will be reviewed in the May issue of "Overland Monthly."

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BLACK WHEELER

(Continued from Page 114)

For a man who is upwards of 50 to start in the writing game seems like incredible folly, but my own experiences and those of my old-time companion haunted me and I felt that I must let these children of my brain be born. When you get in an Indian fight, the thing is over pretty quickly. You have either made a few good Indians out of live ones, or some Indian is carrying off your scalp, but the fight for recognition as an author is no skirmish—it's a long, hard siege. Recently I sold to the Doubleday Page Company, Tricks of the Trade and also a story entitled Dusty Bob's Boomerang Joke. This is to be the first of a series of this type of stories. I suppose it was my unwillingness to acknowledge defeat which made me stay with the writing game so long, but I have come to the turn of the lane at last.



TRAVELERS select the Great Northern for its wonderful location in Chicago's "loop". They return because the large comfortable rooms, homelike environment, attentive service, excellent food and moderate charges make it an ideal hotel.

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New Garage One-half Block Dearborn St. from Jackson to Quincy

Walter Craighead, Mgr.

In the Court of Christian People

(Continued from Page 126)

The Founder of the Church devoted His life and His talents to this latter function of the Church and, in the opinion of all thinking people, it is a function quite as important as the other. In this respect you have shown an utter lack of leadership.

There is such a thing as Square Dealing. It is a fundamental of Christ's doctrines. It is universally understood and it is better understood than any other of the things He taught. That is a thing you have blatantly and publicly flouted, John R. Doe, D. D., and the world despises one who flouts square dealing.

There is such a thing as consideration for another's viewpoint. That, also, was a fundamental of the creed Christ taught and lived, though disregard of it by Christian leaders has done more to defer the achievement of God's Kingdom on Earth than any other thing accomplished by the stupidity of men. In this respect, John R. Doe, D. D., you have proven yourself a veritable Pharisee.

There is such a thing as diplomacy, and it is an attribute essential to any leader in any cause. Without it no one, however zealous, however purposeful, however otherwise well qualified, can succeed in his leadership. You have shown an utter lack of this attribute and have committed a diplomatic blunder from which you can never recover and from which the Cause must suffer.

That you have done this thing with good intent, cannot be offered or accepted in extenuation. The thing was done. The impression on public consciousness has been made. The taint of intolerance has been forcibly laid on the Church. The blot of unscrupulousness has been firmly and effectually spread on the escutcheon. A lasting damage has been done, and done by you, John R. Doe, D. D.

Only subtle Satanic malevolence could have achieved a move so certain to wreck the hopes of Church influence in this community as has been achieved by the smug bigotry exhibited in this unfortunate affair. Only an avowed enemy of the Cause could have so assuredly provided ammunition for the Foe.

You are charged with Treason to your Cause, John R. Doe, D. D. You are charged with utter unfitness to serve as a leader of men under the banner of the Church. You have done the Cause an injury it nor the world can soon forget.

What can you say in justification of the position in which you have placed yourself and, which is of far more consequence, have placed the Cause?

What have you to offer why your commission in the Army of Christ should not be revoked, John R. Doe, D. D., what can you say?

RULES FOR BECOMING A SELF-MADE FAILURE

1. Don't show your ignorance and ask a lot of goofy questions when a salesman calls to let you in on some fine investment that he admits himself will make you instantaneously rich. Show him you are a wise bird and inquire the nearest way to the dotted line.

2. Remember an optimist is a man who doesn't need to save anything now because he can start that any old time. Be an optimist.

3. Don't waste any of your valuable time listening to these Busy Bennies who are always giving out free advice about late hours, running with fast company and being classified generally as a hot potato.

4. When in doubt, go in debt.

5. Don't get a bunch of fancy ideas about promptness in keeping business engagements. Down in their hearts they all have more respect for you if you make 'em wait.

6. Multiply your income by two or something and then don't sign up for any installment payments beyond that amount. A man has to have some kind of a system or something or the first thing he knows he'll get reckless.

7. Never take any back talk from anyone. Let everybody see that you're a gentleman and not afraid to give 'em the first thing that pops into your head.

8. Don't get a lot of little brown-eyed ideas about what you ought to do to make yourself more useful in your job. If they don't like the way you roll your hoop, you can walk right out and in five minutes' time help yourself to a much better job. You must know you can!—Harry Daniel in Thrift Magazine.

Correction: We quoted in error in our last issue Mr. Rupert Murray, author of Our New Botanic Garden, as secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Murray does not hold that title. He is the author of many interesting feature articles which appear from time to time in national publications.

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Inkograph has proven so satisfactory and has elicited considerable favorable comment an enclosing money order, please send me three more. L. J. Trow, Traveling Claim Agent, Joplin, Mo.

The Inkograph fully justifies all claims you make. I own a Waterman but Inkograph is far preferable. Frank R. Sargent, Oakland, Calif.

You have one of the best writing instruments I ever used regardless of price. I use the lowest grade stationery and there is never a blot or scratch because of its round smooth point. It is a wonderful invention. L. H. Orley, Albano, Va.

Oh boy, I am tickled skippy to have the Inkograph, it's a darling. I can now make carbon copies in taking orders and send original in ink to factory instead of a penciled sheet. It surely flows over the paper as if it was grease instead of ink. No trouble at all and a thing I could not do before to trace straight lines very fine and clean. No smear, no muss of any kind. It's just great. E. A. Simms, Jersey City, N. J.

My Inkograph is the smoothest writing instrument with which I have ever written. That is saying a lot. I am a teacher by profession. I have a \$7.00 pen and another that cost more than the Inkograph, but Inkograph is better than either. It is the greatest improvement in writing instruments since the Babylonians recorded their thoughts on clay tablets with a triangular pointed reed. John R. Atwell, Chadwick, N. C.

My Inkograph is the first and only writing utensil I ever owned that I can use with pleasure. To be without it for any time would upset my business day. It has always worked perfectly. I have never had any difficulty with it. Arthur L. Fox, Centerville, Mich.

I am a bank teller, have used all kinds of fountain pens but can honestly say for my work I never found a pen so easy and stressless to write. You can pick it up any time in any position and write immediately and all numbers and words will be the same. Try and do it with any other pen. My buddies all agree that it is best for our work. O. R. Morley, Allentown, Pa.

Delighted: It writes bully—you have invented a pen that is perfection. It is so much more rapid than my \$9.00 fountain pen. I wish you abundant success. S. L. Carlton, Aurora, Ill.

I am very well pleased with my Inkograph. It is just what I have been looking for. I have had several ink pencils but nothing like the Inkograph; it writes like the point was greased and it makes no difference what kind of paper, it is fine for shipping tags. S. T. Jarrett, Harrisville, W. Va.

The Inkograph is all that you claim it to be. Enclosed find order for two. Robert Heller, Craigsville, Pa.

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Received my Inkograph. Am surprised to know how well I can write with it. The Inkograph is a wonderful little writer. It's my friend now for good penmanship. I am writing this letter with it; can you tell the difference between Inkograph and pen letters? I can in my answer. C. R. Fuller, Patterson, Minn.

I received my Inkograph with which I am writing this letter. I have purchased at least one dozen ink pencils. Yours seems to be the only one that gives perfect satisfaction. I believe you have solved the problem of the perfect writing instrument. Dr. Richard T. McLaury, Dunkirk, Ind.

The Inkograph is truly the best pen I ever had the pleasure to use barring no price or make of pen, after I take into consideration the high price I usually paid for a Parker or a Waterman pen. I cannot see how such a low priced pen as the Inkograph can be put on the market and give such unusual service. Harvey L. Winston, Brentwood, Calif.

In making out local regulations, it is necessary to make an original and two carbon copies on very heavy paper, and the Inkograph does this twice as well as the hardest indeleble pencil, and is much neater and the original is much more legible. Wm. L. Fortney, Placerville, Ia.

Your Inkograph is everything you state. It is just wonderful. So send me two more. Arthur Gilcott, Tucker, La.

Gave pen thorough tryout. I have to perform. Work I have to perform. Never got entire satisfaction. Hard pencil makes original too pale and soft pencil makes poor copy. I am highly pleased. S. M. Cooper, Inquiry Division, P. O. South Bend, Ind.

I found the Inkograph all you represent it to be and I was very well satisfied with it. I made a great mistake when I bought the Inkograph, as I did not take out Loss or Theft Insurance on the pen, for the pen is gone. I am writing this to ask that you send me another Inkograph by return mail, please. C.O.D. I can recommend the Inkograph very highly to anyone who needs a pen which will stand up under very hard usage. George B. Moore, Columbia, Fla.

It sure has improved my hand writing—I never took home any medals for penmanship but I can almost read my own writing since I got this pen. M. F. Johnson, Medina, Wis.

I want to thank you for the return of my Inkograph pen, which you treated for me. I feel rather lost without this pen in my pocket. I prefer it to any pen I ever carried principally because of the ease with which one can write with it, not having to be careful whether you slide the pen to the North, East, South or West, it flows freely in all directions. Wm. B. Brown, New York, N. Y.

Received my Inkograph and same is like a long-lost friend. Kindly send two more of the same style by parcel post collect as soon as possible. Theodore Priestley, Akron, Ohio.

I bought one of your pens a year ago. You sure build the best pen on the market to my notion. Frank R. Ellsworth, Fargo, N. D.

I wouldn't take \$5.00 for the pen I am writing this letter with. I have a good fountain pen but don't write any more with it. I can write with the Inkograph and that I can say this to you and mean every word of it. R. H. Wilson, Beckley, W. Va.

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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

THE year 1928 marks an epoch in the history of the Overland Monthly. Established in 1868, the present year is the Sixtieth Anniversary of the magazine, of which Bret Harte was the first Editor. It is fitting, therefore, that attention should be focused upon the event. To that end, the June issue of Overland Monthly will be an Anniversary Number, unique in many ways.

In addition to a wealth of the best modern fiction, this Anniversary Number will carry numerous attractive features that will be looked forward to with interest by Overland Monthly readers; and that will make the issue valued and treasured in years to come. During these sixty years there have been tremendous developments in California and on the Coast in the fields of industry, of commerce, of manufacture, of trade and transportation, of agriculture and horticulture, of mining, and in fact of every activity. This Anniversary Number will show graphically in text and pictures what this development has been, and indicate something of the possibilities for the future.

The great West, untrammelled by tradition, has, during these six decades, been able to blaze new trails such as would have been impossible in any other section. Road construction has been carried to a point reached nowhere else; the development of

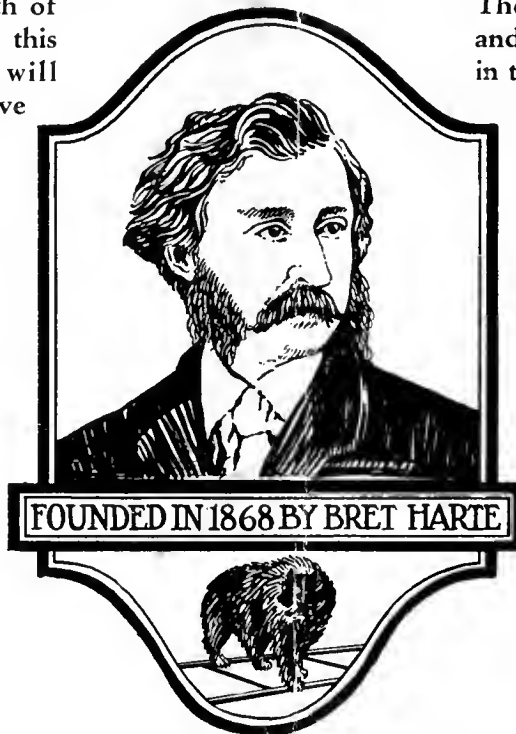
hydro-electric energy, of literature and the arts, of education in all its phases, a widespread library system — these and other matters have been so far developed as to cause favorable comment on the part of people everywhere.

The great out-of-doors will be featured with its parks and playgrounds; and the opportunities for travel, sight-seeing and sports and pastimes given full attention.

The real makers of California and the Coast will have place in the number. And the part played by commercial and

business houses in building up the West will not be overlooked. In fact, this Anniversary Number of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine will be a compendium and reference work for people at home and at a distance. Aglamor attaches to the days of '49 and to those early Argonauts who blazed the trails to the West. There is recurring interest in the Russian colonization,

the Spanish regime, the discovery of gold, the voyage around the Horn, the completion of the first trans-continental railroad, the cultivation of the great valleys, the building of cities, the development of manufacturing and trade and commerce by land and water. And now with the Pacific at the front door of the Continent, and the eyes of the world upon this coast, we may well look forward to an era of prosperity.



June Issue - - Sixtieth Anniversary

MAY 3 1928
CHICAGO, ILL.

OVERLAND

MONTHLY

FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



Vol. LXXXVI

MAY, 1928

No. 5

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The Old Mission San Juan Capistrano

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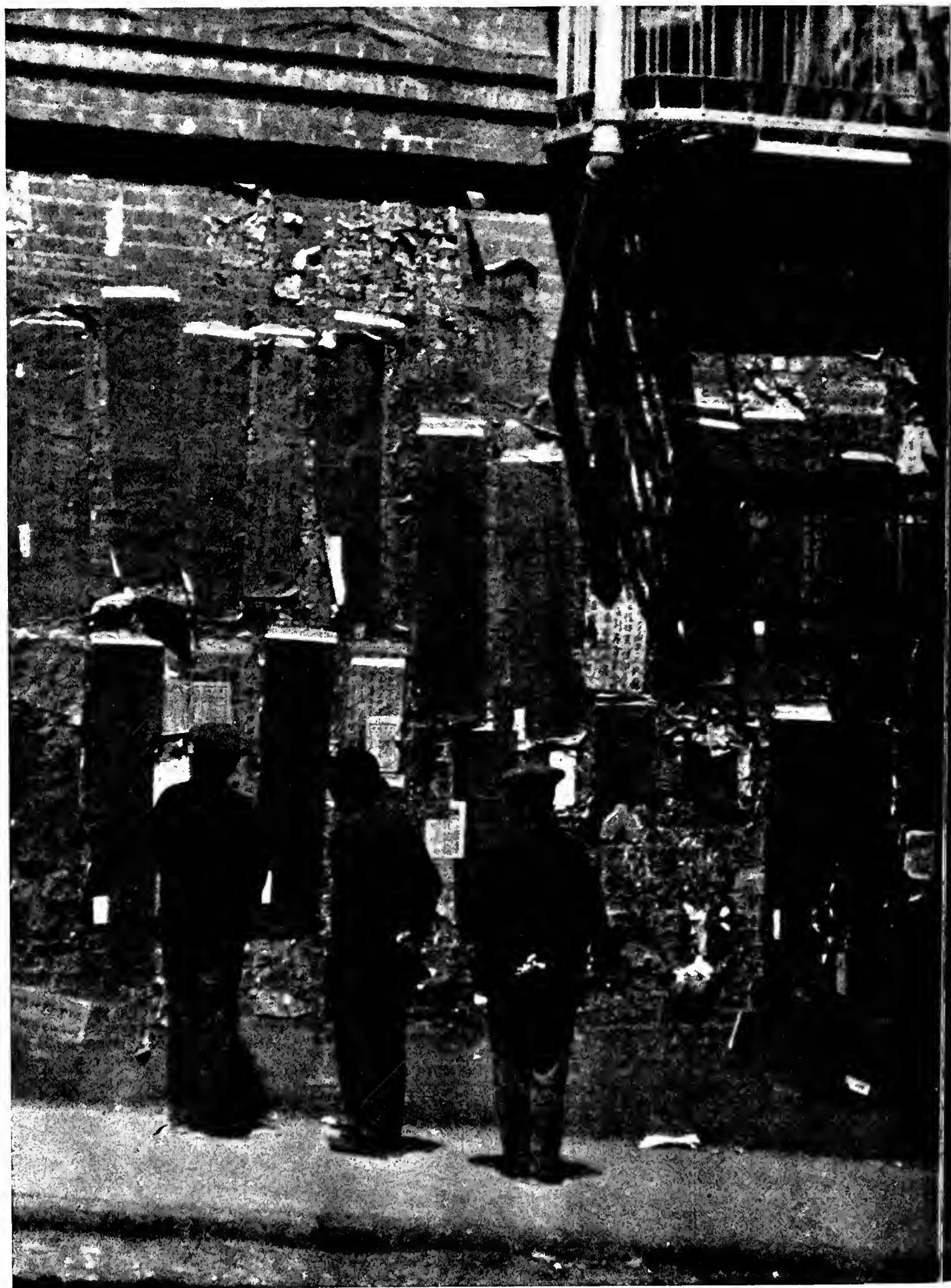
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A Chinese Bulletin Board in San Francisco

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

MAY 1931

CHICAGO, ILL.

Greater Love

By *Helena Munn Redeuill*

Author of "Piping Hot," Etc.

MENTOR, of all people, lying unconscious in the emergency operating room, and he, Winship, the only brain surgeon in the city available for the case!

Dr. John Winship's mind seethed and boiled with a mixture of violent emotions. Every muffled step he took along the corridor of Mercy Hospital hurled at him stinging memories of the antagonism between himself and Dr. Mentor, rival specialists in the same line of delicate surgery.

Why had Fate suddenly found him the only man not away on a summer vacation? Why had Dr. Rowe been so calloused to the situation that he had dared call him in on the case, omitting the name of the patient until Winship was within the hospital doors? Or was Rowe purposely ignoring everything, taking the outcome on a knowledge of professional ethics? Why—why—why, re-echoed endlessly through his unanswerable mind.

A nurse in an anesthetic mask opened the doorway ahead and peered out anxiously.

"I'll be with you in a moment," Dr. Winship motioned as if to toss a cigarette out the window at the end of the corridor.

"My God, this is awful!" he groaned for the five-hundredth time the last few minutes. He shuddered to think how he had hated Mentor not an hour before, after reading a critique in the last medical journal in which the younger man attacked the long-established Winship theory of localization of cerebral tumors! How he had cursed those crystal-clear yet biting sentences of Mentor's, leaving the confirmed principles without a pin to stand on! He had actually wished Mentor dead for a moment—maybe at the very instant when the oil truck crashed into him, hurling him head forward onto the pavement, to be brought unconscious to the nearest operating table now. How ghastly . . . Dared he enter, that room so perilously near with all these emotions seething within him?

He threw the cigarette stub out the

open window. A first breath of hope warmed over him. There was a chance Mentor might have regained consciousness—Rowe always exaggerated things.

His hand turned the doorknob with the conviction strong upon him that an operation could be evaded, either because it would not be necessary, or because it was too late—

"The X-ray reports, doctor," said a nurse, handing him several plates.

"No sign of consciousness yet," said Dr. Rowe, motioning to the cot where the patient lay. "Thought best not to move him."

Dr. Winship nodded approval. His fingers sought the limp wrist with its faint thread of life throbbing at lowest ebb. He watched for a sign of respiration, but there seemed to be none in Mentor's breast. Across the forehead was a vivid bruise that gleamed like a scarlet letter on marble.

It suddenly struck him how altered Mentor looked. There was nothing recognizable about him. Sarcastic mirth could no longer mock from the steel-pointed blue eyes, now closed. That raspingly youthful air of bravado had been dulled into limp calmness.

"I can't see that he has a ghost of a chance," was Dr. Winship's ultimatum.

Dr. Rowe nodded. The nurse withdrew.

Dr. Winship walked over to the table and took up the X-ray plates again. No pulse, no respiration to speak of; sharp bits of bone pictured pressing into brain tissue; patient unconscious. Not one chance in a thousand—

But somehow the conviction that it was too late did not bring the expected relief, even though the release had nothing to do with the fact he hated Mentor. The burden of an invisible weight still pressed upon his shoulders. His mind reviewed the whole situation again, but something seemed left out. Never before had he been in Mentor's presence and felt this way. He missed the

most dominant quality — antagonism. There was no taunt in silence and death-like passivity. He wondered if there even was any hatred left. It seemed suddenly impossible to hate that silent figure there. All the rasping notes of the past were blotted away by a wistful boyishness.

"Then you think skull-triphining useless?" Dr. Rowe inquired.

Dr. Winship shrugged his shoulders and glanced back at the bed. A stray shaft of sunlight stole through the window and crossed the cot where Mentor lay. The hair, moist from ice packs, clustered damply across his brow. Dark lashes curled over his cheeks like those of some young girl. Dr. Winship gave a sudden gasp and his hand shot to his heart.

Dr. Rowe reached forward with a startled glance.

"Not another of your attacks, is it, Winship?"

A convulsive chill seemed to shake his head. Then his face lost its look of alarm, and gradually the blood flowed warm into his cheeks.

"Just a sudden pain, nothing more. Haven't had a real attack in months now. I'm all right, thanks." He crossed the room to the open window. Deep draughts of air revived him.

His hand, still pressing his heart, felt also the edge of an envelope in his inner coat pocket. He paused a moment as if to consider, then took it out, unfolded it slowly, and read its contents:

"I'm sorry I couldn't trace the boy's name. All that I have gathered so far is that your wife died some twelve years ago in a sanatorium in Arizona. She called herself Mrs. Williams. The small amount of money she left was handled by a trust company for your son's education. They will tell me practically nothing about him, except that he completed medical training and is located somewhere in the west doing brilliant work. He doesn't use the name Williams, I'm sure, as I examined all the medical school records for a clue, but found nothing to suit the few facts I have been gathering so slowly over

such a long time. This information is all very meagre, but it is my best."

The paper crackled sharply as he folded it back into the envelope. All the tired lines of his face settled into their countless grooves. His fingers, caressing his watch-chain, unconsciously opened the catch with a little click. His eyes fell upon the sweet vision of a girlish face with wistful eyes smiling tenderly into his own.

Street cars clanged down the avenue. A fire engine screamed and panted nearby. But he neither saw nor heard the obvious. Nor did he feel the soft breeze of late summer touch his moist forehead. He was only certain that for a breath-taking, shocking instant the figure on the cot had seemed to be that of Esther, his girl-wife, as he only too vividly remembered her at the birth of their son. His whole soul yearned again overwhelmingly for the fair young girl who had slipped out of his life with their babe, never to be found through all the years of search. Only this letter had come today, as a reward for his ceaseless efforts to establish a clue, stating she had been dead a dozen years! Too late—everything too late. Even too late for regrets. No use now in remembering how he had neglected her those two brief years together, chasing the phantom men called a career—

Dared he look once more at Mentor? Just to catch that resemblance again if possible? His weak old heart still tore at his ribs with uncertain throbs—but that didn't matter now. He wheeled about—

The room lay in a shadow. The nurse was bending over Mentor with another compress. On the cot all that was visible of the patient was the bloodless hand upon the sheet.

The glorious moment had been but fleeting—the moment when he had seen Esther instead of Mentor. But in its trail now burned a new thought, a question. It was alluring, overwhelming, strange. He who dealt with life and death so constantly had met nothing stranger, ever . . . He dallied with the intoxication of its possibility. His mind loved to linger in the sweet-scented vista of hope it sent through his imagination. It might be—and as easily might not be—

Who was this Mentor anyhow? Where had he come from? Who knew anything about his family? "Harvard Medical" meant nothing in particular but that was all anybody knew concerning the young blond specialist who had apparently blown in from nowhere a year before. Why should he suddenly now seem to be—Dr. Winship dared not even think the word.

Memory stimulated him to a clue—that tiny birthmark on the chest and the large brown mole on top of the head that he and Esther had laughed so much about, saying it looked like a patch of painted hair on bald little Jimmy. The name, too—James—and his baby Jimmy. Yes, it might be—it might be—

Irresistible impulse drove him to the bed. The nurse stepped aside. He drew back the sheet cautiously and opened the front of the hospital gown. Before he actually saw it, he knew the mark was there, just as it always had been, a queer triangle across the breast, a bit of red embroidery. He moistened his dry lips and laid the sheet back again. With his delicate surgeon's fingers he

APPLAUSE TO A GULL

A SLIVER of silver, a flying dart
'Twixt the city smoke and the sun's
hot heart,—

Veering and swerving above the town,
Trimming its wings—comes cleaving
down

With an effortless ease I've known be-
fore

In the powerful drive of a plane of war!

See how the broad white pinions blend
With the far skyline, and the pale sea's
end!

Hark to it skirl! How that mewing cry
Comes cruelly back, when a gull goes
by!

A sea gull made with a single Word . . .
Lord, what beauty to give a bird!

—CONNY LEIGH HILL.

parted the tangled hair that clustered about the pillow. The nurse brought him a spot light as he bent over to see better.

"Shall I clip away some of the hair, doctor?"

He nodded. Dr. Rowe came closer to the side of the cot.

"Not a bruise, I'd say," he commented, straightening up. "Might be a birthmark or a mole."

Dr. Winship did not reply. His eyes only burned into the face of young Dr. Mentor, lying there unconscious before him. His hot hand touched a cold cheek. His lips whispered a name long unspoken.

"Rowe, we'll take a chance." Dr. Winship's voice rose suddenly to a new note. The sultan of the hospital once more directed affairs about him. "We'll take a chance! Pray God it's not too late!"

WHEN Dr. James Mentor slipped back into the world of consciousness again he was still spinning like a top. He wondered if he had been hurled through space and only by chance alighted on a bed. Round and round and round. It made his head hurt profoundly. Just as if somebody were pounding it with a mallet. Each time he whirled round, it seemed as if an imp struck him across the forehead.

"Help, help!!" he murmured feebly. But no one seemed to hear him.

Then his body became a phonograph and his head the record, whirling, whirling to some insane sort of tune.

"If the old thing would only run down! Maybe I can stop it."

But his hands would not budge from his sides.

He felt something cool across his lips. The white figure of a nurse began whirling with him. He could see her cap above her dark hair. Her hand seemed to be holding his wrist. He blinked as hard as he could. The speed slackened. At last the infernal machine was running down—

"Hello!" he wanted to say. But the nurse placed another cool compress on his lips. She shook her head as he tried again to speak. Her smile was the nicest thing ever.

"He's coming out nicely," he heard her say. "Pulse regular now."

There was Rowe, good old scout. Nice to see even a part of his nose and ear. But sleep was carrying him away again. How often did this happen, anyhow? Just when he was ready to ask a lot of questions, he felt himself slipping off into dreams. Those distressing dreams! Over and over again he went through them. But then there was that one nice dream. If only it would come more often than the terrifying ones. Suppose he let his mind wander off easily—perhaps he could drift into it. Let's see, just where did it begin?

Oh yes, in the operating room. Only in order to get there, he had to slip out of his own body. That meant a wrench. But he had done it before . . . There he was going through the mattress again, down through the floor and basement, right through the earth, it seemed. Some place on the way—he never could remember just where—he dropped his body for a while. That was part of the sport of it all. To be free, far out in space without a body! How quickly he could dart from place to place! What lightness and what crystal clearness!

But then he was always drawn back to that same window. He looked in to be sure it was the right place. Oper-
(Continued on Page 148)

The Trek of Porcelain

By *Lelia Ayer Mitchell*

Author of *Jewels and Gems in Primitive Setting, Etc.*

TRACING the trail of porcelain progress through the stages from clay to the present beautifully glazed and artistically decorated ceramic ware, is to follow closely the progress of civilization. Primitive man from necessity originated the potters' art by moulding soft clay and drying it in the sun to form the first culinary articles. Further need supplied polished vases to hold honey, perfume, wine and ointments, which succeeded the making of the crude cooking utensils.

The invention of the potter's wheel which shaped the clay and which was a symbol of creation to the Egyptians, resulted in more elaborate receptacles. Among these were tall, thin jars with spouts which were made to contain Nile water for the gods. Following these a finer quality of ware, covered with a thick glaze and finished in beautiful tints of green, purple, yellow and a celestial blue was produced. Objects of this material, used for burial decorations and for the toilet, were made and exported to neighboring countries. Examples have been found in the tombs of the Greek Isles, the sepulchres of Etruria which were conquered by the Romans, and in the graves of Greece.

This porcelain of the early times was also used to make figures of deities, vases, beads, carved scarabs covered with a blue glaze, armlets and finger rings. The knowledge of glazed pottery, which originated with the Egyptians and Assyrians, was continued in the Roman Empire and was carried to the Persians, Moors and Arabs. The Moors introduced it into Spain where some fine old examples are found in the Alhambra. Some of the earliest specimens were painted with colors and then baked. These were elaborated upon later by the ornate picture vases of Greece.

The Greek pottery was called *keramos* and *ostrakon* and in the fifth century, before the Christian era, pictures of animals, monsters, flowers and human figures were produced, sometimes with accompanying inscriptions. Later the names of the figures, which often represented the celebrated beauties and the athletes of the day, and the artists who painted, and the potters who made the ware, were added.

The Etruscan vases with the graceful mythological designs in relief were often of a light red or yellow color and the figures black or maroon enriched with crimson or purple. The subjects were frequently from the war of Troy, and

the shapes were oil-jars, water-pails, wine-vases and wine-jugs. This art was carried into the Greek colonies of Sicily and to Southern Italy about seven hundred years before the Christian era.

Faience, an enameled earthenware glazed with fine varnish and painted in various designs, came into use in the thirteenth century. It derived its name from Faenza, a city in Northern Italy where it was first manufactured and from which Italian potters introduced it into France. It was first used for subjects in relief by Lucca della Robbia. A century later plates and other ware were decorated with subjects derived from compositions of Raphael and Marc Antonio.

Majolica, another glazed earthenware, similar to Faience but enriched with iridescent lustre, was developed by the Moors of Spain and later carried to Italy. The name was derived from Majorca, an island of the Balearic group in the Mediterranean, which belonged to Spain and from which vessels carried the ware to other ports. The early Faience and Majolica of Renaissance Italy were developments of the art of the Arabs and Persians and designs from those countries were followed. Faience is a word which now embraces almost every glazed ware but porcelain.

At the close of the thirteenth century glazed ware was made in Alsace and two centuries later majolica was made in Nuremberg and continued in various parts of Germany. Delfth and other Dutch glazed ware was manufactured in 1360 and from the twelfth to the sixteenth centuries glazed bottles, jugs and cups were made in England.

The art of pottery in China is said to be as old as 2599 B. C. Of the three earliest pottery nations—China, Egypt and Greece—the first was distinguished for the beauty of color, the second for utility, and the third for perfection of form.

About 200 years before the Christian era, the Chinese discovered a translucent pottery, and when samples of the ware were taken to Europe there was much speculation as to how it was produced. The Chinese for a time kept their manufacture a great secret, pretending that it was made of sea-shells, egg-shells and other materials.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the ware was imported into Europe by the Portuguese on their return voyages around the Cape of Good Hope. This newly imported pottery of the Chinese was named "porcelain." The word is supposed to be derived from the Portuguese word "porcellana," which originally meant a little pig. The name was given to a coarse shell of mother-of-pearl which resembled the form of a pig. The lustre of these shells and the new ware were similar so the word was extended to the glazed pottery.

The Chinese kept the secret of porcelain making for many centuries but it was finally discovered by a French Jesuit missionary, Pere D'Entrecolles, who went to China to establish missions in 1710. It was ascertained that the mineral substance used by the Chinese was a fine clay called "Kaolin," which was found in a deep strata of the mountains. The word literally means "high ridge," which applied to the place from where the best clay was taken.

After Oriental porcelain was brought to the attention of Europe a search was made for clay materials with which to experiment. In 1701, after many trials, a Chemist named Bottcher produced a white, hard porcelain at Meissen near Dresden. This is conceded to be the first European porcelain and the quality is said to have never been excelled. Many of the early white pieces were ornamented with flowers in relief and the first color used was blue. Candelabras, modelled flowers, statuettes, candlesticks and figures were among the first most beautiful productions.

Porcelain was introduced into Japan from China twenty-seven years before the Christian era. The Japanese at a later date produced the *cloisonne*, an enamel or porcelain with fine metallic lines dividing the surface into compartments to follow the design. Satsuma, a finely crackled ware of Korean origin, was introduced into Japan about 1592 when the Prince of Satsuma brought Korean potters to Japan. The Japanese city of Satsuma has immense factories which produce the satsuma ware. The Japanese porcelain is not so hard as the Chinese and is of a purer white and the blues less transparent, owing to the difference in the native cobalt.

There were usually two kinds of marks upon Chinese porcelain; one consisted of Chinese characters which recorded the reign or dynasty in which

the ware was made; the other consisted of characters to indicate the maker, its special use, or the place of the manufacture. The Chinese developed very beautiful and delicate porcelain, colored and enameled with rich designs. Certain classes of ware were preserved for the Emperor and other dignitaries. The color of jade, the stone which is held in such high esteem in China, and the turquoise blue glazes are the colors of superior quality which have never been surpassed. The beautiful tints are called the "Azure tint of the sky as it appears between the clouds after rain." Yellow is the imperial color and the pale buff is called Nankin color. The blue, black and green, called Havthorne pieces, are in reality the blossoms of the wild winter plum.

The crackle ware is among the most ancient, having been manufactured under the Sung dynasty, 960 B. C., and the egg-shell China is one of the most beautiful delicate wares produced. In the beginning of the fourteenth century the famous porcelain tower of Pekin was built, the nine stories of porcelain tiles were in five colors; white, red, blue, yellow and brown. The patron saint of the porcelain makers of China in Ponsa, and images of the corpulent little figure are often seen done in porcelain.

The porcelain of the present time is an elaboration of the Chinese, and the first makers imitated as closely as possible the oriental texture, color and design. The willow pattern was first copied in England about 1780 and the flowering plum was done in relief a little later.

The first porcelain works in England were at Bow in 1730 and in their early existence were known as "New Canton," and the ware was called "China" to designate the English imitation of Chinese glazed ware. In 1745 factories were established at Chelsea and were later transferred to Derby and the ware was known as Chelsea-Derby. Much of it was decorated in the Japanese style and was called "Derby Japan."

Other factories developed: The Royal Worcester works introduced a jeweled porcelain and in 1820 Coalport painted roses on a ground of maroon; the Spode and Copeland factories produced some beautiful breakfast, tea, dinner and dessert services, and the Minton's triumph was their red porcelain and the bronze lacquer glaze. In 1775 Wedgwood produced the raised figures on an unglazed colored background and compounded the green glaze and the jasper ware.

Ceramic centers were established in France at Lille in 1711, at Chantilly in

1738, at Tournay in 1750, at Sevres in 1756 and at Bourg-la-Reme in 1773. Perhaps the Sevres is the most celebrated for elegance and beauty of design. It has always taken the lead in French ceramic industries. The Sevres factory was first established at Vincennes in 1740 but was moved to the town of Sevres, which is situated six miles southwest of Paris on the Paris-Versailles railway, in 1756. The history of this factory is said to be an art history, depicting the changing styles of the upper classes of France. At the time of its removal it was purchased

SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO BEACH

SOMEWHERE beyond the waves the
the sun is setting—
Somewhere behind the smudgy horizon
the sun is melting golden to red,
And the smudge hides the golden path
on the dark blue.

Pin-points of stars are piercing the new
darkness,
Silver-tipping the rugged waters,
And soon, far out, a young star will fade
And then, closer, another,
As the fog creeps landward—
While the silver-tipped crests of the
waves will disappear.

Night-waves will break upon the shore
And then slip rapidly back into the
blackness.
Patches of white on the rocks
Or hissing, splotchy ribbons on the sand,
Bursting through the blackness for a
moment—
Vanishing swiftly.

FREDERIC C. OSENBURG.

by Louis XV and the highest skill was employed in both the modelling and the decoration. Some of the finest specimens were expressly for royalty and from 1760 to 1769 the pieces were marked with the crown of the king. The factory was destroyed during the war of 1870 and when it was rebuilt after the Revolution, the ware was marked with the letters "R. F.," Republic of France, with the word Sevres below.

During the reign of Napoleon many of the pieces were ornamented with paintings of himself and marked with a large "N." Many presents were made of beautiful Sevres specimens for his friends. In 1776 a celebrated service was made for Empress Katherine II of Russia, which consisted of 744 pieces and cost about \$65,000. Among the

products of the factory are tables, clocks, frames, candelabras, vases, covered basins, perfume pots and boxes. For domestic use Sevres porcelain usually has a plain ground painted with flowers. Pieces intended for ornamentation or state dinner services have generally the colored grounds including a great variety of the shades of red, carmine, rose-pompadour, apple green, brown, violet and gray, with royal blue underglazes and turquoise-blue enamels, and often decorated with gilded tracery and small designs of network.

A porcelain similar to the famous "egg-shell porcelain" of China and Japan is made at Sevres. The latest Sevres is said to be the nearest approach to the best Chinese pieces in their translucency and in the range of color decorations. Sevres always bears the factory mark and the date letters and also the sign of one or more of the decorators. Many of the models were the work of the best sculptors of the day. Sevres is a government manufactory and museum of porcelain and the ware has always been extremely expensive.

The accidental discovery of kaolin near Limoges made that locality the porcelain center of France; but there was no decorating factory and the pieces were sent to Paris to be decorated. In 1839 David Haviland, an American, went to Limoge and organized a decorating shop which developed into a porcelain factory. It was strictly a dinner warehouse, and as only skilled artists were employed the quality was soon recognized. The Haviland ware is now used as a standard by which other ware is judged and much of the success resulted from the importations to America. There are many other factories at Limoge which have a high reputation. Among them are: W. Guerin and Company, the Elite, La Seyme, Tressemanes and Vogt and L'union Ceramique.

The most famous Italian factories are at La Docia near Florence, Capo de Monte near Naples, and at Venice. At Capo de Monte the ware was distinguished by its colored reliefs representing mythological scenes, and at La Docia the forms of the pieces and the style of decoration suggested Japanese influence.

In 1759 when Charles III ascended the throne of Spain, he took with him a colony of potters from Capo de Monte and established factories at Madrid and Oporto.

In 1756 kaolin deposits were discovered on the island of Bornholm, in the Baltic Sea, and a factory was started at Copenhagen where a new style of European porcelain was established, which
(Continued on Page 150)

David Wark Griffith

A Close Up

By Mona London

Author of "Mary Pickford—A Close Up," Etc.

PERHAPS D. W. Griffith is not aware of his own powers. He is so perfectly a boy with his years of a man. In watching him at work, one moment you think a man is before you who is a genius; the next moment you wonder why he does not tell the camera man his grandmother is ill and run off to the baseball game. In the next minute he is telling you that he thinks in fifty years from now the world will recognize Bret Harte as being a more finished writer than Mark Twain. Before you are sure whether or not you agree with him, his active mind has traveled on, and he is looking straight through you, wondering why you don't ask him some silly question, such as, for instance, is it better to drink Ovaltine in the afternoons to keep awake or to drink it at night to go to sleep? Or, perhaps, whether or not he believes in companionate marriage. And when you don't ask him such silly questions, he lights a smoke and begins asking questions himself.

It is very evident that D. W. Griffith has such an active brain that if he didn't tuck it in bed once in a while, even a sanatorium wouldn't be able to hold him. His body is just as active. He can't sit still. He must laugh and joke and play like a "boxing" boy, and make jokes, and be very, very nice to screen aspirants or he wouldn't be the great D. W. Griffith.

He is constantly creating, creating, creating! Never does he really stop creating. Practically every advance in motion picture production may be attributed to the creative mind of D. W. Griffith. If he had patented all of his ideas that are used in the making and showing of films today, he would be many times a millionaire. But he creates for the joy of it. He creates because he cannot help it.

It was Griffith who first advocated multiple reels, and saw that they were made, despite the warnings of associates who could see in the innovation only a setback to the further development of an infant art. The close-up, the flash-back, soft-focus photography,

realism and poetic composition were all pioneered by him.

No producer or director of the screen to the present time has the list of stars to his credit that the "Master" has. He is looked upon by his associates as their "Master." His players feel the spell of his almost hypnotic power. Is he the Svengali of the screen with all the virtues of Don Quixote?



David Wark Griffith

He is lovable. His hair straight and just gray, his face smooth-shaven and eyes of a hazel-blue, lend to the completeness of his kindly expression. If he has weaknesses they are outdone by his strengths.

One of the most remarkable things about Mr. Griffith's thought is the fact that he does not believe there is any such creature as a "Great Man." What hero worshiper of the screen world has not at some time burned a mental candle before the image of the master of silent drama. Being of poor memory, I can-

not quote. But with paper and ink, I may copy the lines of Laurier in speaking of his conception of greatness. "The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being as the possession of the more dazzling, though less solid qualities." And these gifts are surely found in Griffith. And to quote Rosebery, "We cannot bring ourselves to regret that he was made of the same clay as ourselves."

The day of "Pedestals" is fast passing since democracy is sweeping the world of art as well as that of economics. Few real artists go about now with long bow ties and equally long hair. It is no longer popular to be eccentric. Brave Isadora Duncans and caustic Heinrich Heines would find themselves behind bars. The great no longer may either beg or wear tinsel. Only such a man as Mussolini, who feels that stage-acting is part of his job, may dare talk about "How it feels to be a great man." The man of real accomplishment of today wishes to submerge himself in a rose garden with perhaps children singing nearby at play, or a woman whom he loves reading aloud from some favorite book.

But what chance has a man like D. W. Griffith to know whether a woman really loves him, or no. He is a "master" and as a master he is sought for the laurels he may bestow, and can he differentiate between the sincerity of friendship and the sincerity of respect? Would the young stars of the screen look up into his face, all beaming with smiles of daring worship, if he were still a "rust-scraper" in a New York subway? As a "puddler" in the iron mills, as a "rust-scraper" in the New York subway, as a "sand hog" in the first Jersey tube, he learned about life; in such jobs he formed the character that has made him big enough to hold the title of "The Screen's One Great Personality." We do not learn about life in silk socks, unless, perchance, they have many holes in them.



The Silver Thaw

By Marana Allard Henneberger

LUCIA ANDREWS stepped from the gloom of the theater to the softer gloom of the street, and mechanically raised an umbrella against slanting needles of mist. Only lack of time prevented her seeing the picture a second time. What an indomitable people the pioneers of the Oregon country had been! Very shy herself, courage and initiative in others appealed to her intensely.

In the Modern History class that day the teacher had said, "Emerson Hough's story, *The Covered Wagon*, is being shown at the Liberty this week. I hardly need point out the interest this picture has for us. I hope everyone who hasn't seen it will take advantage of the opportunity he has now."

Cousin Coralie, with whom Lucia lived out of town, stopped her in the hall when classes were changing. "There's to be a matinee dance at two," she said. "I wish we had known of it this morning. I certainly would have worn a different dress."

"I was just wondering how I could manage to see *The Covered Wagon*," answered Lucia. "If you are going to dance, that solves the problem. I don't care much for dancing, and you have seen the picture, I know."

"I should say I have—twice," Coralie was more than a little cross about her dress. "I don't know just when I'll get off today for lunch. Meet me at the Terminal for the 5:30 bus."

To Lucia, reared in New England by an aunt who observed all the conventions, going alone to a theatre was a veritable adventure. She welcomed it—since coming west to the guardianship of Uncle Bruce Clark three months before, it had been her ambition to acquire the breezy independence of the girls about her.

The picture proved thrilling. It was thrilling, also, to know, as she hastened toward the Terminal, that the very ground on which she walked was a part of the goal which the pictured pioneers had sought—and reached only by incredible struggle. Towering firs had given way to skyscrapers, forest trails to canyon-like streets. This city, embryonic then, had been to so many who had crossed the plains the "journey's end."

A glimpse of the big clock in the Oregonian tower sent Lucia hurrying into the Terminal. Coralie was waiting. She was evidently excited, and began talking as soon as her cousin got within hearing distance.

"What do you think?" she exclaimed. "Miss Lowell decided at the very last moment that we practice the Junior play tonight. We have been expecting it, of course, and Mother gave me permission to stay with Dorothy Darrell, when it was necessary. The thing that worries me is that it is so late for you to go home alone. Shall I telephone Mother that you will stay, too. I am sure one of the girls can keep you."

Lucia shook her head. "I'm not afraid," she declared, though her heart sank a little as she thought of the half-hour ride with strangers, after dark. The Mt. Hood stage had moved into place some time before, and saying good-bye to Coralie she got hastily aboard.

Crossing the Willamette and threading its way through the busy East Side streets, the big bus swung into Sandy Road and out toward the Gorge of the Columbia.

LUCIA'S thoughts reverted to the pioneers. How this green country must have rested their desert-weary eyes! Even now, in early January, it was like a garden. There was not a sign of winter anywhere—more snow on Mt. Hood, of course, than in the summer, but at this time of year she rarely showed herself through the misty clouds about her summit. Accustomed to long, hard winters, the girl could imagine the pleasure with which early travelers of the Oregon Trail must have viewed this part of it.

She climbed out of the stage at the point nearest her uncle's house into the murky darkness of a mountain trail. The ranch, a bench on the steepness above her, was a part of an original donation claim. With typical New England respect for family possessions, Lucia often wondered how the heir who had sold it to her uncle could have parted with the charming old house. Her uncle had saved for years to buy it. He would collect the first return on his investment the next summer when his choice young cherry trees began bearing.

Pushing upward through the spicy firs, Lucia saw with surprise that the house was dark. What could be wrong? It was a stiff ordeal to enter and light up. A note from Aunt Amy lay on the kitchen table.

"Back tonight, girls," it read. "We have been called to town on business. Be careful of the fires and don't forget your lessons. The outside work is done."

Ordinarily, being alone in the big

ranch-house was enough to make Lucia nervous. Now, alone on the mountain side—and at night—her knees felt a little weak as she sank into a chair before the cavernous fireplace in the living room. She took herself sternly in hand.

Fresh logs on the fire soon made the big room warm and bright, and her spirits rose. She suddenly realized that she was hungry. A pantry forage produced roast beef and sweet potatoes still warm, and a hint of huckleberries in the air led her to the oven where a pie had been left to finish baking. "Trust Aunt Amy," she thought appreciatively, bringing her appetizing dinner to a little round table before the fire. It was rather nice to be doing exactly as she liked. For a time she ate leisurely, a book propped against a bowl before her. Absorbed, she forgot to be afraid, and it was with real regret that she roused herself at last, remembering her lessons.

At ten she put her books away. She was growing very uneasy, listening for the sound of her uncle's car ascending the mountain. The fire had burned low and the silence was curiously oppressive. Far down over the tree-tops a slight stretch of the road to Portland was visible from a window in the living room. She would watch a while for the car lights. Stepping over, she boldly raised the blind she had drawn so carefully earlier in the evening—to stand transfixed! Before her, by the light of a pale moon just breaking through the clouds, lay a world feathered and blanketed in dripping white! She had known snow all her life, but never anything like this—so swift and still and deep.

Panic-stricken, she turned back to the fireside. What did she really know of this northwestern country, save that it was beautiful? The incredible swiftness of that snowfall was almost beyond belief—it was terrifying—she might be shut in alone for days!

Should she telephone a neighbor? She took the receiver off the hook, then put it back quickly. Why be a baby? She knew already that she must stay alone all night. No one could plow through these soft, deep banks before morning. There was nothing to do but make the best of it.

Reared where good fires are necessary, she understood them thoroughly. The old house had been modernized and pipes must be kept from freezing. She set briskly to work.

At three, fires in furnace, range and fireplaces banked to keep a few hours

she rolled in a thick Indian blanket on the living room couch and went to sleep.

IT WAS late when she awoke, puzzled for a moment as to her whereabouts. The sound of dripping water told her it was thawing. A warm friendly sun smiled at her as she rolled up the blinds, and trees white and lacy the night before, again spread emerald arms. The snow reached half-way to the eaves of the low, old ranch-house.

Shoveling a path to the cow and chickens proved fun, though very strenuous. Her uncle's high hunting boots kept her feet warm and dry, and her appetite grew sharp with the unwonted exercise. She planned her breakfast as she worked—a breakfast the Mother she had lost years before had prepared often—fried red apples, biscuit, bacon and egg. And as a rare treat, coffee with thick cream. Laborers deserved substantial fare. She was glad that she knew how to milk, though it was an accomplishment she had kept a secret, having learned surreptitiously, one summer, from a tenant girl on her grandmother's farm.

Work made the morning pass swiftly. She did not try to telephone, knowing that her uncle would have called the house hours before had it been possible. Wires must be down everywhere.

Toward noon heavy gray clouds drifted in from the sea, and soon it was raining—the "Oregon mist" that Lucia was beginning to love. "The snow won't last long if this keeps up," she thought, hopefully. "Uncle Bruce may get through before night."

But the day wore on and no one appeared. She made candy, studied a little, and glanced through a copy of *The Covered Wagon* that she found on the book-shelves. How odd to think that merely by stepping to the window she could look out on the river down which so many pioneer rafts had floated.

She lingered over the feeding and milking, reluctant to leave the animals for the emptiness of the house—tried, unsuccessfully, to lure the barn-cat, Nemo, to the house to share the sandwiches she meant to toast over the fire. The evening seemed endless. She was not particularly afraid, feeling that if

her uncle could not reach the place, no one else could. But when she fell asleep at last it was to dream fitfully of all her childhood horrors—giants, ogres, trolls, ghosts. Perhaps her menus had been too rich. Sometime in the night she awoke shivering, and got up to put wood on the fire, and add a blanket to her covering. It had turned much colder.

She awoke to find that fairies, not trolls, had been abroad during the night. The sun was shining, and all out-of-doors had turned to crystal! The world was sheathed in it. The fallen snow glittered and glimmered with it. Trees glistened—fir and hemlock and cedar drooping icy plumes. It sparkled and scintillated on the river. "The world looks like one of Mother's little-girl Christmas cards," thought Lucia, thoroughly charmed.

She was seeing for the first time what Oregonians term a Silver Thaw. Later she was to learn all about it. A glaze storm of rare occurrence, conditions are peculiarly favorable for it at the mouth of the Columbia river gorge. A cold current of air coming down the river, underruns a moist, warm current from the ocean, and causes the falling rain to freeze as it touches cold objects below, coating them with ice.

As Lucia stood in the doorway enjoying the glorious spectacle, a pistol-like report broke the silence, and a limb dropped slowly from a giant hemlock at the forest edge a few yards away. A wave of apprehension swept over her. If a big tree like that couldn't hold up its load of ice, what of her uncle's baby cherry trees? Supposing a wind sprang up—that dreaded East wind Columbia River people talked so much about. What must she do? What could she do?

Lucia was very young and knew nothing about the professional care of orchards, but her first thought was of a bonfire—something to temper the cold and thaw the ice on the branches very slowly. A hit of breakfast, the bradded boots again to grip the ice on the sloping ground, a hurried trip to the barn, and she was ready for work.

She raided the woodshed ruthlessly, glad that wood was plentiful. She

found an old sled and hauled load after load to the orchard, building a big fire on each side and small ones at intervals among the trees.

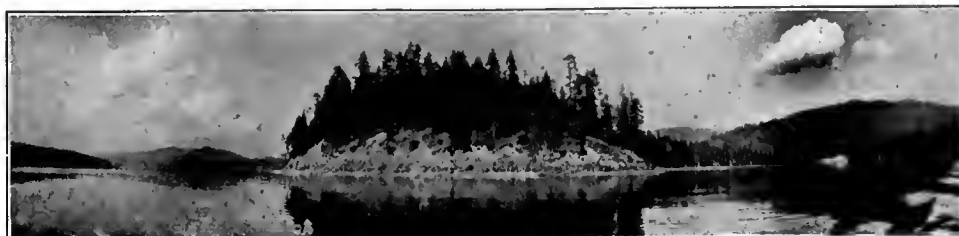
While experimenting with a blazing torch, she stumbled on the solution of her problem. She found that passing the torch slowly about a bough, loosened and broke the ice, letting it drop lightly away. It was interminable work, but successful. Throughout the day she toiled, alternately feeding the fires and using the torch. Never before had she known real fatigue. She ate and drank a little once or twice, more to keep up her strength than because she was hungry. She was running a race with the daylight and must not lose a minute.

When her uncle arrived just before dark, he failed at first to recognize the sooty little figure stumbling about his orchard. Troubling her only to ask about Coralie, he took the torch from her blistered hands and helped her to the house. She fell asleep while Aunt Amy was unlacing the heavy boots.

NOT until the next evening when Lucia was herself again, did Uncle Bruce refer to her work in the orchard. The East wind was blowing a gale. Coralie had finally reached home, and the talk about the dinner table turned naturally to glaze storms, and the devastation they wrought.

"Old residents tell me we are having the first serious storm of this character in twenty years," said Uncle Bruce. "And it may be all of twenty more before we have another. I can't afford to take any chances—might not always have a faithful little niece on the spot. I'm pretty sure"—his eyes twinkled—"to lose her soon, should there young western swains discover that she can milk a cow. So I am having the smudge-pot system used by the big orchardists installed. And Lucia, my dear, I must give a little thought as to how best I can show my appreciation of what you have done. I want to say, however, that, in your place, 'becoming westernized' would be the least of my worries. Pioneer women were made of just such material as you."

Lucia beamed broadly—that was a compliment worth while.



The Place of Philosophy in a Commercial World

By Manly P. Hall

THAT the philosophic culture of ancient Greece, Egypt and India excelled that of the modern world must be admitted by even the most confirmed modernist. The golden era of Greek aesthetics, intellectualism and ethics has never since been equalled. The true philosopher belongs to the most noble order of men. The nation or race which is blessed by possession of illumined thinkers is fortunate, indeed, and its name shall be remembered for their sake. In the famous Pythagorean school at Crotona, philosophy was regarded as indispensable to the life of man. He who did not comprehend the dignity of the reasoning power could not properly be said to live. Therefore, when through innate perverseness a member either voluntarily withdrew or was forcibly ejected from the philosophic fraternity, a headstone was set up for him in the community graveyard; for he who had forsaken intellectual and ethical pursuits to re-enter the material sphere with its illusions of sense and false ambition was regarded as one dead to the sphere of reality. The life represented by the thralldom of the senses the Pythagoreans conceived to be spiritual death, while they regarded death to the sense-world as spiritual life.

Philosophy bestows life in that it reveals the dignity and purpose of living. Materiality bestows death in that it benumbs or clouds those faculties of the human soul which should be responsive to the enlivening impulses of creative thought and ennobling virtue. How inferior to these standards of remote days are the laws by which men live in the twentieth century! Today man, a sublime creature with infinite capacity for self-improvement, in an effort to be true to false standards, turns from his birthright of understanding—without realizing the consequences—and plunges into the maelstrom of material illusion. The precious span of his earthly years he devotes to the pathetically futile effort to establish himself as an enduring power in a realm of unenduring things. Gradually the memory of his life as a spiritual being vanishes from his objective mind and he focuses all his partly-awakened faculties upon the seething beehive of industry

which he has come to consider the sole actuality. From the lofty heights of his selfhood he slowly sinks into the gloomy depths of ephemerality. He falls to the level of the beast and in brutish fashion mumbles the problems arising from his all-too-insufficient knowledge of the Divine Plan. Here in the lurid gloom of a great industrial, political, commercial inferno, men writhe in self-inflicted agony and, reaching out into the swirling mists, strive to clutch and hold the



Manly P. Hall

grotesque phantoms of success and power.

Ignorant of the cause of life, ignorant of the purpose of life, ignorant of what lies beyond the mystery of death, yet possessing within himself the answer to it all, man is willing to sacrifice the beautiful, the true, and the good within and without upon the blood-stained altar of worldly ambition. The world of philosophy—that beautiful garden of thought wherein the sages dwell in the bond of fraternity—fades from view. In its place rises an empire of stone, steel, smoke and hate—a world in which

millions of creatures potentially human scurry to and fro in the desperate effort to exist and at the same time maintain the vast institution which they have erected and which, like some mighty juggernaut, is rumbling inevitably toward an unknown end. In this physical empire, which man erects in the vain belief that he can outshine the kingdom of the celestials, everything is changed to stone. Fascinated by the glitter of gain, man gazes at the Medusa-like face of greed and stands petrified.

In this commercial age science is concerned solely with the classification of physical knowledge and the investigation of the temporal and illusionary parts of Nature. Its so-called practical discoveries bind man but more tightly with the bonds of physical limitation. Religion, too, has become materialistic. The beauty and dignity of faith measured by huge piles of money, sorry, by tracts of real estate or by the balance sheet. Philosophy which connects heaven and earth like a mighty ladder up the rungs of which the illumined of all ages have climbed into the living presence of Reality—even philosophy has become a prosaic and heterogeneous mass of conflicting notions. Its beauty, its dignity, its transcendency are no more. Like other branches of human thought, it has been made materialistic—"practical"—and its activities so directionalized that they may also contribute their part to the erection of this modern world of stone and steel.

In the ranks of the so-called learned there is rising up a new order of thinkers, which may best be termed the *School of the Worldly Wise Men*. After arriving at the astounding conclusion that they are the intellectual salt of the earth, these gentlemen of letters have appointed themselves the final criterion of knowledge, both human and divine.

This group affirms that all mystics must have been epileptic and most of the saints neurotic! It declares God to be a fabrication of primitive superstition; the universe to be intended for no particular purpose; immortality to be a figment of the imagination; and an outstanding individuality to be but a fortuitous combination of cells! Pythagoras is asserted

o have suffered from a "bean complex"; Socrates was a notorious inebriate; St. Paul was subject to fits; Paracelsus was an infamous quack, Comte di Cagliostro a mountebank, and Comte de St.-Germain the outstanding crook of history!

WHAT do the lofty concepts of the world's illumined saviors and sages have in common with these stunted, distorted products of the "realism" of this century? All over the world men and women ground down by the soulless cultural systems of today are crying out for the return of the banished age of beauty and enlightenment—for something *practical* in the highest sense of the word. A few are beginning to realize that so-called civilization in its present form is at the vanishing point; that coldness, heartlessness, commercialism and material efficiency are *impractical*, and only that which offers opportunity for the expression of love and ideality is truly worth while. All the world is seeking happiness, but knows not in what direction to search. Men must learn that happiness crowns the soul's quest for understanding. Only through the realization of infinite goodness and infinite accomplishment can the peace of the inner self be assured. In spite of man's geocentricism, there is something in the human mind that is reaching out to philosophy—not to this or that philosophic code, but simply to philosophy in the broadest and fullest sense.

The great philosophic institutions of the past must rise again, for these alone can rend the veil which divides the world of causes from that of effects. Only the Mysteries — those sacred Colleges of Wisdom—can reveal to struggling humanity that greater and more glorious universe which is the true home of the spiritual being called man. Modern philosophy has failed in that it has come to regard thinking as simply an *intellectual process*. Materialistic thought is as hopeless a code of life as commercialism itself. *The power to think true* is the savior of humanity. The mythological and historical redeemers of every age were all personifications of that power. He who has a little more rationality than his neighbor is a little better than his neighbor. He who functions on a higher plane of rationality than the rest of the world is termed the greatest thinker. He who functions on a lower plane is regarded as a barbarian. Thus comparative rational development is the true gauge of the individual's evolutionary status.

In a nutshell, the true purpose of ancient philosophy was to discover a method

whereby development of the rational nature could be accelerated instead of awaiting the slower processes of Nature. This supreme source of power, this attainment of knowledge, this unfolding of the god within is concealed under the epigrammatic statement of the *philosophic life*. This was the key to the Great Work, the mystery of the Philosopher's Stone, for it meant that alchemical transmutation had been accomplished. Thus ancient philosophy was primarily the living of a life; secondarily, an intellectual method. He alone can become a philosopher in the highest sense who *lives the philosophic life*. What man lives he comes to know. Consequently, a great philosopher is one whose threefold life—physical, mental, and spiritual—is wholly devoted to and completely permeated by his rationality.

Man's physical, emotional and mental natures provide environments of reciprocal benefit or detriment to each other. Since the physical nature is the immediate environment of the mental, only that mind is capable of rational thinking which is enthroned in a harmonious and highly refined material constitution. Hence *right action, right feeling and right thinking* are prerequisites of *right knowing*, and the attainment of philosophic power is possible only to such as have harmonized their thinking with their living. The wise have therefore declared that none can attain to the highest in the science of knowing until first he has attained to the highest in the science of living. *Philosophic power is the natural growth of the philosophic life*. Just as an intense physical existence emphasizes the importance of physical things, or just as the monastic metaphysical asceticism establishes the desirability of the ecstatic state, so complete philosophic absorption ushers the consciousness of the thinker into the most elevated and noble of all spheres—the pure philosophic, or rational, world.

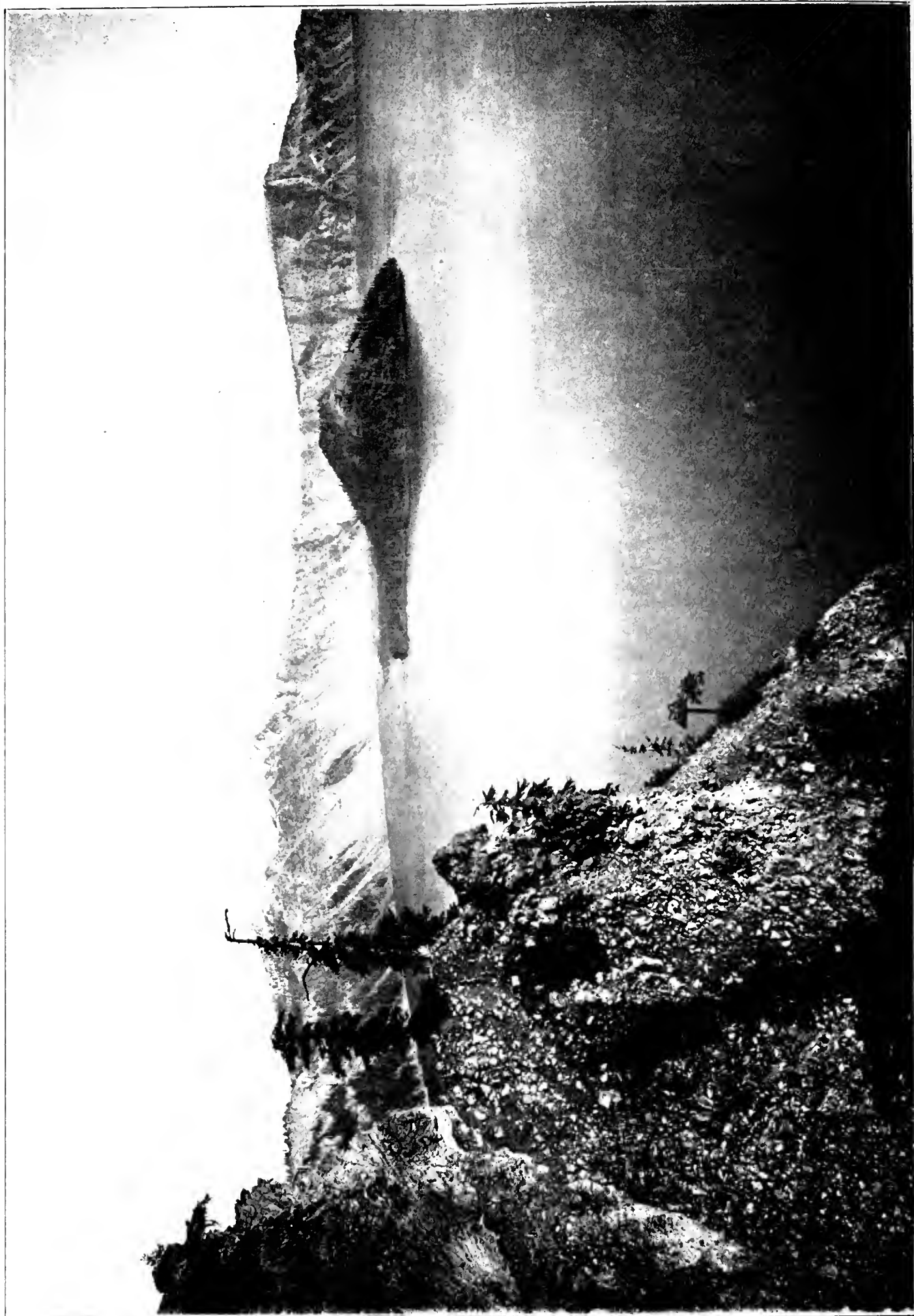
IN a civilization primarily concerned with the accomplishment of the extremes of temporal activity, the philosopher represents an equilibrating intellect capable of estimating and guiding the cultural growth. The establishment of the *philosophic rhythm* in the nature of an individual ordinarily requires from fifteen to twenty years. During that entire period the disciples of old were constantly subjected to the most severe discipline. Every part of the life was gradually disengaged from other interests and focalized upon the reasoning part. In the ancient world there was another and most vital factor which entered into the production of rational

intellects and which is entirely beyond the comprehension of modern thinkers; namely, *initiation* into the philosophic Mysteries. A man who had demonstrated his peculiar mental and spiritual fitness was accepted into the *body of the learned* and to him was revealed that priceless heritage of arcane lore preserved from generation to generation. This heritage of philosophic truth is the matchless treasure of all ages, and each disciple admitted into these *brotherhoods of the wise* made, in turn, his individual contribution to this store of classified knowledge.

The one hope of the world is philosophy, for all the sorrows of modern life result from the lack of a proper philosophic code. Those who sense even in part the dignity of life cannot but realize the shallowness apparent in the activities of this age. Well has it been said that no individual can succeed until he has developed his philosophy of life. Neither can a race or nation attain true greatness until it has formulated an adequate philosophy and has dedicated its existence to a policy consistent with that philosophy. During the World War, when so-called civilization hurled one-half of itself against the other in a frenzy of hate, men ruthlessly destroyed something more precious even than human life. They obliterated those records of human thought by which life can be intelligently directionalized. Truly did Mohammed declare the ink of philosophers to be more precious than the blood of martyrs. Priceless documents, invaluable records of achievement, knowledge founded on ages of patient observation and experimentation by the elect of the earth—all were destroyed with scarcely a qualm of regret. What was knowledge, what was truth, beauty, love, idealism, philosophy, or religion, when compared to man's desire to control an infinitesimal spot in the fields of Cosmos for an inestimably minute fragment of time? Merely to satisfy some whim or urge of ambition, man would uproot the universe, though well he knows that in a few short years he must depart, leaving all that he has seized to posterity as an old cause for fresh contention.

War—the irrefutable evidence of irrationality—still smolders in the hearts of men. It cannot die until human selfishness is overcome. Armed with multifarious inventions and destructive agencies, civilization will continue its fratricidal strife through future ages. But upon the mind of man there is dawning a great fear—the fear that eventually civilization will destroy itself in one great cataclysmic struggle. Then must

(Continued on Page 146)



Page of Verse

TO A PORTRAIT

DEAR little maid, why is that I trace
A shade of sadness in your winsome face?
Did One you love speak unkind words today
And change your azure sky to leaden grey?

In frame of gold above yon antique chair
We wonder who it was first placed you there,
And of the artist whose peculiar art
Limned not the joys but sorrows of your heart.

Sweet little maid from out the long ago,
You would be called a flapper now you know,
Tears are the rainbow's promise after rain,
The welcome showers that make earth fair again.

Midst all the turmoil of this mad today,
Albeit charming in its strange new way,
We love to think that long ago there grew
In empire gown a little maid like you.

JESSIE A. JARVIS



TWO DAYS

PEGGY and I went out today,
Over the hills and far away.
Over the hills where the poppies grow,
Over the hills where soft winds blow.
Just for a breath of salt sea air,
Just for a glimpse of blossoms fair.
The roads are bonny, the fields are gay
Over the hills and far away.

Peggy and I stayed in today,
The rain is falling, the skies are gray.
The wind is tossing the drops awry
In a ceaseless battle 'twixt sea and sky.
The hills are sodden, the dripping rain
Endlessly beats on the window pane.
Memories come of a golden day
Over the hills and far away.

SUZANNE McELVY.



THE FORGOTTEN PRISONER*

FOR one brief careless slip I languish here;
Untried, unmourned and unremembered, quite.
Ten million men exceed my guilt in sight
Of God, and all their days go free and clear.
Through anguished hours and months ungodly drear,
I wait and pine and pray and seek the light,
And ask, "What mead of justice in my plight—
How recompense to me this blasted year?"

When rides the moon the mystic heavens through,
And seven stars commiserate with me,
My flaming rage then cools and slowly dies.
From out the stillness comes conviction true;
No shackles e'er confined a spirit free
Whose range of friendliness transcends the skies.

VINCENT JONES.

* Mentioned with honor in Overland Poetry Contest—Unpublished Sonnet.

FORGET ME NOT

DO you remember our tryst one day
By the road from the little town?
We were two children out to play
Till the westering sun went down.

The blossoming sage made incense hot
And the purple laurel was sweet
And a starry-eyed forget-me-not
Were you as I lay at your feet.

Do you remember that hallowed spot?
In my haunting thoughts it seemed
Just now a flame, my Forget-me-not,
Where we looked to the hills and dreamed.

I knew not the joy of the tryst we sought!
The triumphs of passion and power
Are dust to the man whose heart has nought
But the innocence of that hour.

BEN FIELD.



BOOKS

IN mute, expectant rows they seem to stand,
Waiting the day when you will come once more
To turn their pages with a loving hand
And quaff the magic waters of their lore.
Now that your little hour of earth has passed,
I wonder if death's cryptic lips have brought
An answer to your questions at last—
A truth these quiet comrades never taught.

Perhaps you know what candle lights the stars;
What palette tints the bright breast of a bird;
What sceptre shapes men's loves and woes and wars.
Or has your gallant life gone like a word
Sponged lightly from a slate,—like thunder thinned
Into a whisper lost upon the wind?

LORI PETRI.



TO A STONE IMAGE*

THOU rugged Form! In man's fair image wrought,
Proud sentinel of mountain and ravine,
Immutable, impassive, and serene!
With what remembered throes is thy soul fraught?
Down dateless years what message hast thou brought
Of earth's gigantic changes, all unseen?
Ages of ice; cycles of tropic green;
Hills raised; laid low. To thee, as if for naught.

Though since Time's dawn hast thou held royal sway,
Think not that thou shalt live unendingly
Inexorable Time hast fixed thy doom:
The elements shall bring thee to decay;
Slow dissolution is thy destiny,
And earth's dark bosom thy awaiting tomb.

FRANCIS MAYES DAFT.

Historic Old Fort Laramie and Canon Charles Kingsley Family in the West

By Nora B. Kinsley

IN THE early years of last century when there were nothing but game trails and rivers to guide any brave wanderer who ventured beyond the Missouri River, there was not a human habitation throughout the entire journey across the region long referred to as the "Great American Desert."

The first commercial travelers of that period were trappers and fur-traders. They pushed into the unexplored, unknown country eager for pelts—more pelts—still more pelts. Pelts were their obsession, for they were both a gold-mine and a medium of exchange.

The stores and banks of those early-day business men were mostly portable affairs. Occasionally, at rare intervals of time and distance, they built a fort or trading-post at some strategic point. But otherwise, their business was done in the open, with nothing but the sky for a roof and the ground for a counter. And when the trading was completed, both merchant and customer moved out of the country—to reassemble a year hence at some place agreed upon.

As early as 1825, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company built (under the supervision of Robert Campbell) a post at the junction of the North Platte and Laramie Rivers—in what is now the southeast corner of the State of Wyoming. Campbell named it Fort William for his partner, William Sublette, of St. Louis, which was at that time the metropolis of the fur business in the United States.

In the course of time Ft. William became a United States Army post; and the name was changed to Ft. Laramie in honor of Jacques LaRamie, a famous and much beloved French Canadian trapper. For a long period of years this fort was the only thing of the kind (in fact, the only building) within a radius of many hundred miles. It became the most important fort in the entire north-west, reaching the zenith of its popularity and usefulness during the gold rush to California and the emigrant rush to Oregon. All travelers over the Oregon and California trails stopped at old Fort Laramie to rest themselves and stock; and repair their wagons before plunging into the big unknown beyond, with but one way-station between Laramie and Salt Lake; and which also held for the traveler that never to be forgotten climb over the top of the Rockies. There was great need of much repair,

and cause for much heart ache before that trek was finished.

It was estimated that in the year 1848 alone, ten thousand wagons; eighty thousand animals, and thirty thousand people passed through this fort on the trek over the famous old trail. And both fort and trail retained their prestige until America's first transconti-



A Glimpse of Western Mountains

mental railroad came along to relieve the traveling public westward bent.

Down through the years this outpost of civilization gave respite to many celebrities of the day. Captain Bonneville, Generals Fremont, Carrington, Sheridan, Custer, Grant, Crook; the Earl of Dunraven, Francis Parkman, Canon Charles Kingsley and others found rest and entertainment here.

With the Dunraven party came Lady

Dunraven, chaperoning a little girl whose ancestral estate adjoined that of the Dunravens. Claudia was a mere slip of a girl when she came to "the States" to visit her aunt in Denver, Colorado—Aunt Young having cast her lot with that outpost of civilization when Denver was a tiny infant.

The Dunravens had come out to develop plans for an extensive game preserve and hunting lodge in Estes Park. Their dream was for an "English Preserve" in the heart of the American Rockies. Needless to say, the dream did not come true, and the wonderful eight thousand-acre mountain meadow was finally sold to Dr. Stanley of Boston, who converted it into the now famous tourist resort.

Claudia became charmed with life in the undeveloped western mountain country. She did not return with her English friends. The novelty of the free life in the West where women could do (without censure) many things not dreamed of in her earlier environment, made a strong appeal to the girl. Eventually, she decided to try her luck at school teaching. It was in that capacity she first came to Wyoming Territory. It was a long, arduous trip, not without danger—that stage journey from Denver to northern Wyoming, over lonely mountain roads that were nothing but game trails. She was a timid little body; afraid of the sight of a gun; and to be alone on lonely trails with a stage-driver heavily armed, weary hour after weary hour, terrified her. A weeping, inconsolable feminine passenger was a big problem for the stage-men along the way—a problem far more knotty than any they had yet faced in the vicissitudes of life on the frontier. But that experience of the would-be pioneer, alone in a strange land, cemented friendships and furnished many hearty laughs for her and her kind-hearted protectors whom she had feared as desperados. Later as a bride, this tenderly-reared girl spent her first year of married life with her husband in a sheep-wagon-home, camped on the range which is now the site of the famous oil-fields—Salt Creek and the Teapot Dome Reserve.

"Those were interesting years. Though hard ones, they were the happiest," she smilingly said.

And she found during those same interesting years much for her facile,
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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

By Trebor Selig

Overland readers will note that we have discontinued the "Question Box" recently featured on these pages. So many of the inquiries addressed to Mr. Selig were obviously confidential and so many contained the request that they be not printed that we deemed it advisable not to print any.

Questions regarding investments, however, will continue to receive prompt attention through the mails. No controversial subject will be considered, but any inquiry for facts or for professional advice will be answered.

Address all such communications to Mr. Trebor Selig, Overland Monthly, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco, or to 532 Sun Finance Building, Los Angeles.

IF you have any tendency toward heart disease, don't speculate," is the warning broadcast a few days ago in the editorial comments of a noted newspaper writer, and he goes on to quote violent price fluctuations of a certain popular stock which the tickers in brokers' offices quoted at \$170 per share in the morning, at \$200 at noon, and at \$170 again at the closing hour. Fortunes were made, of course, by those who bought in the morning and sold at noon, but by the same token, fortunes were lost before night by those who bought from those who sold at noon.

This same writer, frequently referred to as "the best posted man in America," is constantly cautioning his millions of daily readers against speculation, and he is constantly urging investment of surplus funds. He is especially emphatic in his advice against "dealing on margin" and "selling short." He insists that legitimate investment in almost anything American is safe, but in such transactions he warns against "buying anything you cannot pay for" and against "selling something you do not own." And his daily comments usually contain some word that denotes his firm belief in that motto of our Better Business Bureaus—"Before You Invest—Investigate."

Any thoughtful person will agree that this is sound advice. It is being repeated by this editor in one form or another almost every morning and is read by millions of people. Yet never before has there been a period in American history when so many people were engaged in speculative ventures, when so much money was involved in stock market operations, and when the frenzy of speculation was so general, as is indicated by daily financial news. Evidently we are, as a nation, experiencing a widespread epidemic of that malady we call "Gold Madness," most difficult of all to curb.

"Oh, yes," says Mr. Average Citizen, "that's good advice. Certainly, it is sound. Don't buy something you know nothing about, and don't speculate. Of course, that's sound. I believe in that. Always did. It's no business for me or for anyone else but professional speculators. But look what Snowball Consolidation did yesterday! Climbed another two points. My cousin bought a hundred shares of that a year ago and let it ride. I'm on it, myself, for all I can borrow. It's sure to double within a year. Best bet the market has offered for years."

Mr. Average Citizen finds nothing inconsistent in his remarks. He does not think he is speculating. He believes he is a conservative investor. He forgets or ignores the fact that the distinguishing characteristics of investment and speculation are that the former is concerned chiefly with safety and assured income, while the latter depends on ready market and market prices. It is evident that in this case he is interested in the expected advance of market prices and the hope of a receptive market when he is ready to sell.

This man's confidence in Snowball Consolidation is not lessened by the fact that the general manager of that corporation has repeatedly announced that his concern is not earning enough in dividends to justify current quotations on its stock, and that there is no prospect of its doing so in the immediate future. Nor is this man influenced by the fact that he, personally, knows little or nothing about the business in which Snowball Consolidation is engaged.

His enthusiasm is not dampened by the fact that his banker will not accept his Snowball stock as security for a loan—he has tried that, in the hope of borrowing money with which to buy more of it. And he ignores with cheerful optimism the skeptical comments of the investment house managers with whom he once consulted. He has fallen victim to gold madness and is but reacting to its urge.

He has withdrawn his savings account, sold his bonds, mortgaged his home, pledged his salary for months to come, and has bought Snowball stock. Fortunately for him, and for Snowball Consolidation as well, he has had to pay cash for it. He is trustfully hoping and confidently expecting to sell his stock ultimately for two or three times what he has paid for it. Meanwhile his capital is yielding him a very much smaller return than it did before and he now has his "eggs all in one basket."

He will promptly subscribe to the ancient doctrine that "what goes up must come down," but he fondly believes that he will, through the operation of some mysterious force, be personally forewarned of any impending "break in the market" and be given opportunity to sell to some less favored speculator, leaving the latter to suffer whatever loss occurs when sane stability is again established and the market price for Snowball stock is once more measured by earned dividends instead of by hopes and expectations.

Probably Snowball Consolidation stock will go up in market price, and quite as probably it will come down. How high it will go, when it will break, how low it will go before it stops its slump, and how high it will go again, are things no one can know and on which no one can form any dependable opinion. That is what makes dealing in such a thing dangerous to Mr. Average Citizen. He cannot afford to lose and he has little or no assurance that he will not lose except the cheering wish that is father to the thought.

Snowball is engaged in a sound and profitable business and pays fair dividends on the par value of its shares. Because of the current popular hysteria,

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Philosophy in Commercial World

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be re-enacted the eternal drama of reconstruction. Out of the ruins of the civilization which died when its idealism died, some primitive people yet in the womb of destiny must build a new world. Foreseeing the needs of that day, the philosophers of the ages have desired that into the structure of this new world shall be incorporated the truest and finest of all that has gone before. It is a divine law that the sum of previous accomplishment shall be the foundation of each new order of things. The great philosophic treasures of humanity must be preserved. That which is superficial may be allowed to perish; that which is fundamental and essential must remain, regardless of cost.

TWO fundamental forms of ignorance were recognized by the Platonists—*simple* ignorance and *complex* ignorance. Simple ignorance is merely lack of knowledge and is common to all creatures existing posterior to the First Cause, which alone has perfection of knowledge. Simple ignorance is an ever-active agent, urging the soul onward to the acquisition of knowledge. From this virginal state of unawareness grows the desire to become aware with its resultant improvement in the mental condition. The human intellect is ever surrounded by forms of existence beyond the estimation of its partly-developed faculties. In this realm of objects not understood is a never-failing source of mental stimuli. Thus wisdom eventually results from the effort to cope rationally with the problem of the unknown.

In the last analysis, the Ultimate Cause alone can be denominated wise. In simpler words, only God is good. Socrates declared knowledge, virtue and utility to be one with the innate nature of good. Knowledge is a condition of *knowing*; virtue a condition of *being*; utility a condition of *doing*. Considering wisdom as synonymous with mental completeness, it is evident that such a state can exist only in the Whole, for that which is less than the Whole cannot possess the fullness of the All. No part of creation is complete; hence each part is imperfect to the extent that it falls short of entirety. Where incompleteness is, it also follows that ignorance must be coexistent; for every part, while capable of knowing its own Self, cannot become aware of the Self in the other parts. Philosophically considered, growth from the standpoint of human

evolution is a process proceeding from heterogeneity to homogeneity. In time, therefore, the isolated consciousness of the individual fragments is reunited to become the complete consciousness of the Whole. Then, and then only, is the condition of *all-knowing* an absolute reality.

Thus all creatures are relatively ignorant, yet relatively wise; comparatively nothing, yet comparatively all. The microscope reveals to man his significance; the telescope, his insignificance. Through the eternities of existence man is gradually increasing in both wisdom and understanding. His ever-expanding consciousness is including more of the external within the area of itself. Even in man's present state of imperfection it is dawning upon his realization that he can never be truly happy until he is perfect, and that of all the faculties contributing to his self-perfection none is equal in importance to the rational intellect. Through the laby-

rinth of diversity, only the illumined mind can, and must, lead the soul into the perfect light of unity.

In addition to the simple ignorance, which is the most potent factor in mental growth, there exists another, which is of a far more dangerous and subtle type. This second form, called *twofold* or *complex* ignorance, may be briefly defined as *ignorance of ignorance*. Worshipping the sun, moon and stars, and offering sacrifices to the winds, the primitive savage sought with crude fetishes to propitiate his unknown gods. He dwelt in a world filled with wonders which he did not understand. Now great cities stand where once roamed the Crookboned men. Humanity no longer regards itself as primitive or aboriginal. The spirit of wonder and awe has been succeeded by one of sophistication. Today man worships his own accomplishments and either relegates the immensities of time and space to the background of his consciousness or disregards them.

THE twentieth century makes a fetish of civilization and is overwhelmed by its fabrications; its gods are of its
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Historic Old Fort Laramie

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gifted pen to report to the readers of the London Daily News.

As an American visitor Canon Charles Kingsley was much feted and made many friends throughout "the States." Little was given the public concerning his western tour. There was no Associated Press to herald his movements. His son Maurice was the magnet that drew him on that long arduous trek out to the Rockies in those days when travel had few or none of the luxuries we today call necessities.

Down through the centuries Kingsleys have been pioneers. And Maurice had the true pioneer instinct of the family. After finishing his university course at Oxford, "he went out to try his manhood in 'the States'." While his father pioneered in the fields of science and teaching, he pioneered in civil engineering. He surveyed and compiled data for a prospective railroad from Denver to Mexico in the day when railroad building was still in its infancy. He surveyed and helped to build the first railroad running south from Denver. It was a raw, wild, undeveloped country he worked through.

His sister Rose spent much time with him; lived the camp life of the surveyor's party, and went far into the Mexican wilds with him. She became a veteran at mountain climbing; and "Mount Rosa" in the Pike's Peak region is named for her, because she was the first to reach its summit.

It was during this period that Canon Kingsley made his memorable journey (a veritable triumphal march) across the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast—cordially greeting all Kingsley-Kingsleys as cousin; his ancestor and the original Colonial members of the family having been brothers.

Rose accompanied her father throughout his American tour; and because of her experience in "the States" was able to relieve him of all details of travel.

In the Pike's Peak region a large per cent of the settlers at that time were English and Scotch. They gave Kingsley a hearty and affectionate welcome. Men from all ranks in the primitive frontier life came from afar to hear him preach when visiting that region. He reached Salt Lake one day too late to have a part in the dedication of the first Episcopal Church built in the present State of Utah. But he paused in his journey to conduct services there for an appreciative audience that packed

the house. To see and hear Queen Victoria's favorite minister was an event of a lifetime in that far-away country. And men rode on horseback long distances from mining camps and outlying ranches to attend the momentous occasion.

At Colorado Springs he preached in their new little church; and also gave a lecture on Westminster Abbey for benefit of the pioneer church. This place was dear to Canon Kingsley, for Maurice had been one of the first pioneers there.

What proved to be Kingsley's fatal illness originated during his western tour. While in California he contracted a severe cold that developed into pneumonia by the time he reached Colorado on the return trip. For many days he lay ill at the ranch home of English friends near Colorado Springs. His condition was serious. And Rose was his nurse. Throughout the entire trying period her strength, activity and outward calm were a marvel to her friends. She accompanied her father to England. He never recovered from that illness. The Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, sent the court physician to attend him. (There was always a cordial relation between the Prince and his former Modern History teacher, whose strong influence and advanced ideas of Political Science were vital factors in the King's later colonial policy.)

Rose became a skilled artist. Many of her pictures are of the fascinating Colorado Rockies. Only recently she died in London—having never married. Her sister Mary (Mrs. William Harrison) we know in America as "Lucas Malet." She has published many books (mostly fiction) over that pen-name, a combination of ancestral names. She is still living and writing in her London home.

THE CATHEDRAL BUILDERS A LEGEND WITH A MORAL

By FRANK THAYER
In *Thrift Magazine*

An ancient cathedral was in process of construction. A traveler, passing that way, stopped to talk with a workman.

"What are you doing, my good man?" inquired the traveler, who had observed that the workman was chiseling the rough edges off a plain piece of granite.

"Only toiling from sunrise to sunset," replied the workman.

The traveler passed on a short distance, where he encountered a second workman polishing a marble facing.

"And what is yon structure?" inquired the traveler, "and what important part are you playing in its erection?"

"That yonder is the new cathedral. I am only a slave of toil, who will be glad when my part is done. This task only earns me my daily bread."

Still attracted by the magnificence of the uncompleted structure and the promise of the unequalled beauty of the finished building, the traveler walked farther along the stone piles surrounding the project.

Happening upon an intelligent workman, whose face glowed with interest in his labors, the traveler made further inquiry.

"I am working on the keystone arch," replied the third workman. "While my task is not an easy one, I am happy to think that whatever excellence I can put into my work will contribute to the beauty of the entire cathedral. My work is only a small part, but I enjoy making my workmanship as perfect as possible. I seem to feel that my best effort makes living the more enjoyable."

For the inspiration of the foregoing story I am indebted to an old associate, Dr. Frank Emerson Jaynes, a keen student of the humanities and a speaker of rare ability. This example points out such a virile philosophy that it warrants passing the idea on, even if the details of the story differ from the original thought given in a stirring address by Dr. Jaynes a number of years ago.

If more of us could have the ideals of the third workman, the world would suffer less economic ills and would be a kinder place in which to live.

YUCCAS

They are the spirit of the rolling hills and the symbols of the West. They are the expression in beauty of the individualism, the dignity, and the faith of the western lands. Back from the roads, high and far along the rolling rise of foothills, the golden topped shafts stretch beyond the sight of keenest eye—aloof, mysterious, wonderful. As the mountains are the "cathedrals of God," so, in all truth, must the Yuccas be His candlesticks. Their's is a glory which is sacred from the defiling touch of man. In man-made gardens they will not grow; man's cultivating hand they scorn. Their beauty is of the purity of the beginning—wild, untamed, glorified, free forever.

—Arthur Bernard Strock

Greater Love

(Continued from Page 134)

ating rooms were so much alike, but this one was the nicest of all. There he was upon the table—himself. Funny to see his own body there, to hover over it, as it lay so helplessly drugged with ether. To watch the nurse in her mask as she took his pulse. And to see Winship! His agile fingers probing with a delicacy that was almost feminine, moving with the rapidity of a virtuoso. God, how great he was! His voice, too, in sharp, staccato sentences that were never superfluous. How every one listened to his few words—

Strange though that he could never see the face—Winship's face. He looked in vain. It was never in his range of vision. He would have liked to watch the eyes gimlet themselves upon a tiny vein and the wrinkles of his forehead draw into a momentary perplexity. But no, he could not catch the features. Provoking—

At last it was over. They were taking him off the table. He could see them move his body carefully, but he could not feel a single touch of hands. There he was, on the cot again. A door opened. Fresh air from the corridor reached his nostrils, even through the sheet. He felt the elevator whisk him downward with a bird-like swoop. His room. The bed again. How good it felt. It was soft where it should be soft, and firm in places where one needed to be sustained. He could feel his chest rise weakly as his breath came and went. Soft. Firm. Soft-firm—Yes, he was back again in his body—

But there was Winship at the door, his face quite clear now and turned toward the bed as he came swiftly into the room. That was right decent of him, now wasn't it?—To sort of follow up a fellow, even if he didn't like him, to see if the job was right? He tried to smile a welcome, but his lips were frozen. Too much ether in them yet, perhaps—

But Winship did not seem to notice any lack of courtesy. He came forward quickly and Jimmy kept his gaze upon him and tried to make the welcome he was thinking shine through to the other's eyes. . . . But was it Winship, after all? It looked like him, but there was something strange in his manner. His feet made no sound as they trod the bare surface of the room. His arms, extended, showed the wall behind, glimmering through. The bed rail could be seen most clearly through his hand. The eyes, too, were changed. And

mouth as well. Something familiar had gone out of the face, but then something else had come into it, too—a sort of friendliness. Could it be that Winship was friendly after all? . . . They didn't speak, yet they seemed to talk together. He could have sworn he heard words that had no voice back of them, saw tears that were not sorrowful in his eyes. Still the room was unearthly quiet. Strange—

Some day, maybe, when he got well, he'd have the nerve to talk all this over with Winship—and other things. Of course, many other things. Why, there was just an ocean of things he suddenly wanted to tell Winship. They'd have to have a long, long visit to get caught up to now! A wave of happiness warmed over him. He felt like a little boy again looking forward to a treat—

Someone was trying to pull him away. It always ended this way. Just when he and Winship were about to clasp hands, someone swooped down and tore him away. He fought with all his force to beat back the thing that surged against him invisibly. Winship was fading, fading away. Soon he would be gone. Winship must stay this time! He must—

"Back, back," he screamed to the something that now touched his face and shut out his vision. "Back, I say—"

Then he saw the nurse very close. She held his hands warmly in her own as she bent over him. He felt her breath on his cheek. Her low voice was crooning to him. He remembered his mother's voice long ago.

"That's all right, now. Just another horrid dream. You'll be better in a moment." He hardly saw her lips move, but the words wrote themselves upon his brain.

"Oh nurse, my nice dream! It's gone again. And I didn't want it to!"

SUNSET

THE waters lie like liquid gold
Beneath the angry, molten glow
Of Heaven's frown;
The passing Day turns pale and cold,
As Twilight's lengthening shadows show
A crimson crown
Hung in the west! Suspended high,
A flaming crest twixt sea and sky!
The sleeping Moon
With languor stirs as wavelets croon
Their evening song, Day's lullaby.

FRANCESCA VALLEJO.

"What was it about?"

But he couldn't remember. It was something that made him very, very happy, only he couldn't recall it.

He smiled at her faintly and let her put a thermometer in his mouth. His eyes followed her around the room.

"Say, what's the matter with me, anyhow? Why am I here?"

"Just a little accident, Dr. Mentor. But you're doing fine."

"The deuce I am! My head's been hurting me confoundedly. Have I any legs?"

She pinched one of his toes and smiled at him.

"I remember a little bit," he said suddenly. "Someone's car crashed into mine. I got a blow in the head. Everything's been a nightmare since."

He looked toward the door.

"Hello there, Rowe. Just trying to get my bearings. Since I've seen you around several times, suppose I'm at Mercy Hospital?"

"Yes, Mentor. Giving you the finest of everything we've got here. Feeling better today?"

"You bet! Beginning to breathe and see a little after that whack on the head. Joke on me, wasn't it? Always looking after other folk's heads and then get my own noodle hacked up. By the way, who sewed me up?"

"Oh, we'll tell you all about that some other time. Better go slow today on conversation."

Dr. Rowe picked up the chart and scanned it a moment. He patted the foot of the bed before he went to the door.

"But, doctor, you can't let me keep on worrying. You've got to tell me something more. I'd do as much for you."

"That's true, Jimmy. But you've nothing to worry about. You're going to be as fit as a fiddle in a few more days. Then we'll talk a lot."

"Come here, Rowe. Before you leave this room you're going to tell me something if I die as the result. I'll not drop off into those hellish dreams again without knowing a thing or two."

Rowe came back to the side of the bed. He took Mentor's hot hand in his.

"All you need to know is that your operation was in every way a success. Can't you realize your body's all here?"

"Yes, I know that. There seems to be no bandages on anything but my head."

"Well?"

"There's only one man here who would work on a brain case—was it—"

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EVENTS—HERE AND THERE

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Natural Color Motion Pictures

Discovery is announced of the long-sought-for process for taking and reproducing natural colored motion pictures. Details of the invention are not yet given to the public, but the important discovery is claimed for a French scientist, Rudolph Berthon. The screen arrangement, it is claimed, can be adjusted to any machine without special cost. A French journalist, invited to attend a trial performance, described his experience as follows: "For one hour I beheld a series of images flashed on the screen before my eyes. They were the ordinary scenes of everyday life, taken without the collaboration of any professional actor. Interiors, exteriors, action, repose—all were reproduced without the collaboration of any pro-indistinctness, or clashing of colors."

Scientists have for years been working upon the problem of reproducing color photographically. Great progress has been made in photographing color through still pictures. Now that color photography is made possible through moving pictures, a still further step has been accomplished. As yet, the possibilities in this direction have not been realized. It is a remarkable achievement.

* * *

School Yards as Playgrounds

Use of the public school yard in cities as public playgrounds is advocated by those who are giving this subject attention. In one city the Board of Education has been importuned by certain improvement clubs to designate the school grounds as public playgrounds.

This is a step in the right direction. The school yards are used only during certain hours of the school day. At other times they are not in use. Schools belong to the public and the public should use these grounds to the fullest possible extent. We are coming to understand that all school property should be used as fully as possible just as in industrial life the machinery and equipment of a manufacturing plant is called into play as many hours in the day as possible.

Moreover, the school is, or should be, a social center and the school grounds are an important element in the educational situation. Parents and adults generally are interesting themselves in adult education; and the closer contact they have with the schools, the better understanding will they have of the meaning of education. The use of these playgrounds will tend to create a desire for outdoor life so much needed in the crowded community.

* * *

Problems in Immigration

Says a recent statement sent out by the Immigration Study Commission:

"We have two recent estimates of the United States present Mexican population. One is three millions. The other is four millions. Even the lower one is alarming if we remember we fought a civil war over another color problem that, most students agree, remains still unsolved.

"To the timid who ask, 'Who will dig our ditches if immigration be restricted?' the Scientific American answers convincingly. It declares one old-time, intelligent American on one big ditch digging machine, does the work of 400 men. It is estimated that our country, with only one-tenth of the world's population, is doing half the world's work. That tenth, however, is highly intelligent. This efficiency enables us to maintain the best wage standard in the world. This makes prosperity for, not only wage earners, but farmers, professional men, business men."

Fear is expressed by the Commission that with the continuance of this condition, the future of our country is menaced. It is of course, true that with notable exceptions, the more intelligent Mexican of white stock does not come to the United States. It is chiefly the Peon who is found with us, with an average intelligence quotient of only 60. These people multiply much more rapidly than do the Americans. This same argument is, to a greater or less degree true when applied to those who come to us from certain other countries. With the influx of our neighbors across

the southern border, will American culture disappear? The question is one of biological significance.

* * *

New Educational Bill

The School Superintendents and executives of the nation during a recent annual convention held at Boston, renewed their stand on the approval of the Education Bill, and the fight for a National Department of Education, and a secretary in the president's cabinet. The resolution follows:

"The welfare of the children now enrolled in the schools of the United States is dependent upon our ability to make available to boards of education, to superintendents of schools, and to teachers throughout the nation the results of current practice, of experiments wherever they are conducted, and of the results of scientific investigation.

"The federal government has long accepted responsibility for conducting inquiries and disseminating information concerning the public schools.

"We hold that economy and efficiency demand that the activities of the federal government dealing with education be consolidated in a Department of Education under the leadership of a Secretary with a seat in the President's Cabinet. We urge that adequate support be provided for this department in order that it may conduct such inquiries and disseminate such information as will make for the highest degree of efficiency in all of our schools. We know that this service can be rendered without in any way interfering with the constitutional right of the several states to control, administer and supervise their own schools. We, therefore, urge the Congress to pass the Curtis-Reed Bill which embodies the program which this Association has consistently advocated throughout its history.

The opposition to the Education Bill seems to be gradually declining. There has been much cloudy thinking as to the ultimate result should such a measure become a law. Many have held that with the bill in force, the states of the

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THE TREK OF PORCELAIN

(Continued from Page 136)

was named Royal Copenhagen. Paintings of birds, fish, animals, water, landscapes and figures were drawn in blues and greys and greens underglazed, resulting in a beautiful decorative style.

With development the finest China-clay has been found in many localities, including many parts of the United States where successful factories are located in numerous places. American pottery may be said to have culminated in the Pueblo region in the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico but the first porcelain factory was established in Philadelphia in 1825.

Perhaps the Rookwood ware of Cincinnati and the Weller ware of Stubenville are best known. In 1876 Mrs. Bellamy Storer, with a dominant idea to produce something apart from foreign influence, established for experimental purposes, a pottery at Cincinnati. The ware was to be made of native materials and without mechanical aid. After years of work she produced something entirely new—a transparent mat glaze, soft and close in texture which gave the ware when painted the appearance presented of a pebble under water. It was considered a great achievement and after nine years of work and having accomplished what she desired, Mrs. Storer transferred the business to a company. In 1892 a new factory was built on the bluff of Mount Abams overlooking lower Cincinnati. Later developments perfected the vellum ware which is a new departure from any known type. Commercial ware for table and household purposes was produced in great quantities in 1881, while later purely art objects were made paramount.

Service porcelain in the United States is receiving much attention and the employment of experienced and skilled artists has created a superior quality which a discriminating public has recognized. There is now a demand for tableware of domestic manufacture, for the merits of American production are established and much is equal in every way to anything now being produced in European factories.

Most of the celebrated manufacturers of pottery and porcelain employ a special mark to distinguish their works, which has made it possible to ascertain the origin of many choice specimens. The chief difference between pottery and porcelain is in the superior quality of the materials used in the latter, which gives it a peculiar translucency.

Philosophy in Commercial World

(Continued from Page 146)

own fashioning. Humanity has forgotten how infinitesimal, how impermanent and how ignorant it actually is. Ptolemy has been ridiculed for conceiving the earth to be the center of the universe, yet modern civilization is seemingly founded upon the hypothesis that the planet earth is the most permanent and important of all the heavenly spheres, and that the gods from their starry thrones are fascinated by the monumental and epochal events taking place upon this spherical ant-hill in Chaos.

From age to age men ceaselessly toil to build cities that they may rule over them with pomp and power—as though a fillet of gold or ten million vassals could elevate man above the dignity of his own thoughts and make the glitter of his scepter visible to the distant stars. As this tiny planet rolls along its orbit in space, it carries with it some two billion human beings who live and die oblivious to that immeasurable existence lying beyond the lump on which they dwell. Measured by the infinities of time and space, what are the captains of industry or the lords of finance? If one of these plutocrats should rise until he ruled the earth itself, what would he be but a petty despot seated on a grain of Cosmic dust?

Philosophy reveals to man his kinship with the All. It shows him that he is a brother to the suns which dot the firmament. It lifts him from a taxpayer on a whirling atom to a citizen of Cosmos. It teaches him that while physically bound to earth (of which his blood and bones are part), there is nevertheless within him a spiritual power, a diviner Self, through which he is one with the symphony of the Whole. Ignorance of ignorance, then, is that self-satisfied state of unawareness in which man, knowing nothing outside the limited area of his physical senses, bumpily declares there is nothing more to know! He who knows no life save the physical is merely ignorant, but he who declares physical life to be all-important and elevates it to the position of supreme reality—such a one is ignorant of his own ignorance.

If the Infinite had not desired man to become wise, He would not have bestowed upon him the faculty of knowing. If He had not intended man to become virtuous, He would not have

sown within the human heart the seeds of virtue. If He had predestined man to be limited to his narrow physical life, He would not have equipped him with perceptions and sensibilities capable of grasping, in part at least, the immensity of the outer universe. The criers of philosophy call all men to a comradeship of the spirit; to a fraternity of thought; to a convocation of Selves. Philosophy invites man out of the vainness of selfishness; out of the sorrow of ignorance and the despair of worldliness; out of the travesty of ambition and the cruel clutches of greed; out of the red hell of hate and the cold tomb of dead idealism.

Philosophy would lead all men into the broad, calm vistas of truth; for the world of philosophy is a land of peace where those finer qualities pent up within each human soul are given opportunity for expression. Here men are taught the wonders of the blades of grass. Each stick and stone is endowed with speech and tells the secret of its being. All life, bathed in the radiance of understanding, becomes a wonderful and beautiful reality. From the four corners of creation swells a mighty anthem of rejoicing, for here in the light of philosophy is revealed the purpose of existence; the wisdom and goodness permeating the Whole become evident to even man's imperfect intellect. Here the yearning heart of humanity finds that companionship which draws forth from the innermost recesses of the soul that great store of good which lies there like precious metal in some deep hidden vein.

Following the path pointed out by the wise, the seeker after truth ultimately attains to the summit of wisdom's mount and, gazing down, beholds the panorama of life spread out before him. The cities of the plains are but tiny specks and the horizon on every hand is obscured by the gray haze of the Unknown. Then the soul realizes that wisdom lies in breadth of vision; that it increases in comparison to the vista. Then as man's thoughts lift him heavenward, streets are lost in cities, cities in nations, nations in continents, continents in the earth, the earth in space, and space in an infinite eternity, until at last but two things remain—the Self and the goodness of God.

Charles B. Hamilton

By Mona London

THERE are hotels and more hotels. There are hotel managers and hotel managers. But in one's travels they but occasionally meet a truly humanitarian, Xeniosian hotel head—a man with strength of individuality outstanding, and character impeccable. Of such a class of Senator Charles B. Hamilton.

From time untold it has been a fundamental duty to give shelter to the wanderer and to quench his thirst and tender to him a banquet.

Today when one's friends have journeyed from afar, they do not come to your house and receive fresh raiment, and comfortable quarters, and an admonition to "eat, and be full." They arrive at a hotel and after certain rest and change of attire, advise you by telephone, "We are in town."

So it has fallen upon the hotels to perform the duties once met by hospitable homes.

Far seeing and truly eminent in his profession, Senator Hamilton has won the world-wide recognition due him for his outstanding humanitarian policies in hotel promotion. He seeks to serve the public in the highest capacity and to this end he has become the managing head of the chain of Hamilton hotels.

He relies upon the old saying, "A chain is as strong as its weakest link" for a guiding line. Upon this theory he endeavors to make sure that every employe of the Hamilton chain is a link in that chain which will bear up to the standards of the strongest link. And from observations, he succeeds. The employes of a hotel are that which make the hotel. And the Hamilton Hotels employes are loyal and zealous to please the "Head."

After visiting each and every one of

the Hamilton chain hotels, it is convincing that the personality and dynamic character of Senator Charles B. Hamilton has placed its stamp upon the figuratively speaking weakest links, from room-maids and janitors to the more important links, the chief clerks and sub-managers, contributing to all guests that pleasing feeling of "WELCOME."

There is probably no other man as young as Senator Hamilton who holds the unique record of achievements in the hotel world. In 1927 he was unanimously elected to the presidency of the California State Hotel Association. His hotel policies from his earliest entrance into the hotel world have been patterned

by some of the outstanding hotels of the country. His chain of hotels comprise the beautiful El Portal at Mesa, Arizona; also the Hotel Monte Vista, in Flagstaff, and Geronimo Lodge, in Douglas, of the same state.

In California (it is merely repeating what everyone knows) Senator Hamilton has his headquarters at the Alexandria Hotel of Los Angeles, and takes in the following group of hotels in the state: Hotel Fresno, Fresno; Hotel Carquinez, Richmond; Hotel Reynolds,

Riverside; Hotel Marysville, Marysville; Hotel Occidental and Hotel Santa Rosa, Santa Rosa; and the delightful Tracy Inn, at Tracy.

Mrs. Hamilton, who "keeps house" in an apartment in the Alexandria Hotel, is the inspiring factor in the life of Senator Hamilton. It was Mrs. Hamilton's love for California that first attracted her husband to the state. It might be well to add that a hotel man is happy when he finds the relaxation

(Continued on Page 159)

OLD SHIP

By CLARA AGEE HAYS

Gray Ship, she rests at last.
Tired face upturned
To alien skies,
She rocks,
Sighs,
Longs for the sea,
Her passionate sea's
Caress.
No wind will ever press
Sails' curves to him
And glide in gales,
With her, again.

Only dying winds
Sob to her naked spars—
Dying stay.
Gulls glimpse her crumbling decks
And crying,
Turn away.
Black mosses drape
Her port-holes—
Dismal crepe.

Faint shadows, in her
Murmur boasts
Of mystic cargoes;
Then, steal
Naked-breasted sailors' ghosts
Again to move her keel
Toward phantom docks.
The bay rebukes,
"Hush! Hush! She sleeps—
Hush!"
As it rocks—and rocks.

Gaunt Ship, she chills.
Some day,
Feeling her tremble
In her sleep,
The bay
Will gently cover her.

AUTHOR IS GIVEN ONE REJECTION SLIP WELL WORTH FRAMING

JOHAN K. WILLIAMSON of Detroit, Mich., who is stopping in London has received the prize rejection slip of his writing career from a firm of Chinese publishers.

"We read your manuscript with boundless delight," wrote the Chinese firm. "By the sacred ashes of our ancestors we swear that we have never dipped into a book of such overwhelming mastery. If we were to publish this book, it would be impossible in the future to issue any book of a lower standard."

"As it is unthinkable that within the next 10,000 years we shall find its equal we are, to our great regret compelled to return this too divine work and beg you a thousand times to forgive our action."—*New York Times*.



Charles B. Hamilton

The Monterey Cypress

Thou twisted thing, the winds of all the years
Have weirdly whistled in thy tangled hair;
We sense thy life, while storms and salty tears
Drive on thee with the ocean's troubled air.

Thy visions all uncouth, thy form so bent,
And yet a thing of beauty in thy place;
Scarred with thy service to the centuries lent,
And seamed as is the aged warrior's face.

We see thee standing bold where battles rage,
Between the forces of the sea and land;
And holding fast where all the storms engage,
And rocks hurl back the ocean's slashing hand.

The rocks thy soil, the coast thy native home,
Set in the bleakness of the battled shore;
Thy food and drink the ocean's drifting foam,
Thy whispered secrets mingle with its roar.

Thou Cypress-Sentinel, so bold and strong;
Far on the final frontiers of the land;
We wonder at thy battered form, where long
Thou hast held firmly with thy twisted hand.

The weirdness of thy form detains our thought
Where thou art pictured on the rocks alone
Against the ocean sky; our visions caught
We pass and leave thee on thy rocky throne.

EDMUND J. BRISTOW



Books



Writers

THE SPLENDID CALIFORNIANS—By Sidney Herschel Small. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, 323 pages, price \$2.50.

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL is known as the author of numerous splendid books, among them "The Lord of Thundergate" and "Sword and Candle." This is the day when attention focuses upon anything Californian, and his present work, "The Splendid Californians," shows clearly, as does his "Sword and Candle," that the author has caught the spirit of the West. With a background in history, the book is built up into a delightful tale reflecting the glamour of the old Spanish days.

There is romance and action in the book. There are pen pictures of the magnificent rancheros of those early days around San Francisco Bay. Many events of the early history of the state are brought forth. It is clear to note that sources have been tapped in order that the historical background may be accurate; and withal there runs through the book life and action, mystery and dangers that tend to produce a most colorful volume full of romance and interest.

SYMBOLIC PHILOSOPHY—By Manly P. Hall. H. S. Crocker Co., San Francisco.

IT IS a well-established fact that the largest industry in San Francisco is printing, and that of the ten finest handcraft printers in the United States, four live in San Francisco. With the completion of Manly P. Hall's great work, "Symbolical Philosophy," another first-class handcraft printer will be added to California's quota. The H. S. Crocker Company, under the direction of John Henry Nash, has worked two and one-half years on the physical makeup of the book; but the real genius of the format is Frederick E. Keast. The future will see his name connected with much that is fine in handcraft printing. The most striking feature of the physical makeup of the book is its splendid harmony. The page values are remarkable, and the tone and color is wonderfully blended. The color plates which occur with each topic are in the four-

colour process, and invariably shows some of the colour used in the elaborate Gothic initial letters. The Alexandria-Japan Bond paper takes a perfect imprint, giving a strong outline to the type employed. The result is beautiful from any viewpoint.

But it is with the content of the book that the reader will find the greatest inspiration and joy. Manly P. Hall has a clear reasoning faculty which makes his meaning so simple and direct that his message is imparted without taxing the reader in any way. This is a great triumph where philosophy is the theme; and it is for this reason that "Symbolical Philosophy" as expounded by Manly P. Hall, is certain to become a standard reference book. The unusual size of the pages makes it possible for each subject to be fully treated in the four pages assigned to it. This arrangement makes each signature complete in itself. The chronological sequence is carefully preserved; and it is easy to trace the entire Christian influence from pagan to modern philosophical conceptions. The book primarily deals with the period known as Christian civilization, and includes every phase of the teaching from astrology to exact science. The conceptions begin with the universal and finally include such concrete topics as the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, with an elaborate explanation of the cipher code accredited to Bacon.

The chapter on the Quaballah of the Jews on the Hermetic and Rosacucian Brotherhoods, High Degree Masonry, The Tarots, and an enlightening chapter on the mysticism of Faust are some of the high-lights of Manly Hall's master work. Despite the profound philosophy embodied, the style in which the book is written makes it very readable and very easily understood. It is not a book that will ever be sold over the counter of the bookshops. Its price, \$75.00 a volume, prohibits this result, but the collectors and booklovers everywhere will be eager to avail themselves of the limited edition being published.

The entire Pacific Coast is to be con-

gratulated upon such a noteworthy achievement in cultural development. It is a credit to any community to have such a work brought to a successful conclusion, and Manly Hall will long be remembered for his genuine contribution to the real learning of his time. He is a young man of exceptional ability and erudition; and it is to be hoped that this will not be other than a beginning of his literary activities."

FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN.

HANGING JOHNNY—By Myrtle Johnston. D. Appleton & Co. Price \$2.00.

A TALE which sets forth the hopeless tragedy of a man at the mercy of his instincts. When one reads **HANGING JOHNNY** and learns that its author, Myrtle Johnston, is an 18-year-old Irish girl, one is a bit amazed. Throughout the book there is no trace of the neophyte. In fact, it is a novel bearing all the earmarks of perspective and maturity, and certainly the theme has nothing common with youth.

HANGING JOHNNY relates in a series of episodes the story of an Irishman in the '70s who took up the profession of hanging for no reason other than it had been his father's, and because nothing more interesting by way of earning a living presented itself. Johnny's life is one of stark tragedy; within his soul are the seeds of romance and beauty, but so deeply buried in a soil of inarticulateness that their expression is futile. Despised and hated because of a profession which carries the necessity of exacting the death penalty, he lives a spineless and ineffectual existence. Always the symbol of the noose hung above even his brief moments of happiness. His whole destiny lay at the mercy of his instincts, and his instincts were ever subject to fear and superstition. Finally he hangs his best friend whom he knew to be innocent—an act for which he is stigmatized and made an outcast.

Escaping from the outraged mob, he attempts to bury his past under the name of Johnny Cregan. After wandering for days, Mary, the girl he is to marry,

(Continued on Page 154)

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BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 153)

and the only one who really cares for him, takes him in. Mary is practical and unimaginative, but her love for Johnny makes her defy her family and give everything else up for him. Together they take up life, enduring dire hardships which Johnny's doomed nature and shiftlessness bring upon them, and through all of which Mary, capable and long-suffering, remains faithful. At last, through repression and fear, Johnny meets his inevitable end, madness.

Miss Johnston has relieved the gloom of Johnny's tragic career with flashes of rare comedy, sketched with a pat humor. In atmosphere, style and character there is a perfect harmony. Some critics have compared Miss Johnston to Thomas Hardy; with proper reservations the same comparison might be made to Dostoevsky. She writes with intensity and simplicity, and the story moves to its conclusion with a swift economy of words that allows for no let down in interest. At the end our sympathy is with Johnny and not his long-suffering wife, in spite of the fact that Johnny undoubtedly deserved the whole of his fate. For, in the last analysis, the tragedy of Johnny is the tragedy of blundering ignorance.

TRUE DURBROW.

BLIGHT—By Ann Rice. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. Price \$2.50.

THIS is a novel that will fill for many of the younger generation exactly that space that most of the past books dealing with the younger generation have missed. Throughout the world, and most especially in the United States, there is a growing dissatisfaction among young women at the lives that their parents demand of them. The most immediate and tangible result of that dissatisfaction is the tremendous movement towards self support among young women. A secondary, though more spectacular result is the rowdiness, drinking and petting that have evoked such a tremendous storm, partly of protest, partly of defense. But the picture of the situation that lies behind this unrest has not been painted since the Brontes and others of the early Victorians first began to intimate the existence of a real ground for unrest among young women. Question the girls of your acquaintance—you will find scarcely one who wishes to remain under the parental roof. A few will say they want to marry; more will merely suggest rather vaguely that they would like a few years away from home; a small

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EVENTS HERE AND THERE

(Continued from Page 149)

Union would lose much of their autonomy. In other words, the advocates of state rights feel that too much power is now centralized in the Federal Government. They contend that a portfolio of education at Washington would tend toward dictation by the Federal Government of the various states, and thus to lack of interest and initiative on the part of individuals.

Careful study of the bill indicates further that such fears are groundless. The state is shorn of none of its power. A Department of Education, on the other hand, would make for improvement in the states of lowest economic and educational standing. It would serve as a clearing house for the securing of data and for carrying on scientific researches, and the dissemination of information. The people in the field are daily becoming more interested in the bill, and there is strong reason to believe it will have favorable action by the committee.

THE MAKING OF A GREAT BOOK

By Frederick E. Keast of the H. S. Crocker Co.

IN all the history of book fabrication in America no such volume as this book by Manly P. Hall, "An Encyclopedic Outline of Masonic, Hermetic, Quabbalistic and Rosicrucian Symbolical Philosophy," has ever been attempted before.

To make it truly unique, the service of John Henry Nash, of San Francisco, foremost among the master bookbuilders and designers of America, and the press of H. S. Crocker Co., Inc., were enlisted and the result is indeed a masterpiece of the book-makers art.

The specifications, like the content of the volume, are amazing. The book itself is encased in a specially constructed slip case to protect it from the ravages of time. The volume stands nineteen inches high and is thirteen inches wide, and contains 260 pages of text material and 54 full page process illustrations.

The paper for the text part of the book is technically known as Alexander-Japan, 100-pound basis, made by the Strathmore Paper Company. Incidentally, the paper required to print this edition made the largest order of Alexander-Japan paper ever placed in America.

The 50 chapters of text material are written exactly four pages to the chapter.

(Continued on Page 160)

Greater Love

(Continued from Page 148)

it couldn't have been—Well, who on earth operated on me, anyhow?"

"Winship."

"Winship? Really? Winship! Honest to goodness? . . . You're just telling me that so I'll know I'm to get well. Winship would be the last man in the world to operate on me!"

"That's just it. He was the last man. None of us wanted to tackle it. If he hadn't done it, you wouldn't be here asking questions now."

"Great jellied prunes! It just can't be. Winship to operate on me! Say, he had a good chance to tip me off all right, didn't he? Just the tiniest slip and I'd be singing with the angels now. Incidentally, I wouldn't have bothered him any more criticizing his medical articles either!"

"Look here, Jimmy, you promised to keep calm. No more talk today. If Winship really wanted you to die, he'd never have tried to save you. You'd just naturally have snuffed out, for all the rest of us could have done for you. But he took the one-in-a-thousand chance, and the two of you won. Now go to sleep and let me see you settled down the next time I make my rounds." Dr. Rowe waved his hand from the doorway. The nurse lowered the blinds.

James Mentor closed his eyes contentedly. There was nothing to worry over now. Since Winship had done the work, it was well done. Only Nature could do the rest. It was most strange, however; most undreamed-of, the whole thing. It took all the previous thoughts out of one's mind. He opened his eyes slightly to see the nurse watching him. Everyone was determined he should sleep again. Stupid thing to be doing all the time! But he didn't dread it now. Those fiendish dreams would not come again. There wasn't anything to worry about. He was sure to get well since Winship had looked after him. Winship, yes Winship, after all. The very name, now it was certain, was like a lullaby. He and Winship—patient and surgeon—How chummy it sounded—how safe—how restful—

FIFTEEN hours later a new James Mentor faced the four square walls of his hospital room. He wondered how many weeks he'd slept! How grand to stretch out his legs again. All that ghastly tired feeling had left him. That had been his last sensation—long ago, when he was in pain: that horrible, tired face. But now he could smile and twinkle his eyes. He could

almost hum a tune under his breath. What a joyous thing was life! What a marvelous thing to feel so well again! Why, he ought to get right out of bed this minute and eat a T-bone steak.

Eat! Lordy how long was it since he had eaten?

"Hello there!" he fairly shouted at the nurse across the room.

She came hurriedly toward him with a thermometer in her hand.

"Sh! Let me take your temperature."

"Temp go hang. I'm hungry. Hungry as hell. I've never been so hungry in my life!" He grabbed the hand that persisted in knowing temperatures. "Give me something to eat or I'll get up this minute and forage for myself."

"Please, Dr. Mentor, be real good and let me take your temperature! Then I'll promise to get you something to eat."

"No bluffing now!! If you're spoofing me, I'll jump out of bed and run down the hall."

"Cross my heart!!"

"All right—here goes." He tucked the glass spindle under his tongue.

But food consisted not of T-bone steaks and cantaloupes, but of barley water, malted milk, and very weak, hot tea. The nurse was young and pretty but she had a will like iron. There was no getting round her at all.

SCIENCE, cool, factful science went to sleep in Jimmy Mentor's brain. For days and days he was nothing more than a voraciously hungry boy. Eat. Sleep. Eat. Sleep. That was all there was to life.

Then one bright morning early he remembered. It was so sudden he almost bolted out of bed.

"Nurse, say nurse, where the devil are you?"

"Right here, Dr. Mentor."

"Say, nurse, why doesn't Winship come to see me?"

"Winship? . . . You mean Dr. Winship?"

"There isn't more than one Winship, is there? Why doesn't he come to see me?" His voice became petulant.

"Come to see you? Why surely—why really—why, Dr. Mentor—"

"Well, finish the sentence, can't you? Are you trying to say he doesn't care to come? That he doesn't like me and all that? Because if you're thinking that, it isn't true. He's been here before, so I know he'll come again."

(Continued on Page 158)



The Alexandria's Room Clerks Make You Feel Right at Home!

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Books and Writers

(Continued from Page 154)

scattering will have formed definite plans for a career.

BLIGHT deals with the large secondary group. The author has chosen two girls, sisters, of vastly different temperament, each of whom would like to leave her home, and each does, not because she desires it, but because the move is forced upon her; and each girl, after tasting the bitter-sweets of the world, returns to the maternal home, again for vastly different reasons, and with equally differing results. The result is a strong story, replete with human sympathies and human understanding, especially to be recommended to all mothers of growing daughters.

CRUDE—By Robert Hyde, Payson & Clarke, Ltd.; 283 Pages; Price \$2.50.

THE so-called younger generation, like all other generations, is composed of individuals, but this fact is seldom recognized in the current discussions of their ideals and ideals. It is only later on, when the reactions of individuals to common experiences turn out to be similar one to another that we perceive a type of thought which can be considered characteristic of a whole generation. During the process we can only know individual responses. Here in a first novel by a new author, are set forth the reactions of several individual members of the younger generation to experiences which they all have in common. Each one meets life in the way suitable to his own earlier experiences and his own character. Four young people of varying backgrounds are thrown together in the crude atmosphere of a new oil-field. Their emotional problems and the way they face them singly and together form the basis of two finely contrasting love stories. It is a study entirely devoid of Victorian cant and the romantic morality of the Nineties, and it is handled with a sureness, economy, and distinction seldom found in a first novel.

HERBERT HOOVER—A *Reminiscent Biography, illustrated*—By Will Irwin, The Century Co., 316 pages; Price \$3.00.

HERE Will Irwin writes the intimate story of one of the most dramatic careers of the Twentieth Century.

The public, which still regards Herbert Hoover as a pattern of cool benevolent efficiency, does not know that from the time he left Stanford University, where he and Mr. Irwin were classmates and close friends, until he

accepted a post in the Cabinet in 1921, Hoover lived through a series of remarkable adventures, dealing with secret intrigues of European governments, building railways in the waste places of the earth, opening mines in savage jungles, standing between primitive peoples and their destroyers.

At all stages of this significant career, Will Irwin has followed not only the events but the mind which was behind them. He has been intimately associated with Hoover in important work for many years.

Of all American writers Will Irwin is the one best qualified to write the story of Herbert Hoover. In this volume he has executed the task. It is one of the most important biographies of recent times.

QUEX—By Jerrold, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation; 336 pages; Price \$2.00.

"GENIUS does not go begging," remarked Quex, that redoubtable leader of English finance. "It goes taking."

This is the story of how the one and only Artemas Quex went taking—first the genteel family business of Boscombe Brothers, Silk Merchants; then drug-stores run by moth-eaten, rheumatic proprietors; juicy war-office contracts; and at last—crowning stroke of genius!—the cattle and gold of the jealously guarded territory of Bubuland.

As the swift-moving story of Quex goes it sweeping way, it takes in a bright array of equally convincing people—the gentlemanly cynic Dick Livingstone, who would trade his spoils for a sarcasm; that lovely modern lady Hilda Altamount; the fearless soldier and honorable anachronism George Tracey; a lively druggist's daughter and an even livelier cabinet minister.

"Quex" is the most delicious satire that has come out of England in years. It deserves a place on the bookshelf beside Sinclair Lewis' "Babbitt."

PARTNERS THREE—By Elby Wagner, Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 300 pages; Price \$2.00.

A VIRILE and swiftly-moving tale of Alaskan mining life is this story of "Partners Three." The author himself lived through many of the scenes which he describes, and the reader has the feeling that he is reading an actual digest from life.

In one of the earlier gold rushes up to the Yukon, two prospectors meet up

with a man and woman caught in the treacherous rapids of an Alaskan river. The man is swept away, but the girl is rescued and taken into partnership with the two rescuers. They are rough and ready men of the North, but they treat her chivalrously, and protect her on the arduous journey to the mining camp, and in the turbulent scenes which follow. They stake a claim, and the story which follows tells of the vicissitudes and adventures which were actually a part of that epoch-making gold rush. The hastily-built mining town, the saloons, the gambling hells, the rough characters—male and female—the crude code of laws, in which might often made right—these are the partial ingredients of the story of "Partners Three." Its narrative is as on-rushing and relentless as the Arctic stream. Its characters have none of the niceties or veneer of the drawing-room; but it is a land where men are men, and underneath the rugged exteriors is more than one heart of gold. And back of the adventure is a vein of true romance. The girl, who through force of circumstances has become a partner in the game of fate, finds that she must make an even more momentous decision.

For the reader who likes to get away to the wide open spaces, this story can be unhesitatingly recommended.

* * *

MIGRATION—By David Grew, Author of "Beyond Rope and Fence, etc., Scribners, 307 pages; Price \$2.00.

THE story of a man's passion for a woman his superior in mentality though not in essential strength and stability of character. The background is the prairie farmland and the action of the story embodies the spiritual struggle between the man's inarticulate love of the soil and his love for the woman who represents the forces that would draw him from it.

Stacey Conrill is one of those sensitive, dreamy youths who are doomed to feel and suffer. In Marcia Stoner, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, he finds that symbol of the unattainable toward which all his nature has been groping, and when, after a few months of deepening friendship, she runs away with the circus, leaving the farmlands for the city, his real world collapses about him, and he withdraws into the inner world of dream which his baffled longing has created.

Marcia's return to the prairies, after many years, marking in a sense her defeat, finds Stacey unchanged in his feeling toward her, and their ultimate hap-

piness concludes a story charged with a sincerity and an elemental poetic force deeply moving.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Books on our desk and waiting the attention of the reviewer include:

Partners Three, by Elby Wagner, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 300 pages.

Quex, by Douglas Jerrold, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 336 pages, price \$2.

Migration, by David Grew, author of *Beyond Rope and Fence*, etc., Charles Scribner's Sons, 308 pages, price \$2.

An Artist in the Family, by Sarah Gertrude Millin, Boni Liveright, 280 pages, price \$2.50.

One Thousand and One Celestial Wonders, by Charles Edward Barns, Science Service Press, 275 pages.

Money Writes, by Upton Sinclair, published by the author, 225 pages, price \$2.50.

The Land of Green Ginger, by Winifred Holtby, author of *Anderby Wold*, etc., Robert N. McBride & Co., 311 pages.

THRIFT AIDS WILL POWER

By S. W. Straus

(President American Society for Thrift.)

THE difference between success and failure is quite often a matter entirely of will power. This writer of these lines recently received a letter from a man who had gone through a series of trying circumstances and wanted advice on what he should do to acquire a position of independence in life.

Owing to the fact that he had been through so many disheartening experiences, he was completely discouraged. Thus his point of view was distorted and his judgment impaired. He had lost sight of the fact that he possessed many valuable assets, among them being health, education and a background of splendid experience.

What he needed in the emergency above everything else, was will power.

Persistently of effort—unwillingness to surrender—dogged determination—these are the qualities that often decide human destiny.

And it is in the development of these qualities that thrift attains one of its greatest values. Those who are really thrifty must possess a great amount of stamina.

Thrift of money, health or time means the use of one's will. And the development of this ability to make decisions and stick to them will inevitably result from thrift habits.

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By

GEORGE STERLING

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BY RETURN MAIL!

GREATER LOVE

(Continued from Page 155)

"Been here before—what do you mean?"

"Now, look here, nurse, don't talk as if you didn't know Winship had been here to see me. You know he has. He came and stayed a long time one day. Must have been more than a week ago. You were here at the time. You must have been!"

But the nurse only shook her head and patted out the pillows and told him to refrain from talking.

"Say, you'll have a wild man on your hands if you keep treating me like this. I'm almost well. I'm not off my base, you know I'm not. My head's as good as ever, and if you don't believe Winship's been here to see me, just go ask Dr. Rowe!"

"Who said Rowe?" inquired the resident surgeon from the hallway as he entered the room. "Don't take my name in vain, young man!"

"I'm just trying to talk some sense with this stubborn little nurse you've put on my case. Gosh, she's sure got a hard head!"

"What's the matter now? Won't she let you have all the rare roast beef you want?" He poked his patient in the ribs.

"Worse'n that! I asked her why Winship never comes to see me any more, and she tries to make me believe he's never been here at all!"

"Winship?" Dr. Rowe looked blankly at the wall opposite.

"Winship. Winship. Ever hear of him? You all act as if it were a strange name. Well, what I want to know is why he never comes to see me any more?"

"When *did* he come to see you?"

"Soon after the operation. I don't know just when. The days are all alike when a fellow's in bed like this. But he stayed a long time. We had a great visit. Say, he seemed like a different person altogether. He acted as if he really liked me. . . What makes you act so queer? Don't you believe Winship likes me? He saved my life, you know he did. Hasn't he a right to be grateful to me for not dying on his hands?"

"Yes, he did save you, Jimmy. We all know that. He saved you gloriously. You were the triumph of his life, after all!"

"*Were?* I am. Don't speak of me in the past tense, please. I'm right here and all here, and I'm going to stay a while."

"Yes, yes. You're here, I know, my boy. But Winship isn't."

(Continued on Page 159)

National Forests of California

U. S. Forest Service Report

THE 18 national forests of California, visited last year by more than 7,000,000 people in search of outdoor sport and recreation, rank as the leading recreation areas in the country. Travel to the California forests has increased over 700 per cent in the last ten years. Other western states with over a million national forest visitors are: Oregon, 2,905,000; Colorado, 2,163,000; Arizona, 1,209,000, and Washington, 1,125,000.

The number of visitors in 1927 to the 160 national forests of the United States was over 18½ million, of which 12,387,500 people were transient travelers, and 6,136,300 actual users of the Federal forests. Ninety per cent of the total travel was by automobile.

The number of visitors to the national forests of California in 1927, segregated by classes, was:

Picnickers	740,815
Campers	681,565
Hotel & Resort guests.....	475,463
Special use permittees.....	230,957
Transient travelers.....	4,915,713
Total	7,044,518

Of this total more than 6¼ million people were motorists; 623,000 traveled by train, trolley and motor bus, and 135,000 were hikers.

The Angeles National Forest of southern California with 3,000,000 visitors, over 2 millions of which were transient motorists and 464,000 picnickers, surpasses in popularity all other recreation areas in the United States. The Santa Barbara National Forest ranks second with a total of 1,195,000 visitors, of which one million were transient motorists.

Other leading recreation forests in California were:

National Forest	Total No. Visitors
Shasta	416,100
Tahoe	331,700
Sierra	234,425
San Bernardino.....	223,480
Cleveland	201,000

Big Game Animals

There are more than 250,000 big game animals in the 18 national forests of California. The census shows that there are 121,700 black tail deer, 117,000 mule deer, 10,300 black and brown

bear, 680 mountain sheep and 125 elk in the Federal forests of the state.

In 1927 there were 56,292 hunters who took advantage of the hunting grounds of the national forests which are fast becoming the last refuge of the California big game. The census shows that 11,552 deer were killed within the Government forests last year or 2,271 less than the previous year, although the increase in the number of hunters over 1926 was 7,160.

Sportsmen are welcome to hunt and fish in the national forests, the only restrictions being their willingness to abide by the state fish and game laws and their strict observance of the regulations of the Forest Service concerning care with fire. All forest officers are deputy fish and game wardens and take a great interest in the welfare of the game. The new tag system for deer is a success and should be continued. The rangers are also in favor of a one buck bag limit in all game districts because of the increasing number of hunters and the gradual encroachment of civilization which is restricting the range of game animals.

"In allotting range for domestic stock within the national forests, the Forest Service makes provision for the grazing of game animals, and in addition has set aside a total of 19,800 acres in three reserved areas for the exclusive grazing of game. There are 25 State and four Federal Game refuges covering 1,794,163 acres in the national forests of California."

More than twice the number of deer are killed by predatory animals as by man and more vigorous action by the state and other agencies is recommended to reduce this needless loss. The number of bear have greatly decreased during the past year, and many are reported killed during the summer season when the fur is of no value. This condition exists in four national forests where the removal of the closed season on bear has resulted in much unwarranted killing.

Quail are increasing, but there is a general decrease in grouse, ducks and particularly geese.

During 1927, the Forest Service assisted in the distribution and planting of 3,585,000 fish fry of different species in the streams and lakes of the national forests. In many localities it has been found that the increasing number of fishermen necessitates the planting of more fry if the streams are to be kept stocked.

GREATER LOVE

(Continued from Page 158)

"Isn't? What do you mean? Has he gone away?"

Dr. Rowe walked to the open window and stood with the sun shining on his greying hair. He seemed lost in thought, for he did not stir at Jimmy's call. The tactful nurse slipped quietly out of the room, and there was no sound except the buzz of a fly on the window pane.

Then the older man turned round with the light at his back. The sun streamed in over his head.

"I'm glad you didn't ask me sooner why Winship never came to see you. Earlier in your illness it would have been a dangerous topic. But you're strong now, strong enough to know the facts, I guess." He stopped, and Jimmy could have sworn his voice wavered.

"Well, go on. Just so you don't say he doesn't like me, for I know he does. I know it!"

"He must have loved you like a son, Jimmy, or he never could have saved your life. Things like that don't just happen. They're ordained."

"What things?"

"Miracles. . . For you to live is no less than a miracle you owe to God and the greatest surgeon I've ever known."

"Why all this reference to the past? He still is the greatest surgeon, isn't he? Who could possibly surpass him?"

The older man did not reply. He stood motionless at the open window, not ashamed of the tears in his eyes.

"Say, Rowe, if I hadn't seen Winship here with my own eyes a few days ago, I'd think from your manner he might be dead himself."

The resident surgeon came over to the bedside of his young colleague. He took his hand in both his own and looked down deep into his eyes.

"My boy, I know you're not delirious now. . . I know you're as sane as I or anyone else. I grant you may have seen John Winship's spirit here. Stranger things have happened than that he should be drawn to you who was so close to him in those last moments of his life. . . Winship's dead, Jimmy. He's been dead for over a week. . . My God, how we all do miss him!!"

"Dead? . . . I don't realize what you can mean. Dead? . . . How can it be when I saw him right here in this very room a few days ago—" He lapsed into silence, too.

"He had a heart attack a few minutes after he finished your operation. He died instantly. He gave his life for you."

James Mentor saw again in memory a figure glide into the room with no sound of footsteps on the floor. He understood again the words no one could hear. He reached to clasp a hand—

Outside the bees lurked round a vine and hummed a drowsy song. The sun shone on with warmth and fragrance. Into his mind came the Biblical words his mother had repeated over and again in the past.

"I know what they mean now. 'Greater love hath no man than this—' But how empty the world is without him—"

CHARLES B. HAMILTON

(Continued from Page 151)

of his own rooms. For the demands are constant and varied upon the manager of a single hotel. But with his activities in the Greeters, national and local, his presidency of the California Hotel Association, his present chain of ten hotels and plans for continued expansion, Senator Hamilton has many times the demands upon his personal strength and time which could only be met by a character such as his. He is always calm, always pleasant, always anxious that those about him should be happy and comfortable, and he seems never to weary of his duties.

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

(Continued from Page 145)

however, these shares cannot be bought at par. The market price is much above par and gradually rising. Many other people, like Mr. Average Citizen, have the something-for-nothing complex and are willing to pay premiums for this stock in the hope it will some day really be worth not only what they pay for it but a great deal more. Supply and demand make market prices. So long as this demand exists, the quotation for this stock will be at premium.

If this man were to buy these shares at par or at a price based on actual earnings and hold them as an investment, actuated solely by a desire for earned income, one could but approve his policy. But that is not his motive. He ignores earnings and income and yearns for profits. He wants to get something that has not been earned. He is not investing, he is speculating, despite the fact that that half of his brain not fevered by gold madness wholly agrees with the daily warning of the "best posted man in America."



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THE MAKING OF A GREAT BOOK

(Continued from Page 154)

ter and are set two columns to the page, with no footnotes to distract. Two hundred and fifty illustrations in black and white embellish the text throughout the book.

The type used is twelve point Italian Old Style, while the captions for the illustrations are set in ten point Italic of the same face. The headings are set in twenty-four point Italic Caxton, lower and upper case, while the pagination is accomplished by the use of the capital letters of the same face, set in Roman numerals. A specially cut Italian illuminating initial of the Renaissance period is used at the beginning of each chapter and is printed in two colors, black and a beautiful shade of orange. This orange is the only color which appears on the text pages, with the exception of the folios, which appear in a light blue, the folios being introduced at the top of the pages.

The full page colored illustrations are of the most startling symbolic design, and are, for the most part, from the brush of J. Augustus Knapp. Forty of these illustrations were reproduced in full process colors, namely, red, yellow, blue and black. However, in order to perfectly reproduce the many gorgeous blues and greens, it was necessary in other plates to introduce special colors, including gold and silver. In the illustration of the Heraldic Arms of Jesus Christ, eight special colors were used to make the reproduction.

The illustrations, occurring as they do every four pages, are wrapped around a four page signature. In only two cases was it necessary to tip in the illustration, these instances being the illustration of the Bembine Table of Isis and the Rosicrucian Formula, both of which are reproduced in a folded sheet size 26x19.

The binding is on extra heavy boards, half bound, with specially imported baby goatskin vellum and rare Ceylon designed Batik paper, made in Germany, and in order to carry out a general uniformity, this Batik paper has been used as an end and fly sheet.

A leather label stamped in gold on the backbone is used for all editions—dark brown leather for the Subscribers' Edition; blue leather for the King Solomon Edition; purple leather for the Theosophical Edition; and red leather for the Rosicrucian Edition.

The Subscribers' Edition of this marvelous book contains a special page with an autograph of the author, Manly P. Hall; and the list of these subscribers

to this edition, 550 in all, is contained in the book. The other editions do not bear the author's autograph, but are numbered from 1 to 550 in the King Solomon Edition, and from 1 to 250 in both the Rosicrucian and the Theosophical Editions.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, published monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for April 1, 1928.

State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Mabel Boguess-Moffitt, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the secretary-treasurer of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine Consolidated, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco, Cal.

Associate Editor, Frona Eunice Wait Colburn, San Francisco, Cal.

Managing editor, none.

Business manager, Mabel Boguess-Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco, Cal.

James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, Cal.

Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.

Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily publications only).

MABEL BOGUESS MOFFITT,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of April, 1928.

EDITH W. BURNHAM,

Notary Public in and for the City and

County of San Francisco.

(My commission expires February 25, 1930.)

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ANNOUNCEMENT has been made that the Sixtieth Anniversary number of "Overland Monthly" would be issued in June. Readers are hereby notified that July, not June, will be the month of issuance.

As the magazine first made its appearance in 1868, it is now 60 years old. Hence any month during 1928 would be an appropriate time for commemoration. Since, however, the first number actually came from the press in July, 1868, it seems especially fitting that this Anniversary number should appear as our July issue. Birthdays should be honorable and accurate.

OVERLAND
MONTHLY
FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



Vol. 86

JUNE, 1928

No. 6

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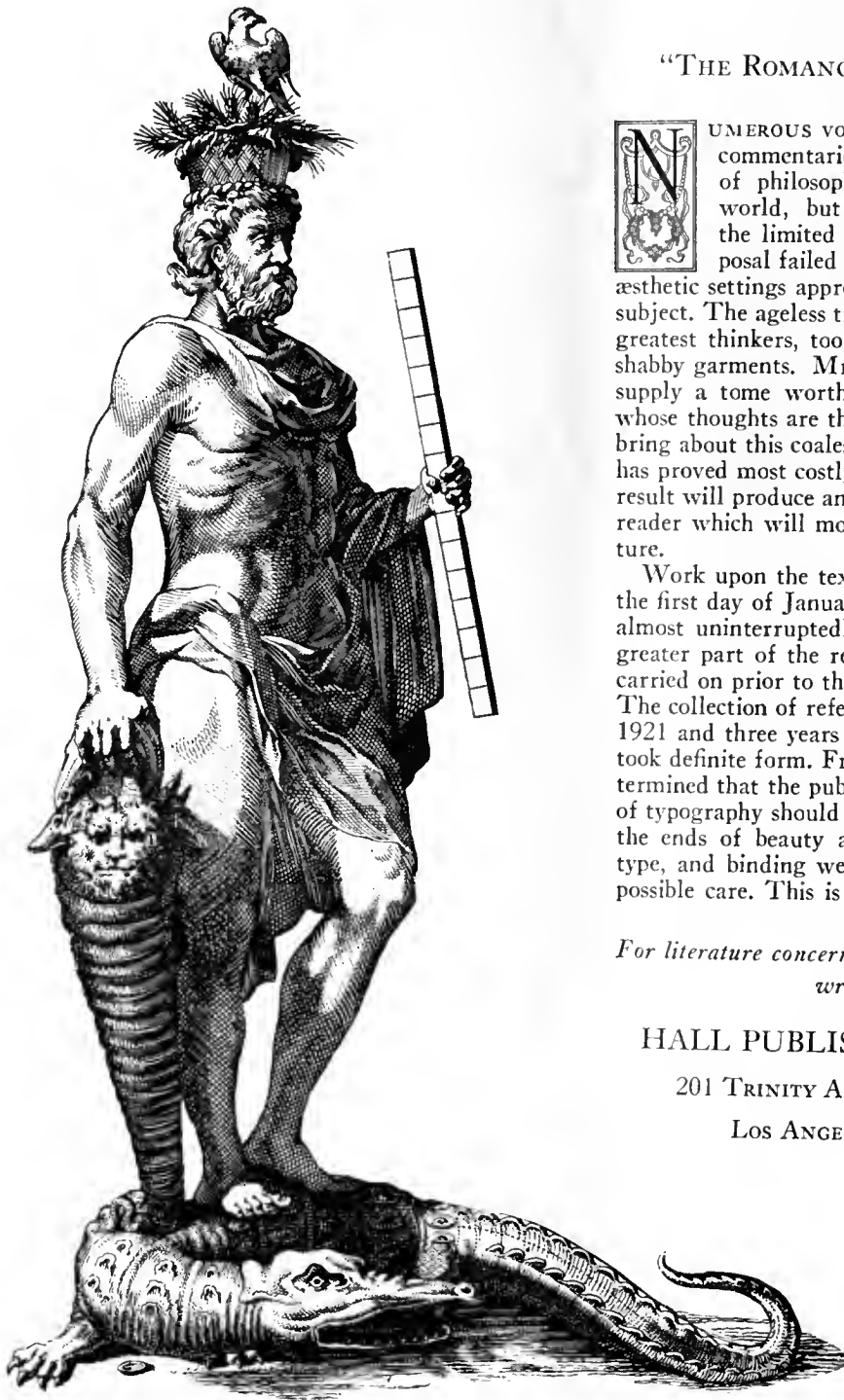
Work upon the text of this volume was begun the first day of January, 1926, and has continued almost uninterruptedly for over two years. The greater part of the research work, however, was carried on prior to the writing of the manuscript. The collection of reference material was begun in 1921 and three years later the plans for the book took definite form. From the beginning it was determined that the publication from the standpoint of typography should be a work of art. To attain the ends of beauty and permanence, the paper, type, and binding were chosen with the greatest possible care. This is a book for the connoisseur.

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—Courtesy of Oakland Post-Enquirer.

Ina Donna Coolbrith
March 10, 1841 — February 29, 1928
California Poet Laureate

OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME 86

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NUMBER 6

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Contents of this issue and all back issues of Overland may be found in "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" at any library in the United States.

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Dirge for Ina Coolbrith

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

California, you have lost your lover!
Rend your garments and pour ashes on your head.
The lute is silent and the harp strings broken:
The minstrel of your golden days is dead.

She has gone away,
The High Priestess
Of your glowing yesterday.

Bring laurel
From the hills,
Bring weeping willow,
Tearful with March rain:
Bring maiden hair and moss
To be the pillow
For that pale cheek.

She will not speak
To us again.

We shall not see her
As before
With the regal head-dress
Of old lace
Framing the cool contours
Of her face,
And her flounces
Billowing
On the floor.

Nevermore
In all our times
Shall we hear her,
Stern and stately,
Reading sonorous rhymes—
Holding her bright torch
At the dim door
Of vanished years,
Lighting splendid scenes that were . . .

Something tragic and austere,
Something delicate and dear,
Something deep and clarion clear
Goes with her.

California, you have lost your lover!
The dryad of your redwoods and your pines.
She kept the sacred fires of romance burning:
She was the Vestal Virgin of your shrines.

Strident voices rise to shout your triumphs,
Praise your progress
And your prosperous day;
Prophecy and plan
Your swift achievements,
But her minstrelsy
Has died away.

Factory hum,
The roar of trains and motors—
The age of gracious leisure slowly yields . . .

Towers of steel,
Oil derricks and steam shovels,
Power lines;
Tractors
Making prose patterns
In your shining fields.

The King's Highway
A pallid line of concrete,
Harshly alive,
A blinding blur of speed.
Padres,
Caballeros y senoras,
Coches . . .
Dim and still more dim
Recede . . .

Where once the eagle only
Soared, majestic,
The whirl of planes
Across the sunset sky:
Mountains and meadows
Mourn her,
Listening
While her silver lute strings'
Mellow echoes
Dream . . . and die . . .

California, you have lost your lover!
The song of other days is stilled at last,
For she has left the solemn trust she guarded—
The portress at the portals of your past.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and
OUT WEST MAGAZINE

Spring in the Sierras

By Rhys McDonald

COME into the Sierras! The sky is blooming blue and the singing creeks are glad and the wind sips long and deeply at the pines. A wildness of joy is on the hills. The sun laughs; the moon smiles; and the deep-voiced pines—ah! the deep-voiced pines—say to the wind, "This is well, well, well." Even the thick-barked oaks feel the spring, and the funny frog jabbars by the pond's still edge, and a fluttering softens the pond. All things are aware of the coming of spring.

The mountains are sunning themselves. Down in the canyon the jubilant creek, loosed from the folds of the ferny bed that gave it birth by a granite rock and sent it trickling into a world of new-turned sod and pasture lands and willow groves that hang their heads—down in the canyon the creek shouts by, rumbling, mumbling, muttering by—ringing by and singing by. What changeable voice! And now it sings and now it sobs—what changeable mood! The willow pores upon itself that in the pond is water cast, nor lifts its boughs nor turns its limbs but, watching, falls asleep. The rocky

the plain, its only song a sigh, might well have held it peace among the pines. But the gypsy never builds a house of rock.



armor of the crag, a souvenir of glaciers past, moves only with the avalanche and, moving then, is done. Mere soulful shadows in a pond by which the alders stoop do not bind creeks to ferny glades. The shrunken stream that limps

have answered the cry. Shooting stars, buttercups, wild heliotropes, and violets, and the waxen manzanita bloom, pink as a baby's fingers, and smell of the pines. If scent were song and song were scent,

the flowers would sing in rainbow chords and the mocking bird melt in the air. The wild heliotrope is an unobtrusive, small white flower that scarce shows out of the grass. But kneel and drink of its scent; that is as pure as the voice of a flute, as light as the tread of a star. The gluttonous bees are happy now; they fill the air about the blooms with a snoring buzz of wings, and crawl, honey burdened, from petal to stem, almost too full for flight.

All winter long, the mocking bird has waited in the woods, reproaching, with its silence, every cold and cloudy day. It kept its brightest notes for spring. And now that spring is here the artist-bird, with heart afire and song that *will* be sung, flies to the peak of the highest point, yodling high and higher till its voice is lost in the air. Just when you think it has stopped for good, some new inspiration trembles its throat, a waterfall rush of song bursts out, and the sky

is its sounding board. Sometimes this operatic bird follows exactly the meow of a cat or mocks the chubby bob-white. Again its tone is almost mournful, as if to atone for too much gaiety in the ears of the sad, grey dove. But its favorite

song is its own and its best; a cataract of runs and trills, a sudden clashing of silence and sound, a shivering of the forest's spine, echo of water-struck pebbles. Like something spiritual is its song, for it ever climbs and never dies, but rises out of hearing. At times it is near to harshness; again, so delicate is its silver tint upon the mountain silence that even the sunbeams must tremble from it, and the day grow warmer. What voice or instrument of man could follow the mocking bird or be but poor accompaniment to its rambling melodies? It has somewhat the nature of man, for sometimes it sings in the very night, especially if the large-eyed shepherd of the stars—the moon—is smiling on the pines.

Is smiling on the pines! In the east the moon has risen, reflecting tomorrow's light; in the west are the lights of the valley; in the sky, the light of night. Pine scent and moon glow age in the wooded hills. The night wind gathers ripples on a lake that shines from out of the dusky hills like a tear in sorrow's eye. A cowbell tinkles off somewhere among the brushy knolls like ice in a water pitcher; bats write queer words in the darkness and erase them. And disappear. The yelp of a coyote leaps into the air, trembles, and falls. It is answered from over the ridge as yon mountain mocks with an echo. And then is silence again. Silence—silence, for even the frogs are hushed for a time, and only the pines are talking to themselves, and then in a cool, deep whisper that seems, in the forest, to be part of silence, part of the sky, and part of the earth.

But let it be day again, for the mountaineer has wood to chop and fences and roads to mend and springs to open and three meals, cooked over a live-oak fire, to eat. He has been in a kind of half-hibernation all winter and now is beginning to live. He goes to town oftener than in the bad weather, and is thinking about crops seriously. That little flat back on the creek he visions in potatoes or, as the sensible farmer calls them, spuds. Corn and beans and tomatoes will go in, or have gone in, by the house. The orchard is as neat as an old woman's apron, to do honor to next fall's crop of the best apples in the world and the knotty old vineyard is as eager to grow as it was 75 years ago when its roots were first adopted by the red Sierra soil. The horses have picked up in fat and will be a little difficult to handle till they settle down to business.

Ground squirrels are scampering across the roads everywhere. The deer

have worked up from the foothills where they go in winter to be out of the snow. They pass the mountain towns on sensitive hoofs, and cattlemen in the foothills say, "No fresh tracks around now—guess they've all worked up." And so they have. For the woodsmen far up the hills will be coming upon deer feeding in canyons but lately relieved of the snow. And they will say, "The hard weather is over, the deer are coming back."

It is in late spring that a great bustle of cowboys, cattle, sheep and logging men, and miners takes place. The cowboys are rolling blankets and tightening cinches preparatory to going with the herds up to high Sierra pastures where the animals get fat and lazy. Bumble Bee, Buck Meadows, The Dardanelles, and other high-held mountain meadows come into the bunkhouse talk of many an outfit that will soon be, or already is, on the road.

Somebody asks, "Where is Pinky?"

"Up in the mountains," is answered, which means that Pinky has saddled up and ridden after the cows. He'll be down for maybe a day to celebrate the Fourth of July; then he'll go back into the mountains in somebody's Ford and won't be seen about Sonora till the rains come.

Even before the cattle men go the lumber men, booted and hobnailed. Some have been living on last fall's "grubstake" in cabins somewhere in the hills; others have waited in valley towns—Stockton and Sacramento—for things to "open up." They will go into the woods on trucks and logging trains and come out late next fall, the hobnails on their boots worn down, whiskers on their faces, and wages for one season's work—real work—in their pockets. Even lumber jacks, it seems, have changing styles. For witness: Pant legs are now cut short, almost to the knees, leaving a leathern stretch of boot tops to show. Chic! No?

It is interesting to note how one man goes naturally to the earth and digs in a mine, another comes naturally by the axe and logging chain, and another takes to horses and has on his chaps and high-heeled boots the smell of the herd. In spring the woodsman looks to the diminishing snow on the near peaks and says to himself as he oils his boots, "Pretty soon now, pretty soon." And the cowboy, who swore last fall that he was through breathing the dust kicked up by cows, has a hunger for the long ride, the camps on the road, and, best of all, the summer-long stay far up out of the heat of the frying plains. Spring water to drink, water so cold your teeth ache

and you gasp with each swallow. Water from the granite rock's very heart; S. of the glacier, wine of the summit moor. Ah! can't you feel it cooling your throat? Was Omar Khayyam's jug as dear to him as the granite cup to a cowboy sick with thirst? If there is no glory in being a cowboy, there is spring water.

Bret Harte saw a likeness between his Argonauts and the "knights of old." There are still knights riding through the forests—the Sierra forests—but they carry quirks, not lances, and are not so easily insulted at footbridges as was Robin Hood. And they make better coffee—and do not say "God wot." It is they, the knights of the mess table who are even now looking to the horses' shoes, for no knight of King Arthur had more rough ways to travel than these cowboys who leave all roads and trails to ride the teeth of gorges and cross unbridged rivers. All in a hour's work. Their horses are a bit frisky now, but before fall they will have learned to obey the lightest pull of the reins.

Shepherders do not go horseback as do cowboys, but follow their flocks afoot. Bands of a thousand or more, with many lean among them, are watched by tender shepherd dogs that have great patience with lambs. A flock is usually followed by a truck and a car or two laden with food and equipment for the camp; and if a sheep becomes too exhausted or lame to keep with the rest, the herder may give it to a child at a farm by the road, and the child runs off with a sack to gather the choicest blades of grass for its new pet. Sheep herding is said to be one of the loneliest of jobs and the result, for some men, in insanity.

And so they go—cowboys, miners, woodsmen, and the cattle herds—up into the mountains to mines and forests and pastures. As regular as the new grass breaks the ground, just as regular does the cowboy mount his horse, the woodsman grasp his axe, and the mockingbird sing of sunny mornings.

And here the spring has grown to summer strength. Those streams, that months ago were wild and savage on the rocks, are gentle now; the clouds that dammed the winter sun from the hills are scattered into bits, like frightened geese; the docile wind is scarcely heard, but hints itself along. And wind and willow, hand in hand, are frisking by the creek. Bright as a new bride's face the new sky leaps the earth, a new, shy blue upon it, and in it, new, the sun.

So look! the sun is shining—come into the Sierras!

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A Smithstown Chronogram

By Ada Kyle Lynch

WESLEY GILMAN had kept books in Kitchner Bros. grocery store for ten years. He was not a young man when he took up the work. Never physically very strong, usually the lighter tasks fell to him no matter where he might be working. He was, however, so faithful to duty, so quietly persistent in accomplishing whatever he set out to do, that the members of the firm found themselves depending upon him more and more to attend to the clerical work in the store.

One day, Bob the younger brother said to George: "Why not give Wes' the bookkeeping job and have that off our minds?"

"Good idee, Bob. No reason why not, far's I can see". And from that day on the task of keeping the books devolved on Wes' as every one in and about the store called Gilman.

George and Bob Kitchner were jolly, goodnatured men, straight-forward in all their dealings, and their business grew rapidly. From dealing in groceries, the activities of the firm took on handling poultry; then feed, hay and grain; then crockery and tinware. A storeroom was built at the rear, for space in the store proper had been cluttered till no more cluttering was feasible. Good-natured as well-treated customers are as a rule, there is a limit to their willingness to be discommoded by stacked up commodities around which they must march and countermarch to search out the articles they wish to purchase.

Soon after the storeroom was finished and stocked, George said to Bob: "Why not let Wes' make out the bills after this? I've got about all I can tend to without staying up till ten or eleven o'clock the last night of every month making out the bills and getting the checks ready to mail out".

"Good idee, George. No reason why not, far's I can see".

And from that day on, the task of making out the bills and the checks and mailing them devolved on Gilman.

Jolly, goodnatured men were the Kitchner Bros., straightforward in all their dealings. No man could say aught that in any way reflected on their honesty.

"Makin' money hand over fist" was the verdict of the circle of "stove-customers", and casually, quietly among them was the fact noted that Gilman's

ability and faithfulness to duty again were recognized.

Of course it was an oversight, but nevertheless a fact, that with the honor of handling the checks and making out the bills, no added perquisites were noted on Gilman's pay check.

Faithful Wesley, without comment, continued his work. Each day he clung a little tighter with the toes of his shoes to the rung of the high stool. Getting a new pair of spectacles with stronger lenses, each day he took a little more care with the forming of the figures and

THE LESSON

IT WAS Love who said I should forget

Hate's unfair, sly questionings,

Feeding anguish, pain, remorse

To a heart disconsolate;

Love, the Master, set the task:

"Forgive, forget; forget, forgive."

HELEN MUNN REDEUILL.

the crowded memoranda on each line in order that no customer should find occasion for fearing he was being defrauded, even in the tiniest item.

The very fact that he needed to exercise care while forming figures and letters in making memos, and that he must keep in mind the clinging of the toes of his shoes to the rung of the high stool, meant that a fraction of time, strength and ability was devoted to tasks that were without the province of his legitimate duties, and this detracted from the care and meticulousness usually given to his work; and this fact worried Gilman.

Worry and clinging to the high stool, worked their will. One day in sheer self-defense, for physical agony will make mentally, cowards of the bravest; at the noon hour—for Wesley would not think it right to desert the high stool for any personal matter during his employer's time, he sought out the family doctor.

"Get off that stool and move out into the country, and that instant", was the verdict.

And Gilman, feeling that in reality he was being ungrateful to Kitchner Bros. for not being able to keep up in the work required and regretting the

inconvenience he was occasioning them while breaking in a new bookkeeper, did as the doctor prescribed.

Just outside the city limits Mr. and Mrs. Gilman found the small farm they wanted. It had a comfortable house, a spring, and five acres of rolling tillable land; with fine native oaks, maples and walnut trees.

The nearest neighbors were less than a quarter of a mile away just around a knoll that hid each from the other, but within hailing distance if occasion demanded immediate need or desire.

They moved in on a Monday morning. Never were newlyweds happier than this middle-aged couple in arranging their *lares et penates*. They darted from bivouac to dovecote; cautiously they investigated the beehive to which with a swarming of bees they had fallen heir; they lingered at the barn door to watch patient Duke munch his oats, then hastened back to the house to place a few more household belongings. They wrestled with shiny black stovepipe, feeling as jubilant as a general winning a battle as the fire in the cookstove snapped its acquiescence when asked to assist in the necessary chemical assimilations that result in heat for cooking food.

They celebrated with a chicken dinner; piping hot biscuits with small lakes of cream chicken gravy for them to sail in; mashed potatoes so light they looked like white clouds imprisoned in the big tureen, the generous chunk of butter steaming like a Mt. Vesuvius crater in the indentation at the top of the peak.

With the need for clinging by the toes of his shoes to the rung of the high stool done away with; with the constant need for care in the formation of figures and letters a nightmare of the past, Gilman laid aside the disfiguring spectacles with the thick lenses, and soon evolved a new personality; a coming out of his shell of reserve that delighted his wife and added to her cup of thanksgiving that they had found this Utopia, even although necessity had been the spur for action.

Friends, relatives and neighbors came to see them and to add their congratulations that so charming an environment had been available and that Wesley was responding so promptly to the doctor's prescription.

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The Testimony of the Woods

By Lelia Ayer Mitchell

Author of *The Trek of Porcelain, Etc.*

ADENSE forest surrounded a clearing in the timber country at the foot of Mt. Elizabeth in the Tuolumne Mountains. On a knoll in the center of the open space five majestic pines had been left as a mark to indicate the title of the grove. In this panoramic elevation we pitched our tents and summered in the exquisite stillness which diffused the barrage of trees.

Though the silence was supreme, at intervals like a herald of the air, a scented breeze wafted its aroma through the trees with a rustling sigh, and, passing, left in its wake weird incantations. Listening, the "Five Pines" interpreted the murmurings confirmed as evidence in the testimony given by the woods.

Since the beginning of time people have had a great reverence for trees. The primitive races believed that the souls of the righteous mounted to heaven from the branches of trees which grew on high mountains. The prayers of those who believed in direct communication with the divine were often tied to the branches of trees which grew in the supposed pathway of the gods.

In Persia the cypress-tree, revered as a symbol of immortality, was believed by the fire worshippers to be an emblem of Zoroaster, the traditional founder of the ancient Persian religion, who lived six hundred years before the Christian era. The leaves of the Persian haoma trees are sincerely believed to yield a beverage which grants immortality. The pine, an emblem of longevity, accompanies all pictures of the genii which are thought to dwell in the land where the tree flourishes.

When King Solomon, at the request of King David, planned to build a great temple, he found that he would need building material. So he sent to Sidonia to his friend, King Hiram of Tyre, requesting trees from the forests of Lebanon. The two made a league together, whereby King Solomon gave food, in exchange for timber of fir and cedar which was sent in rafts to Jaffa. Thus the tree was the cementation of the first league of nations and the exemplification has been a guidance through the centuries.

From the time of the building of King Solomon's temple by a horde of slaves with few appliances, to the present well organized system, timber has been an important factor in man's industry.

The greatest trees in the world are found in California. The largest are the "Sequoia Gigantea," or the famous

"Big Trees" in the national reservations. The tallest are the redwoods, the "Sequoia Sempervirens" of the California



coast, and the tallest broad-leaved trees are the eucalyptus which are natives of Australia, but very common in California.

The maximum height of a redwood is three hundred and fifty feet and the

greatest diameter is twenty feet. An ordinary tree with a diameter of five feet will yield enough lumber for a cottage and there are many trees from which a dozen cottages could be built.

Fossil remains show that millions of years ago forests of giant Sequoias were widely distributed over the Northern Hemisphere. Today we have left, the Big Trees of the Sierras and the Redwoods in a narrow fringe along the northern coast of California. Each year has seen a greater interest in the redwoods as one of the natural wonders of the world, and their preservation for posterity, as one of our most valuable possessions, is of vital importance.

A momentous conservation project, headed by the "Save-the-Redwoods League," has been instituted to save for future generations the world's finest forest. A careful study and co-operation of the officials of the League with experts has been going on for nine years, with the result that 15,000 acres have been preserved out of the 881,393 acres of virgin forest in California.

The League's procedure is based on five important measures: To rescue from destruction, for the enjoyment of this generation and those to come, representative areas of our primeval forests.

To purchase redwood groves by private subscription, and to establish memorial groves for individuals and organizations.

To establish through Federal aid a National Redwood Park, and through State aid a State Redwood Park.

To obtain the protection of timber along State highways of California, particularly to preserve the beauty of the celebrated Redwood Highway.

To support the reforestation and conservation of our forest areas.

The redwood tree has a most astonishing resistance to fire, owing to the lack of resin, the large amount of moisture in its cells and the thickness of the bark, which is sometimes two feet.

It is a common practice in lumbering to burn over the timbered area after the trees have been felled so as to get rid of the bark, undergrowth, tops and debris. In this way it is easier to get the logs out and the fire does not destroy the roots. In a few months a ring of green sprouts will appear around the stump.

There is something tragic about cutting down a tree, a tree that has stood regardless of weather, perhaps for centuries. But some kinds of trees are plenti-

ful and reforestation will provide for the years to come, for forest products are indispensable.

The manufacture of lumber is placed as the second largest manufacturing industry of America. Wood is constantly used in dwellings, ships, poles, railroad trestles, barrels, boxes and so on down to pencils, matches and toothpicks.

The process of making the tree usable is divided into three periods each a completely organized system. First the logging, then the saw mill, and last the planing mill. The trees are felled by

cultural implements, wagon stocks, boxes, barrels and all of the other necessities of which wood is a part.

No two trees are exactly alike. Lumber is usually referred to as "hardwood" or "softwood". Softwood is applied to all trees of a coniferous variety or needle-leaved. These include the pine, fir, spruce, hemlock, cypress redwood, larch, cedar and tamarack.

Hardwood ordinarily applies to the species called "broad-leaved", represented by the oak, maple, elm, hickory, basswood, birch and walnut.

change its shape, is "stiffness". "Toughness" is the ability to bend without breaking and is a most useful property in making handles, spokes, and various articles of like nature. The resistance which a post or column offers to a weight placed on top is called the "end-crushing strength".

The amount which wood shrinks in passing from green to dry varies with the kind of timber, degree of seasoning, method of drying and the manner in which the piece is cut from the tree. Of the soft woods, the cedar and white pine



saws and the trunks cut into desired lengths. The logs are then dragged to a convenient place by cables attached to a steam engine and shipped by logging trains to the saw mill. Here they are dumped into a mill pond and a chain carrier takes them from the water to the band saw which slices them through very rapidly into desired thicknesses.

From the saws the lumber passes to the edgers and planers and then to the butting machines, the smaller pieces going through the surfacer instead of the planer. The new process of hot circulating air in the dry kilns makes it possible to dry the green lumber in less than a week. It is then stacked ready for the planing mill where it is finished, to be made into sashes, doors, furniture, agri-

The most important properties of wood are weight, strength, stiffness, toughness, hardness, and shrinkage. Each quality is valuable for certain purposes. Although the tensile strength of wood, the force required to pull the substance apart, is referred to as the most important property, it is claimed to be more necessary to know the resistance to bending and crushing.

The physical properties of wood which determines its usefulness, vary with the species, the place and rate of growth and the seasoning conditions.

The resistance which wood offers to a force which tends to make the fibers slip on one another, is called the "shearing strength", and the resistance which a stick offers to a force which tends to

shrink the least; and among the hardwoods, white oak, birch, basswood and hickory shrink the most.

Although the lumber industry has bared thousands of square miles of timber land, yet trees are one of the most important resources.

Government owned forests, under the administration of the Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture, have been of great benefit not only to the nation but to the different states in which they are located.

From the revenue which the government derives from the timber, grazing and other uses, 25 per cent of the gross receipts are turned over to the states in which the National Forests are located,

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I — Seeking Self Satisfaction

By Mona London

"I HEARD Will Durant last evening".

"What did he say that impressed you?"

"Well, the most startling thing he said was, 'A man cannot love after thirty'".

"Did you enjoy the lecture"? I further questioned, my entire thought full of enthusiasm to hear something of the core of Mr. Durant's lecture.

"I was disappointed. I wanted to hear something thrilling, something startling, and that was the only statement he made that created discussion".

And thus ended my conversation with a very charming young woman, a teacher of English, in one of the public high schools.

From this young woman's attitude and the attitude of many other young people which I have observed, I am convinced that the present mass life is out looking for thrills and they want the world to know about it.

Today might well be called "The Thermodyn Age of Culture".

Count Kyserling writes, "Man as a psychological being has changed, and his first task is to realize the direction and significance of the change. Then he must create a new relationship between the surface and the inner depths of his being, between the conscious and the unconscious. In this respect things are today exactly as they were at the dawn of Christianity".

It is not for me to take exception to Count Kyserling. His mind is one of the most progressive of the day. His power of expression is hypnotic. But I do not feel that man as a psychological being has changed. I do hold that the first step is to realize the direction and significance of his psychological being. And in consequence, if he has strength of character he will create a new relationship between the surface and the inner depths of his being. And certainly in this respect things are today exactly as they were at the dawn of Christianity!

The mass mind is today sophomoric.

An intelligent young woman receives a thrill out of a new and startling experience because she is not stupid nor has she realized the direction and significance of her psychological being. And an idea, even a suggestion, has nearly the same effect upon her as the actual experience. Until realization comes upon

her, she cannot create a new relationship between the surface and the inner depths.

I think of the late Isadora Duncan who called herself the "Puritanical Pagan". She possessed a near knowledge of her own psychological being. She exhibited in her living the inner depths, displaying them on the surface, and would childishly say, "I was never able to understand why, if one wants to do a thing, one should not do it". Could this not be attributed to a lack of fear, that fear which possesses most of us to give life utterance to our inner depths?

Most of us never know just what are our inner depths. Humanity reminds me of a lion in a wicker cage, too physical to realize its power.

The greatest pursuit of individual man is to satisfy "I". To exalt "I". The most popular god in the world is "I" though most of us have so perverted our conception of actualities that we think we are worshiping ideals or a far off deity.

To what end is religion. To save "I". And when one ceases to believe that "I" needs saving from some terrible fiery abyss, then orthodox religion is placed on a shelf. To what end do those who suffer give themselves in prayer? Do they not pray for healing and surcease? To relieve "I" from pain? Why do parents sacrifice for their children? Because it gives "I" greater pleasure to see the dear ones happy than if "I" received the things sacrificed. What great grief to "I" would be caused if the privilege of sacrificing for loved ones be taken away! There is a tremendous selfishness in nearly all holiness. People are holy because they want to exalt "I", and if not in this sphere of existence, they have hope of a golden harp in the next or reincarnation to a higher self.

Even great religious leaders are what they are because they want to be, even though their very lives must be sacrificed. There is a wonderful exaltation within the soul of the individual who has faith in a belief and who stands by that faith to martyrdom. And always their reward is a part of that faith!

What a beautiful type of selfishness is the sacrificial selfishness! How loathsome is the selfishness which directs itself to material satisfaction.

In our States where there has been so much character camouflage, the population is searching everywhere for ex-

cuses to be "natural". And to be natural openly. People have always been natural more or less but they did not dare to talk about it. They had to go sneaking about lying to one another, and there is still a tremendous amount of that going on today.

Just a tiny excuse for even talking of the things that were supposed to shock our grandmothers. What avenues of conversation have ensued from some one asking, "What do you think of Judge Lindsey and his idea of companionate marriage"? It is a spark of suppressed conversation thrown open to the drawing room, and what a street of suppressed subjects it lights the way to.

How stupid is the minister who gets up in his pulpit and has for his subject "Elmer Gantry". He thinks to turn his congregation against it, and in truth he gives Sinclair Lewis' much discussed book a lot of free publicity. I doubt not that at least 50 per cent of the congregation attempt to read the book as soon as possible after hearing a minister preach against it.

Once you want to advertise a thing, form a society to pass a law against it.

This all has to do with the psychological being of the mass. It all has to do with the little god "I".

We can all be gods and be honest about it. We would all like to be gods. We love worship, praise and admiration. We love love. How much higher would we attain if we could think of ourselves as Shelley wrote of Apollo. We would not need to fear an over-sense of greatness, as our fellow brothers would take that all out of us.

"I am the eye with which the universe Beholds itself and knows itself divine;

All harmony of instrument or verse,

All prophecy, all medicine, are mine,
All light of art or nature—to my song,
Victory and praise in their own right belong".

Say that over to yourself ten times and try to believe it of yourself and feel your inner self expand, watch your shoulders brace and your chin tilt high.

Would this not be better than to be without god or religion as many of us today think we are? We could create a new relationship between the surface and the inner depths.

He who scoffs at religion is to me, he who is ignorant. But in the lives of
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Thrift and Conservation in California Schools

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

Secretary California Association for Thrift and Conservation

SOME months ago an investigation was begun to ascertain the progress made in thrift and conservation studies in the schools of California. This state has taken a prominent part in developing sentiment for education along these lines. For a number of years a committee of the State Council of Education was at work and made most excellent reports from time to time.

In an endeavor to secure definite information, a letter was addressed to a large number of city and county superintendents of schools, to thrift directors, and to principals and teachers who were known to be interested, all of whom are members of the California Association for Thrift and Conservation. Numerous replies were received indicating that in one or another school system, practically every phase of thrift instruction is carried on. These reports reflect a decidedly satisfactory understanding of what should be expected as the results from thrift teaching and the methods employed in securing such results.

The following report is a summary of the findings from the investigation. It gives many interesting observations, facts and figures regarding the work as carried on in various city and county school systems. Of special interest is the varied character of the work. In some places a special time upon the program is set aside for instruction in thrift; while in other school systems the thrift teaching is incidental and carried on in conjunction with other school subjects.

The report is necessarily meager and fragmentary. It is preliminary rather than complete. It is suggestive merely. We hope to continue this study in California and later to make a similar investigation in some of the other states where the teaching of thrift and conservation in the schools has made marked progress.

It will be noted that in some California cities, as is the case elsewhere throughout the country, school savings constitute the chief or only feature of the school thrift program. In other school systems attention is given school banking, not only, but other important phases, such as emphasis upon the careful budgeting of income and expense and of time; the necessity for proper attention to health and physical fitness; the wise use of leisure; the conservation of all natural resources.

School banking—the accumulation of a savings account for each pupil in the school from kindergarten through the elementary, high, and college years—is

much to be desired. But saving without a motive degenerates into miserliness. It is the *habit* of saving that should be inculcated. Over emphasis must not be placed upon the mere accumulation of money; and hoarding may lead to selfishness. Saving should be with a legitimate end in view. Character education and training in citizenship should be the aims of thrift education. Those who confine their thrift programs to school

THRIFT is that habit or characteristic that prompts one to work for what he gets; to earn what is paid him; to invest a part of his earnings; to spend wisely and well; to save but not hoard. To be thrifty means not merely the proper making and saving and investing and spending of money. It means also the proper use of time and talents; the observing of the common laws of health and hygiene; the practice of moral and social virtues. It means the needed conservation of all natural resources. In a word, thrift is use without waste.

From Thrift Education—Course of Study Outline for Use in Years One to Eight Inclusive—By Arthur H. Chamberlain.

banking are narrowing the possibilities and overlooking the best opportunities for lessons of value that will carry over into after life. It is gratifying to note that in many schools the wider significance of thrift education is realized, through application to all school studies and student activities.

Attention is called to the value of applied thrift. Problems and projects with a thrift setting may be used to advantage in connection with the required studies of the curriculum. By so doing the teaching load is lightened rather than made more burdensome, and the school subjects are vitalized and take on interest and meaning.

Hope is expressed that the members of the California Association for Thrift and Conservation, and teachers and parents generally who read this report, will write the secretary of the Association, not only in reference to the accompanying report, but as to any phase of

the work to which they are now giving special attention.

In the accompanying summary, the school systems reporting are listed alphabetically:

ALAMEDA

The purpose of all the operations of the Alameda city schools savings system is educational and may be considered, so the authorities state, under the heads of teaching thrift, and instruction in actual business practice.

The idea of systematic saving is impressed upon the child in the grades by having the subject presented with weekly regularity along with his other studies, at which time he is given opportunity to deposit with the bank of his choice. Each week, tellers from headquarters in the high schools appear at various primary and grammar schools and receive and check the deposits collected by teachers and their pupils.

In Alameda there is a director and an assistant director of school savings. Esther McClara is head of accounts and balances.

ALHAMBRA

The following editorial from the Alhambra School Journal is so comprehensive and sensible that it is here printed in full. It states clearly that mere saving without an underlying motive is miserliness. To establish thrift habits is of more value than to pile up a bank account. It needs to be appreciated, however, that the cooperation of the local banker is greatly to be desired. Says the editorial:

"The essence of thrift is good business management. It includes wise economy in the expenditure of time and effort. It is bilateral in that it comprises expenditure as well as saving. Quite often it is unwise economy to save at the present time when renewed effort would result eventually in increased production, which in the long-run would be the more constructive policy. There is such a thing as *sane* thrift.

Fundamentally, thrift is a habit and hence it has a psychological basis. This habit must be developed by home and school. If the school initiates a school program—and it should not be left to outside agencies—it devolves upon the school to set up the desired objective and outline the means of attainment. Such means can be arrived at only through painstaking study of those educational experiences that tend

to inculcate the habit of thrift. Motivation must be brought into play. Thrift must be furnished an impetus and boys and girls must be taught *purposeful* saving—saving with a definite end in view. Mere saving is not a justification in itself.

The editorial brings out clearly the fact that any well rounded scheme of education should establish a definite goal. The writer states that:

"Thrift programs as a rule are too narrow. They do not extend beyond a bank account. There is not sufficient motivation here to even arouse the interest of the student. There is no educative value in hoarding money. Thrift must not be an endless process—the student must arrive somewhere. Education, generally speaking, seems to delight in deferring concrete participation in life's activities. There is bound to be a fatal slump unless we have set up a definite attainable objective. Again, many schools erect a system of such complexity involving detailed clerical work, that the educational loss is greater than the cash savings.

Since thrift has value as an educative experience, it should be initiated by the school to cover the general student body and carried out through the general faculty. Primarily it should serve the school in an educative capacity, and ought not to be left to outside agencies. In short, we minimize the value of a mere bank account. This is but one small phase of a thrift program and contains an element of danger, for mere cash saving is playing directly into the hands of the bankers. We are familiar with the bankers' viewpoint. They are retailing a service, a service which is constantly being interrupted by withdrawals. Their motives in promoting thrift programs, they claim, are sincere and beyond reproach because of this service feature and the benefit to be derived from saving. On the other hand, the public schools, wisely or unwisely, promote the interest of the bankers to the exclusion of other business groups. As teachers we score the bankers on two counts: first, their low rate of interest, which insures them a handsome profit on school savings; and secondly, their failure to develop a constructive investment program when the savings attain a warrantable size.

America is an extravagant nation and will so remain as long as her natural resources are abundant. Necessity apparently is the mother of economy. Edward Bok says that New England

throws away enough to feed the entire Netherlands.

Thrift can make little headway in the presence of such riches."

ANAHEIM

In Anaheim as little as one cent may be deposited at one time and it may be in any bank in town. In the matter of conservation, the work is not so definite. However, clothing is gathered up periodically; necessary repairs are made and it is turned over to the children of the Mexican school. The Boy Scouts collect and repair toys with the same end in view. Warren L. Strickland, principal intermediate school, reports for Anaheim.

BERKELEY

Efforts in Berkeley have been centered chiefly in encouraging systematic saving with a view to wise spending. That this is only a small part of thrift education is well understood. With the new year, each principal will be supplied with monthly bulletins outlining the work to be covered in thrift.

The schools savings system is now in operation in 18 branches. It has always been the aim to assist in training boys and girls for citizenship, and the system is as closely comparable to regular banking as possible. Encouragement is given the teachers to correlate the 15-minute banking period with regular classroom work. In the lower grades it can be a writing lesson, a language lesson, or a number-work lesson. In the upper elementary grades it is rich in arithmetic material. The work is in charge of Beth L. Macdonald, supervisor, American Trust Schools Savings.

GLENDALE

In Glendale there are 4023 school accounts, and there is on deposit \$13,330.28. The plan is so to teach real banking that each child is an individual, known by name at the bank, not by number. This enables the child to establish a bank connection early in life.

The collection of money is a small part of thrift teaching. A new viewpoint is given the child when he is taught that the saving of money makes him a better citizen, that the savings account in the bank enables the banker to lend money for local improvements and the building of homes, and to pay him interest on his money, and that the destruction of property may mean the destroying of his own savings.

The saving of time and materials as well as of money furnishes opportunity to correlate the teaching of thrift with other subjects; the saving of time by prompt attendance at school, the saving of materials by care of school supplies, clothing and school property; the saving

of money and denying oneself today benefit may result in the future.

A banner is supplied to each school to be given the room having the highest percentage of depositors. Any amount may be deposited from one cent up, the aim being to form the habit of systematic saving and wise spending. Anna L. Grange is thrift director.

LONG BEACH

Long Beach has a director of thrift education employed by the clearing house. This is Mr. O. L. Hurst. There is some very splendid work done in the schools of this city.

LOS ANGELES

An attractive 12-page folder entitled "Of Importance to Parents," was given each pupil with instructions to take it home to his parents. This message was signed by the superintendent of schools. In it was outlined briefly the purpose and method of the Los Angeles plan. It invited the cooperation of parents in urging them to see that their children were provided with school safes. Attached to the folder was a receipt form to which parents affixed their names and addresses, signifying their consent to the pupil receiving a school safe and adopting the plan. In installing school savings, the children are grouped according to age and grade and introductory talks are conducted in a style suitable to the pupils' understanding.

At the close of the school year 1927-28 the principals in 155 elementary schools had made school savings a part of the regular school curriculum through correlation with other subjects—civil government, mathematics, safety, home economics, and manual arts. The thrift program comprehends appreciation of and practice in saving. Thrift in time in school; thrift in time outside of school; thrift in materials in school; thrift in the community.

As in all other movements it is absolutely essential that the enthusiasm of the children be maintained at all times. Endeavor is made, says Cora B. Erickson, chairman of thrift, Leland Street School, to encourage children to have school savings accounts, but more than that to conserve time, supplies, property and health. There is a committee made up of representatives from grades first to seven to look after distribution of savings banks; keep yards and entrances of school buildings clean; make three to five minute speeches in the different rooms encouraging thrift. A prize is given to the room having the largest percentage of school savings accounts for each month.

On January 1, 1928, according to Avery J. Gray, supervisor, Los Angeles Banks School Savings Association,

Public schools of Los Angeles had 51,239 school savings bank accounts with \$1,031,695 on deposit in the city's banks. This large total has been achieved by encouraging children to save for a definite purpose, to make their own deposits as do grown people, and to use the regulation passbooks. The average account on the first of this year was \$20.13. The Los Angeles Banks Schools Savings Association was organized five years ago to function in the city schools as a special department of education. The plan is one in which all banks may participate, sharing alike in expense and results. It relieves principals and teachers of bookkeeping and handling money and brings pupils in direct contact with the bank and banking methods. Pupils are supplied with attractive coin safes or the accumulation of small change.

That the plan has taken well with both pupils and banks is shown by the steady growth of the average account as follows:

January 1, 1924.....	\$10.48
January 1, 1925.....	11.07
January 1, 1926.....	15.87
January 1, 1927.....	19.42
January 1, 1928.....	20.13

Thrift has taken an important place in the curriculum of all junior high schools, and of 225 elementary schools whose principals, teachers, and thrift committee are cooperating fully. Correlation of thrift with all other subjects in the course of study is the basis of instruction, rather than the "drive" or "campaign" idea. The following table shows the growth of schools savings deposits from the inception of the system to the present:

June 22, 1923.....	\$ 232,541.55
January 1, 1924.....	389,454.82
January 1, 1925.....	624,838.27
January 1, 1926.....	749,684.42
January 1, 1927.....	852,199.30
January 1, 1928.....	1,031,695.58

A most worth-while activity looking toward the development of thrift in the Los Angeles schools is the composing of school songs.

MODESTO

Thrift talks are given throughout the schools of Modesto to stimulate increased participation in schools savings. During the second semester it is planned to round out the instruction in thrift to include other informal avenues besides schools savings. Thrift education has not had the attention in California schools it should have, according to Superintendent J. H. Bradley of Modesto.

MONROVIA

A comprehensive program of thrift studies is carried on throughout all classes in the schools of Monrovia. An extra or special trip to the bank is recorded on the thrift chart for all grades reporting that none of the following rules are broken:

- I will be punctual.
- I will not leave my books, wraps, or lunch outside; for being excused to get them is not being thrifty with my time.
- I will keep my desk in order so that I won't lose time in looking for things which I need.
- I will be thrifty in the use of school supplies, by using:
 - Both sides of the paper when I can.
 - Only one paper towel.
 - Keeping my books clean and in good condition.
- I will protect school property.

Superintendent A. R. Clifton of Monrovia points out that in each school the thrift activities are under a different chairman, and hence the work differs in the various schools.

A booklet of eight pages and cover, entitled, "Thrift Bulletin," is issued by the pupils of the Santa Fe School. It contains thrift news items, maxims, thrift poems, and artistic decorations.

The chairman of the Thrift Committee of Wild Rose School, Sibyl Callahan, states that the teachers would like to be able to give credit for building and loan investments in the regular Thrift Contest. At present no provision is made for such an investment.

Numerous activities are directed by the thrift committee. Thrift honor banners are awarded each month to the two grades making the highest percentage of trips to the banks. Marie Carroll, chairman thrift committee, Orange Avenue School, reports that thrift talks are given on topics such as "Care of School Supplies," and "School Property." School posters are designed and made. A thrift parade is held each year participated in by all children who have a school savings account. A survey was made last year in one of the schools, to obtain approximate figures as to the amount of money spent by the children for candy, gum, ice cream cones. The figures are most illuminating.

In the Santa Fe school there is provided for a room record, a miniature ladder of 20 rounds with a doll for each room. With every dollar banked by the room the doll goes up one round. Upon reaching the top a gold star is placed at the foot of the ladder, and the doll again starts to climb.

To record the attainment for the en-

tire school, a large ladder of 12 rounds is placed in the hall. Each room is represented by a doll marked for its grade. For every \$5.00 banked by a room, the doll representing the room goes up one round. When a doll reaches the top, the room is given a bag marked "\$60." This is placed at the foot of the ladder, and the doll is again started up.

A paper drive is put on. Papers or magazines are brought to the school, tied into packages and made ready for sale. The waste paper from the rooms is collected. Addresses of families offering waste paper to the school are given to the truck-driver who calls and makes collections.

OAKLAND

The schools of Oakland have for some years been actively engaged in carrying on thrift activities in conjunction with the various subjects in the elementary school curriculum. A report received from the Lowell Junior High School, Clara S. Bohn, sponsor of the Thrift Club, carries some interesting information as to the work undertaken there. In the matter of school banking, great credit is given to the major teachers for their co-operation. They accept as little as one cent for deposit from pupils who are able to save but little money. All of this requires the keeping of detailed records, as a minimum of 10 cents is needed to start a bank account for an individual deposit. The bank itself offers every encouragement and provides for the visit to the bank of classes so that pupils may become acquainted at first-hand with banking routine. The bank also offers a bonus of a 10-cent dividend to any child when the passbook shows \$1.00 credited to an account.

In an endeavor to make banking a part of the school honor system, one point is offered a pupil toward the honor roll for each time he makes a deposit, large or small. Two thrift banners pass each week from grade to grade, one going to the room having the largest number of deposits; the other to the grade having the largest amount deposited per pupil. The Thrift Club undertakes to post each week a sign reading, "Tomorrow is Bank Day." The club collects clippings covering national movements in thrift and conservation.

A movement to salvage paper from partially new used notebooks, etc., proved greatly worth while. Many uses were found for this otherwise waste paper. The science department emphasizes the advantages of thrift through the need for exact measurements when carrying on scientific experiments. The

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The Wonders of the Golden Dragon

*Being a visit to the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, illustrated
with photographs taken by the author*

By Manly P. Hall

RANGOON, the capital of Burma and the third largest city of the Indian Empire, may justly be considered the Mecca of Buddhism. In the streets of Rangoon the East and the West meet in exotic confusion. Modern office buildings stand side by side with gilded Burmese shrines, and the Buddhist *Pohngyees* in their claret-colored robes brush shoulders with immaculately-clothed tourists. The general atmosphere of modern industrialism, however, cannot entirely dissipate that serenity which is the intangible, but all-powerful, element in Oriental life.

As one approaches Rangoon by way of the river, the city first becomes visible as a mysterious blur—shadowy buildings faintly outlined against a low lying haze. The mist finally breaks. Suddenly a shaft of golden light seems to hover, gleaming and glistening above the gray skyline of the city. This point of light, this crystallized sunbeam, is the *Shwe Dagon*, or the Golden Dragon—the most sacred as well as remarkable of Buddha's countless shrines.

The pagoda of the Golden Dragon lies to the north of the city proper and occupies the summit of a small hill which rises 166 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The surface of the hill has been smoothed off and the sides artificially built up to form what is now called the pagoda platform. This platform is approximately 900 feet long and 700 feet wide, and access to it is by means of four flights of steps, one at each of the four cardinal points. The main entrance is on the south side, which faces the city of Rangoon.

As the visitor approaches the pagoda from the south he is confronted by two massive *leogryphs*—Burmese lions made of white plaster, gaily painted and with leering, grotesque faces and tinsel eyes. The entrance proper is an imposing pagoda-like edifice, its roof terminating in countless points intricately carved. The architecture is typically Siamese. In front of this entrance almost invariably

may be seen long rows of shoes. Here native sandals bump toes with imported oxfords; well-dressed walking shoes and military boots share space alike with

they discovered that this practice was objectionable to the British. Thus did Burma twist the tail of the British lion.

The flights of steps leading from the city level up to the platform of the Shwe Dagon are enclosed with walls and roofs of teak, all covered with elaborate carvings. As the barefooted visitor carefully picks his way up the slimy, well-worn steps, he finds himself in a veritable bazaar of religious curiosities. The pilgrims who come from all parts of the world to expiate their sins in this most holy place invariably desire to carry away some token or remembrance of their visit. To minister to this want the road leading to the temple is lined with little shops where crude images and still cruder chromos are sold to the faithful for the equivalent of a few cents.

Upon reaching the top of the flight of steps and passing through the elaborate gate opening on to the pagoda platform, the visitor is confronted by a spectacle so overwhelming that language completely fails to express its magnificence. Although the platform is actually rectangular, the effect is that of a great circle. A broad promenade encircles the great central pagoda and facing this promenade on either side are rows of shrines ornately carved. The center of the promenade is carpeted and most Europeans are satisfied to remain upon this matting.

Picture, if you can, twenty-five hundred pagodas, each ranging from twelve to a hundred feet in height and each with its surface a mass of carving, in most instances gilded or lacquered. Hundreds of golden points sparkling in the sun, thousands of silver bells tinkling in the breeze, millions of dollars worth of diamonds, emeralds, and rubies scintillating in the noonday light—this is the Shwe Dagon!

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon is gathered in lavish disorder the architecture of forty nations. Strange slanted roofs from Siam; fluted points from Indo-China; curious *topes* from Cambodia; bell-like *dagobas* from Tibet;



The Great Shaft of the Golden Dragon

dainty high-heeled slippers and well-worn clogs.

Nearby on a low, rambling wall sit a number of Burmese boys, each with a nondescript water container and several pieces of old rags. These young business men have created a profession: they wash the feet of the tourists who must wander barefoot among the byways of the great pagoda. No one is permitted to enter the Shwe Dagon without first removing his shoes and stockings, a ceremony in the East which is equivalent to doffing the hat upon entering a Christian church. The rumor is current that the law compelling tourists to discard their footgear was passed by the Burmese solely because

ornate gables from China and Korea; strangely carved towers and half-round domes from India and Ceylon; great *mendotes* from Java—all are gathered around the golden base of the Shwe Dagon.

Everywhere the images of the Buddha peer out from the recesses of their shrines. There are great stone Buddhas which have sat in meditation for ages. There are teakwood Buddhas with their lacquered faces and dark shiny robes. There are marble Buddhas, their garments inlaid with gold; Buddhas of bronze and brass, with emeralds for eyes and rubies for lips; small golden Buddhas and silver saints seated in jeweled niches; Buddhas of jade, amethyst, rose quartz and crystal; Buddhas that sit in meditation, Buddhas that kneel in prayer, Buddhas that stand and preach, Buddhas that recline and with half-closed eyes await Nirvana. There are Buddhas so great that they stand fifty to sixty feet high; Buddhas so small that they can be held between the thumb and forefinger. In all, there are to be seen upon the platform of the Shwe Dagon over twenty-five thousand images of the "Light of Asia."

Across the front of many of the smaller shrines are gilded bars. Behind this lattice work can be seen images of the Buddha ornamented with priceless jewels—diamonds the size of a 25-cent piece sparkle upon the foreheads of the images, while their robes are inlaid with gems equal in value to the ransom of kings. Some of the shrines are many hundreds of years old; others are as yet unfinished. Here and there some modern devotee with an eye to the practical has constructed a concrete shrine, thereby introducing a certain air of incongruity into the picture.

Upon the platform of the Golden Dragon there are not only schools for the Buddhist monk but also houses in which to care for those who, stricken with such maladies as leprosy or tuberculosis, come there to be healed. The *Pohngyees* with their horse-hair tailed scepters and shaven heads wander unceasingly among the golden altars. They are the guardians of this world-famed sanctuary.

Those unable to appreciate the years of painstaking labor required to execute the intricate carvings upon the gilded shrines are prone to regard such profuse ornamentation as simply a vulgar display of bric-a-brac.

Regardless of the variety of individual reactions awakened by the host of glistening altars, all agree, however, that the great pagoda which rises in the center of the platform is the ultimate in beauty, in simplicity, and in majesty. With its golden umbrella as its sole adornment, the great shaft of the Shwe Dagon ascends in graceful curves until it reaches a height of 370 feet above the platform level. In the severe simplicity of its lines

forms the canopy of the pagoda, was placed in 1871. It is composed of iron rings gold-plated and hung with gold and silver bells, whose tinkle can be heard from the platform below. The upper point of the *h'tee* is called the *sein-ba*, or gemmed crown. The *sein-ba* glistens with diamonds, emeralds, and rubies, for many wealthy Burmese Buddhists hung their personal jewelry upon it before it was raised to the top of the pagoda. When the sun's rays strike one of the great jewels, a blinding flash of green, red or white light dazzles the beholder.

The first pagoda, which occupied the little knoll to the north of Rangoon, was twenty-seven feet high, and was built

500 B.C. Many centuries passed and the holy place was forgotten until 1446 A.D., when it was restored at the instigation of a pious ruler. From that time on the building was enlarged and kept in repair, until in 1776 it attained its present height. The great tope has been regilded several times, and as new layers of brick were added and the gold thus covered up, it is impossible to estimate the amount of precious metal actually contained in the pagoda. As the gilding process proved unsatisfactory, a new method was substituted. The pagoda is



On the Platform of the Shwe Dagon

is represented true æstheticism. The beholder is unfailingly impressed with a sense of dignity and permanence in perfect keeping with the spirit of Buddhism. Clustered around the base of the Golden Dragon, the pagodas resemble some range of foothills encircling a single, lofty peak in their midst.

Of peculiar significance is the form of the Shwe Dagon. The base is an inverted begging bowl. Above the begging bowl are conventionalized folds of a turban from which springs a double lotus blossom. Above the lotus blossom the point of the pagoda rises to end in the form of a plaitain bud. A touch of modernity is added by the numerous rows of electric lights now strung upon the pagoda, which at night towers above the city like a huge Christmas tree. The perimeter of the central pagoda at the base is 1,365 feet. The entire structure is built of native brick. The present *h'tee*, or umbrella, which

now being covered with solid gold plates one-eighth of an inch thick and the work is completed up to the point where the spires emerges from the bowl. It is difficult for the Occidental to visualize an enterprise involving the gold-plating of a structure 1,365 feet in circumference. But faith is a spiritual quality more vivid in Burma than in the Western world, and so the dazzling brightness of the Golden Dragon has no rival other than the splendor of the sun itself.

As ever, the question is asked, "Why was this mighty shrine erected; what holy spot does it mark?" If you ask the *Pohngyee*, he will reply that it marks the spot where the sacred relics of four Buddhas are deposited and, consequently, of all sacred places it is the most holy. Somewhere beneath the Golden Dragon are preserved the drinking cup of Krakuchanda, the robe of Gawnagong, the staff

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Gold—The Key to the West

By Homer Dye, Jr.

Feature Writer on One of the Middle-west Newspapers

THE forty-niners who rushed California into the Union as the twenty-eighth state, created factors which had an important bearing on the subsequent development of the West. The overland mail of the fifties, the pony express of 1860, the St. Louis-San Francisco telegraph line of 1861, and the driving of the gold railroad spike in 1869 at Ogden, each event a signal epoch of western history, had their forerunner in the quickened enterprise that resulted from the famous gold rush.

The history of the Atlantic seaboard, from the time of Jamestown and Plymouth on down is familiar to every schoolboy; that of the territory now comprised in our Pacific Coast states, although of equal antiquity, is not so well known. Sir Francis Drake had put into California harbors as early as 1579, and had named the land New Albion. The sites of San Diego and Monterey had been discovered before Jamestown was settled, but neither was occupied until 1769 and 1770, respectively. For a century and a half after the mariners had sailed up the Pacific Coast, little was known of the "Northern Mystery," whose name "California" had been taken by the Spaniards from Ordenez de Montalvo's "Las Sergas de Esplanadiab." It was for long believed to be only a group of islands. But with the establishment of San Diego and Monterey as refitting stations for the galleons from Manila, the way was opened for further exploration and development of what was then known as Alta, or Upper California, as distinguished from the peninsula, or Lower California.

There then began what has been called the pastoral period of California history. Jesuits began the establishment of the missions in Lower California. They were dispossessed by the Franciscans, who in turn were dispossessed by the Dominicans, and so moved up into Southern California, and in the years from 1769 to 1823 established in all twenty-one missions. The leader of this movement was Miguel Jose Serra, known as Fra Junipero Serra, padre president.

When Mexico secularized the missions of California in 1834 there were 21, with a force of 30,000 Indian neophytes. The padres had about 810,000 sheep, horses and mules. Their annual grain crop was 245,000 bushels; their annual income from sales from herds was \$500,000.

The overwhelming horde that went to California with the gold rush all but obliterated the Spanish tradition. Great events came with epochal force. And earlier, too, for that matter. The Monroe Doctrine of 1823 had notified the Russians that further extension of their Pacific Coast activities would be regarded as the "manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United



—Chamberlain Photo.

"Panning" in a Stream

States." The raising of the "California Republic" flag by Americans June 14, 1846, was followed three weeks later at Monterey by the annexation of California to the United States. Indeed, the "ifs" of history provided by California in those few years cause interesting speculation. For instance, just suppose Admiral Seymour's British fleet had arrived at Monterey before Commodore John D. Sloat of the American navy had taken possession, instead of just after? And suppose the discovery of gold in California had become known during the Mexican war, instead of just after the region had become ours by conquest and treaty?

History, tinged with romance marks events which have shaped California's career from the earliest visits of voyagers. Cabrillo national monument in

Upper California marks the spot first sighted by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo in June of 1542. He was a Portuguese navigator flying the golden castles of Castile and the red lions of Leon.

Another flag made its appearance in 1579. A strange ship flying the cross of St. George swooped down on the coast of Alta California and captured Spaniards, galleons and treasure. It was the Golden Hind on its way around the world under that great sea captain, Sir Francis Drake. Drake landed north of San Francisco when he went through the formality of claiming "New Albion" for England.

The fur trade lured the Russians down through Behring Strait in 1728, and they established fortified posts as far south as San Francisco Bay and terrorized the Spanish settlers.

Then came 1821 when the Spanish flag gave way to that of Mexico, which was maintained in Alta California for twenty-five years.

An interesting forerunner of the Mexican war, and the "capture" of California by an American naval commander in 1842 serves to show the feeling between the United States and Mexico which was brewing before open hostilities came about.

Commodore Thomas Catesby Jones, aboard his flagship, the frigate United States, received through the American consul at Mazatlan a clipping from a Mexican newspaper in which the Mexican minister of foreign affairs bitterly arraigned the United States. The relations of the two countries had been strained and the commodore took the Mexican article to mean that war had been declared.

In the same mail was a Boston newspaper which asserted that Mexico had ceded California to Great Britain, a move which the United States, already at outs with England over the northwest boundary, greatly feared.

Commodore Jones steered a straight course for Monterey, arriving off that harbor on October 19.

The ships entered without delay, flags fluttering from every peak. The lashings had been cast off the guns, for it was expected that the Mexicans would open fire. As the Americans sailed in, they could see the flag of Mexico flying above the dilapidated fortifications, while the entire population of the town, including fifteen or twenty soldiers, gathered to watch the approach of the strangers with curious

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

By Trebor Selig

THE margin between Success and Failure, between a Respected Place in Life and oblivion, is very narrow. It is measured by a single word—Thrift." In a sentence, itself illustrative of its prompting theme, President Calvin Coolidge gives a customarily frugal utterance to his attitude toward a notable characteristic of his native New England. It reflects a racial trait developed from primitive necessities of Colonial pioneers in a hostile land, a trait which has raised many of their descendants from obscurity, though not oblivion, to a "Respected Place in Life." And it voices a thought now spreading throughout the land to the vast enrichment of American citizenship of the future.

For many years the American Society for Thrift has been consistently and conscientiously preaching the gospel of thrift and conservation. Gradually but surely the idea of intelligent saving of money, of time, of effort has found firm foundation in public consciousness. The doctrine of sane frugality is rapidly attaining general acceptance among the people of this notoriously extravagant nation. It is not that brand of frugality which goes to the extreme of penuriousness. That is something of which Americans will never be accused. But it is of the type which means prudence in the handling of money, in the employment of time, in the direction of effort.

The importance of this thing has become so generally recognized that it is being made a factor in the educational program of our public schools. The fundamental idea of thrift and conservation is now being subtly injected into almost every study subject, thus going far deeper into the training of character and the forming of habits than could possibly have been accomplished by the first educational step in this direction, the School Bank, constructive and help-

ful as that has been. Public school pupils of all grades between the primary and the high school are being directed by their teachers toward an appreciation of thrift and conservation as necessary factors in the solution of life's problems and as essential elements in the achievement of life's success.

That phase of thrift which means the saving of money, the conservation of current earnings and revenues, is but one of many, and of that it is but the first step in a series comprised in thrift as applied to money. One must practice a sane frugality in the handling of his money if he is to attain that "Respected Place in Life," but that is not all. Unless he goes much farther than that he will achieve no better status than did the servant who buried his talent, held up by St. Matthew long ago as a shining example of misdirected thrift.

Thrift and conservation run through all the phases of investment, and must do so to accomplish its full purpose. The careless selection of an investment is illustrative of wastefulness to a degree but little less censurable, perhaps, than the miserly burying of the talent. In the field of finance an ancient adage is reversed and it is the sedentary stone that "gathers no moss." But the rolling stone must be cautiously guided and guarded in its progress. One's money must not be allowed to lie idle, but its activity must be conscientiously directed. The money that is merely saved and hoarded may illustrate Thrift in that it has not been dissipated, a merely negative virtue, but it as truly illustrates waste, for idle money forfeits the earnings its employment should bring.

"Haste makes waste," and a thorough investigation of any offered investment should precede the signing of a purchase check. The investor should familiarize himself as fully as possible with the

fundamentals of any business or property to which he may be attracted. He can do this through laborious individual and personal research and study, or he can procure the information through reliable investment houses. One can confidently accept information and advice given by such a concern, but the investor should procure and weigh the facts and make his own decision. And he should never make a hasty decision based on insufficient data or immature consideration.

When an investment is offered by a responsible investment house, the essential facts surrounding it will be presented truthfully but briefly and, of course, in a favorable light. It is up to the prospective investor to analyze them and to gather further information if he does not thoroughly understand the proposition. If one cannot satisfy himself of the safety and desirability of an investment after reviewing all the facts surrounding it, he should refuse it, however persuasive may be the arguments of the securities salesman who presents it. One need not take chances, for there are plenty of sound and advantageous investments being offered by thoroughly reputable investment bankers in every city in the land, of which full information is readily obtainable.

It is of little benefit for one to save money unless the thrift policy which prompts the saving follows it through the various steps of subsequent investment. Thrift and conservation are inseparable factors in the achievement of financial success and the more widely these things are taught and understood by a people, the more stable and satisfying will be the financial plane that people will enjoy. President Coolidge has uttered words of wisdom on many occasions, but never has he said a thing more pertinent to financial success and to the advancement of sound investment.

The Library of Congress at Washington is in urgent need of several back numbers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY to complete its files. The Library especially desires Nos. 2 to 8, inclusive, of Volume 83, these being the issues of February to August, 1926. "Do you by any chance," write the Library authorities, "have these numbers available?" Many readers bind their volumes or keep the issues intact. By sending us these numbers you will confer a great favor upon the Library of Congress, as well as upon us. We shall be glad to remit 25 cents per copy for the above issues.

Little Lee's Wife

By Laura Morrison

I HOPE it isn't too warm for you in here, Mrs. Skidmore. You know when I iron, I always keep the windows and door closed because the irons will stay hot better. But when Lyla was here and did the ironing, she would open both windows, and you know I just couldn't sit down in this kitchen because of the draft. You know Lyla was Little Lee's wife—at least she claimed to be his wife. She's gone now—left yesterday, and I guess it's a good thing she did go, since she was the kind of a woman she was. But, Mrs. Skidmore, I guess you don't know about Lyla, do you?

It was just four weeks ago today that she came, and I wasn't expecting her at all. I was ironing and I heard some one trying to ring the front door bell. You know our bell hasn't worked since that storm we had last winter. But I went to the door, and there was a doll-faced young woman, and a nice little boy. She looked pretty sick even though her face was all painted up.

"I'm Lyla, Lee's wife, and this is Teddy," she said. You know even then I thought she wasn't the kind of a wife Little Lee would pick, and for a while I just stood there and looked at her. She seemed too afraid or sort of ashamed to look me straight in the eye, and kept staring across the road at the hills. She never did get over having that far-away look on her face either. After a while she said:

"Before Lee died, I promised him I would come to you if I ever needed help."

Then she told me she had been sick—that she had lost a baby girl, and there was no one else she could go to. It was just like Little Lee to make her promise that. He knew we would take her in, no matter what she was like. He knew we didn't approve of him going away from home and marrying a stranger that his papa and I had never even seen. You know we never felt the same toward Lee after he married like he did. We almost stopped writing, except maybe at Christmas time, and then I always fixed up a package for Lee.

You know, Mrs. Skidmore, it more than likely wasn't Little Lee's fault he got married. Why, a poor young man is helpless when a doll-faced woman decides to have him. You know girls now-a-days will even do the proposing. Poor Little Lee. That's what we always called him, you know, but when he went away he was two inches taller than his papa.

Well, the first two weeks she was here, she was in bed most of the time, and I took care of the boy. He was a mighty fine little fellow, reminded me a lot of Little Lee when he was a boy. As long as she was sick, she was all right most of the time, but do you know, even when she was still in bed she showed me just how deceitful she could be. Every day I took time to read to her from that book I sent for on the new psychology. And, you know, she would hardly listen to me. Once or twice she pretended to go to sleep while I was reading, and I knew she never slept during the day. I tried to tell her new psychology would help her if she would give it a chance, but you know how ignorant most people are—sort of in a rut, and can't accept anything new.

One day she said her feet were cold, and I told her it was a good chance to test the new psychology. I told her to put her thoughts on her feet and they would be warm in no time. That's true, because Lee and I read it in that book we sent for. It said some day physical culture won't need to be taught in schools. When we know how to use our minds we won't need to exercise, just put our thoughts on the part of the body that we think needs exercising. The mind is a wonderful thing, when you study it. We don't begin to know its power over the body. Well, do you think Lyla would ever listen to that? She turned toward the wall, and I saw that far-away look on her face.

When she was too weak to do much, she used to ask for the paper every morning, and you know the first thing she turned to was the Help Wanted section. Queer. Then she would look at the advertisements for dresses, and hats, and things. I don't believe she hardly read the news, but she wasn't at all intelligent, you know.

She was no mother to that poor little boy, either. I do wish Little Lee had waited until he was older before he married. He might have done better. Little Lee was only twenty-one, and that's too young. And Lyla was—well, Lyla is twenty-four now, and Teddy is six, and they were married a year when he was born. That would make her eighteen, or rather seventeen when they married. She wasn't old, either. Lee was a fine boy, and he should have had a fine, sensible wife. After they were married, Lee worked too hard. He did night work before Teddy came, and I believe he

would be still alive if he hadn't just killed himself working for that girl, though Lyla claims he had appendicitis, but I know better. No Wurner ever had anything like that. My, if Lee could only have studied psychology.

As I was saying, she wasn't fit to be a mother of a fine little boy like Teddy. Would you believe it, Mrs. Skidmore, she used profane language, and she might have been a good cook and a good housekeeper, but any one who uses profanity isn't the right kind of a mother.

The first day she was up, Teddy forgot to take his lunch to school. She was hoping he would know enough to come home, because it really isn't a long walk. I asked her to sit down with me, and if we both put our thoughts on him we could send him a message. She sat down for just a second. Then she jumped up and indeed I won't repeat what she said, but no decent person would say such a thing. It was just terrible. She said it under her breath, but I heard. It was two words, and the first was "My" and I won't say the next, but it begins with "G". Yes, that is just what she said. That was one of the times I just couldn't believe she was Little Lee's wife. I spoke to her about it, too, and when I was talking to her she just stood and looked out the window, and had the far-away look on her face. You know, she might have been the hired girl, or some thing, just pretending to be his wife. Or perhaps her soft, curly hair and baby face fooled even Lee.

Well, my message reached Teddy and he came home all right. I told Lyla that proved the new psychology would work, and asked her if she would read that book I sent for. Well, she just stiffened up and reminded me more of a little hen than anything else. With a voice ringing with sarcasm, she said, "I, you really had a book on psychology either new or old, I should be very glad to read it." Then she said, "Oh, I beg your pardon," and she should have said more than that, because after all I had done for her, it hurt me to have her speak like that. I told Big Lee, too, and he didn't like it. We both spoke to her about it.

And, Mrs. Skidmore, she encouraged the boy to be dishonest. One day he stole some money from my purse, not very much—ten cents—but to me stealing is stealing. When I told his mother she got kind of purple in the face, and asked Teddy to come with her to their room. I followed and watched her for

(Continued on Page 181)

Page of Verse

A Kingdom for the Gods!

A LITTLE home,
A heap of love,
Of faith, a mighty stack.
A King and Queen to reign—
And this—though palace or a shack,
A kingdom for the Gods!

EDITH ELDEN ROBINSON.



When Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold

THE day is done, the evening curtain
falls;
The hush of vespers rests on moor and
lea.
The waves lap softly on the rugged
beach,
And quiet rests upon the restless sea.

The pines are swaying in the gentle
breeze;
The flocks go wending homeward to
the fold.
All nature is at peace at close of day,
When sunset turns the ocean's blue to
gold.

W. E. HUTCHINSON.



A Door of California Laurel

WHAT a mighty symphony,
Art thou, the tree.
Springs, and flowers, and seas—
Elysian melodies.

Ah, portal of immortal mead,
The Master brush knew care,
When with mystic blending
E'en Cretan hills did dare.

Robbed from the light of freedom,
Condemning man to thought,
Oh, thou, a tree, a portal,
A muse in silence lockt.

Can thy beauty make amends,
With whispering, wild and sweet?
Lo! Beauty ever must contend,
As a portal, in thy retreat.

MONA LONDON.

The Driftwood Fire

IN THE flame is the green of the cold winter sea,
When the leashed waves strain to be free;
When they leap, when they champ with a loud hissing roar,
Then break on the bleak sandy shore.

In the flame is the blue of the bright summer sky,
When the songsters are fluttering by,
When the air is resounding with laughter so gay,
And merrily passes the day.

In the flame is the sunset's vermilion and gold,
And the peacock's proud colors unfold;
There's a swift blaze of glory—a dazzling light—
The fire of driftwood burns bright!

NANCY BUCKLEY.



A Psalm of Peace

WHEN darkness settles down upon the waters,
And stars that have been hidden through the day
Are poised above the wide, majestic ocean,
Along the shore I slowly wend my way.

I leave behind me useless cares and worries,
I clear my mind of problems yet unsolved,
I do not see the dim, uncertain future
About which anxious musings have revolved.

The great sea sings a psalm of peace that lightens
The burdens of my heart and of my brain;
It rests my soul like low and loving voices
That through life's trials tenderly remain.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.



Fishing Song

MY WHIM sets sail beyond the western bar,
Down sunset wake with pilot Vesper Star,
Round ragged cloudy coasts of glooming gray,
O'er deeps where sank the treasure-laden day.

My mind goes gliding like a fisher's sails,
Piscatory poesy, lured by scales
In shoals of fancy shimmering. Now my net
Is cast to catch that luminous prize, Lunette.

Till cruising Night, chasing with somber threat
My poaching prow on courses homeward set,
Scatters the fantasies for which I troll
And stars come swimming out in silvern shoal.

CLARENCE OLSON.

Books



Writers

CAREERS—By *Esca G. Rodger*. D. Appleton & Company, 180 pages, price \$1.50.

NO ONE would doubt the value of consulting with those who have made successes in life along their respective lines, as to just what was needed to achieve success. Young people are constantly entering occupations, professions, or callings for which they are unsuited. Today, excellent work is being done in many of the schools along the line of prevocational studies. Esca G. Rodger, the author of the present book, "Careers," has done notable service.

Mr. Rodger has interviewed nine famous men, and has given us the result of these interviews in the nine chapters of the book. The men interviewed were William Allen White, Dr. William J. Mayo, Stratton D. Brooks, John Hayes Hammond, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Irving T. Bush, Dr. Julius Klein, Don Casement, Louis K. Liggett. These men are distinguished in their special fields. In interviewing these men, Mr. Rodger, asked certain definite questions such as any inquiring young man would wish to ask, and has received answers directly and to the point.

In a foreword by Griffith Ogden Ellis, editor of the "American Boy," we find the following expression: "Your future success depends on your ability to pick the right job. You can't afford to guess or go it blind. You need wise counsel." It is pointed out by Mr. Ellis that those who seek advice, the readers of the book, were represented personally by a member of the staff of the "American Boy," when the interviews were had. And not only will this book interest the young man who seeks definite information as to what the future offers through a given career. The book reads as interestingly as a bit of fiction.

"Want to Be A Journalist? Talk It Over With William Allen White through Esca G. Rodger," is the title of Chapter 1. This is suggestive of each chapter heading. Who can doubt that William Allen White is amply competent to discuss the field and possibilities of journalism. He gives, in his characteristic fashion, information of the greatest value. In the same way, the famous

Dr. William J. Mayo talks of the work of the physician. The qualifications for success in the business world are set forth by Irving T. Bush, while Dr. Julius Klein of Secretary Hoover's staff, discusses foreign trade, and John Hayes Hammond, the engineering profession. Dr. Stratton D. Brooks, president of the University of Missouri, was interviewed regarding the profession of teaching.

This book may well find place on library shelves everywhere. Junior high school students will find it intensely interesting, and it will furnish the basis for study and discussion in classes and at home.

MANAGEMENT OF PERSONAL INCOME
—By *L. J. Chassee*. A. W. Shaw Company, 150 pages.

MR. L. J. CHASSEE has given us in his recent book, *Management of Personal Income*, a vast fund of information relative to the need for scientific management of the personal income, whether that income be large or small. Mr. Chassee is Secretary of the Student Loan Information Bureau, conducted under the auspices of the Association of University and College Business Officers of the Eastern States. He has been assisted in the preparation of this book by Ethel C. O'Neill.

There are seven chapters devoted to the following topics: The Fundamentals of Personal Finance; The Art of Self-Financing; How to Budget Personal Resources; Budgeting and Personal Finance; Problems in Budgeting; Training in Personal Finance; The Significance of Personal Finance.

Under these chapters various phases of the problem are so set off as to make of the book not only a volume for the general reader, but one that could readily be used as a text.

The author says in the preface: "All individuals have incomes, some or all of which they spend for the necessities and comforts of life. Most of them have been told repeatedly that a part of their income should be saved. Some 'savings' enthusiasts place this at a percentage of the income regardless of the amount; others advocate that a flat sum should be

set aside in savings periodically. Both methods are widely used, and it is perhaps safe to say that most people who have anything to save do so." The author then goes on to state further: "This savings item, so closely studied by many, constitutes but a small part of individual incomes. The other part, that which is spent, is by far more important and, if properly apportioned among the various items which it can purchase, may produce much more favorable results than mere saving."

The book makes clear the value of the placing of estimates upon paper rather than in simply resolving to apportion the income so and so. The point is made that by placing estimates upon paper, there is an opportunity to weigh one item against another, and to show relative values, thus keeping the proportions proper. Another point brought out clearly is that of the unexpected expenditures. On occasions when such unexpected expenditures arise, it then becomes necessary, in order to meet the situation, to cut down on some items that have previously been provided for. Unfortunately, many people instead of trimming their estimated expenditures to meet such emergencies, undertake to borrow money, thus obligating themselves for the future.

Quite properly the author shows that saving should be done with a purpose in view. Among the principal purposes suggested are: first, saving for vacation and travel; and second, the more important reason—that of securing an education. While saving for an education has long been understood to be of importance, this motive has not yet, in the mind of the author, been fully appreciated.

Chapter six, *Training in Personal Finance*, is of especial interest to school people. The author says: "We have been giving ample training in the promotion of social, intellectual, moral, and physical activities, but somehow we have never found it desirable to teach young people how to live a better balanced economic and financial life. There is no reason to suppose that their academic training would be inferior if they were given training in the management of their economic and financial affairs to the end

that they might use their resources to greater advantage."

He then goes on to state that no greater service can be rendered the young people by the schools, than to train them in the understanding and appreciation of financial matters. The school savings bank is advocated as a means of training in habits that will carry over into after life. Some of the work done in school may be individual as between student and teacher. General problems, in the mind of the author, can be handled at assembly exercises and later supplemented in the classroom. "Some problems," he says, "can be introduced in the arithmetic classes and even some of the supplementary reading can be used toward this end." He is very wise in holding to the view that results can not be accomplished by preaching to the boys and girls.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Chassee believes in offering work along the line of thrift in conjunction with the required subjects of the curriculum rather than introducing specific classes. He speaks of the part that the Parent-Teacher Associations can take in the development of personal finance, and that the present curriculum need not be disturbed. He does not believe in going to the extreme in either direction.

Teachers, parents, and all members of Parent-Teacher Associations will be intensely interested in this book on the management of personal income. As pointed out, many budget books have been issued in an attempt to induce individuals to save, but little has yet been accomplished to point out definitely the ways to save and of so apportioning that the money is spent wisely.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT—By *Wm. Bennett Munroe*. 169 pages, price \$1.75.

IN HIS book, "The Invisible Government", Professor Munroe shows clearly that all governments of the past were controlled to a great extent by forces that the average individual knows little about. The same thing he holds to be true of governments today. While the reader may not agree entirely with the author in his eight lectures on, "The Invisible Government", delivered at Cornell University and Pomona College, these lectures forming the basis of his work, he will certainly be interested. The phrasing of the book is such that it can be well understood, not only by students but by the general reader. The author frequently indulges in biting sarcasm such as is not often found in works of an economic nature.

Doctor Munro points out "that there is one resemblance between the voice of the people, and the voice of God". The

ways of both are inscrutable. Both have the old testament tone of reproof and reprimand". The author goes on to show that according to his belief, people are not the real rulers in a democracy. He claims that all lean toward conservatism and gradually favor monarchy. The book states that political moods and tempers are probably molded and controlled by laws that have escaped our attention. The author says further: "To guarantee continuity of a government there must be traditions". By this he means we must continue with old traditions. In the opinion of the reviewer, the author denies his own previous statement when he says, "We live in the present and not in the past".

In a number of instances Munro points out the mistakes made by the people and the reasons for their making them and suggests remedies.

CARL W. GROSS.

THE PROBLEM OF VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE—By *George E. Meyers*, 311 pages.

DURING a period of ten years, or so, just preceding the Great War, much attention was given in schools and colleges to the question of vocational guidance. Numerous books and monographs were issued on this subject, and courses of instruction, and lectures were offered. During the years since the war, comparatively little has been published along this line. The book under review is one of the noteworthy exceptions.

Much has been said about the danger to young people who enter blind-alley occupations. In other words, young people, following the close of the compulsory school period, frequently enter a line of work for which later they find they are not well-fitted. Sometimes this is done because no other opportunity presents.

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Little Lee's Wife

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a moment through a crack in the door. You wouldn't believe what I saw. She had Teddy on her lap with her arms around him, and this is what I heard her say: "Teddy, darling, mother's sorry. If you ever need money like that again, come to me, and I'll give it to you if I can."

Now, what do you think of that? The idea of taking stealing so lightly. Well, as I said to her afterwards, if Teddy goes to jail when he grows up, it won't be his fault.

When Teddy came down stairs he had two dimes. One he gave to me and the other he said his mother gave him to keep. Did you ever hear of any thing like that? Giving him money because he had stolen! Rewarding him for being dishonest! Think of that woman teaching Little Lee's child to steal. But, then, you know I never felt quite sure she was Lee's wife.

The next day she packed up and left, and I don't know why. In the morning she was washing the dishes, and looking kind of moody, which wasn't unusual. Big Lee and I were trying to diagram a sentence we had found in the paper to correct. I believe I remember it. "The man said his two sons in college seldom wrote home for money." It had said to correct that sentence, and Lee and I had diagramed it without finding the mistake. We asked Lyla if she would try, too, and she read it, said something I won't repeat, and sat down with another section of the paper. She cut something

out of it, without asking if I cared, and then she came and stood with one hand on my chair.

"Mother Wurner," she said, "I'm well and strong now, and can get a job. Teddy and I are going to leave this afternoon."

I didn't say a word. She had come to me when I could help her, and was ready to leave just as soon as she was able to help me.

I was surprised at her, though. When she was ready to leave, she came and kissed me good-bye, but Lee said that was for effect. She thanked me for taking care of her and the boy, and said she would make up for it. She won't, though. I watched them walking down the road, and they looked like a pair of children. She hailed a machine, so I guess she got into town all right.

But, Mrs. Skidmore, I'm not going to worry about them. I did my duty by them both, and no one can say I didn't. I didn't tell you about the piece she cut out of the paper. I looked it up the next day, and found it was Help Wanted, Female. She'll get a job, and it won't be long until she'll find some man fool enough to marry her. With those eyes and that hair, she won't have any trouble. I won't worry, and besides I never felt sure she was really Little Lee's wife.

Will you stay to lunch, Mrs. Skidmore? We are going to have fruitcake that Lyla made, and I think I'll open a can of the chicken she put up.

Thrift and Conservation

(Continued from Page 173)

home economics department urges that care be exercised in handling foods so that waste does not result. Wholesome foods may in the long run be cheaper and more economical than those costing less. Young people are led to see that it is not thrifty to expend excess energy in dances or entertainments when the time should be spent in sleeping, studying or resting. One may be a spend-thrift in these regards even though he boasts of a large savings account.

The mathematics department is interesting itself. In the English department talks are prepared and compositions written on various ways and means of saving. In the music department, the life of the music sheets and books are lengthened by having the children bind the music. In the library, books are repaired. Those in charge of social studies try to bring home to each child his responsibility in local and national thrift movements, and the value of budget systems for personal use.

PASADENA

There are in Pasadena at present no formal courses of thrift. The schools are, however, working under the thrift plan outlined by the Educational Thrift Service of New York City, which, according to Principal C. A. Pugsley of Thomas Jefferson Elementary School, operates successfully from kindergarten to high school. Banking is done on Tuesdays, each pupil banking in his own study-room. Rivalry is developed between rooms, a rivalry into which the faculty members have entered. The plan also calls for pupil cashiers in each room. Cards are placed in the 100% rooms, and the percentage of every room announced on the school bulletin. The average in the John Muir Technical High School of about 550 pupils, is given as above 80%. This will be increased as the year goes on. The standing was 38% when school began.

On December 13, 1927, there were in Pasadena, according to H. W. Keck, Pacific District Manager, Educational Thrift Service, 15,268 school savings accounts and these amounted to \$55,048.29.

RIVERSIDE

The Riverside schools are devoting considerable attention to thrift problems. The girls' thrift advisor says: "We believe the habit of saving can be formed and will carry over into senior high school and into life. The Sophomore class in Poly has been leading

in banking there and we like to think it is because the habit started in the lower grades and carried on throughout the junior high school. The standing at Poly is as follows: Sophomores, first, with 71%; Juniors, second, with 67%; Seniors, last, with 60%. The school average is 65.95%."

SACRAMENTO

In Sacramento, according to Emma A. Von Hatten, principal Marshall School, the child is taught the correct way of banking through contact with the bank officials. Two receiving clerks come to the school and at an improvised bank desk the children stand in line, if it be necessary, and deposit their money. The pupils are taught to count their money, report to the clerks the amounts to be deposited, endorse checks if necessary, read and check the items entered, and take good care of the books.

Out of 666 pupils enrolled in this school the last year, there were 222 open accounts on the first day, and later the peak was reached when half of the children held accounts.

SAN BERNARDINO

The thrift program in San Bernardino schools is combined with citizenship and receives a great deal of emphasis through it. The school authorities understand that in a broader sense the citizenship program is a thrift program. The course is continued from the elementary into the junior and the senior high school. In the banking work the children now have on deposit approximately \$50,000. Mr. Hollis P. Allen, assistant superintendent, is much interested in the work.

The following items from the outline for fifth grade will be suggestive of work that is given throughout the schools. The time allowed is 40 minutes one day each week. The outline indicates work both at home and in school:

At Home—

- Food—Purchase, preparation, preservation.
- Clothes—Purchase, care, repair.
- Furniture—Purchase, care.
- Amusements, recreations.
- Buildings—No marking or cutting.
- Yard—Garden, weeds, cleanliness, gates, fences.

At School—

- Materials—Care of books, saving paper, pencils, chalk.
- Books—Marking, care in handling, tearing.
- Desks—Marking, cutting.

Buildings—Defacing, cutting.
Grounds.
Time saving—Punctuality.

SAN DIEGO

The best organized and most popular form of thrift activity in the department, according to Edwin B. Tilton, assistant superintendent, is the school banks. These are well-established and carefully conducted in practically every school in San Diego—a total of 33. During the past year there was on deposit in the local banks a total of \$140,212 belonging to the school children, an increase over last year of \$38,000, or nearly 40%. At that time there were 7,772 individual depositors, increased from 6,591. The average net deposit per child has increased from \$15.57 to \$18.04. The association is operating 29 school banks, says C. H. Nyhus, supervisor, School Savings Association.

the city schools. Health conservation, pupil attendance accountability, and school savings opportunity extend through all the grades of the elementary schools as well as in the high schools.

In addition to these features the elementary schools through the department of nature study, give careful thought to the conservation of bird, animal and forest life. This has proved especially effective in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades. All schools co-operate with the fire department in observing fire prevention day each year, and the schools have the unstinted praise of the fire officials for the high degree of help the children have given in this form of conservation.

SAN FRANCISCO

In the elementary schools of San Francisco, "bank day" comes once a week. Representatives of the school savings department of the Bank of Italy visit the school and collect the contributions made by the pupils. The system was inaugurated in 1911, and has developed to very large proportions. In the high schools the savings work in thrift is an important feature. The official depository for the students is the Anglo-California Trust Company. In co-operation with the school authorities, six students in each high school are selected to constitute the staff of the school bank, and to take charge of bank days at regular intervals for the opening of new accounts and the receipt of deposits. At the close of the year 1927, there had been established 2,143 school accounts, with total deposits of \$46,500. This data comes from the chief deputy superintendent of schools, A. J. Cloud.

At the Hamilton Junior High School, the school paper in a recent issue carried

(Continued on Page 184)

BOOKS

(Continued from Page 181)

Or again, the young and inexperienced individual may choose that which at the moment offers the largest financial return, but in which there is little chance for advancement.

George E. Meyers, professor of vocational education and guidance, University of Michigan, has packed into his volume a vast amount of valuable material. Mr. Meyers considers that vocational guidance is a legitimate part of a program of public education. He recognizes at the same time, that the materials of instruction are not understood or accepted as is the case with the required subjects, and that "guidance involves a number of specialized activities, each of which calls for a technique of its own." The book is intended for use by superintendents of schools, school principals, junior and senior high school teachers, social workers, and parents.

Among the especially attractive chapters is one devoted to "Waste Involved in Present Methods of Entering Occupations. Both directly and indirectly this chapter has a definite relation to the whole subject of thrift. The author takes up the economic loss to the individual through changing his occupation. It is true of course that in many instances a change of occupation is absolutely essential for the happiness of the individual and the best interests of society. On the other hand, there are times when a change in occupation is unwise and the economic loss is great. There is also an economic loss to the employer. The author brings out the loss to society in instances where the individual fails to discover the field in which he can make his greatest contribution. Other chapters of especial interest and value are those on Occupational Try-Outs, or Exploratory Experiences in the Junior and Senior High School Period; Placement; Vocational Information Courses, etc. There is a valuable list of references following each chapter with a series of questions and exercises. The book is published by the Macmillan Company.

THE GOLDEN DRAGON

(Continued from Page 175)

of Kathapa, and eight hairs from the head of Gautama. Were holy relics ever before so enshrined? Thus it is that Asia pays homage to her emancipators.

Despite its overwhelming splendor, the Shwe Dagon is directly opposed in spirit to the great Teachers for whose relics it is the repository. Buddha preached the nothingness of worldliness; that to discover Reality man must liberate himself from the illusion of physical existence

and retire into the inner fastnesses of himself. To the Lord Gautama neither pagoda nor shrine meant anything. They, too, were part of the illusion that must be left behind. To him there was nothing real but the Self, nothing absolute but the Self, no true attainment but perfect unification with the Self. So, as he sat in *Samadhi* his consciousness was reunited with that of the universe. His mission was to teach men how to release themselves from the slavery to illusion which comes from the recognition of parts and thereby attain to that perfect liberty which is the realization of wholeness. The message of the Golden Dragon is: "Asia loves and pays homage to her Buddhas, but Asia does not understand."

BOOKS RECEIVED

Crude, by Robert Hyde, Payson & Clarke, 203 pages, price \$2.50.

The Thirteenth Lover, by Maurice Dekobra, 300 pages, price \$2.50.

The Far Call, by Edison Marshall, Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 284 pages, price \$2.

That Bright Heat, by George O'Neil, Boni & Liveright, 303 pages, price \$2.50.

Philosophy of Marriage, by William Robert Thruston, Tiffany Press, 32 pages.

The Legion of the Damned, by Bennett J. Doty, The Century Co., 300 pages, price \$3.

The Sinclairs of Old Fort Des Moines, by Johnson Brigham, The Torch Press, 245 pages, price \$2.

Parson Weem's of The Cherry Tree, by Harold Kellock, The Century Co., 212 pages, price \$2.

Little Slants at Western Life, A Notebook of Travel and Aeflection, by Sarah Emilia Olden, Harold Vinal, 245 pages, price \$2.

Colorado, by William McLeod Raine, Doubleday, Doran & Co., 316 pages.

The Bronze Turkey, by Elizabeth Wellis, illustrated by H. L. Hastings, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 300 pages.

Calamity Jane and the Lady Wild Cats, by Duncan Arkman, Henry Holt Company, 347 pages, price \$3.

Wapoose, by Jack Cartwright, Henry Holt & Co., 311 pages, price \$2.

Ambition, by Arthur Train, Charles Scribner's Sons.

Sam Houston, by George Creel, Cosmopolitan.

Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing, by Samuel Hoffenstein, Boni & Liveright, 214 pages, price \$2.

Shades of Blue, Book of Poems, by Isadora Newman, 96 pages, price \$2. Henry Harrison, Publisher.

Romance Like This, Poems by Goldie Becker, Henry Harrison, 32 pages, price \$1.50.

The Inner Secret, or That Something Within, by "X," R. Fenno & Co., 175 pages.

Evolution Disproved, by Rev. William A. Williams, author and publisher, 125 pages.

(Continued on Page 186)

SUNDAY—JUNE 16th
(Continued from Page 167)*A Smithstown Chronogram*

Like happy dreams the days sped by. No alarm clock in the morning, but the sunshine flooding the rooms rousing them to a pleased willingness to "arise, and that right early"—for ever were duties just before them, but duties it was a joy to perform.

They decided they would spend the first Sunday at the farm, for the intoxication of new and desirable environments had led Gilman to overdo, and with wisdom sharpened by close observance, Mrs. Gilman advised a quiet day at home. So, like two happy children they lounged and strolled and rested, going to bed early and getting up very early the next morning so Mrs. Gilman could get her washing on the line for the first sunshine, and they could drive Duke into town for supplies.

As they drove past their neighbor's home they concluded Mr. and Mrs. Applewaite must be away from home for there was no washing on the line and all was quiet about the place.

"Probably gone to spend the week-end with their son's family at Colport", remarked Mrs. Gilman.

They drove on into town engrossed with the pleasure of the ride and the novelty of it all. Swinging around a corner they stopped at the meat market. Then they noticed that the market was closed. Looking about them they noted that all the stores were closed.

At that moment two little girls they knew hurried past them smilingly calling out: "Our mother said we must hurry for we are late for Sunday school".

With a flip of the whip that brought Duke up snorting, Gilman guided the startled horse into a side street, and with a furtive look to see if they had been observed, they drove back to the farm, a chastened but secretly an amused and complacent couple.

As they entered the house Gilman walked to the mantel over which hung the calendar, gorgeous with the advertisement of Kitchner Bros. Grocery Store.

"I see I still must do some bookkeeping", he remarked, as he checked off Sunday, June the sixteenth.

Thrift and Conservation

(Continued from Page 182)

a most interesting editorial which read in part as follows:

"Thrift work, or school savings, is not a new departure, but our previous efforts in this direction have not been as successful as could be desired, probably due to the fact that the plan was faulty. It is not necessary to present arguments for thrift. We all know the value of learning to save money. And the habit of saving is one that should be started while we are attending school. There is nothing that gives a person the same feeling of self-respect and confidence as does a savings account—money in the bank.

"But there is another thought that should go hand in hand with the saving of money, and that is the idea of intelligent spending, buying, and investing of money. It is just as necessary to know how to use money as it is to know how to save money. Many people have saved up money for years only to spend it foolishly and waste it or invest it in something worthless and lose it all. When we begin to save money we should at once begin to scrutinize carefully all our expenditures to see that we buy wisely and economically and that we get value received for what we pay out."

A bulletin issued by the Daniel Webster School, Robert F. Gray, principal, gives valuable statistics with the following summary: The number of bank depositors shows an increase of from 24.5% in 1926-27 to 33% at this time. One hundred twenty-five pupils work after school or on Saturday. Fifty-six students belong to out-of-school organizations.

SAN JOSE

The program of thrift education and banking carried on in the Theodore Roosevelt High School, San Jose, has a two-fold objective: First, to bank; and second, to create and develop in the students good strong habits along the line of thrift and conservation.

The first of these objectives they strive to attain through the operation of the school banking system. The bank is a central depository for all funds derived from any source within the school, whether they be student body activities, faculty, or other activities of a special or general nature from which an income is realized. Deposits are made by these organizations, usually by a student representative of the organization. Dupli-

cate deposit slips are issued, and each organization keeps a record of its business transacted with the bank. From time to time the books of the individual organizations are verified with their account at the bank.

At present five students are employed in the bank. Banking is offered as an elective course for which the student receives credit. Since real money is used in conducting the business of the bank, and the records must be absolutely accurate, these students are receiving a very valuable training, not only learning the lesson of accuracy, but also of honesty and system. On Monday, the Home-Room Bankers meet with the faculty supervisor of banking to receive instructions for the week. These instructions usually consist of talks on thrift habits.

While this program calls for but a very short time each day, say the authorities for this school, it does keep the "Thrift Campaign" in the minds of the students at all times, thus preventing any loss of interest due to inactivity. To help maintain interest in this campaign, the school offers each month an honor banner. This banner is awarded to the home room maintaining the highest percentage of active depositors. Emphasis is placed on the regularity of making deposits, the amount of the deposit being a secondary consideration.

A paper drive results in saving a vast amount of paper and brings realization that old paper is *not* waste paper, but that being thrifty and saving it, is conserving for industrial as well as for commercial purposes. The last paper drive netted about 13 tons of paper at \$8.50 per ton.

Old automobile tires, tubes, and bicycle tires were collected from basements, backyards, vacant lots and garages and brought to the school. These, which otherwise would have been left to become hard and useless, were conserved and sold. Tires in the amount of 8½ tons brought \$9.50 per ton. For 840 pounds of tubes, 4½ cents a pound was received.

Many homes extend the privilege of collecting their old potato and feed sacks. A total of 700 sacks were gathered and sold for 4 cents each. The tin foil from candy, gum, tea-cases, cigarette packages, etc., was collected in each Home-Room. About 75 pounds of this was collected in less than three weeks.

This is to be sold and the school will derive a benefit from something that is often thrown away by those who do not realize the value of simple conservation and thrift. Old lumber about the school has been saved and unnecessary limbs cut from trees about the school grounds. This wood was cut into sizable pieces by the boys, and distributed among the poor of the school.

The Horace Mann School has two Audubon Societies of more than 200 members. They study the habits of the birds found in the vicinity. Lecturers from the outside who are authority on birds, give the members most instructive and interesting talks. The traffic squad is doing a most excellent service. Last year out of a possible 93,302 cases of traffic violators, only five cases were reported. There was not a single accident during the year.

At the Washington Grammar School, W. P. Cramsie, principal, reports that in salvage work, boys are taught the following: To repair shoes before the shoes are too far gone; repair chairs, auto tubes, small leaks in water pipes, paint worn and dull furniture, etc. Girls are taught to make dishrags and dish-towels, etc., from flour and sugar sacks, and to embroider and hem same. To decorate jars, bottles, cans, etc., for jardeniens and flowerpots. To darn and patch clothes, to make simple wearing apparel, weave baskets, color schemes and embroidery. They are encouraged to help in housework.

Members of the Junior Flower Lovers Club are taught to plant flowers in season, vegetables, etc., and to refrain from ruthlessly destroying wild flowers. They are taught that respect for public property is one of the highest types of a citizenry; that labor is dignified; that a penny saved is a penny earned. They are taught that what parents do for children means much sacrifice on the part of the parents; that the intrinsic value of gifts and presents is not so much to be considered as what feelings prompt the giver and the effort necessary to have acquired the gift.

At the Woodrow Wilson Junior High School, the Benjamin Franklin Guard meets as a school activity and is composed of one live member from each class, whose duty it is to carry back to his class statistics and inspiration received at weekly meeting just previous to bank day. A thrift race is in progress, the class having the greatest percentage of depositors receiving the pennant for that week. The Guard graphs the relative positions of the different classes and posts it on the bulletin board of his home-room. The school paper

(Continued on Page 187)

AN ODE IN MEMORY OF INA COOLBRITH POET LAUREATE OF CALIFORNIA

By HENRY MEADE BLAND

Long, long ago it was, and yet I well remember
How Poesy was on the rim of every hill,
By every rill,
And brook, and every merry stream:
And every field of dream
Felt the wild strain, and sent it far a-singing.
The poets caught it with a will,
And over the ways it swiftly went a-winging.
But now it is December, the Age's drear December:
For us, it seems, is left the ember
Of that great flaring rosy dawn;
The glow and splendor, all are gone.

They sang of fame and love and war,
The chosen few:
And touched the world as with a spirit fire.
They nurtured high desire,
The beautiful and true,
And never ceased they to aspire:
Harte and brave Miller,
Stoddard beloved, and the Queen,
The matchless, the serene.

And we here on the Westmost Shore
Are left to toil, but carry on:
And, therefore, now forevermore
Let us, heirs to the elder heritage and lore,
Turn, as did she turn, forever to the Dawn.

The first, she was, to walk the flowered sunset fields,
"The Fields of the Cloth of Gold!"
Strong with the heart that never yields,
She kept the Muses' vow;
And with a soul, the always-young,
She held on through till fiery Now,
Folded her scroll, the last of all the Mystic Four,
Put up her magic pen,
Passed through the Shining Door.

But truly for her "The world" was "fair;"
For her "The world" was "sweet;"
She was "out in gold of the blossoming mold;"
She sat "At the Master's feet."

Therefore I will bring down from starry night
The silken blue, with planet, moon, and light,
And, on it, I will paint her story;

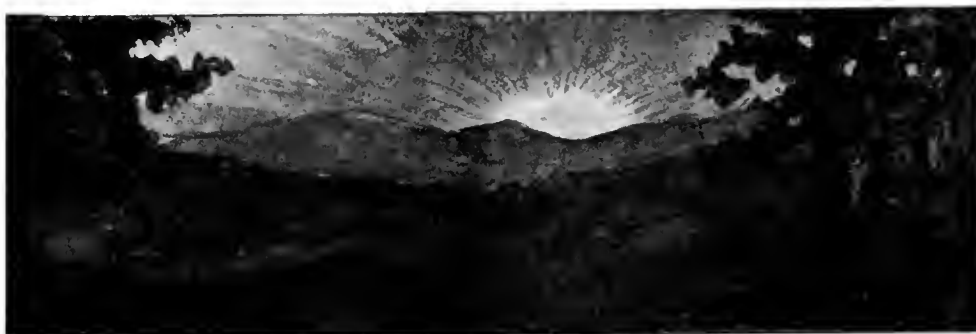
Lay in, with careful brush,
The unforgotten glory
Of the Argonautan rush;
Paint in the eager listeners, the earnest hush
Of those who heard her line sing lyric as her Thrush.
And I will show how in
The interminable City of her great desire,
She smote her dreamy lyre,
In spite of glow and din,
She found her "Perfect Day",
And sang her golden "Songs of Golden Gate".
Early and late; but never once too late,
She struck her harp as if the cherubim
Inspired. Always she sang her City of renown
With loving rhyme. Nor, in an epic strain,
In deep refrain,
To garland with heroic hymn,
Did she forget to chant sublime
Of all the borders of the sunset seas.
In odic rhyme,
In mystic time,
She sang the magic beauty of Sierran leas.

So will I build for her a tower high,
And garnish it with honeyed trope and flower,
And shape within its walls the leafy bower;
Build it with rhyme and fluted symbolry
Drawn from a marching music-melody;
And from its topmost chamber I will shower
Afar her story as a precious dower:
So never a one forget her sighing harmony!

So will I build where winds hold high debate
Down by the sea, where folds the guardian Gate,
That she, who sang the "Landing of the Pilgrim,"
Or loved Elizabeth, on that hill dim
With dream Italian, who sighed for England great,
Lorn and exiled by an imperious Fate—

That neither bard, the glory of the time;
Nor ill-starred Sappho, bright in ancient lore;
Nor young Corona Pindaric in old rhyme,
Shall in the coming years' unending score
Move nobler onward, in the ways sublime,
Than she, the Laureate, a Queen forevermore.

*Read at the Ina Coolbrith Circle Memorial
at the Hotel St. Francis, March 25, 1928*



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BOOKS RECEIVED

(Continued from Page 183)

Flame Points, Poems by J. Graydon Jefferies, Bookmakers, Publishers.

VOLUMES OF POETRY PUBLISHED BY
HAROLD VINAL, LTD.

Translations From Jose-Maria De Heredia, by Merle St. Croix Wright, 121 pages, price \$2.

Towns and Towers, Poems by Mabel R. Coffey, 67 pages, price \$1.50.

Bright World, by George Elliston, 80 pages, price \$1.50.

Afterward, Poems by Ruth Mason Rice, 75 pages, price \$1.50.

Palace of Silver, by Kate Slaughter McKinney, 128 pages, price \$2.

Arcana, by Alice G. Wilkins, 31 pages, price \$1.50.

Riders in the Sun, Poems by G. T. Davis, 88 pages, price \$1.50.

Verse Fancies, by Jean Mitchell Lawrence, 54 pages, price 50c.

Without a Fig Leaf, Poems by Alice McGuigan, 41 pages, price \$1.50.

The Bells of Italy and Other Poems, by Grace Gorges, 93 pages, price \$1.50.

Vibrations, A Book of Verse, by Frances Carruth Prindle, 75 pages, price \$2.

Glamourie and Whimsy, Moods in Verse, by Clarence Watt Heazlitt, 84 pages, price \$1.50.

Dramaland, by Linn William Price, 51 pages, price \$1.50.

Brush Strokes On the Fan of a Courtesan, Verse Fragments in the Manner of the Chinese, by Dorothy Graham and James W. Bennett, 46 pages, price \$1.50.

Hale's Pond and Other Poems, by James Whaler, 128 pages, price \$2.

To All You Ladies, by Milton J. Goell, 36 pages, price \$1.50.

The Beacon Light and Other Poems, by Murray Ketcham Kirk, 66 pages, price \$1.50.

Where the Hours Go, Poems by Lefa Morse Eddy, 48 pages, price \$1.50.

Query, by France Frederick, 88 pages, price \$1.50.

OVERLAND MAGAZINE APPRECIATED

The following letter is self-explanatory:

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA
GAINESVILLE

GENERAL EXTENSION DIVISION
B. C. RILEY, Director

Representing All State Institutions of
Higher Learning

May 2nd, 1928.

OVERLAND MONTHLY,
356 Pacific Building,
San Francisco, California.

Gentlemen: Our subscription to the
OVERLAND Magazine expires with the
last issue in May.

It is our intention to renew this subscription, but it will not be possible for us to put in a voucher before June 11 and possibly July 9. The reason for this is that our year ends with June 30.

We shall appreciate it very much if you will continue this magazine so that we may not miss any numbers, and assure you that check will be forthcoming no later than July, and in June if possible. We shall want two copies again this year as usual.

Yours very truly,

RUTH RILEY, Secretary.

Dept. of General Information and
Service, General Extension Div.

TESTIMONY OF THE WOODS

(Continued from Page 169)

to be expended for roads and schools.

Besides furnishing recreation ground for thousands of citizens, the use of these forests is constantly increasing, over five thousand special use permits being issued for various purposes.

California has nineteen million acres of land in these reserves which is embraced in seventeen National Forests. They contain about one-third of the timber land of the state and are the source of nearly all the streams which supply the state with water for irrigation and for the production of hydro-electric power.

The Forest Service protects the reservations from fire and other destructive agencies, builds roads, trails, telephone lines, bridges and other improvements to make them more accessible.

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Thrift and Conservation

(Continued from Page 184)

carries a regular column, "Thrift Tales," in which is printed the bi-weekly reports of the race and other material pertinent to the subject. Competition in the race is keen.

SAN LUIS OBISPO

The thrift work in the schools of San Luis Obispo, A. H. Mabely, superintendent, is largely in the practical form of school savings. There is an arrangement with a local bank by which pupils in all the elementary schools and kindergartens may take out a bank account and turn in their savings at the schools. This plan has been in operation for several years and is working quite satisfactorily.

SAN RAFAEL

San Rafael has inaugurated an excellent system of savings accounts in connection with the First National Bank of San Rafael. This system has been in operation in the elementary department since October 1, 1927, and in the high school since December 1, 1927, and the results are most gratifying. Report from Arthur T. O'Connor, head of commercial department, states that the children are encouraged to save a certain sum weekly. Talks are given to them upon the value of a savings account and all are urged to deposit frequently, that the idea of thrift may be a factor in the encouragement of good in their lives.

STOCKTON

Principal John R. Williams of El Dorado School, Stockton, says that each child has a passbook in the Stockton system. The money is brought to the school each Tuesday. The deposit slip is made by the teacher. The bank clerk comes to the school, enters the amount in the book and returns the book to the child.

SANTA MONICA

Every Tuesday is bank day at Santa Monica and the first period is used for banking. The plan is to teach real banking, where each child is an individual known by name at the bank, not by a number. This enables the child to establish a bank connection early in life.

A banner is supplied to each school, to be given to the room having the highest percentage of depositors. The amount deposited may be any amount from one cent up, the aim being to form the habit of systematic saving. There are several 100% schools where every child has an account and deposits weekly. A school bank will probably be installed

in the commercial department of the high school the second semester of this year. The banking will be handled by the pupils, with bank officers and directors under regular banking methods.

In Santa Monica the thrift director is Anna L. La Grange who devotes three days each week to the work. She is assisted by a clerk. There is careful checking of all monies received from each school so as to minimize the work devolving upon the bank authorities.

TULARE

Throughout the eight grades, stress is laid upon schools savings. In the three schools, beginning last year, there has been saved \$2,057.88, with 438 depositors. This is about 39% of the enrollment. Many of the other pupils have bank accounts. It is regular deposits that is stressed, and never the amount banked. Individual teachers in Tulare stimulate pupils' interest in various ways. During thrift week, the local banks gave \$30 prize money for thrift posters and thrift essays. This is the second year they have done this. The essay work was made a part of the regular composition work so that everyone wrote. The best essays were selected, and the successful pupils encouraged to make further improvements. This is felt to be the thrifty use of the teachers' time and conservation of school supplies.

The room having the greatest number of regular depositors was allowed the privilege of preparing for and entertaining the whole assembly one afternoon. That class put on two short thrift plays and a thrift song written by the teacher. There was also a bank-book parade. This was thoroughly enjoyed, and gave emphasis to schools savings. Mrs. Alice G. Mulcahy, assistant superintendent, writes encouragingly of the work.

WATSONVILLE

Examples of thrift of time are found in the establishment of classes for many student activities such as dramatics, athletics, music, parliamentary law, debating, etc. Endeavor has been made to shorten the size of the triangle, the vertices of which are the child, the parent, and the school. Each teacher has grouped about her approximately 25 students with whose work she must familiarize herself and whose home conditions she must learn, and in so far as

(Continued on Page 191)



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THE following is the official announcement of the Prize Essay Contest.

An Essay, that will be a historical sketch of the larger significant phases of California history from 1850 to 1905, and an interpretation of them. The period before 1850 should not be included, except as background, if desired. An essay is a prose poem and should be written in classic English. Episodes in chronological order are better than biography, although names and dates may be included. The ESSENCE of the Period of Achievement is what is wanted.

PRIZES

\$1,000 for best essay—\$500 for second prize.

Essays must contain from 10,000 to 15,000 words.

Contest closes November 15, 1928.

What Californians did with the gold taken from the mines is the greatest achievement ever accomplished by any people possessed of sudden riches. This is one of the most stimulating and inspiring epochs in history. Unearned wealth brings two reactions: Lazy, self-indulgence or wild dissipation. The former brings decay, the second destroys moral fiber. California had no such experience. The men and women receiving Nature's bounties accepted the responsibility entailed. They set about founding a Commonwealth based on freedom and justice and having a classical background.

California was a "shut-in" community from the coming of the first Americans until the building of the Central Pacific Railroad in 1868. This was an epoch-making event.

California came into the Union as a free state, breaking a deadlock in opinion. Its gold production strengthened materially the Cause of the Union.

THE CONTEST

Is under the auspices of San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women, Mrs. Frederick Colburn, President. Contestants are to consider the

first paragraph of this announcement as the full direction to guide them.

It is understood that the Book Club of California will consider publishing the prize-winning essays, if their literary merit warrants putting them into book form.

Manuscripts must be submitted anonymously. A sealed envelope with the title of the essay on the outside must contain the name and address of the author, with return postage placed in the sealed envelope. The prize-winning essays shall belong to San Francisco Branch, League of American Pen Women. The Judges, to be hereafter announced, shall consist of well-known men of letters outside of this organization.

All manuscripts should be sent to

MRS. F. H. COLBURN

757 Sutter Street

San Francisco, California

Apartment 305

Telephone: Prospect 5241

The judges for the James D. Phelan Prize Essay Contest are Hon. John F. Davis, past-Grand President, Native Sons of the Golden West; Mrs. Charles E. Cushing, past-President of the Society of California Pioneers; Professor Herbert E. Bolton, Department of History, University of California; Professor Henry Meade Bland, State Teacher's College, San Jose; and Mr. Boutwell Dunlap, of the California Historical Society.

Professor Sidney Mezes, President of the University of New York City, will pass final judgment on the best ten essays submitted to him by the local committee. Judge John F. Davis will be Chairman of the local committee. The judges have been carefully chosen, and each one adds something to the fitness required. The essays winning the prizes must be literature as well as history.

The responses to the two thousand copies of rules of the contest are most encouraging. The entire Pacific Coast shows vital interest, and now inquiries are coming in from many Eastern cities.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The OVERLAND MONTHLY observes with satisfaction that the contest mentioned above has stimulated such interest in the early history of California that the press generally is running notices of unpublished bits of California history. This will undoubtedly bring to light, and preserve for all time, much valuable source material relative to the history of the state that otherwise would remain hidden in obscurity. It is of the utmost importance that the experiences and files of those who are now passing off the stage should be uncovered and made part of our historic inheritance.

I—Seeking Self Satisfaction

(Continued from Page 170)

many of us there is no religion left but the worship of the little god "I". To behold ourselves and to have others behold us in the role we desire to play. This little god wants lots of entertainment and thrills and love and passions satisfied and all that life holds.

The majority are as afraid of themselves as if their minds were sitting upon a throne holding a golden sceptre. We are sophomores in thought and the few who are higher and who possess the nerve to exalt themselves are grafters on the psychological being of their brother molecule.

I no longer search for religion among religious. I reverence the beliefs of all. To me life is magnanimous. I want only to die when my mind is dead. But I will die willingly when the time comes. At least that is what I think now while I am alive. It is either forgetfulness or new fields to explore. I am not even an agnostic. I believe in a God that has created us and all life but I am convinced that not one human being that lives or ever has lived knows a thing about the omnipotent creative power.

I have said on some occasions, "I have no time for this person or that person. They can do me no good and I am not far enough above them mentally to do them any good. I must search for my companions amongst those who give me new thoughts, new visions and who bring out from me the best to give to them".

We are looking for a little god or a big god all around us, everywhere we go, with every one we meet. I admit everyone does not apparently think about these things. It is not known by every person that he has a psychological being. These people are not necessarily morons, they are just intelligent without stopping to think about it, and are beautifully material, and selfish without making an ado about it. Their unabashed selfishness is often a beautiful thing because it is not camouflaged with a perverted fear of opinion.

As a psychological being each man is a god unto himself. And all this excitement about our modern youth being so disrupted is bosh. Modern youth is just beginning to realize what the youth of the past generation was too stupid to realize,—the right to demand pleasure, enjoyment and mental development.

The good little god governs himself by the golden rule. The comprehension of justice is the greatest governing attribute.

Of course we are tired of spinning pie plates at church socials and meeting the minister's son under the big oak tree when our mothers are at the sewing circle. We would much rather go down town to dinner in a neat coupe and dine at a cafe table with dozens of people about than to hold a secret meeting in the woods under a big oak tree. There is less danger of so-called transgression.

Of course our young folks want thrills and plenty of them. Of course they want to talk about what they think they are not supposed to talk about. And bless them they have the nerve. And when in a generation they are talked out, and their children are all disgusted with such flippant conversation and the little god "I" is taken as a matter of fact and it is no longer necessary to become so excited about oneself, then culture will be brought back to its original state. The series of operations performing upon the psychological being of our youth will loosen up and give forth some of the internal energy which has so long been suppressed.

Andrew Carnegie spoke of the great war in steel terms, as a "blow off". Humanity, looking for thrills in deeds and conversations, is having a blow off. As a matter of fact we are all making much ado about nothing. We must learn to be philosophers if we would make good gods.

Today nearly all the wives doubt their husbands and a good many of the husbands doubt their wives, now that wives have so much leisure time. If we were more willing to live and let live we would have less to be doubtful about.

"I" is the great little god of today and it is up to each individual "I" to look to himself before he can hope to create a new relationship between the surface and the inner depths.

Any culture which would rob us of our thrills, our exaltations, and our joy of being natural, our pleasure of saying what we think and doing what we please must bide its time. Must wait until the series of operations has spelled finis to the merry-go-round of we little gods. When the callopie has given out all its steam and the pressure of the keys no longer brings forth a sound, then we may have time to think about our psychological being. Just now we are riding our fiery steed and with all the glee of thrills and the ease of modern living, we are throwing our charms about us to the glorification of "I".

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Gold—The Key to the West

(Continued from Page 176)

eyes. Jones ordered a shot fired over their heads. Immediately every citizen disappeared behind the earthworks, while the flag was quickly pulled down.

The commodore ordered out his cutter and pulled ashore to announce to the Mexicans that he had come to take over the town. He had been at some pains to prepare a suitable document.

"Although I come in arms," it said, "I come not to spread desolation among California's peaceful inhabitants. It is against the armed enemies of my country banded together under the flag of Mexico that war and its dread consequences shall be enforced."

On the second day of his "occupation" Jones discovered that he had made a mistake. Restoring the forts to the Mexicans, he sailed out hurriedly, dipping his colors and saluting the Mexican flag with twenty-one guns as he went by, in the way of an apology. Mexico tried to persuade Webster, who was secretary of state, to have Jones dismissed from our service, but this the

secretary refused to do. He recalled him and disavowed his act, but went no further.

The incident in American history known as the "Bear Flag War" was an insurrection against the Mexican government in June, 1846, by a small body of settlers from the United States. Fremont, then in California, is known to have supported the insurrection.

A dozen Americans seized some government horses, and then, reinforced by other settlers, defeated the Mexican force at Sonoma, seizing the town and raising the California flag with its figure of a bear upon a white field. A republic was proclaimed. Captain Fremont joined the revolutionary forces with his troops and a number of captives were taken to Fort Sutter.

After the bear flag had floated triumphantly for just twenty-four days, the raising of the Stars and Stripes at Monterey put an end to the "Bear Flag War," which was then merged into the greater one. As a matter of fact, the

Mexican war had been on since May 13, though nobody in California knew it. When the news reached Commodore Sloat, in command of American naval forces in the Pacific, he sailed to Monterey, took possession of the port, and on July 7 raised the Stars and Stripes and proclaimed the annexation of California to the United States. Admiral Seymour arrived with a British fleet a few days later—but too late.

On February 2, 1848, was signed the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo which made California definitely ours. It was a momentous day for California in more ways than one. For on January 24, James W. Marshall had picked up a nugget of gold in the millrace of the new sawmill at Coloma in the Sacramento valley, just built by Capt. John A. Sutter of Sutter's Fort.

Then it was that Yerba Buena at the entrance of San Francisco Bay, with its 200 inhabitants, became by the winter of 1849-50 San Francisco, with 50,000 people housed in tents, tin houses and cabins—with more on the way around the Horn, across the isthmus and the overland trail. That is what the gold rush did for California.



Note the old-time "rocker," formerly much in use

Thrift and Conservation

(Continued from Page 187)

possible establish intimate professional relationship with parent and pupil. So declares Superintendent T. H. MacQuiddy of Watsonville.

In vocational counselling, the services of the large proportion of the industrial, business and professional leaders have been enlisted. These have agreed to talk to boys and girls seeking entrance into their fields of endeavor. They have lived up to their agreement.

Throughout the school system, directly and indirectly, general matters of conservation and safety are taught largely through assembly talks by the students, and editorials in their news-writing classes. Thrift in publicity activities is arrived at by setting a definite price for the Annual and then having each class strive for better quality rather than greater quantity.

In the elementary schools, in addition to many other phases of thrift education, there have been introduced supplementary readers on conservation. There is an old established system of school savings.

WORK IN THE COUNTIES

One of the surprises arising out of the investigation as to the extent of thrift teaching in the California schools, is the degree to which thrift instruction is carried on in the rural counties. In some of these counties, many of the schools are located in rural districts, or in small towns where banking privileges are lacking. Regardless of this, school banking has developed to a considerable extent. Especially have certain of the social phases of thrift been given prominence in these schools—the budgeting of time, attention to health studies, the saving of otherwise waste materials, necessity for natural conservation and the like. A few typical counties are listed.

CALAVERAS COUNTY

In most of the schools of the county the children have started savings accounts, the teacher setting aside a certain day for the children to make their deposits and she sends them in to the bank. Most of the schools are placing their money in a good, strong building and loan association where they receive 6% interest. The children of Calaveras County are responding nicely. In those schools where the work is carried out, nearly every child has a bank deposit. Superintendent Chas. F. Schwoerer is most optimistic for the outlook.

GLENN COUNTY

What has been done in Glenn County along the lines of thrift and conservation

has been accomplished through the initiative of the teachers, according to Superintendent E. P. Mapes, who is much interested in thrift education. As yet no study plan or outline is provided for Glenn County.

MARIN COUNTY

The following statement from County Superintendent Jas. B. Davidson is so provocative of thought that we give it in his own words:

"Thrift should consist of proper living and proper care of the individual by himself; a selection of customs and habits which will enable him under all circumstances to support himself, as well as others depending upon him for support; the avoidance of habits which tend to reduce his effectiveness and to waste his native endowments; and the establishment of a standard of life which will give him a practical place among his fellowmen. This thrift I stand for rather than the thrift which is expressed in bank accounts and the creation of a desire in the minds of all to become wealthy—a hope set up against all possibility; for you know there is not enough wealth in the world to make all of us millionaires; and you are further aware of the fact that under our present financial and social organization, or rather the organization which is forming at the present time, we are making every effort to divide humanity into two classes—a class that rules, and a class that serves.

"The only thrift which will be necessary to the first class and applicable to the second, is the thrift which makes for the best possible physical condition."

MENDOCINO COUNTY

Aside from what is included in the
(Continued on Page 192)

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Thrift and Conservation

(Continued from Page 191)

regular course of study, all of the larger schools in Mendocino County arrange with local banks for banking days. So states F. D. Patton, superintendent.

MONTEREY COUNTY

Monterey County, under direction of Superintendent Jas. G. Force, is making marked progress in savings. The superintendent has arranged with the Pajaro Valley Bank of Watsonville whereby they send out one of their tellers each week. This man goes to each of twelve or fifteen schools in the county. Each child is furnished with a bankbook and the proper form of deposit slips. The child may deposit as small an amount as one cent. The teacher takes up this money on bank day, and when the teller comes to the school he is given a list of the names of children and the amount of deposit each saved that week. He enters the amount in the bankbook of the child and gives the teacher a receipt.

For the rest of the county, including all the vicinities of the larger cities and towns, the Bank of Italy, together with its branches, carry on the same system.

NEVADA COUNTY

It is reported by Superintendent Ella

M. Austin that the best work in thrift in Nevada County is being carried on in the schools of Grass Valley. As pointed out by Superintendent Austin, the details necessary in preparing reports, etc., devolving upon a county superintendent, prevent the development of much needed work, or of ascertaining what is being accomplished.

PLUMAS COUNTY

According to Superintendent Vivian L. Long, the course of study of Plumas County is in process of revision, and will contain material covering thrift education.

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY

Some of the schools in San Bernardino County are carrying on well-organized thrift work. This, says Superintendent Ida R. Collins, is especially true of Ontario and San Bernardino.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY

The San Diego County schools are making real progress. Several of the town schools have banking days, as the project can be easily managed in suburban schools just outside San Diego city. In the rural districts banking is not as yet thought to be feasible. The course of study for the County, under the heading "Thrift," says:

"The teaching of Thrift may be done by precept and example. The care and wise use of school property and school supplies furnishes a concrete instance. The children should be trained to make the best of the school room surroundings and to be scrupulously careful not to deface the school buildings or to be wasteful in the use of school supplies.

"Thrift in the use of time may be emphasized, even with little children. Every piece of work, no matter how small, should be well done, else time is being wasted.

"Many schools in the county have been successful in establishing a regular banking day when children's deposits are received and credited. The arrangement for this may be made through the local banks."

SAN MATEO COUNTY

It is understood that thrift embodies a thrift of time and energy, conservation of school supplies and equipment, "Studebaker—'Our Country's Call to Service'; Chamberlain—'Thrift and Conservation'; Franklin—'Autobiography.'

"Every year thousands of acres of

forests, millions of dollars of property and hundreds of human lives are destroyed by fire. Much of this loss is caused by carelessness and ignorance.

health work, and school savings, and these are taught in San Mateo County says Eleanor Freeman, supervisor of schools. It is the duty of each teacher to encourage the pupils and give them proper guidance. Children are taught the right use of time, and the importance of spending time profitably.

Practically all the schools have the advantages of a banking system. A representative of the bank calls at each school once a week to collect the savings of the pupils.

TRINITY COUNTY

In Trinity County schools there are exercises every Friday afternoon in all the grades, under the heading of "Thrift in the Schools." Miss Lucy M. Young, superintendent, sends a report of progress.

YUBA COUNTY

The teachers of Yuba County are ever alert and mindful of the imperative need of teaching the habits of thrift and conservation—thrift in the saving of time, health, energy, money. A beginning is made with the study of the beauties of nature—nature study—in order to instill in the pupils a love for the beautiful in nature, hoping thereby that appreciation will carry over into the desire for thrift and conservation, not only from the standpoint of duty, but from the standpoint of economic value as well.

Two projects were carried through the county last spring. The children gained much practical as well as informational value which should serve as a basis for the formation of habits in thrift and economy. These projects were: "Yuba County Wild Flower," and "Homemaking Project." There was, at the close of school last year, on deposit \$17,751.32, standing to the credit of 1,127 boys and girls of Yuba County schools.

This work is being carried on again this year with more detail and additional features. The school motto is, "Good Health, Good Attendance, Interest." Agnes Weber Meade, the superintendent, says: "The children are, more and more, measuring up to this motto."

The County Manual gives the following under the head of "Thrift":

"All through the school year lessons and talks on thrift should be developed and encouraged. Boys and girls should be encouraged to work, to earn, to save and to spend wisely."



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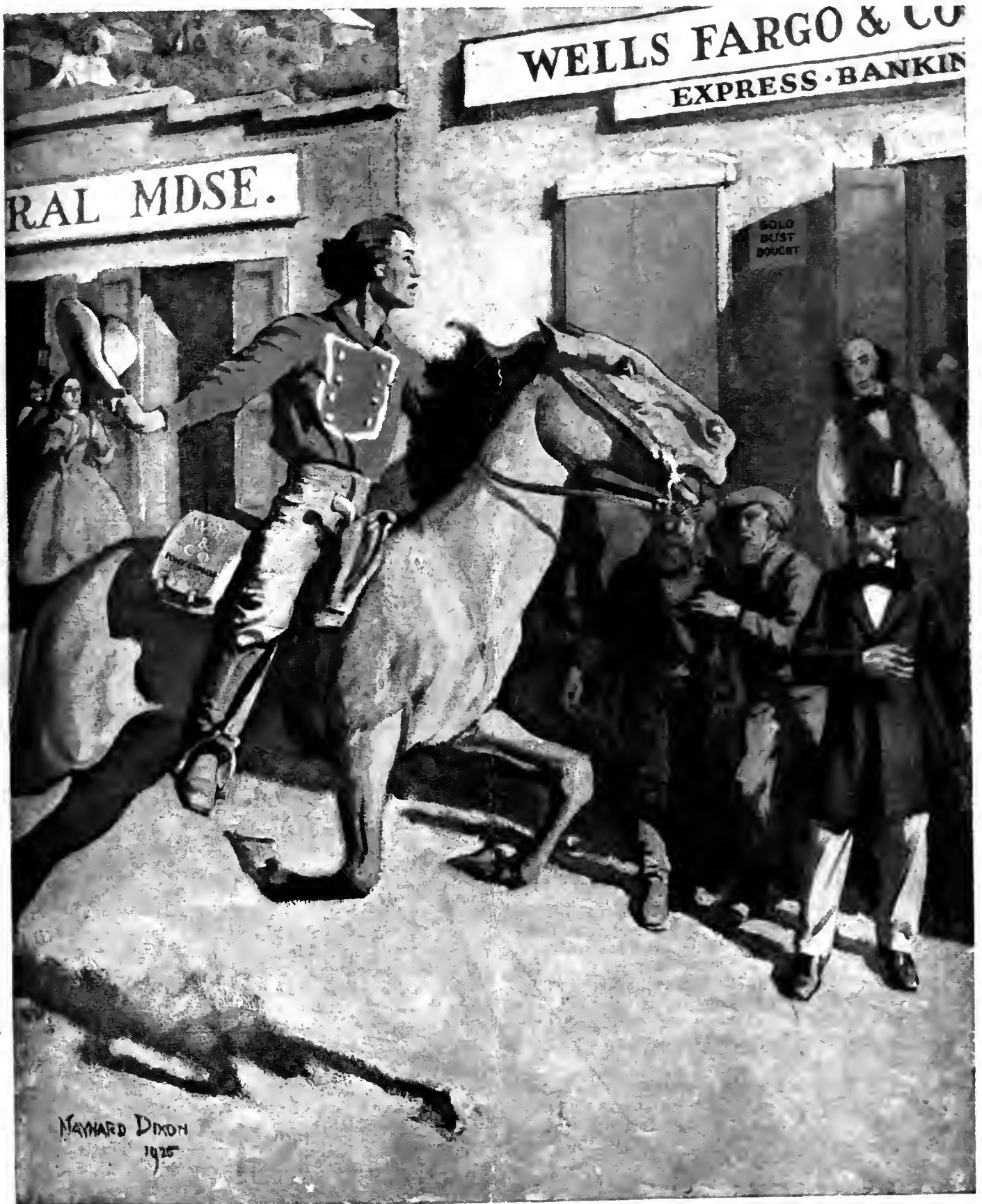
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JULY, 1928



SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

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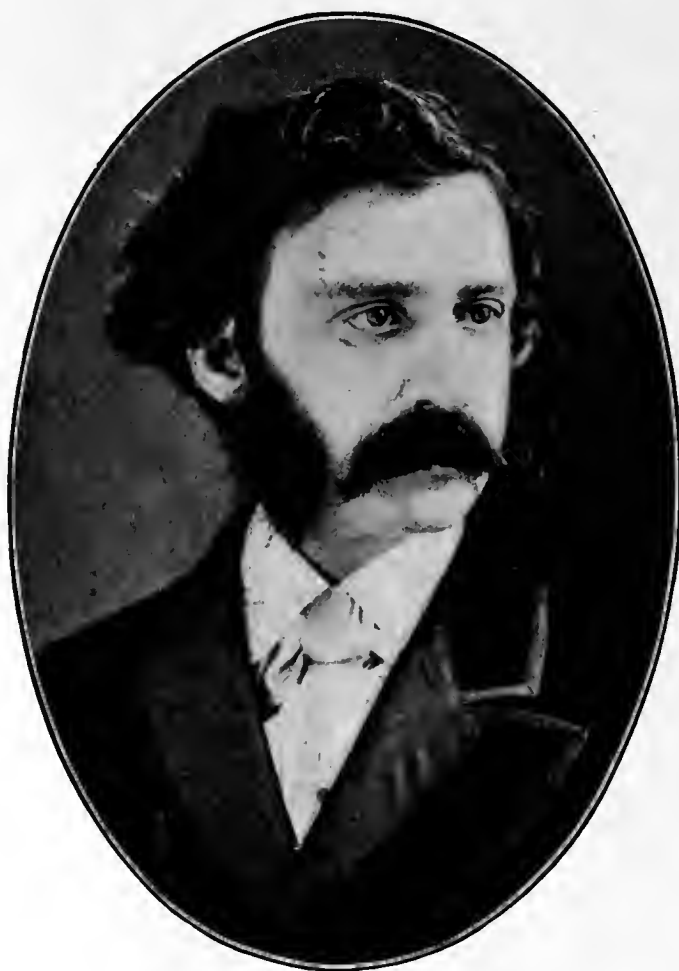
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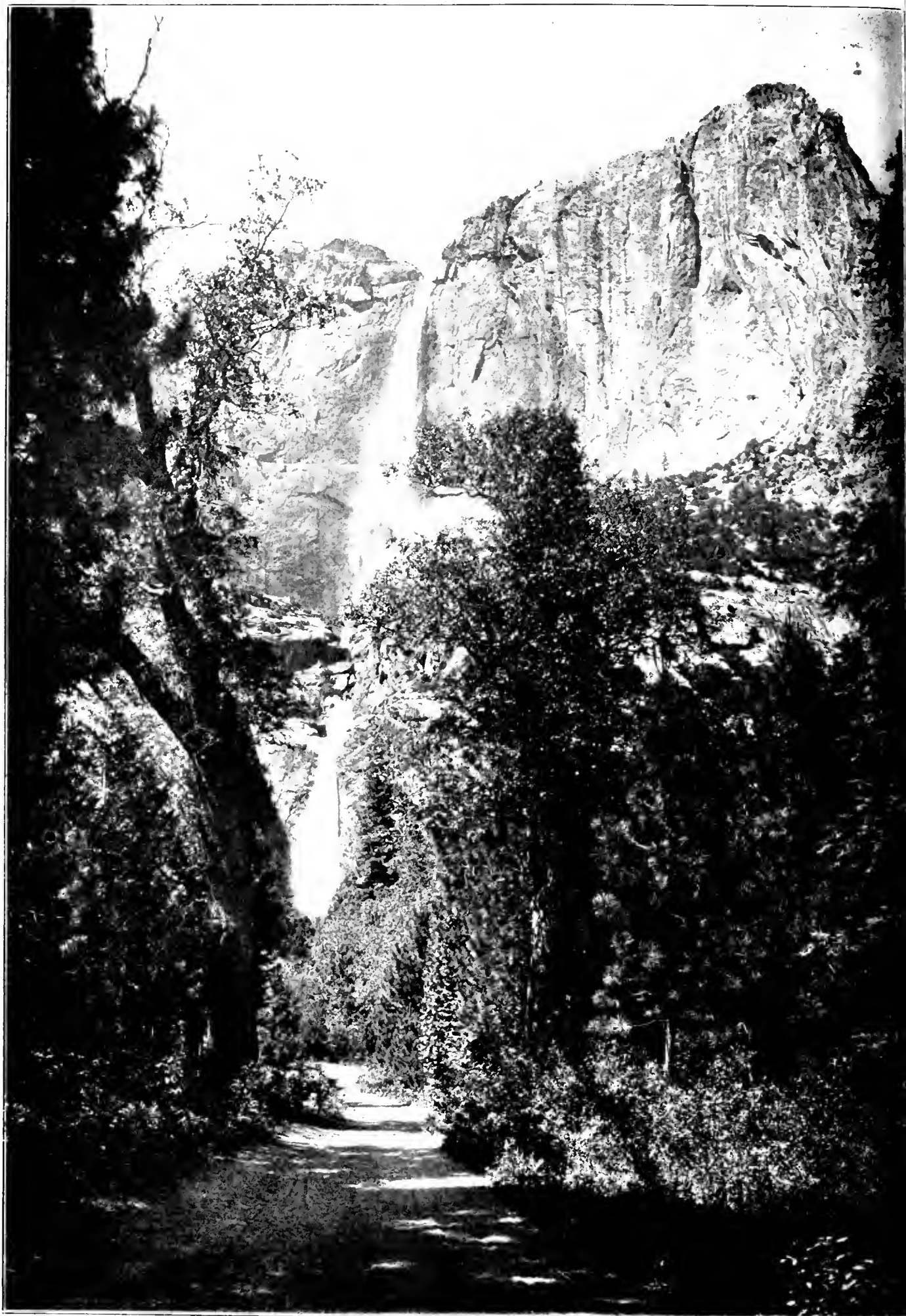
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Yosemite Falls—Yosemite National Park

JUL 2 1928

Founding of the Overland Monthly

By George Wharton James

WHEN Anton Roman, who had had some little experience in both selling and publishing, decided to publish a magazine of California, devoted to the development of the country, he and his friends almost unconsciously turned to one man as the literary guide or pilot of the new literary ship. This man was Francis Bret Harte, who later set the example so many literary men and others have followed, by dropping one of his triple names and becoming henceforth merely Bret Harte, as he is almost universally known. Harte had already launched into a literary career. He had written for the Californian, a magazine that C. I. Webb had started some years before; and he had edited a small volume of poems under the title, "Outcroppings," which Roman had successfully published two years before. But he was diffident as to the success of a magazine. He questioned whether there were enough first-class writers on the Pacific Coast to assure the constant supply of such material as alone would be acceptable to him. For he was fastidious and critical to a degree. Without any large academic education, he was yet as rigid in his literary ideals as a puritanic old maid is in her morals. Roman, however, was confident. In his book selling and publishing endeavors he was constantly having manuscripts submitted to him that he regarded as worthy of a place in such a magazine as he contemplated, and he persisted in urging Harte to assume the editorial responsibility. Harte then consulted with his literary friends, those in whose work and word he had absolute faith. Several of them definitely guaranteed that, if necessary, they would write regularly for the new venture.

At Harte's request, two of them consented to act as a kind of editorial board with himself. These were Noah Brooks, then editor of the Alta California, and W. C. Bartlett, editor of the Bulletin. They did advise with him about the first number, but both gentlemen had discernment enough to see, after that first issue, that their work was purely supererogation, and they henceforth left Harte to his own devices. There were two of his friends, however, who were nearer to him than any others. These were Charles Warren Stoddard, whom he affectionately spoke to and of, always, as Charley, and Miss Ina Donna Coolbrith. These three made such a compact of mutual helpfulness that Harte's objections were overruled, his

questionings satisfied, and the new magazine was launched. Harte himself suggested the accepted title—The Overland Monthly—and wrote in the first issue a most interesting little editorial telling the why of the name. He also suggested the cover, "the grizzly bear," which is always associated in the minds of "old-timers" with the Overland Monthly. As a practical printer, he also determined the typographical appearance, or format, of the Overland Monthly. He was to be absolutely free in his editorial choice of material, though Roman has since confessed that he was afraid "that he would be likely to lean too much toward the purely literary articles, while what I was then aiming at was a magazine that would

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, who wrote this account for our June, 1923, number, knew much of the early history of the OVERLAND. His acquaintance with many contributors gives a personal touch. At the time of his death, Dr. James was preparing an article for this magazine.

help the material development of this coast."

For three months before the magazine appeared, Mr. Roman planned to have Mr. Harte with him all the time, in order that they might constantly discuss plans and stories that would help the new magazine to succeed. "Together with our wives," he writes, "we went, first to San Jose; then, after a month or so, to a pleasant retreat in the Santa Cruz mountains, thence to Santa Cruz . . . I have no recollection in detail of the many pleasant interviews we had together at our leisure moments, and during our excursions in stage coaches across the beautiful wooded mountain roads. They were three months of delightful pleasure to me, and never can I forget his charming companionship."

July, 1868, was the memorable month. Though Harte expected to write a story for the first issue, he was unable to complete it. One of his associates, Noah Brooks, wrote his promised story, "The Diamond Maker of Sacramento," and it was published, and Miss Coolbrith

contributed one of her sweetest poems. W. C. Bartlett, the other editorial associate, contributed his "Breeze From the Woods," a vivid and glowing out-of-doors Western sketch, as strong in its descriptions, as fascinating in its style, as powerful in its philosophy, as quaint and subtle in its humor, as skilled in its observations, as anything that either Gilbert White, Henry D. Thoreau or John Burroughs ever wrote. . . .

"At that time Mark Twain had made his celebrated trip on the steamer Quaker City . . . Mark's paper in the first number of our magazine, 'By Rail Through France,' was a disappointment to those who expected to find in it some of the broad and rippling humor that had so distinguished his 'Quaker City' letters. His subsequent contributions were chiefly reminiscent of foreign travel, but one of these, 'A Medieval Romance,' printed in October, 1868, was sufficiently full of rollicking and extravagant fun to satisfy the most exacting of laughers.

"Ina D. Coolbrith sent to this famous first number one of her subjective, thoughtful poems, 'Longing,' a good example of the poetic fancy with which she afterward embroidered many a page of the Overland Monthly. The best poem in that number was a clever bit of verse, 'Returned,' by Bret Harte. It was composed on the lines of 'Her Letter,' a poem which Harte has since included in his selected writings, but which was, like so many of his good things, hidden away in the fine print of his 'Etc.' It was Harte's modesty that induced him to seclude many of his best minor poems in his 'Etc.' to Jefferson Brick, in his magazine for December, 1869. But that did not fool anybody. For 'Poverty Flat' was Harte's own creation, and none but he could have so deftly turned the lines:

And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee.

"Another delightful piece of versification was Bret Harte's 'San Francisco From the Sea.' Harte had promised a short story for this number, and when he failed to make that ready, with some confusion of countenance he said, 'Well, I have a bit of verse that will have to take its place.' The lines beginning, 'Serene, indifferent of fate,' added to the fame of the versatile poet and story-writer.

"From the first emphasis was laid on the proposition that the Overland

Monthly was devoted to the development of the country in which it was printed, and Harte was always anxious to give the magazine that 'local color' of which we had heard so much in literature and had seen so little. His own stories and poems were full of that color; in fact, they had no other atmosphere than that of California.

"He was disappointed that in the first number of the Overland Monthly he was obliged to use so many articles that were distinctly alien to our soil. The defect was duly remedied as the enterprise grew and steadied itself . . ."

The second number of the Overland Monthly, however, was the most memorable one. While the first issue made a decided impression, both at home and in the East, it was the second number that compelled the Eastern critics to recognize and openly acknowledge that a new star had arisen in the literary heavens. Yet, strange and fatuous as it may seem, it was the second number, or Harte's story in it, which undoubtedly made his success as well as that of the magazine that came near wrecking it in California. The story has often been told, but it is worth telling again, as it will be many times. In their San Jose and Santa Cruz mountain rambles, Roman had used his best efforts "to impress upon his mind that the field of story writing of the early California gold diggers and their mining camps was yet comparatively new ground, and almost entirely open on all sides for him." He had also secured for Mr. Harte "whatever was within my reach in the way of sketches, tales and incidents in print and picture form, showing the life of the miners in the gold diggings during the early pioneer days of California." Harte had absorbed this material to good effect, and the result was his story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp." The proof sheets came to Roman while he and Harte were at their hotel in Santa Cruz. "One copy I gave to him, and took the other to my own room, where I asked my wife to read it aloud to me. She did so, but the story so affected her that she could not finish reading it aloud. Then I took it and finished reading it. We were both pleased with it, and I so expressed myself to Mr. Harte."

But the story in proof sheet had caused no such pleasure in Mr. Bacon's printing office in town, where the Overland Monthly was printed. In Noah Brooks' words: "A vestal virgin . . . declined to have any hand in the proof reading or publication of a story in which one of the characters was a soiled dove, and another of the dramatis personæ remarked: 'He rasted with my finger, the d—n little cuss!'" This

vestal virgin is said to have been the lady who afterward became known as Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. She openly avowed her disapproval of the story, prophesied the immediate downfall of the magazine if the editor persisted in publishing it, and when he did persist, personally made it her business to see that, as far as possible, her prophecy came true. Harte's attitude may be understood by his later references to the prurient prudes who "frantically excommunicated my story and anathematized it as the offspring of evil." Yet in the editorial sanctum, where his friends, with Mr. Roman, assembled at Harte's request, he treated it in a most serious manner. He said in effect: "As Harte, the author, I see no objection whatever to that story, nor do I as Harte the editor. As Harte, the author, I care nothing, however, whether the story goes in or not, but as Harte, the editor, I care everything. If that story is not fit to

BRET HARTE IN HIS FATHER'S LIBRARY

*In fadeless colors Harte portrayed
Far Western scenes. Did he
Find in his father's ancient books
That rare Greek artistry?*

LAURA BELL EVERETT.

appear in the Overland Monthly, that fact demonstrates that I am not fit to be the editor of the Overland Monthly, for if I cannot decide upon the propriety of my own contributions, I cannot be relied upon to decide upon the propriety and availability of those of others that may be submitted to me. Therefore, while as Harte the author I am perfectly willing that the story be left out, as Harte the editor I say emphatically it must either go in or I immediately resign my position."

Needless to say, proprietor, associate editors and friends were unanimous in saying that the story must go in. It did so. When the August number appeared, the vestal virgin's fine work also soon appeared, for whatever else one may say of her, none can question Mrs. Cooper's indefatigability and energy. The press, pulpit and lecture forum abounded in denunciation of the immoral story, its author and the magazine in which it appeared. A perfect tempest in a teapot raged for days. Harte grimly smiled and waited. I don't know whether he had read John Burroughs' "Serene, I fold my hands and wait," and I would not like to say he was serene, but he did wait. He knew that there was a larger and wiser audience in the East, whose voice, if in his favor, would soon quiet

any clamor in California. When the reviews in Eastern magazines and papers began to appear, the grimness of his smile was lost—it became a broad smile. The flattering comments were unanimous and enough to turn any one's head. From that moment his fame was made, and the fact that in one of the earliest mails there came a letter from the publishers of the prim, staid, puritanic, critical New England literary mentor, the Atlantic Monthly, offering Harte a salary that in those days was accounted a fortune for a story a month, similar to "The Luck of Roaring Camp," forever silenced all but the most persistently prurient of prurient prudes who had so foolishly condemned it. Today, fathers buy it for their young sons, mothers give it to their daughters, and all alike enjoy its wonderful characterizations—its felicitous descriptions and its quaint and subtle humor, while all weep at its human sentiment and strong pathos. Here was a new field for story writing, and a new note in literature. While the power of Edgar Allen Poe was still felt, and rightly, too, here was a decided departure from his wild and weird, his blood-curdling and hair-raising stories. A new master, with a new medium and a new style, was sending forth new canvasses for the world's delectation. For Bret Harte was essentially a stylist. Not only did he give new matter, new literary material, to the reading world, but he gave it in a new style . . .

I have never had the slightest sympathy with those morbid and thin-skinned Californians who have felt "hurt" and "grieved" and "angered" and all the rest at Bret Harte's leaving California and at his mining camp pictures, claiming that they reviled the miners and threw discredit upon them. Bosh! As well condemn Dickens for the pictures he gives of the life of his characters — or Thackeray or George Eliot, or Zola. What Harte wrote in 1869 ought to have settled that question forever. Indeed, it never ought to have been raised. "I trust that in the following sketches I have abstained from any positive moral. I might have painted my villains of the blackest dye—so black, indeed, that the originals thereof would have contemplated them with the glow of comparative virtue. I might have made it impossible for them to have performed a virtuous or generous action, and have thus avoided that moral confusion which is apt to arise in the contemplation of mixed motives and qualities. But I should have burdened myself with the responsibility of their creation, which, as a humble writer of romance, and entitled to no particular reverence, I did not care to do."

The Luck of Roaring Camp

Written For First Issue of Overland Monthly

By Francis Bret Harte

THERE was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but Tuttle's grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp: "Cherokee Sal."

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity when she most needed the ministrations of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom—hard enough to bear even in the seclusion and sexual sympathy with which custom veils it—but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in the original isolation, which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive sympathy and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was "rough on Sal," and in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed from the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return, but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

"You go in there, Stumpy," said a prominent citizen known as "Kentuck," addressing one of the loungers. "Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things."

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had

been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal formality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp—a city of refuge—was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed on the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay—seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that "Sal would get through with it," even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp querulous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to

crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen, too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. "Can he live now?" was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, which had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. "Gentlemen," said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex-officio* complacency—"Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy." The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible—criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman: "Is that him?" "Mighty small specimen; 'hasn't mor'n got the color;" "ain't bigger nor a derringer." The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco-box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silvermounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief from Oakhurst, the gamb-

ler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he "saw that pin and went two diamonds better"); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about \$200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left—a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. "The d—d little cuss!" he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. "He rastled with my finger," he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, "The d—d little cuss!"

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the newcomer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed he walked down to the river and whistled, reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps and again passed the cabin. Halfway down to the river's

bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. "How goes it?" said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. "All serene," replied Stumpy, "Anything up?" "Nothing." There was a pause—an embarrassing one—Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. "Rastled with it—the d—d little cuss," he said and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such

lucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. "Besides," said Tom Ryder, "them fellows at Red Dog would swap it and ring in somebody else on us." A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that "they didn't want any more of the other kind." This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety—the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned he averred stoutly that he and "Jinny," the mammal before alluded to—could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. "Mind," said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the express-man's hand, "The best that can be got—lace, you know, and filigree work and frills—d—m the cost!"

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him,

THE WANDERER

By W. H. ANDERSON

(Reprinted from Jonathan Club Jinks paper of 1907. Privately circulated.)

HE SWUNG into our sanctum late one night;
Sweet sleep had wooed us for a moment's rest;
Dim flickered in its socket our one light;

His long, lank finger tapped our manly breast;
"Pardner," he said, "I mayn't be very smart,
I ain't much good, but onct I knew Bret Harte!"

Thus rudely snatched from out the land of dreams,
Confronted by a stranger, tall and slim,
On whom the years and care had left their seams,
I listened, still half sleeping, unto him:
"I ain't no swell guy from an Eastern mart;
But jest a printer tramp who knew Bret Harte."

He might have been that same Bret's onery Jim
Or Dow of Dow's flat on his uppers—broke,
Or many another wrought to fame by him
Of whom this wandering homeless stranger spoke:
"Say, Colonel, can't we licker 'fore we part?
You don't quite seem to catch—I knew Bret Harte."

Oh, replica of many a visit had
From some such wanderer of our vanished West!—
A vagabondia, yet not wholly bad;
For they still waken memories of our best.
From out the golden days they seem to start,
With magic open sesame—Bret Harte!

rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprang up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that they should send the child to Red Dog—a distance of forty miles—where female attention could be procured. But the un-

vigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills—that air pungent with balsamic odor; that ethereal cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. "Me and that ass," he would say, "has been father and mother to him! Don't you," he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him,

"never go back on us."

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as "the Kid," "Stumpy's boy," "the Cayote"—(an allusion to his vocal powers)—and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of "the d—d little cuss." But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought "the luck" to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. "Luck" was the named agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. "It's better," said the philosophical Oakhurst, "to take a fresh deal all around. Call him Luck, and start him fair." A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one "Boston," a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. "It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys," said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, "but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't going to understand. And ef there's going to be any godfathers round, I'll like to see who's got any better rights than me." A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. "But," said Stumpy quickly, following up his advantage, "we're here for a christening, and we'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California—so help me God." It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered aught but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived, but strangely enough, nobody saw it and nobody laughed. "Tommy" was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried

and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to "Tommy Luck"—or "The Luck," as he was more frequently called—first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and white-washed. Then it was boarded, clothed and papered. The rosewood cradle—packed eighty miles by mule—had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, "sorter killed the rest of the furniture." So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see "how The Luck got on" seemed to appreciate the change, and in self-defence, the rival establishment of "Tuttle's grocery" bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding "The Luck." It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck—who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay—to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. "Tommy," who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its infelicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked in Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as "D—n the luck!" and "Curse the luck!" was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquillizing quality, and one song, sung by "Man-O'-War Jack," an English sailor, from her Majesty's Australian Colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of "the Arethusa, Seventy-four," in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, "On bo-o-o-ard of the Arethusa." It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a

ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song—it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end—the lullaby generally had the desired effect. As such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. "This ere kind o' thing," said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, "is evingly." It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azalias, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for "The Luck." It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that "would do for Tommy." Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be securely happy—albeit there was an infantine gravity about him—a contemplative light in his round grey eyes that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was always tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his "corral"—a hedge of tessallated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. "I crep up the bank just now," said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, "and dern my skin if he wasn't a talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything

(Continued on Page 234)

The Overland Bear

How the Grizzly came to be a familiar feature upon the cover and masthead of the Overland Monthly



The following letter under date of February 4, 1926, will be of great interest to Overland readers. The letter follows:

"My Dear OVERLAND: Possibly the history of the original vignette for the cover of the OVERLAND may not be known to your readers of later generations. I am therefore taking the liberty of calling your attention to a paragraph, that greatly interested me, in a letter from Mark Twain to Thomas Bailey Aldrich, of which the following is an extract (see *Mark Twain's Letters*, Vol. 1, page 182):

... "Do you know the prettiest fancy and the neatest that ever shot through Harte's brain? It was this: When they were trying to decide upon a vignette for the cover of the OVERLAND, a grizzly bear (of the arms of the State of California) was chosen. Nahl Bras carved him and the page was printed, with him in it, looking thus: (rude sketch of a grizzly bear).

"As a bear he was a success—he was a good bear. But then it was objected that he was an objectless bear—a bear that meant nothing in

particular, signified nothing; simply stood there snarling over his shoulder at nothing—and was painfully and manifestly a boorish and ill-natured intruder upon the fair page. All hands said that—none were satisfied. They hated badly to give him up, and yet they hated as much to have him there when there was no point to him. But presently Harte took a pencil and drew these two simple lines under his feet, and behold! he was a magnificent success!—the ancient symbol of California savagery snarling at the approaching type of high and progressive civilization, the first Overland locomotive! (sketch of a small section of railway track.) I just think that was nothing less than inspiration itself. . . . —(Signed) Saml. L. Clemens."

(Note by Albert Bigelow Paine: "The two 'simple lines,' of course, were the train rails under the bear's feet, and completed the striking cover design of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.")

"As a former contributor to the OVERLAND, please pardon what might otherwise appear officious.

"Yours sincerely,
"SARAH R. HEATH."



The Lure of Gold

*A Story of the Greatest Gold Rush in the Annals of History
by the Argonauts of '49: California Still a Leader
in Production of the Precious Metal*

By James Franklin Chamberlain

IT WAS apparently a matter of little moment when, on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1848, James Marshall discovered flakes of the yellow metal in the mill-race in the American River. Yet the cry which heralded this discovery was heard in every part of the United States and in many lands beyond the seas. Such was the magic of that cry that thousands turned their faces toward the setting sun, willing to endure toil, privation and danger for the sake of precious gold.

For how long previous to this date gold had been obtained from the sands in the southern part of the state, no one knows. Some historians believe that it was known throughout the days of the Spanish occupation. That gold was washed in the vicinity of San Fernando, near Los Angeles, as early as 1842, is certain, but the amounts secured were so small as to attract little attention. When, however, it became known that a man with a pick, a shovel and a pan, or without implements of any kind, could gather a harvest of gold from the river channels, the excitement was intense.

The farmer left his crops and his cattle. The carpenter threw down his tools at the unfinished house. The clerk forsook the store. The lawyer abandoned his practice. Vessels floated idly at anchor because their crews had deserted. Empty cabins and almost depopulated towns in the central part of the state told of man's feverish response to the lure of gold. In the latter part of June, 1848, Governor Mason, of California, who was making a tour of the diggings, found that practically all the men had left San Francisco for the mines.

It is difficult to realize that in 1848 there was neither telephone nor automobile in the United States and that neither telegraph nor railroad had yet reached the Pacific Coast. Indeed, there was no overland mail service and the Pony Express was not established until 1860. Months rather than minutes

pasturage along the route, individuals and companies made their way to Independence or some other Missouri River point. There "trains" of prairie schooners were organized, each under the leadership of a captain. Slowly they traversed the prairies and the plains. Wearily they climbed the Rocky Mountains. With suffering and loss of life they toiled over the desert and up the Sierras. Thankfully the survivors looked down the seaward slope to the El Dorado of their dreams.

The loss of property and life was great. After crossing the Missouri River there were no towns from which supplies could be secured. The animals often lacked food and sometimes both humans and animals suffered because of lack of water. These conditions made it necessary for the Argonauts to leave behind them as they journeyed, day by day, many of their possessions. James Abbey, a forty-niner, in writing of what

he saw west of the Humboldt Sink, says: "Vast amounts of valuable property have been abandoned and thrown away in the desert—leather trunks, clothing, wagons, etc., to the value of at least \$100,000 in about twenty miles. I have counted in the last ten miles 362 wagons, which in the states cost about \$120 each."

Large numbers of persons made the overland trip in 1849. Many others went by way of the Isthmus of Panama and others took the much longer journey around Cape Horn. As it was practically impossible to cross the mountains during the winter, the number who traveled by water was at that season very great. According to Howe,* more than 4,000 persons left Massachusetts by ship for California in 1849. One of these



Traveling Overland to the California Gold Fields of '49

were therefore required for the news of the gold discovery to reach the Atlantic seaboard.

In March the California Star, a San Francisco paper, gave an account of the discovery of gold. Letters telling of it began to reach the Atlantic Coast in June of that year, and on September 16 appeared the first notice in a New York City newspaper. More substantial evidence in the form of a box of gold was received in Washington in November, and on December 5, President Polk, who had received a communication from Governor Mason, took up the matter in his message to Congress.

All was now excitement. The movement by water began at once, but land travel was delayed until the spring of 1849. As soon as stock could obtain



Crossing the Sierras in Winter

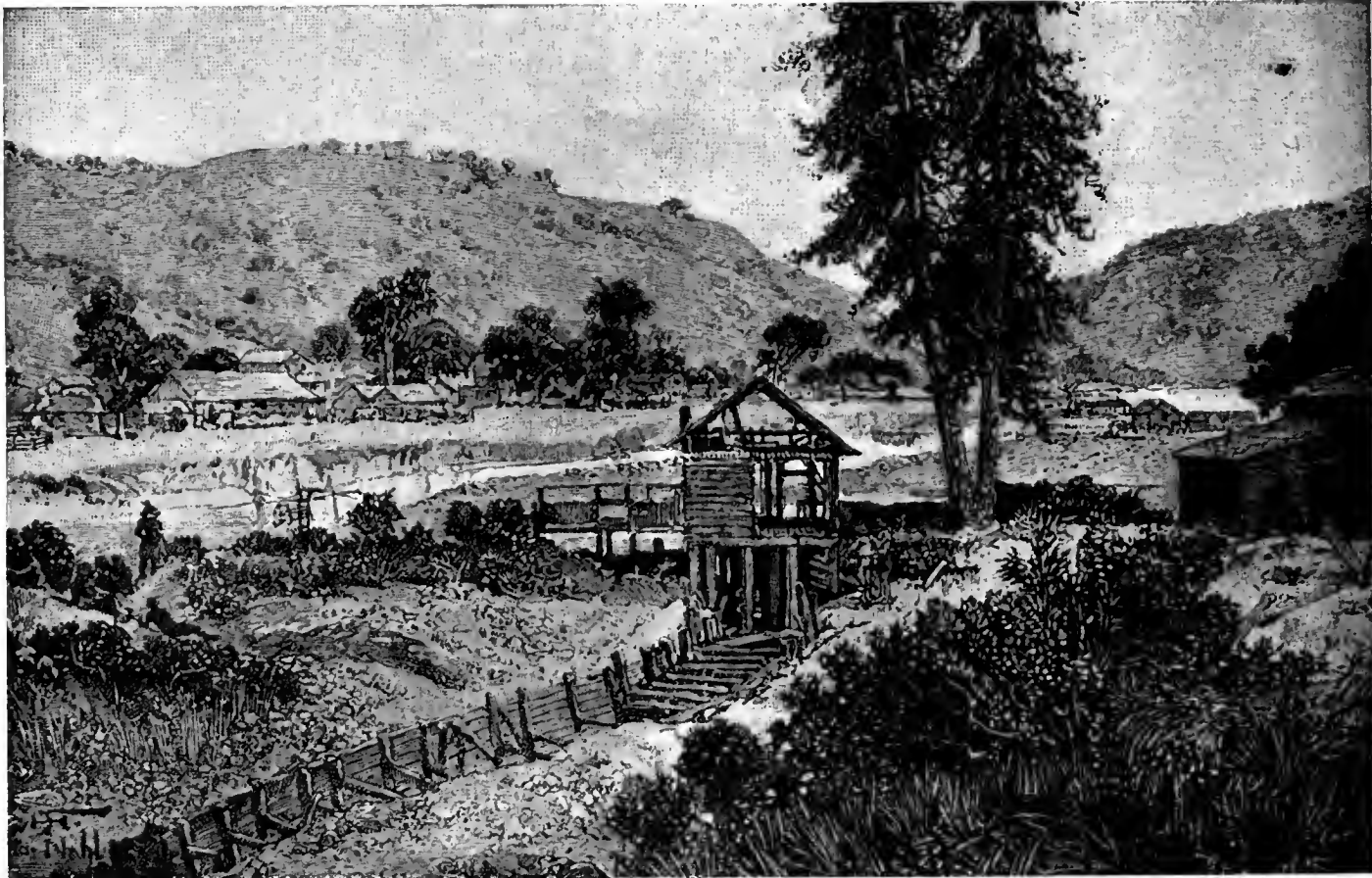
ships, the "Acadian," was 267 days in making the voyage. Another was 248 days and several others were more than 200 days.

No other movement of population comparable to this has ever taken place in the United States and few in the his-

tory of the world. In 1849, fully 42,000 persons made the trip by land and 35,000 by sea. When, in 1848, Mexico ceded California to the United States, the estimated white population in the newly acquired territory was 12,000. In 1850 it had grown to 92,597.

The movement of this vast company created an unprecedented demand for supplies of various kinds. Mills were taxed to supply the necessary blankets. Great quantities of clothing and boots were required. Tents and cooking utensils were needed. Factories were crowded to provide knives, pistols, rifles, firearms of all kinds and ammunition. Wagons and harnesses were needed by those who made the overland trip and all required food of a character that could be most easily transported and that would not spoil.

The gold seekers journeyed from all parts of our country and from foreign lands as well. The urge back of this migration was tremendous. That fortunes could be secured by all at the mere expense of physical labor was generally believed. Indeed, for a time, this was literally true. It is reported that two men took out \$17,000 worth of gold in seven days. A soldier cleaned up \$1,500 in ten days. One man in three weeks earned \$2,000. Another secured two pounds of gold in fifteen minutes. The editor of the *Californian*, who was making a tour of some of the diggings, used a pick, shovel and pan to such advantage that his average earnings were \$100 per day. To earn



Gold was first discovered at Sutter's Mill on the south fork of the American River at Coloma on January 24, 1848 by James H. Marshall

from \$10 to \$50 daily attracted no particular attention.

On the other hand, large expense attached to the journey to California and to living after reaching the land of gold. Some paid as high as \$1,000 for passage from Panama to San Francisco. Room rent was, in some cases, \$100 per month. On page 156 Howe gives a menu of the El Dorado Hotel in Hangtown, from which the following is taken: "Bean soup, \$1.00; roast beef, \$1.50; fried bacon, \$1.00; rice pudding, 75 cents."

At first the gold was washed from the sands and gravels of the streams or picked from the crevices of the rocks by means of knives or even the fingers. In 1852 hydraulic mining was commenced at American Hill, in Nevada County. Streams of water, under high pressure, were turned against the hill sides, cutting them down and covering the adjacent lowland with the wreckage. An uncle of the writer owned a farm which was buried beneath sand and gravel to such extent that it was never reclaimed. So destructive was this method that it was after a time restricted by law.

Usually the gold was obtained in the form of flakes and small nuggets, but occasionally a large nugget was found. In some cases these were worth thousands of dollars. A soldier, while drinking from the Mokelumne River, discovered a nugget that weighed more than twenty pounds. Governor Mason sent this to Washington. Hittell reports that at Carson Hill, in Calaveras County, in November, 1854, a nugget weighing 195 pounds and worth \$43,000 was found.

In time deep mining was resorted to and this method now yields approximately one-half of the total output of gold. In 1898 dredging for gold began. Up to the close of 1921, \$124,992,984 worth of gold had been secured through this process. The Feather, Yuba and American Rivers yield the largest amounts.

In the early days an unusually rich strike led to a stampede for the new diggings, resulting in the depopulating of some camps and the rapid growth of others. Some of the mining camps had most unusual names as witness: Poker Flat, Dutch Flat, Poverty Flat, Roaring Camp, You Bet, Red Dog, Murderer's Bar and Hangtown, now Placerville. Bret Harte has given us a vivid touch of life in the gold diggings in his "Luck of Roaring Camp." We can see the red-shirted miners seated or lying about the campfire after the feverish

work of the day. We hear their conversation, stories and laughter. We listen to their songs, some frivolous but others filled with pathos as they turn the thoughts of the men to home and loved ones.

The magnitude of the gold industry in California may be grasped by studying the following figures:

TABLE SHOWING YIELD OF GOLD PER YEAR, 1848 TO 1927, INCLUSIVE

Year	Value	Year	Value
1848..	\$ 245,301	1889..	\$11,212,913
1849..	10,151,360	1890..	12,309,793
1850..	41,237,106	1891..	12,728,869
1851..	75,938,232	1892..	12,571,900
1852..	81,294,700	1893..	12,422,811
1853..	67,613,487	1894..	13,923,281
1854..	69,433,931	1895..	15,334,317
1855..	51,485,395	1896..	17,181,562
1856..	57,509,411	1897..	15,871,401
1857..	43,628,170	1898..	15,906,478
1858..	46,591,140	1899..	15,336,031
1859..	45,846,599	1900..	15,863,355
1860..	44,095,163	1901..	16,989,044
1861..	41,884,995	1902..	16,910,320
1862..	38,854,668	1903..	16,471,264
1863..	23,501,736	1904..	19,109,600
1864..	24,071,423	1905..	19,197,043
1865..	17,930,858	1906..	18,732,452
1866..	17,123,867	1907..	16,727,928
1867..	18,265,452	1908..	18,761,559
1868..	17,555,867	1909..	20,237,870
1869..	18,229,044	1910..	19,715,440
1870..	17,477,885	1911..	19,738,908
1871..	17,477,885	1912..	19,713,478
1872..	15,482,194	1913..	20,406,958
1873..	15,019,210	1914..	20,653,496
1874..	17,264,836	1915..	22,442,296
1875..	16,876,009	1916..	21,410,741
1876..	15,610,723	1917..	20,087,504
1877..	16,501,268	1918..	16,529,162
1878..	18,839,141	1919..	16,695,955
1879..	19,626,654	1920..	14,311,043
1880..	20,030,761	1921..	15,704,822
1881..	19,223,155	1922..	14,670,346
1882..	17,146,416	1923..	13,379,013
1883..	24,316,873	1924..	13,150,175
1884..	13,600,000	1925..	13,065,330
1885..	12,661,044	1926..	11,923,481
1886..	14,716,506	1927..	11,710,000
1887..	13,588,614		
1888..	12,750,000		

Total, \$1,812,931,996.

It will be observed that the maximum output was reached in the year 1852 and the minimum in 1889. From 1865 to 1921, inclusive, the average annual production in round numbers was \$16,000,000. For the ten-year period ending with 1922, the average annual yield in round numbers was \$18,000,000. Although the value of the gold

produced during the decade closing with 1859 far exceeded that of any other ten-year period, California still ranks first among the states of the Union, including Alaska. In fact, California produced about 30 per cent of the gold produced in the United States. About one-half of the counties of the state are gold producers, but Yuba, Nevada, Amador, Sacramento, Calaveras and Sierra produce a large part of the total.

Gold is no longer the chief magnet that draws people to California, yet—"this branch of the mining industry will play an important part for many years to come, because, aside from partly developed mines which are known to contain immense ore reserves, it is a well-known fact that thousands of square miles of possible mineral-bearing land remain practically unexplored."‡

Although, as has been stated, a large quantity of gold has been obtained by dredging, much more probably remains to be won. As a result of the hydraulic mining of early days, immense quantities of silt were deposited in the streams. Only the richest of the gold was saved. In the beds of the Feather, Yuba and American Rivers much remains for the miner of today and the future. Most of the gold produced in Yuba County is obtained by dredging.

But for gold, California's story would be quite different than it is. No other equal area in the world has experienced such a growth in population in three years as did California from 1848 to 1850, inclusive. The rapid growth led to the early admission of the state into the Union and resulted in the building of the Union Pacific railroad sooner than it would otherwise have been built.

Although the Argonauts were for the most part men of good character, there were among the number many who were a menace to society. The temptations to commit crime were upon every hand and the restraining arm of the law had not yet been raised. To such an extent did crime spread in San Francisco, that the best citizens of the city, led by William T. Coleman, organized the Vigilantes in 1851. This company of 700 men took the law into their own hands and after hanging several of the worst criminals, a large number of others left. In 1856 this had to be repeated.

Although there are few remaining who participated in the early life of California, the memory of their deeds remains, and one of the most interesting chapters in California's history will always be that of "The days of old, the days of gold, the days of '49."

Out of the Press of the Past

By HARRY T. FEE

IHAD occasion, while in San Francisco recently, to visit the office of the Overland Monthly. I confess that it was with a feeling of pleasurable anticipation that I left the elevator and walked into the habitation of that magazine which was established in 1868 by Bret Harte. That magazine which has stood, the oldest and most consistent representative of California and California literature down the decades. That magazine which has withstood the onslaughts of time, and the vicissitudes of the years, maintaining the even tenor of its ways, along that road scattered with the wrecks of publications and periodicals and papers of the state. That magazine which has fostered California and California writers and artists, and wrought and preserved in its pages the romance, beauty, literature and the history of this Golden State.

It was the noon hour as I entered the office. The walls were lined with the bound volumes of the Overland. Sixty years of this magazine, which has stood the test of time. And as I gazed, the dust of the Calaveras hills seemed to cloud my sight.

"The Luck of Roaring Camp" unfolded in reality. I stood with the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" in the snow-clad Sierra. Colonel Starbottle strode haughtily across the floor and Bret Harte sat again at the editorial desk of that magazine which still bears on its title page his name, beside the golden bear of California.

The streets outside were rife with Christmas shoppers. The windows and the shops were bright with Christmas cheer. The roar of a great city was tumbling over the casement. But I saw the uncouth miners tramping the streets of pioneer San Francisco. I saw romance and adventure, shattered hopes and high resolve, stalking where the crowds and the honking horns and traffic cops held sway. I viewed with Bret

Harte the dreams of the past and I thought of George Sterling who sang:

*"The winds of the Future wait
At the iron walls of her gate,
And the western ocean breaks in thunder,
And the western stars go slowly under,
And her gaze is ever west—
In the dream of her young unrest.
Her sea is a voice that calls,
And her star a voice above,
And her wind a voice on her walls—
My cool gray city of love."*

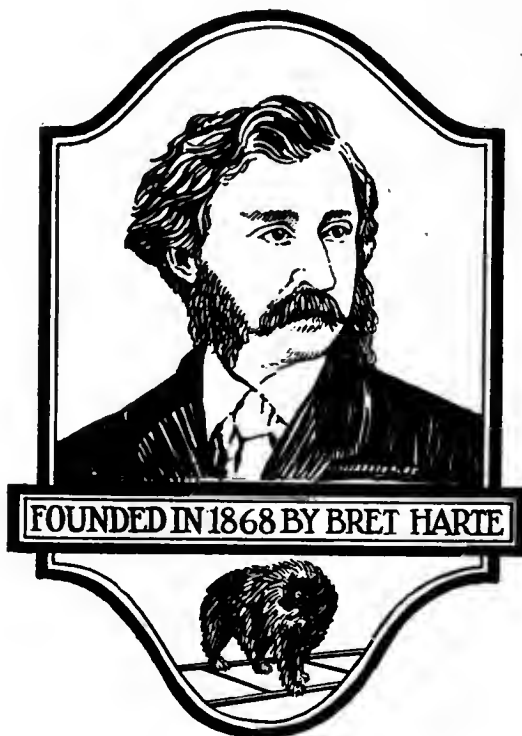
Out of the past their shadows flit across the vision of the present. Bret Harte and Mark Twain and Frank Norris and Joaquin Miller and Jack London and Ambrose Bierce and Charles Warren Stoddard and Prentice Mulford and Richard Realf. The seed which they have sown has blossomed through the pulsing years. The perfume of their thought has wafted to the ends of the earth, and brought a breath of California's adventurous mountains and smiling

valleys to the world. It is true the achievements of man in this great state are scattered on the pathway of the years. Its forests have been felled to make shelter and comfort of homes. Its streams have been harnessed to bring light and warmth therein. Its plains have flamed with the miracle of God, and out of its frontier dust doth rise great cities menacing the skies.

But over all this, progress and achievement. Above the smug materialism of money changers' row, as on a pedestal of time, stands the publisher, the editor, the reporter, the writer.

Stands in fact constructive and uplifting thought. Embalmed in type. Disseminated through the printed page. Moulding and building and leading the souls of this western commonwealth to courage and beauty and sanity and truth.

OVERLAND MONTHLY



On the Trails of '49

By W. W. Robinson

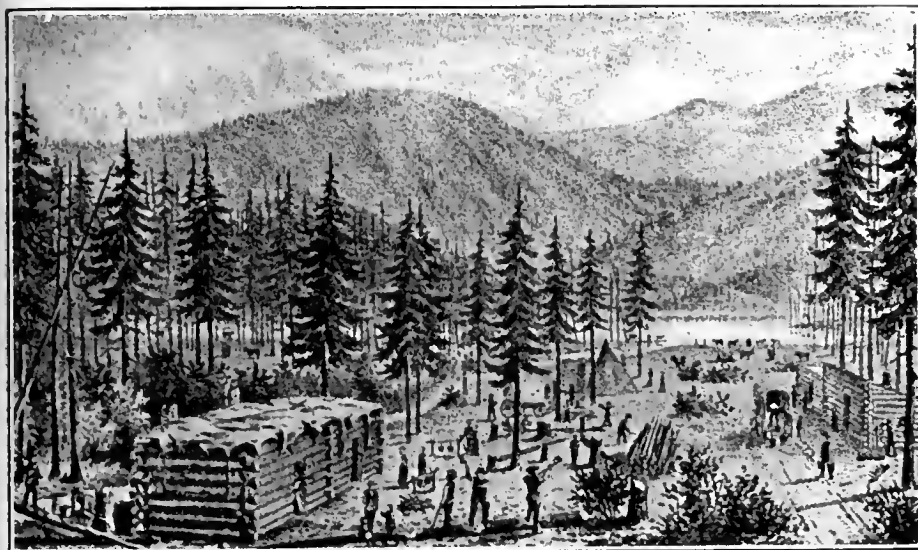
THE fascination of a wall map in a Sacramento coffee house decided me. I wanted that June morning to search out for myself the country that bore such names as Red Dog, You Bet, Rough and Ready, Dutch Flat, El Dorado and Gold Run.

place that has chosen to run up a hillside or several hillsides and lies on the western edge of the mineral zone 40 miles northeast of Sacramento. It is on the memorable road that takes one to

famous Orleans Hotel meeting the discerning eye. Ochre-colored and of stone, this building of the fifties has a very solid appearance, a balcony supported by narrow posts covering the sidewalk, and a bar-room-entertainer of countless thousands of California pioneers—that noses forward like the bar-rooms of most of the corner hostleries. Today the Orleans is a melancholy feed-store, and on benches near by sleepy Chinamen smoke, their faces as dried as old apricots.

But before leaving the wide highway for Coloma there are Grass Valley and Nevada City to be visited. I turned northwest through the red foothills that rise ever so easily as the fruit lands fall away to yield to pines and spruces, and found myself breathing "that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial at once bracing and exhilarating"—to quote Bret Harte whose sentiments preceded those of the Grass Valley Chamber of Commerce.

Grass Valley has the quaint and charming soul of a New England village painted by Childe Hassam. It is a little city that has grown up-dale and down-dale under its shimmering green, with streets and picket fences that follow the lines of least or no resistance. It runs almost entirely to clapboard structures with high, sloping roofs, and over many of the older sections there broods an air of dignified dilapidation. Huge cherry trees, with glowing red fruit, fine elms and towering rows of poplars cast the color and contour of their personalities,



The Donner Party at Donner Lake—1848

I wished to learn if the color and flourish of the old mining days still clung to the Sierra foothills.

I was to find out that these hill lands, with their red, undulant acres, their bristling bull pines and their fragrant air are strewn with the towns and relics and phrases of the Gold Rush of seventy-five years ago. A little play at adventuring in Placer, Nevada and El Dorado Counties gave me a rich yield. It reopened the gold mines of fancy that drew Bret Harte and Mark Twain and inspired thousands of young men to share in America's gaudiest and most melodramatic gesture. Although Bret Harte may be too sweet for the modern reader, some of his tales preserve the spirit of the Adventurous Fifties in a manner that is high and exhilarating like the Sierras themselves. A few days of motoring over the old stage routes, and the mountain sides and valleys become repeople with striding young miners, the towns roar a bit, with gold dust being exchanged for McCorckle's Whiskey that "kills at forty rods" and ghostly coaches careening through red clouds.

Auburn—that town of elm-shade and fine old white houses in the pear-peach-cherry section—is a good starting point for an early June adventure. It is a

Truckee by way of Colfax, Emigrant Gap and Donner Lake, and was one time the scene of rich placer diggings—so a scholarly filling-station man told me—gold having been found shortly after the Coloma discovery in the bland stream that still winds through Auburn. The "Old Town" comes upon you first, if you are from Sacramento, with the



A Stage Trip in the Early Days Offered Opportunities for Fatigue and Adventure

and there is a wild and added profusion of rose vines and purple sweetpeas. Rank green growth has overlooked no corner, not even the ancient Chinatown.

They informed me that gold was everywhere one time, even on the roots of grass thereabout, and that the town took its name from the high meadow in which it is for the most part situated. When Grass Valley citizens get through telling about the immensely rich mines that are being operated still, they find time to recall more interesting items. For example, there is the house where the gilded Lola Montez, dancing favorite of the miners, retired for a year or so with a strange retinue of pets and from whence she once issued to horsewhip the local editor. And oldtimers like to embroider upon the "Hungry Convention" that, to amuse itself, declared war upon San Francisco during the year the town was isolated to the starvation point by mountain floods and storms. I have it on the word of a fragile lady of 75, who has lived here with her Boston accent for a half century, that no one ever saw Bret Harte in Grass Valley. Be that as it may, there are several important institutions carrying this author's label: A hotel, a beauty parlor and a pantorium, to list three. When Bret Harte heard of good names, such as Red Dog and Rough and Ready in this section, he appropriated them and transferred them to his own imaginary county. Grass Valley takes the same license with Bret Harte.

A neighboring town, Nevada City, clings to the green valleys and steep sides of Deer Creek and rises perilously and picturesquely in three and four-story houses of weathered wood. A mining center like Grass Valley, it has preserved more of the older buildings. There is a spirit of sadness in the shabby structures of the fifties and sixties, these heavy brick or stone places with their huge iron doors, crossed with iron strips and adorned with large rings. One street I found deserted save for a small Chinese boy who was throwing fire-crackers at the bleak front of a long-since deceased saloon. A block away I went into a postcard store and talked with the gentle-voiced proprietor whose literary leanings began with his reporting days on a San Francisco newspaper in 1882 and continued when he moved shortly thereafter to Nevada City to get married. He showed me ancient photographs of mighty snow-storms and told me of the eminent women who came in the Gold Rush to Deer Creek Diggings, the name first given to Nevada City. The first one made a fortune by selling dried-apple pies at a dollar apiece and milk at a dollar a pint—Mrs.

Phelps' Pie House made its owner rich. The second woman opened a postoffice where she charged \$2.00 to get in, \$2.50 for a fake letter and finally \$2.50 for the real thing. Deer Creek yielded gold



James Marshall Monument at Coloma

by the pound daily at one time, and the man who worked with a cradle could afford pie, milk and letters.

Back at Auburn—one of whose citizens directed me the way to Coloma "where gold was discovered." "Just drop down off the back edge of the town," he told me, "where the first dirt road leads beyond the railroad bridge."

This time the purple pavement and the whine of its traffic were left behind, and in two more minutes I was driving down a steep and twisting descent to the Middle Fork of the American River. The approach to Auburn had been so gradual that I had forgotten that I was in the upland country. But this unexpected rear exit—as it were—this abrupt and complete withdrawal from sounds and habitations made me realize curiously that I was high in the land of curving mountain vistas and of upspringing Sierra hills. There was a swinging river bridge to cross before the start up the narrow way that once echoed to miners' cries and stage teams.

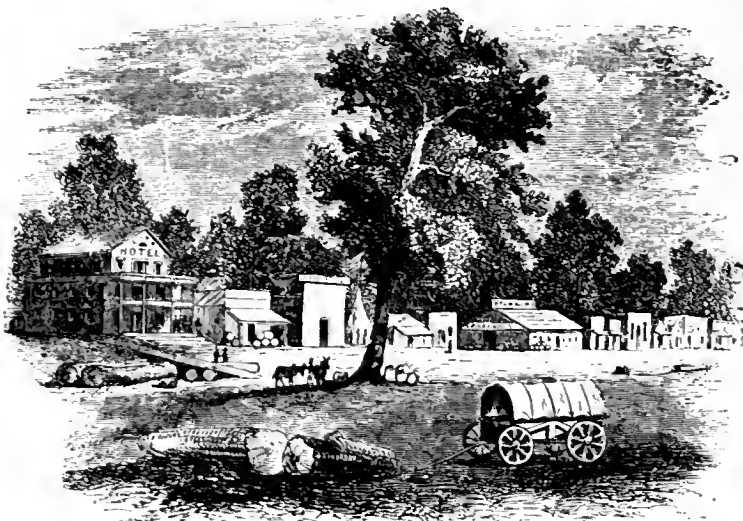
The road up was slow and abounding in short turns, drops into ravines, open glances of scrub-oak and brush, long views and languid landscapes that rose and fell in waves of warmth. The softness of the air beat about me to create a spell of delight and isolation.

At the summit a pause was made. Near by I noticed a stark ranch house with a clothes-line faring forth slightly under its load of woman's garments. I wondered if Robert Frost's lonely "Hill Wife" lived there and whether she would yield to the impulse to break a bough of black alder and run away to stay forever. I saw no one.

As I went farther along the ridge a sense of abandonment came over me even before the signs of ruined shacks. The stillness of the meadow-lands and the droning flame of early summer invaded my mood and somehow hinted of mountain people long since gone. I came upon an old frame building presently, a post office, and its name was "Cool."

A few miles more of upland pasture and farbounding scenes, and there loomed up before me a most amazing

(Continued on Page 264)



Front Street, Sacramento, in the Early Gold Rush Period

A Word Painting of Charles Fletcher Lummis

By Mona London

" . . . They flocked to see him wherever it was known he would be. When asked if their interest did not gratify him he replied that it meant nothing; they would crowd in the same way to stare if he were on his way to the scaffold." Thus wrote Sloane of Napoleon.

And the nonchalance of Charles F. Lummis seems to me to expel something of the same attitude to those who trek their way to his door—unless their hearts be known to him. And if they be so fortunate as to know him well, one can see a deep-seated yearning for love and understanding away from the cold things called words, away from the babble of timely praise, a yearning for sincerity and depth of soul, souls to feel with his soul that wonderful exalting realization of the beauty of friendship.

The foundation of all his success may be placed in a monument and on that monument may truthfully be written two words: "Sincerity and Friendship." Friendship is not definable in words with any greater fullness than are love, death or any of the intangible elements of creation. The complete definition is attained only in the performance of the friendship itself.

In 1878, ten years after the first issue of *Overland Monthly* appeared with Bret Harte as editor, Dr. Lummis, then a youth, "published a twelve-page booklet, 2½ x 3 inches, on real birch-bark, gathered, cut to size, split to filmy thinness, printed and stitched, all by himself." This booklet contained some of his boyish poems. In three years the booklet held a sale record of 14,000 copies, and on the returns of these he went through Harvard.

Through this booklet he gained the lifelong friendship of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and many others of those whose names will never die from anthologies. The British Museum honored the booklet with a little glass case all of its own.

All through the life of Dr. Lummis stands out the one great thing that has brillianced his success—Friendship.

In 1894 Dr. Lummis edited and published in Los Angeles a magazine originally known as "The Land of Sunshine" and later the "Out West." Because of such pressure of work upon him he was unable to give it his personal attention after some fifteen years, when, rather than have its personality harmed, he discontinued publication. Bound volumes of *Out West* are kept in the foremost

libraries of the world. A few years ago the patents to *Out West* were purchased by *Overland Monthly* and it was consolidated with the latter magazine.

Today two of the oldest and finest publications of the west are combined in one through whose columns is being carried out something of the great dreams of the founders of *Out West* and the *Overland Monthly*. Bret Harte has left an indelible stamp upon the land he loved so well. Dr. Lummis has no association with *Out West* as it is published in its consolidation.

But dear ever to the hearts of the readers are these two men. The one, Bret Harte, dreamed of the great future, economically and industrially. The other, Dr. Lummis, became a mighty factor in the Archaeological Institute of America, and was the founder of the Southwest Museum, to which he later donated a gift amounting to about \$200,000. This gift included his home, "El Alisal," with two and a half acres of land, and the fourteen-room castle he built with seventeen years of his own labor as mason, carpenter and handyman; reserving life tenancy for himself and his children. With this he deeded also his library and collection of Spanish Americana, gathered in more than forty years of research and exploration.

He was a life-long friend of Theodore Roosevelt and through his association he accomplished wonderful things for the Indians whom he loved with a love of labor. President Roosevelt said publicly of "Out West": "I always read it, no matter how busy; for I am tremendously in sympathy with so many of the things for which it works."

Dr. Lummis has been knighted by the King of Spain, and the Royal Academy of Spain elected him to membership years ago, for his historical research.

His books are authentic. As one critic wrote of him, "Perhaps no man of recent years has done more for the sacred cause of historical truth. . . ." In speaking of his "The Land of Poco Tiempo," Percival Pollard said: "Lummis has done for New Mexico what Lafcadio Hearn did for the West Indies and Japan . . . in a prose that is like a picture by Turner." His chapter on "The Apache Warrior" in the same book, has been quoted by military critics for a third of a century.

More than thirty-five years ago, he sounded the original call, "See America First."

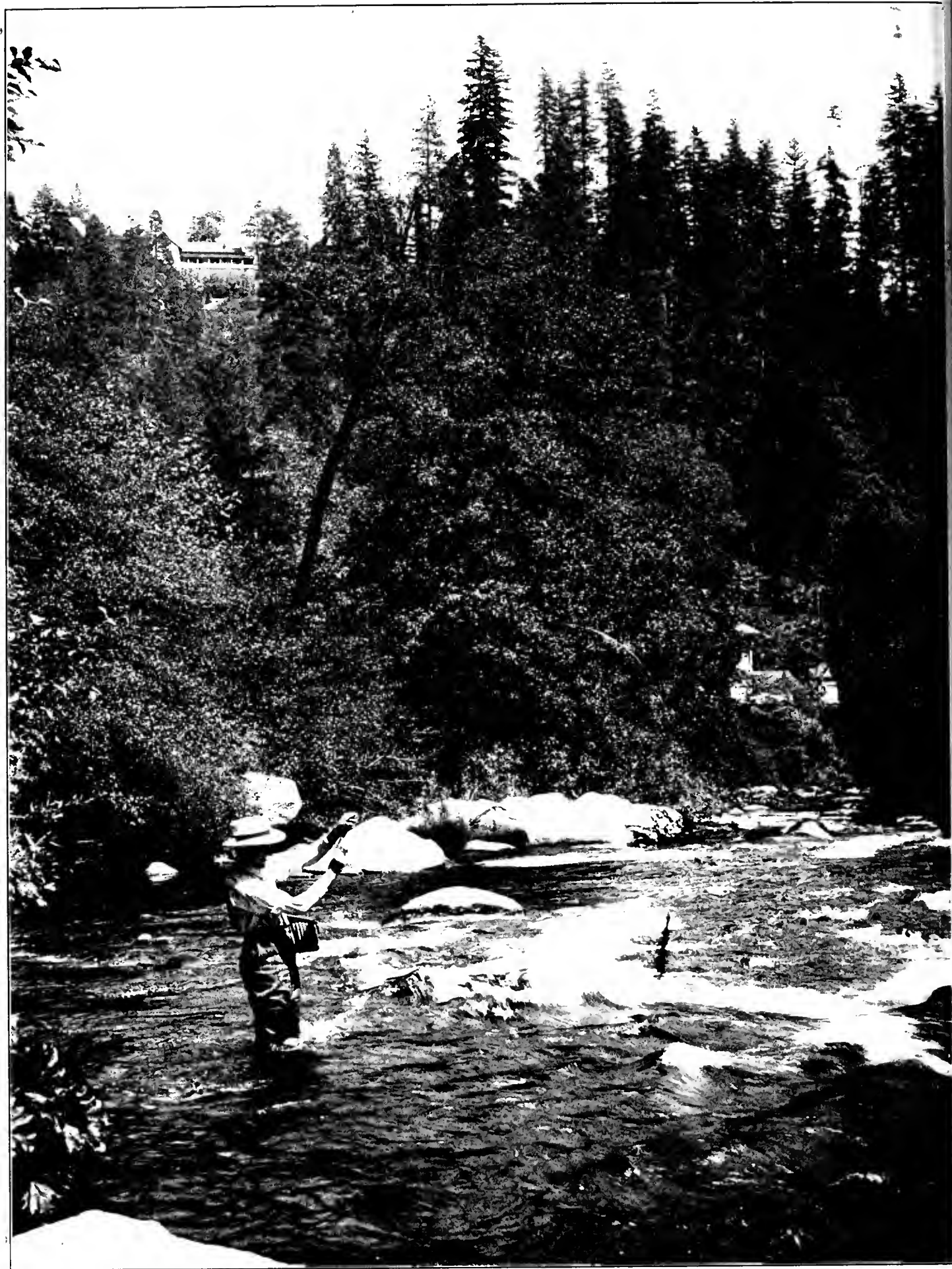
He has known physical handicaps that would weaken any lesser character. The Guatemala jungle fever, contracted in explorations at Quirigua, in 1911, left him totally blind for a year and a half. During none of this time was he idle, but says he "learned a lot." "In that time he carpentered much, lectured much, wrote more, conducted two scientific explorations and excavations in New Mexico, made some hundreds of tripod 5x8 glass negatives (many of great beauty) with his twelve-year-old son as eyes and guide."

And this after three and a half years of paralysis in his left arm, during which time he "went into deep study," sometimes camping with Mexican shepherds at 8,000 wintry feet above sea to learn their songs and understand the rhythm of their hearts.

Like all truly great men, he is not yet through working. He has a chart of further accomplishments laid before him and, let us pray God, he may have the joy of working for years to come. There is a beaten pathway to his door and those who tread that path and in leaving mark their steps, feel a great sense of appreciation in having met a man who without question has "accomplished."

Entering into the reception room of his home one feels the romantic breath of early California. Immediately one sees faces familiar to most of us only by picture. Muir and Burroughs, William Keith, Joaquin Miller and a host of others. And into the long spacious room adjoining are the faces of Indians and Mexicans who now are but memory to Dr. Lummis, but who were once his friends. Relics of the historic past cluster the walls. Romance—in the sense of history and in the spirit of human affection, adorns every corner and inch of the room.

It has been Dr. Lummis' "plighted troth" for nearly forty years to tell "the Story of Man" (his own phrase to cover and translate the 'ologies of the laboratory) "so clear and human that everyday humans feel its romance and its thrill—the reflection of their own childhood and enriched in the half-mysterious childhood of the race; yet with an almost fanatic devotion to scientific accuracy." In his words "to humanize Science as it applies to the study of Man, without denaturing Science in the process."



A Fisherman's Paradise—One of Many Such Streams in the Sierras

Collector's Trifles

*Being an Account of Pleasant and Delectable Adventures Among
Margins and Fly-Leaves*

By Paul Jordan-Smith

THE actual discovery of a valued book is not by any means the sole pleasure of browsing in the stalls. To be sure that is the object of the scholar, and of such as confine their seeking to those varnished shops where smart late-comers stand stiff upon the shelves. But the mellow bookmen, who begrime their fingers in the shabby stacks and poke their noses into crackling folios of another century, are ever on the heels of Romance, and just around the corner from mystery. For, picking up an age-blackened volume of the 16th century one touches more than a book. Wisdom, perchance, may dwell within, but Love will show her face on any fly-leaf. What hands, long laid beneath the nestling sod may have caressed these boards? inscribed herein a long forgotten name? In a hill-side cell on the shores of the Ionian Sea some lonely monk may here have savored joys of a world outside. Parson Hall may have hugged it to his bosom as he walked the narrow, wind-swept lanes of Dartmoor. Deserted by his friends, his family gone, the aged solicitor of the Middle Temple may here have found his comfort. Or, surrounded by polished calf, and morocco, trimmed with gold, it may have looked down from the heavy-laden shelves of my Lord's library in the castle.

No, while the book itself is, so to say, the veritable *Logos*, it is by no means all. I call to mind a fortunate collector who, whilst browsing at a little, out-of-the-way shop not long ago, happened to find, on the bargain table, a battered set of *Dodsley's Old Plays*. It was not a "first," and being excessively marked and covered over with notes in pen and pencil, was deemed but a poor and homely thing. No name of importance met the eye; its binding was not elegant, and it was, therefore, quite properly priced at a sum that would insure immediate sale. The bibliophile in question was delighted to get his *Dodsley* for so modest a figure, and bore it away for what it seemed to be. But once in his den, reading Davenport's *City Night-cap*, and Marston's *Malcontent*, and Gammer Gurton's *Needle*, the pencilled notes recalled a library edition which he had before consulted. Turning to this he found that, indeed, many of the notes were those of W. C. Hazlett. Further search resulted in uncovering a facsimile

of Carew Hazlett's Handwriting which settled the matter. He had, in all innocence, found the very set that Hazlett owned and used in editing the splendid issue of 1874!

At the same place I was lucky enough to pick up William Stewart Rose's own copy of his *Orlando Furioso*, interleaved and revised. It happens to be a first edition of his translation, which Lowndes says appeared in 1825. This copy, however, bears the date of 1823 in the first of the eight volumes. Even the dedicatory poem to Sir Walter Scott has here undergone revision; and fully half of the first twelve cantos have been rewritten in the translator's autograph. New notes have been added, and, throughout, one finds the man his own severest critic. Scott thought Rose's the

*The scholar only knows how dear
these silent yet eloquent companions of
pure thoughts and innocent hours be-
come in the season of adversity. When
all that is worldly turns to dross around
us, these only retain their steady value.*

—WASHINGTON IRVING.

finest English rendering of this Italian masterpiece, and the critics who followed have so far agreed that it remains the standard version in our tongue. I have looked at the latest editions published by Bohn, and find that the corrections buried in these tattered volumes have never appeared in print. Perhaps they show no marked improvement. For example, the second stanza of Canto 1, which, in the ordinary editions, reads:

In the same strain of Roland will I tell
Things unattempted yet in prose or
rhyme,

On whom strange madness and rank
fury fell,

A man esteemed so wise in former time;
If she, who to like pass has well
Nigh brought my feeble wit which fain
would climb

And hourly wastes my senses, concede
me skill

And strength my daring promise to
fulfill.

—has been changed to read:

With this of Sir Orlando will I tell
Things unattempted yet in prose or
rhyme;
He that through love into strange mad-
ness fell,
Of judgment heretofore esteemed so
prime;
If she, that wellnigh with as cruel spell
So wastes my little wit from time to
time,
And hath nigh made me such as Brava's
knight,
Lets me fulfill the promise which I
plight.

I grant that neither of these is great poetry, and that the revision shows little if any gain in quality—(How much more faithful it is to its Italian original I am not qualified to judge). But I would rather possess these shattered volumes, upon each yellowed page of which lies scrawled the testimony of its maker's care and pains, than the most sumptuous set of Ariosto in the world—unless, unless it should be that one which Casanova owned and marked.

But there are yet more intimate secrets that may be uncovered in the shelves of the old book shop—secrets that were thought to be forever hid from curious, foreign eyes. One fine day it was my good fortune to uncover, from its chaotic hiding place, some miscellaneous papers in the autograph of Sir William Gell (1777-1830). Gell, it may be remembered, was a noted antiquarian, whose works on the topography of Troy and Pompeii were widely read in the early days of the 19th century, and whose illustrations are the envy of antiquarians everywhere. This bundle of old papers contains the opening chapters of a novel which was to have been called "The History of the Tregannocks"; a short treatise on "The History of Houses"; on the Saracens; on Ammonian terms; on the Perugian Stone; on epitaphs; sketches of a Greek vase; heraldic devices, etc. Many an interesting note have I found, done in the cramped hand of that old antiquary, many a scrap of paper that is yet but a meaningless bit of symbology. Meaningless, did I say?

Not so long as imagination can lend some strange significance to the slightest gesture of the human hand. Ghosts are here: faces rise before one, and in touching these fragile bits, set down when Charles Dickens was but a youth at school, another world lifts itself into visibility. The same magic has been wrought by the writer of uncanny genius, but we are conscious then that we are being deceived: here the illusion is far more complete. For here the reader finds his author in a lounging-robe, catches him unawares, and while he may not be at his literary best, he is exhibiting his foibles and, perhaps, unmasking his very soul.

I recall having acquired another Mss. at an obscure west-coast shop. Johannes Watson, in 1742, had copied Addison's translation of Anacreon, notes and all. Printed thus by hand it made a handsome copy, finer, I think, than any typesetter could have done. It was a labor of love, and as rare a testimony as Addison could have wished. I take it that Watson was a poor curate who loved but could ill afford to purchase his favorite authors, and that borrowing the printed volume from one of his more affluent parishoners he made it thus his own, afterward taking it to another member of his parish, the local binder (who no doubt owed him full many a favor), for a stout calf dress. Or, who knows but this John Watson was that rector of Stockport in Cheshire who wrote a history of the Earls of Warrington, and contributed some verses of his own to the journals of his time—1724-1783? By all accounts he was a man of lean purse who might well have followed the course I have suggested.

On the same day that I found this *Anacreon*, I got me a beautiful letter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge which illustrates what I have just said of the author in his dressing-gown. Conscious that he is going to appear before a jury of critics and in solemn print, the fellow will strut about and think carefully before committing himself to rash judgments on the craft of letters. Privately he will, more often than not, be swept away by a momentary burst of feeling. Coleridge is here writing to Thomas Pringle (1789-1834), a much afflicted minor poet, quite forgotten now, of his "Afar in the Desert," a composition which opens as follows:

"Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent bush-boy alone at my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And sick of the present, I turn to the past," etc., *ad nauseam*.

The great poet was kind, which is a beautiful thing: he was full of pity for the cripple, which is noble: but surely it was only in his dressing-gown mood that a critic could say of this doggerel, "I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyric poems in our language"!

But, look you, six little black morocco diaries, done in the late '70s are before us. Here a heart is stripped and naked: an indecent spectacle for those who hold to the conventions of the spirit, but a delight to them that live by curiosity. Stay a moment! We have nought to do with Tom-the-Peeper, but this a different matter. The man is long dead and, therefore, cannot be hurt by our interest in his affairs. And why, pray, does a man commit to a bound book what he does not wish, at some time, to be read? Of course they are meant to be read?

*When the dim presence of the awful night
Clasps in its jewelled arms the slumbering earth,
Alone I sit beside the lowly light,
That like a dream-fire flickers on my hearth,
With some joy-teeming volume in my hand—
A peopled planet, opulent and grand.*
—JAMES MCFARLAN,
The Book World (1859)

"Just a second," says the ghost of my strictest ancestor, "have you no modicum of superstition"?

"Why", I reply, "I am a Virginian, and accustomed, in moments of extreme inebriety, to call myself a gentleman; therefore, by all the rules of logic, I should be a bit superstitious".

"Then", says the ghost, "behold this legend on the fly leaf!" and I read: "Whosoever steals in upon the privacy of another's heart is a thief and a robber".

But I dismissed at once that unwelcome spectre (not a proper book-shop sort), and sent him a-streaming back to the valleys of Virginia. "For," said I, "this is investigation in the interest of psychology. Had the Earl of Carnarvon and Howard Carter been so nice as that whispy old fellow the splendors of Tut-ankh-amen would have yet lain hid from modern eyes".

So it was that I read of the love of an early Californian for his Sophia, and of her unfaithfulness; and of how, to solace himself, he too had followed after the ways of unfaith and paid his homage to a multitude. Little by little we are

shown the growth of his great passion; of his tenderness, of his sentimentality. Here are the stubs of a theatre ticket that *she* has touched, here a lock of *her* hair, a bit of ribbon, a button, a fragment of canvas made sacred by having been pressed in a book that once belonged to *her*. Then there is a final page, inscribed in red, telling of her elopement with the usual false friend. Here, too, are tender poems—more properly rhymes—written to her, and published in the *Argonaut*. Sometimes the verses are signed "Signa" (a name she gave him), more often with his reversed initials; but always they are prayers to her. Pain cries aloud from these tear-stained pages, but to modern eyes the pain is relieved by irony. Alas, I fear me that the very vocabulary of love in those other days is alien to an age of disillusion. The verse of B. G. H. makes our youth give vent to an unsympathetic snicker:

"Sailed I for Ind for gems or for gold?
Spread I my sails amid Fortune's fleet?
Nay! with a heart and a hand, too bold,
I steered for the haven your breast holds, Sweet."

And, in prose, where the modern lad, rent by passion (?) makes the simple declaration that his fair one is "a square shootin' kid", our diarist says that "Her most transient smile is holier to me than the blush of dawn to the pale eyes of weary night".

But after the scales had fallen from his eyes, after the "dream-woman" had sailed over western seas with the new lord of her heart, the discarded lover began a life that might well be compared to the career of that illustrious Chevalier Di Seingalt of Venice. Pearl and Effie, Kate and Lillian, Anne and Agnes follow one another in swift succession, and each has left behind a lock of hair—mute treasures of faded passion. One was remembered by a yellowed glove of fine lace; another by the fragment of a silver chain.

Here, then, is the inmost history of a man who, by his own accounts, could trace his lineage back to the period of Edward the Confessor; who was one time student at Oberlin, a labor leader, traveler, a maker of fugitive verse and, judged by his confessions, a man saturate with the sentimental. These are the signs of the obvious; the result of looking with a chill eye upon what he was able to tell. But what of that real romance of which we gain but a transitory glimpse? What of the story which he, poor devil, could not commit to paper? A poor, silly tale of mawkish love it becomes as he stammers and sobs:

(Continued on Page 263)

Bret Harte's Literary Tribute to the West

By Lelia Ayer Mitchell

AS THE years roll by and the pioneers one by one pass to the great beyond we realize and feel, more and more, the subtle influence of the early settlers.

Around those adventurous days is woven a shimmering web of romance and legend and the Overland Monthly with its historical background has become an important inheritance to be preserved for future generations. This magazine of our pioneers was the first literary achievement of all the great West. It came into existence in July, 1868, with Bret Harte as editor.

Francis Bret Harte was born in Albany, August, 1839. His father was a professor in the University of Albany and young Bret was reared in the atmosphere of literature. He had access to a great collection of books which he read diligently and which was the foundation of his literary life. Bret was the surname of his father's mother and, wishing to be called Bret, the Francis was dropped early in life, and it was as Bret Harte that the reading world afterwards knew him.

Bret was seventeen when his father died. Out of the West had come marvelous tales of wealth and fortune and Bret, influenced by the excitement of the times, persuaded his mother to let him journey to the new gold fields in search of adventure.

He arrived in San Francisco in 1856. The strange life into which he had thrown his lot was fascinating and he spent some months in studying the new environment. The Chinese quarter was of especial interest and his observations were afterwards summed up in "The Heathen Chinee."

Finding nothing to permanently occupy his time, however, he decided to continue on the trail of the gold seekers whom he called the "Argonauts of '49." He went to the Mother Lode country in Tuolumne and Calaveras counties, where he looked around for something

to do. The whole place was irresistibly alluring and every phase of pioneer existence was deeply impressed upon his mind.

He first tried his luck at mining; he prospected, picked, shoveled and washed gold until he could describe the whole procedure with detailed accuracy. He then had an opportunity to become an express messenger. With intense excitement he passed through a period of traveling over dangerous stage roads, sitting beside the stage driver and guarding the gold, greenbacks and letters.

To this experience we are indebted for many marvelous descriptions of mountain stage-coaching in the early days. After roughing it in mining camps and on stage coaches he became clerk in a drug store and this knowledge also created material for some of his stories. He then became assistant in the publication of the local newspaper where he stored up some useful information as to editorial maneuvers. Next he became a schoolmaster and later fought through two campaigns of Indian warfare.

His experience having covered much of the life around the early mining camps he decided to abandon the diversified existence and return to San Francisco to settle down to some definite work. He contributed sketches of California life to a local newspaper and in 1864 he was made Secretary of the United States branch mint. During this period he wrote several poems which were widely copied and admired, and in July the first literary magazine of the West came into existence with Bret Harte as editor.

He contributed "The Luck of Roaring Camp," a sketch of rough mining life, and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." With these his reputation as a writer was established.

The purpose of the magazine was for

the development of the West. The cover design was a great grizzly bear crossing a railroad track, looking back with apparent regret at the encroachment of civilization which would necessitate his having to trek farther into the woods. Bret Harte not only designed the cover but he also named the magazine the "Overland Monthly" to signify the great highway over which the pioneers came in their covered wagons. His story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," was first published in the August number in 1868. In it he started the vogue of local color and was credited with creating new literary material and new style. He said: "In gathering local color never be bored, in case you may miss some good material. Study the person who bores you; and then you can portray that person sympathetically."

Other well-known stories having their inception around the old mining camps are: "Tennessee's Partner," "The Idol of Red Gulch," "The Men of Sandy Bar" and "The Lily of Poverty Flat."

For a time he held the professorship of Recent Literature in the University of California. In 1871 he went to New York and then to Boston. In 1878 he was appointed United States Consul at Crefeld in Rhenish Prussia and at Glasgow in 1880.

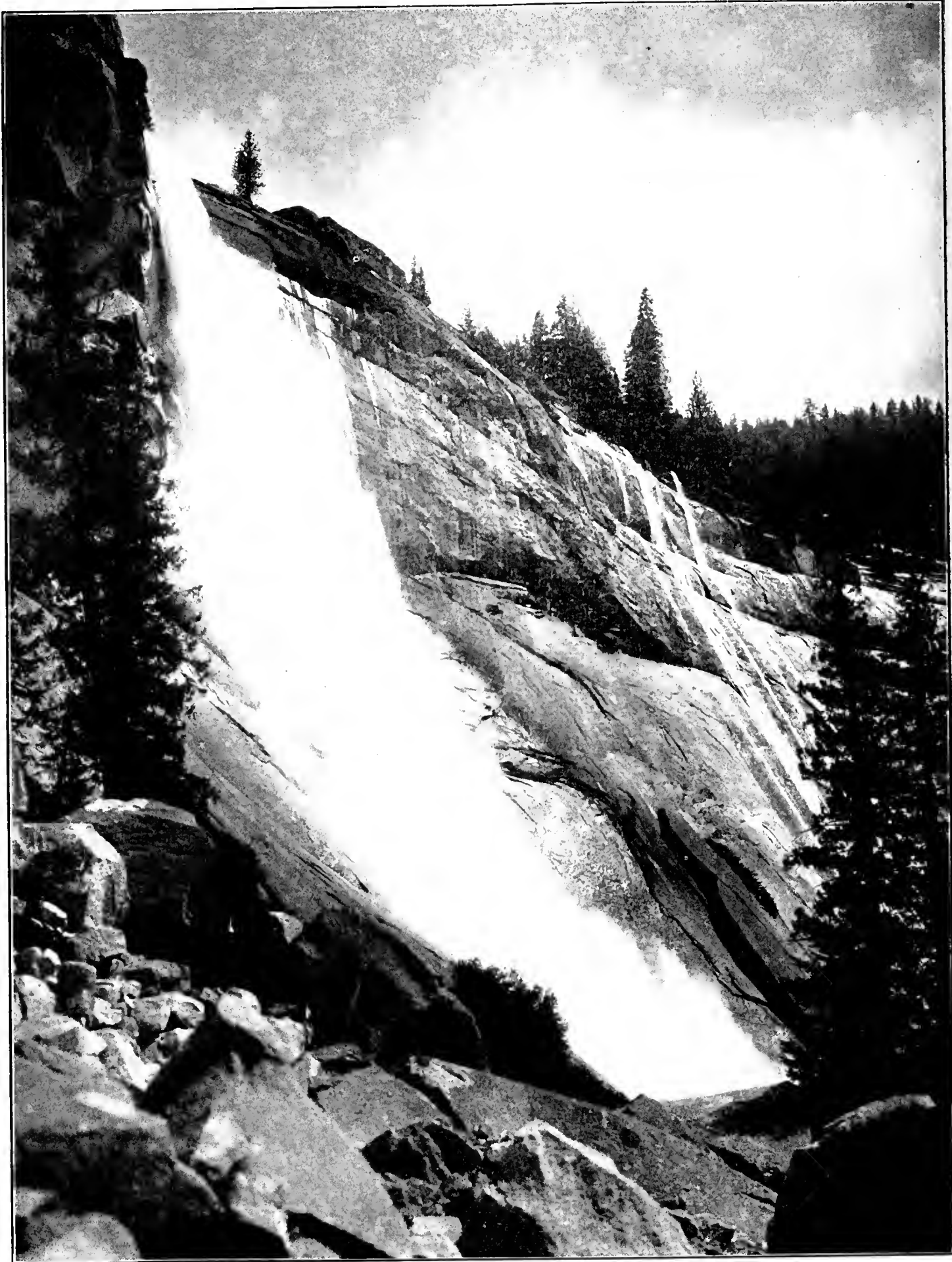
Bret Harte lived in California fifteen years. He was a student, observing, and with a retentive mind. He reaped a harvest of impressions which he utilized in his writings until his death in 1902. Those of us who have listened to stories of pioneer days from our parents and grand parents with thrilled attention can readily visualize the characters depicted in the Bret Harte stories and live again the life of the early West.

The "Overland Monthly" will always retain an atmosphere of romance and adventure whose pervading influence will keep alive the rich historical background as a valuable legacy for the edification of succeeding generations.

The Overland Monthly is to be found in the observation cars and club cars of all Southern Pacific Coast line and Valley line trains between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It is to be had also on many of the news stands, including the following:

San Francisco—Bret Mart—Book Mart; City of Paris; Fairmont Hotel; Foster & Orear (Ferry Station); Paul Elder; Emporium; Merchants Exchange Building; Newbegins; Phelan Building; Graham Ray; A. M. Robertson.

East Bay—Capwell's; Sather Gate Book Store. Los Angeles—California News Agency; W. W. Martindale; J. W. Robinson; Wilkes, C. of C. Bldg. Pasadena—Herbert F. Brown; Vroman's. Palo Alto—Book Shop. Carmel—Herbert Heron.



The Yosemite Valley Is Rich in Nature's Masterpieces

The Incomparable Yosemite

*As he looked, He said,
These, as they change, Almighty Father,
These, are the varied God.*

By O. O. Hiestand

Author of "See America First"

around you. And as you catch the breath of pine and bay trees, the spirit of the mountains will claim you and you will



El Capitan—"The Captain"

really know what is evening and morning.

With a new sight awakened within, you will perhaps behold the valley from Artists and Inspiration Points. Here you will be rewarded by one of the

grandest views of natural scenery the world has to offer. Your outlook is so alluring and your mind so deeply entranced by their visionary charm it seems as if they owed their existence to the rod of an Enchanter. Never was a picture more harmonious; never a flower more beautiful than the grand ensemble revealed from these points.

Here is a picture that surpasses the wildest dream of any landscape artist. Infinite detail, blended form and flowing contour, dim and elusive shadows, imperceptible blending of color; all are spread out before you, leaving little for the imagination.

The sheer walls rise magnificently ahead of you, softly lighted like the ramparts of some Celestial City. The air is crisp and cool and you catch the pungent fragrance of balsam fir, incense cedar and aromatic bay trees. There is a flood of golden light pouring over countless pinnacles, spires and domes; streaming through rifts in the rocks, lighting up canyons with strange golden glory.

The frost-covered pines on the rim far above stand out in serried ranks, etchings of gold and silver filigree against their luminous background. Far away, weird, colossal and vast, speaking gods of stone in its towering grandeur, rises Half Dome, the most glorious of all Yosemite features.

Slowly you walk down the mountain trail, now pausing to note the beauty of Pohono Falls, now observing the azalias and ferns, or wandering to a more commanding point. Then you return again to your original position, for the charm of the falls draws you irresistibly as if sirens were singing.

Slowly you move on, turning away from a scene so fair, pausing again to note the play of light and shadow across the Valley where a few white clouds are slowly drifting, as if their Captain were not certain for what ports they are bound.

Beautiful yellow pine, incense cedar, balm of Gilead, mountain maple and oak trees clothe the peaceful valley floor, while willows, alder, dogwood and bay trees border the Merced, that mirrors back their beauty in many a charming reach. All about you are glorious rock walls on whose sides grow live oak, manzanita and hosts of plants and flowers. The scenery is as charming as it is

varied. So will your thought be as you move enraptured from place to place.

Nature delights to place two of her sublime objects in contrast, for almost directly opposite the Cathedral Rocks, rises El Capitan, towering 3,604 feet above the floor of the valley. No other feature, unless it be Half Dome, commands the admiration of the countless thousands of tourists as does El Capitan. True to its name, it stands forward beyond the general mountain wall, an object of sublimity, one of the most majestic pieces of sculptured granite in the world. Below it flows the musical Merced that mirrors back its beauty and majestic lines.

There seems to be no evidence of decay, but lying at the feet of this monument of the ages, the immense mass of boulders tells a wonderful story of the titanic forces of erosion.

Here lived the Yosemite, children of Nature, amid these grand temples of God's building; where the song of the hermit thrush still rings like a newly strung lute and the sighing pines repeat their rhythmical runcs of unremembered ages.

Long before the Cathedrals of Europe were thought of, a primitive people left

strange hieroglyphics on the walls of the High Sierra for archaeologists to puzzle over, and offered up their sacrifice to the Great Spirit who dwelt on El Capitan. Here where the sun filtered through the pines and fell upon richly wrought mosaiaic of ferns and flowers; and the scarlet bugler and crimson paint brush flamed from an hundred altars. These people felt the presence of a Higher Power. Not knowing that their God required the sacrifice of noble lives and loving hearts, they brought to their altars the best gifts they knew.

Your thoughts are suddenly recalled from the past, for farther up on the south side, you see the magnificent Sentinel Rock looking down from its height, keeping watch on the valley below. It has stood there serene through countless years, a monument to the spirit of Nature, and the ages. More than 3,000 feet in height, it towers; a glacial monument telling of infinite power. At night, it rises up weird and colossal, and the stars gleam like beacon lights from its battlemented towers.

Directly across the valley rises the Three Brothers. One above another, their vast gables tower, as if to get a better view of the beauty beneath them.

They are named for the three sons of Tenaya, the old Yosemite chief, whom the whites found when they first entered the valley.

When the Yosemitees were removed to a reservation near Fresno, they were loath to leave their beautiful mountain home. These are the old chief's eloquent words to Captain Bowling: "You may kill me, Sir Captain, but you shall not live in peace. I will follow in your footsteps. I will not leave my home, but be with the spirits among the rocks and waterfalls, in the rivers and winds. You will not see me, but you will fear the spirit of the old chief and grow cold. The Great Spirit has spoken. I am done."

As the tourist looks out over theylvan beauty of the scenery that is unsurpassed, he realizes that long ago the curse was removed. The hills are intersected by charming labyrinths of wood that lead to peaceful valleys. These dreamy forest solitudes, with their deep foliage and singing rills which wander here and there, lull your senses like an enchantment after the noise and scrambling bustle of the busy manufacturing centers from which you no doubt have so recently come.

You gaze at the castle-like rocks at



General View of Yosemite National Park

your left, for now Yosemite Falls is seen in all its glory, leaping from high-piled, gray battlements and towers, bathed in a flood of light, and a glory of changing hues. This marvelous fall drops nearly a half mile and in the height of the spring floods is a most awe-inspiring and sublime spectacle. Its roaring, surging, seething mass of water falls every moment with crystal, starry spires, which break and vanish in the cascades below. Then, it rallies its forces and reappears in the lower fall, exultant in its onrushing, snowy bloom; while the masses of vapor form grand, irised bows of drifting color. A thin, silvery spray of mist from the Falls floats here and there, spreading out in broad sheets over the face of the cliff or gathering into delicate, filmy ropes and beads of gossamer, as the breeze catches it among the spruce and pine trees. As you move along, you hear its voice breaking in thunder-like detonations across the canyon, joining the swishing, swirling tones of the Merced River, until the whole valley becomes one vast symphony of musical waters.

Other voices are now heard, for in spring Yosemite is filled with rare songsters. From many a rocky ledge, the notes of the canyon wrens ripple down in silvery cadence, the chickadees call in the evergreens, the black-headed grosbeak pipes his cheery-robin-like notes; while western tanagers, juncos, towhees and warblers fill the air with a medley of songs and a riot of color.

Farther on down the river comes a new song. The magic notes are silvery and flute-like. Suddenly a gray-colored bird with dark head flies rapidly up the river and settles on a rock near you. Then, with many a rippling trill, the water ouzel sings your welcome to Yosemite. Compared to the harsh notes of the jay, and other songsters, it is like the lulling melody of flutes when their sweetness hushes into silence the loud clamor of an orchestra. It is a tender, caressing flow of melody, rising and falling in easy cadence like the singing cascades of the river or the tinkle of poplar leaves, breeze blown. Liquid notes are then heard far off and flute-like, drawing gradually nearer, unexpected melodies follow these, silvery phrases and wonderful trills, caught from some distant realm—water woven—fine as the lace embroidery of the Falls.

The wide upper portion of the valley containing so many wonders now comes into view. On the left are those magnificent pieces of mountain sculpturing—the Royal Arches, North Dome and Washington Column. Glacier Point with its rugged, lofty walled mass of

wonderful sculpturing is on your right; while in the middle, directly in front, looms Half Dome against the sky. Your attention is now wholly absorbed by this strange solitary peak which seems to have drifted away from its companions in the gray dawn of time. It not only towers 4,750 feet above the valley, but



Vernal Falls, Yosemite

draws itself haughtily away from its brethren as if it had a better origin than they.

It is a magnificent monument of nature, veiled in purple mystery. It seems strangely remote in the quiet of evening; a spirit mountain, reflecting the sun's transfiguration. It is a symbol of eternal change—yet changeless. When the slanting rays strike full upon it, its vast form seems like a vision of light. Soon it is clothed with lilac haze that changes to indescribable hues. Again it is wrapped

in a soft, gray mantle looming weird and colossal in its shadowy grandeur.

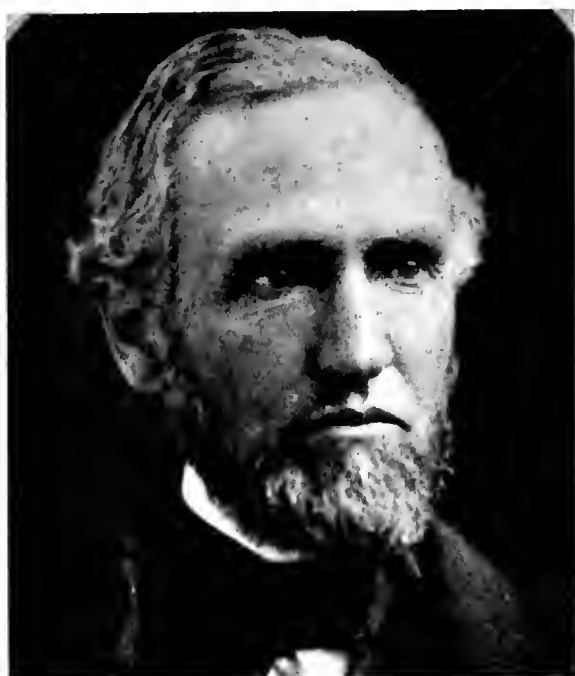
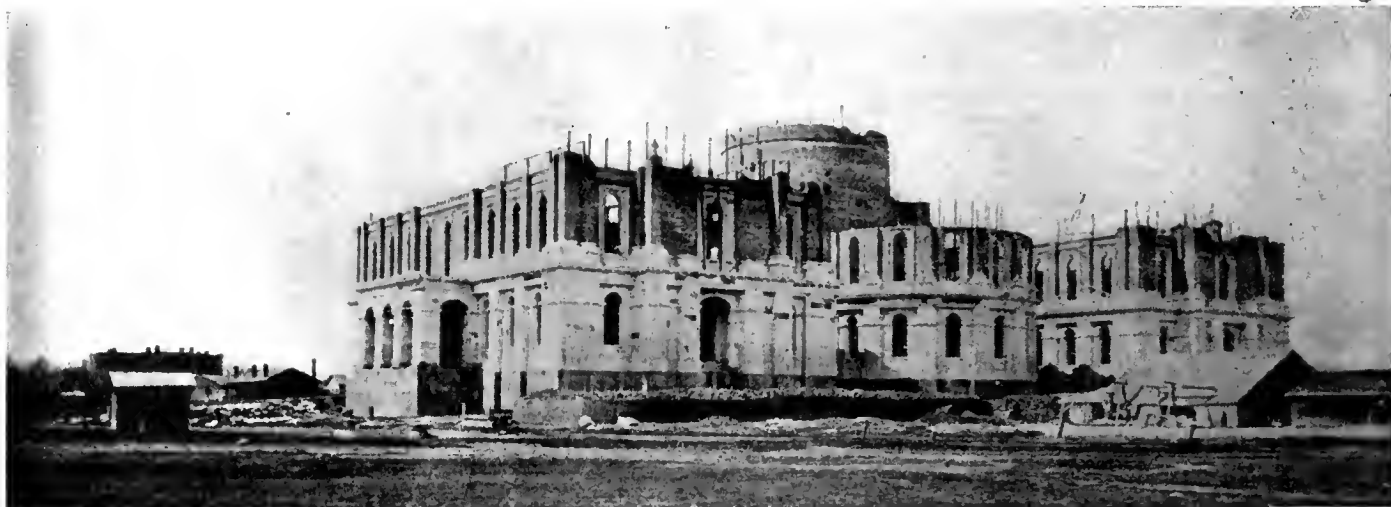
Night augments the grandeur of this charming valley. In the mellow moonlight the walls are most impressive. Their contour is brought out in silver etchings against the starry dome, whose crystal depths seem to shine with a light of their own. The sighing pines stand motionless or whisper of things that are eternal. The moon does glamorous magic on the silvery mist that rises from the stream and hovers over the meadows. The light is reflected in silver patches from pine and live oak trees. The willows make golden margins along the river; while all about you rise those weird, colossal peaks in their silent majesty and calm composure.

The morning may find you questioning. What can be the plan—the purpose of these vast, upmassed castles outlasting time's aeons? Perhaps there is no plan—no purpose. You do not know. But, as you look at these mighty ramparts that remain changeless, across the changing years, there appears to be a plan, a purpose, and there are rivers and mountains in them and they seem Divine.

As if in answer, the chiming river sends its tones across the listening valley. The pines that murmured softly all day now stand hushed and tranquil as if awaiting a benediction. An eagle moves westward into the sunset on tireless pinions, magnificent in his power and loneliness, a perfect emblem of this vast Sierra wilderness. A faint gleam of light betrays the course of the Merced, above which the reluctant splendor of day is slowly dying in ashes of roses. A hermit thrush, from his dimly lighted choir loft among the spruce branches, flutes out his lonely and tranquil ecstasy to the fading day. There are many pauses in this vesper song as if the singer would have those ethereal notes sink unjarringly into the silent spaces.

The dweller in the mountains will learn many things. The infinite sky with its convoys of stars; the twilight grandeur of vast immense spaces; the glory of the sunrise when its rays stream through all the snowy Sierra passes; all will speak to him and he will return to the city a bigger, better man for having lived so near to nature.

In this fairyland, the tired city dweller will find new mines, unlike those of '49. He will carry away countless gems; bits of glacial lore, visions of giant redwoods and stately granite domes, sharp pinnacles, and roaring white cascades, glowing campfires and new thoughts, that will gleam and sparkle in the halls of memory forever.



California Governmentally 1868 - 1928

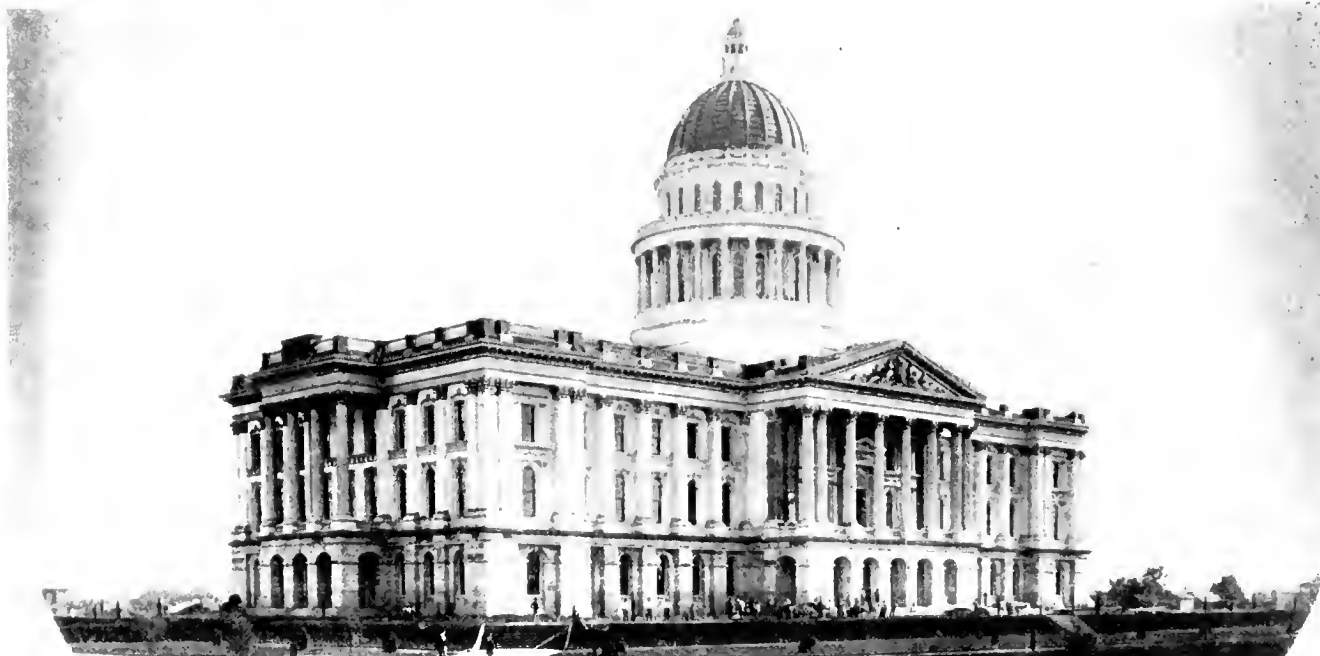
By A. R. HERON

Director of Finance, State of California

Above, State Capitol, Under Construction, 1868

Left, Governor Henry Hunt Haight, 1868

Below, State Capitol Not Completed, Taken Between 1868-1878



LOOKING backward sixty years one is amazed at the rapidity of the development of governmental functions in the State of California. During the lifetime and in the memory of many living Californians, the state government has grown from an organization of eight elective officers, one hospital for the insane, one state teachers' college, a school for the deaf and the blind, a state board of examiners, a state agricultural society, a state militia, one state prison, a state library and a stamp commission, to a complex organization consisting, before the reorganization of 1927, of over one hundred and twenty separate boards, commissions and agencies.

In 1868, outside of the elective administrative officers, which today remain practically the same, there were but eight state functions. These included caring for the insane, educating handicapped individuals, training teachers, punishing lawbreakers, maintaining a state militia, providing public library service and governmental administration. Today California is giving service of over a hundred types: Protecting workmen, insuring employees, conserving forests, re-



*Clement C. Young,
Governor of State of California, 1928*

claiming lands, allotting waters, eradicating diseases, building highways and regulating traffic, guarding farms and orchards against destructive pests, managing state parks, regulating oil wells, protecting fish and game, providing jobs for workers and seeking workers for employers, regulating working and housing conditions for migratory and immigrant laborers, regulating banks and insurance companies, and regulating professional occupations. These are but a few among the many services which California renders to her people.

Many of the citizens of the state are unaware that at every hand the state is aiding and protecting them in their daily activities and pursuits. To give this assistance and help, requires an annual expenditure of over a hundred million dollars of which \$16,000,000.00 for highway construction and maintenance, and \$34,500,000.00 is for education. Little did the founders of the government of this great state realize that in such a few number of years California would take its place in the forefront among the leading states of the Union.



State Capitol, California, 1928

The Glamorous Past

By John Steven McGroarty
Author of the Mission Play

THERE are not many people who know that each of the old Franciscan Missions that were founded and created between San Diego and Sonoma was an industrial or manual arts school in the fullest sense of the word. And I have found as I talked about the matter to people that folks are almost invariably amazed to learn that there was a well-established normal school at the Mission of San Gabriel 100 years ago in which young Indian men and women were trained to teach in the various Mission establishments.

When one understands what manner of men the early Franciscan Mission fathers were who came to California, one is not surprised to know that they were anxiously concerned about education. They were themselves men of the highest education and attainments. Not only that, they were as Robert Louis Stevenson puts it, "Masters of the arts and graces". They were the best products of the schools of Spain when Spain had the best schools in the world. They were men of letters, and men of science, astronomers, engineers, linguists and craftsmen familiar with all the European trades then known.

Our schools of today consider Americanization of the foreign elements in our population as one of the various problems to be met and solved. But what must this similar problem have been to the first Franciscan fathers who found California a race of aborigines who were not only unable to speak or understand the Spanish language, but who spoke a different language each among themselves. The Indians of Santa Barbara did not speak the same language that the Indians of San Diego spoke. Indeed it has been stated that almost two or three of all the different Indian dialects spoken in America were in use among the Indians of California.

Now, the task that faced the Mission fathers was first to learn the various Indian tongues and to become conversant in them. Then they had to teach the Indians the use of the Spanish language. And both these things they accomplished. Not only did they teach them the Spanish language so that all the Indians of California would speak the same tongue

but they taught them to read books printed in that language and to write it.

I do not know of any achievement in human history quite equal to this.

The Franciscans who bore in their beautiful rough brown hands the torch

taught to play exquisitely. One of the great traditions of the Missions is the famous Indian orchestra of the Mission San Luis Rey where Fray Antonio Peyri lived his wonderful life for many long and splendid years.

Through this education was evolved a distinctive architecture which is today known and highly admired through the civilized world. All the Mission structures were more or less beautiful, and some of them were worthy to be classed among the best efforts of architecture in history. The Mission of San Antonio de Padua in Monterey County is said to have been the first of the Northern Missions, while San Fernando is considered to have been the finest of the Missions in the South.

The glory of California today is its schools. The stranger within our gates is overwhelmed with the lavish beauty of our school buildings — noble and stately structures that vie with the architecture of Greece and Rome in their best days. I think that our schools of today are the logical outcome of the Missions. This may be said to be a far-fetched conclusion, but we must remember that every civilization is builded on the ruins of the civilization that preceded it. And, is it too much to say that this is as true of California as it is of any other land?

I am glad to know that California history has come to take the high and important place in the educational system of our beloved commonwealth. It is a necessary and a vital step for our school system to have taken because the citizenship of the present time can best understand itself by knowing the history of the past. It is from the past that we have learned all we know. And California has a past so glorious and so beautiful that it was inevitable it should at last become a fixed part of the curriculum of our schools.

The entire State of California is saddened by the untimely death of Mark Keppel, County Superintendent of Schools of Los Angeles County. This magazine was ready for press at the time of his passing. Suitable recognition of his life and work will be made in a subsequent issue.



Old Mission San Gabriel, Founded in 1771

of civilization to California considered that the arts were a part of education. So, we find through the ruins evidence of a perhaps crude art that is yet very beautiful. We find striking frescoes on the walls of the churches, statuary hewn from wood and hammered from brass. We find that musical instruments were made upon which the natives were



A. E. BOYNTON
Former State Senator



HON. JAMES ROLPH, JR.
Mayor



JAMES D. PHELAN
Former United States Senator



PAUL SHOUP
*Executive Vice-President
Southern Pacific Railroad*



A. P. GIANNINI
President Bank of Italy Corporation



WM. H. CROCKER
President Crocker First National Bank



DR. J. B. CUTTER
Director of Children's Hospital



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J. O. NISWONGER
Manager Emporium Department Store



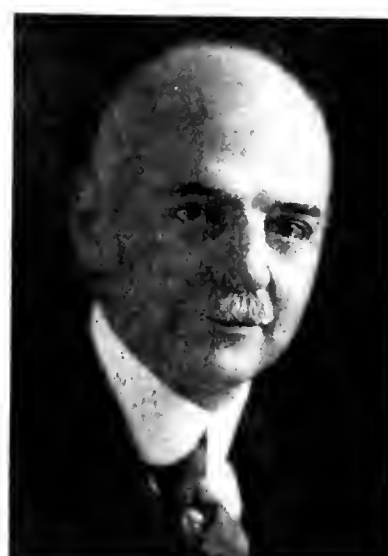
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*Assistant General Passenger Agent,
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—Boye*

Dedication Ceremonies --- American Green Cross

Part of dedication ceremonies in connection with unveiling of the American Green Cross Monument. Address delivered over Radio KFVB—Warner Bros.'

Studio—April 25, 1928.

THE attention of this vast audience estimated at several hundred thousand, is invited to an appeal about to be made which pertains to the welfare of every man, woman and child. Its length is four words. The time required to present it is four minutes. The appeal is:

HELP SAVE OUR TREES

The author of that appeal is: The American Green Cross, an organization of established repute, and sincerity of purpose, nationally recognized as a foremost exponent of those masterpieces of creation—the trees.

In all the realm of nature, mankind has no truer nor more valued friends, than the trees. Think what trees mean to the human race. They are the servants of man, ever ready to respond to his slightest gesture. They contribute to his economic needs in a myriad ways. They are a source of sustenance capable of sustaining life for an indefinite time. They provide shelter, warmth, light; protection from heat, from cold, from destructive elements and from beasts of prey. They protect his home from the ravages of flood by checking the impetuous flow of torrential rains. They yield in fruits and nuts, prolific crops which return a revenue of millions; they furnish health-giving subsistence for those in quest of nourishment; they supply a delightful nutrition for the epicure in quest of delicacy.

Trees are not the dull, insensate objects in the landscape, the obstructions of vision, the barriers to progress, sometimes implied by puerile mentalities on adult shoulders. Trees are animate creatures, with elaborate organisms as shown by scientific research. They live, they breathe and have being. The earth is their mother. They protect the mother by their presence. The mother is desolated by their absence. Trees are susceptible to cajolery—observe their fluttering leaves when fondled by a coquettish breeze. Trees are susceptible of

By Wisner Gillette Scott
Member Executive Committee,
The American Green Cross

anger—hear them roar in protest when assaulted by a marauding gale. Trees have souls—listen to the violin when



The American Green Cross Monument at Glendale Union High School, Glendale, Cal.

touched by a master hand. The strain of entrancing melody released as by magic, is the liberated soul of a tree holding commune with genius.

Trees live, breathe and evince in many ways a vigorous vitality. They have life blood, which various species freely give for the use of man. The blood of the sugar maple provides a delicious confec-

tion for the searcher after sweets. The blood of the rubber tree provides a culmination of comfort for untold millions who journey by motor car, permits the use of millions of wheels for vehicles of transport without injury to the countless avenues of traffic, and affords an effective safeguard for aircraft against injury in landing, as they return to harbor from an aerial voyage.

The caravels that brought Columbus to America were made from trees. The covered wagons that brought the pioneers to the Pacific Slope were made from trees. Trees always have been and forever will be indispensable to human progress.

Over one hundred years ago the founders of this Republic left a bequest of vast extent and incalculable value, magnificent woodlands, to be held in trust for succeeding generations, with privilege to enjoy the rational use thereof of subject to an obligation, unwritten but clearly implied, that the legacy must be administered to insure perpetuation of its kind for posterity. That unwritten obligation has been ruthlessly ignored. Some meditative minds, rather than appear recreant to the trust reposed by confiding ancestry, with the stigma which inevitably attaches to broken faith, have formed the great national organization known as the American Green Cross, whereby to relieve the deplorable situation.

It is richly deserving of the wide spread welcome it is receiving. Not alone for its efforts in urging atonement for violated confidence. Not alone for urging restitution to the depleted legacy which awaits posterity. There must be included the great and invaluable service it is rendering to all humanity, and to civilization.

We conclude by conjuring you with all the emphasis and all the energy at command, to heed the appeal of the American Green Cross, to join in helping to save those master works of nature those friends of man—the trees.

Splendid work for the state and nation is being accomplished by the Save the Redwoods League. There are at present some 7,000 members in the organization. There are in California numerous groves of redwoods that must be saved to posterity and the League in taking the initiative in this matter deserves the support of all right-

thinking citizens in the state. There are several types of membership, including an annual member at \$2; contributing member, \$10; sustaining member, \$50; life member, \$100. The headquarters of the League are at 220 California Hall, University of California, Berkeley. Address Robert G. Sproul, Treasurer.

The Big Trees of California

By Harry T. Fee

CALIFORNIA is distinguished and famous for many things. But, there is no doubt, that the first jewels in the diadem of her native glory are the Big Trees. The giant Sequoias.

Nowhere else in the world do trees of such massive greatness rear their emerald branches to the skies. Nowhere else in the world do the mighty monarchs of the forest appear save on the slopes of California mountains. And never spot that fairer, by crag or mountain stood, than the fragrant earth of their native birth, in their forest solitude. So down through the crowding ages, on this Sierra crest, they will keep sublime to the end of Time, the glory of the West.

The Record of Rocks discloses some faint traces of the species of Big Trees in the Arctic Region and in Europe. These traces in the primeval earth, for the most part, are problematic, indefinite, and undetermined, so that the complete history of the Big Trees, is contained in the wonderful drama of their existence, is enacted, in the State of California. There are two species of Big Trees. One whose habitat is the slopes of the Sierra, and this is called the Sequoia Gigantea. And the other which thrives in the moist and foggy regions of the Coast, which is termed the Sequoia Sempervirens, and

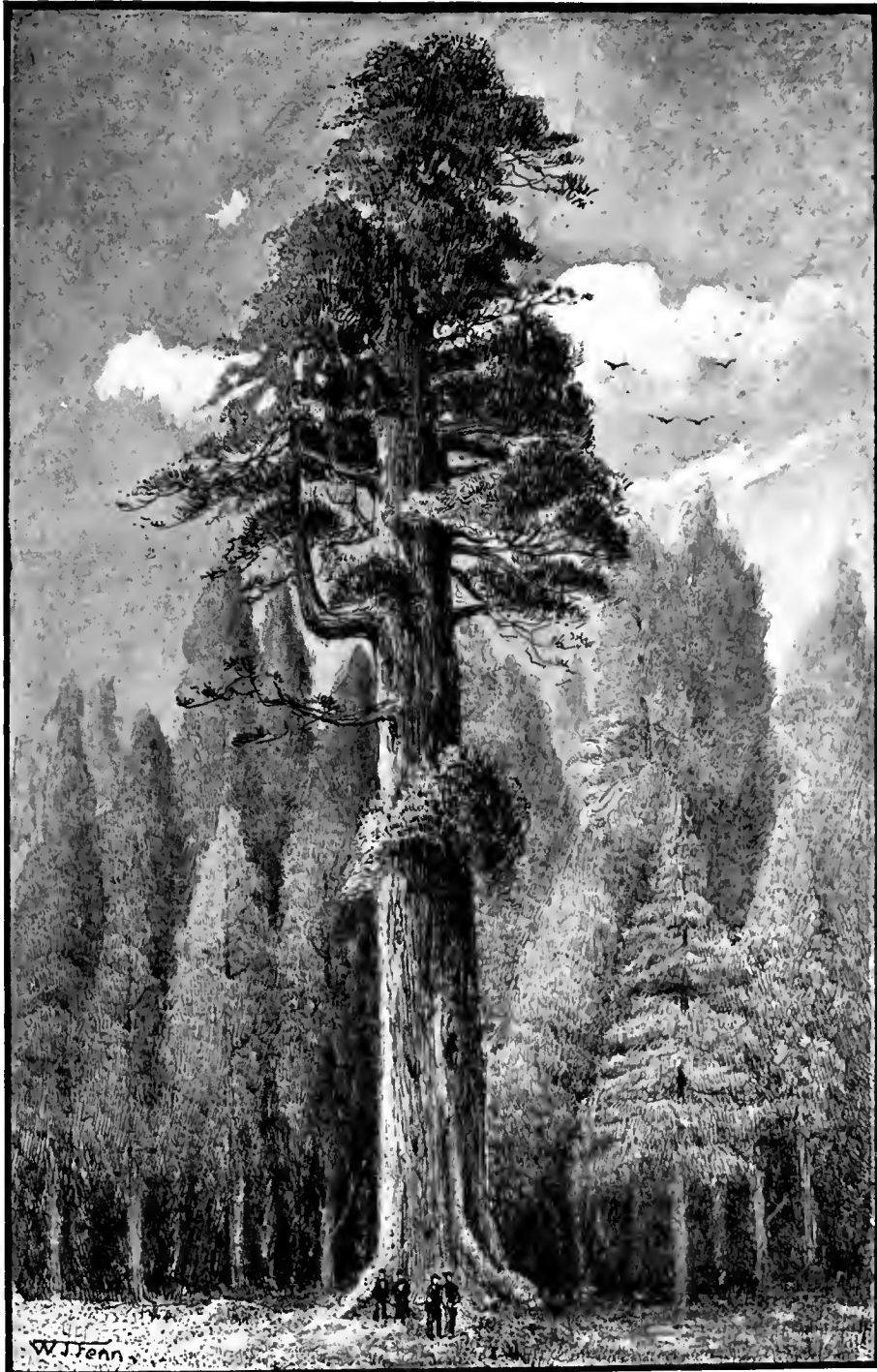
comprises such tracts as the Santa Cruz Big Trees and the forests of Humboldt.

John Muir says that the Sequoia Gigantea is the king of all the con-

and are called the Tuolumne, Merced and Mariposa Groves. It extends, a widely interrupted belt, from a very small grove on the middle fork of the American River to the head of Deer Creek, a distance of about 260 miles,

its northern limit being near the 39th parallel, the southern a little below the 36th. The elevation of the belt above the sea varies from about 5,000 to 8,000 feet.

From the American River to Kings River the species occurs only in small, isolated groups so sparsely distributed along the belt that three of the gaps in it are from 40 to 60 miles wide. But from Kings River southward the Sequoia is not restricted to mere groves but extends across the wide, rugged basins of the Kaweah and Tule Rivers in noble forests, a distance of nearly 70 miles, the continuity of this part of the belt being broken only by the main cañons. The Fresno, the largest of the northern groves, has an area of three or four square miles, a short distance to the southward of the famous Mariposa Grove. Along the south rim of the cañon of the south fork of Kings River there is a majestic Sequoia forest about six miles long by two wide. This is



firs in the world, "the noblest of the noble race." "The groves nearest the Yosemite Valley are about 20 miles to the westward and southward

the northernmost group that may fairly be called a forest. Descending the divide between the Kings and Kaweah Rivers you come to the grand forests



that form the main continuous portion of the belt. Southward the giants become more and more irrepressibly exuberant, heaving their massive crowns into the sky from every ridge and slope, waving onward in graceful compliance with the complicated topography of the region.

"The finest of the Kaweah section of the belt is on the broad ridge between Marble Creek and the middle fork, and is called the Giant Forest. It extends from the granite headlands, overlooking the hot San Joaquin plains, to within a few miles of the cool, glacial fountains of the summit peaks. The extreme upper limit of the belt is reached between the middle and south forks of the Kaweah at a height of 8,400 feet, but the finest block of big tree forests in the entire belt is on the north fork of Tule River, and is included in the Sequoia National Park."

WHILE the above will convey some idea of the extent of the area covered by the big tree growth, a study of the Calaveras and the Mariposa Groves will give an intimate knowledge of the nature and characteristics of the Sequoia Gigantea. John Bidwell has been credited with the discovery of the Calaveras Grove in 1841. But, from more authoritative sources, the record comes that the Calaveras Big Trees were discovered by A. T. Dowd, who came upon this Grove of Monarchs while

hunting, in 1851. The Mariposa Grove of big trees was discovered by Galen Clark in 1857. Galen Clark was lured to California by the tales of the discovery of gold, and while engaged in mining he contracted a cold which finally resulted in tuberculosis, and such frequent hemorrhages that the doctors gave him but a short time to live. But, Galen Clark decided to take his case to Mother Nature, where, sitting on her green-swathed hills, she nurses all our human ills, and out of balsam laden wealth, she proffers happiness and health. And here Galen Clark, wandering in the forests of Mariposa County, found healing for his lungs, and such complete recovery that he finally lived to the venerable age of 96 years.

In May of the year, 1857, Galen Clark, during one of his mountain rambles, came to the top of a ridge in the Mariposa Forest. Below him the South Fork of the Merced was wending its limpid journey to the sea. Upon glancing at the country around him, he found that facing him within a few feet was an immense tree and having heard of the Calaveras Sequoia, he recognized this tree as of the same genus. Upon further investigation, he found here a large grove with many of these mighty Sequoias towering to the skies, with trunks of enormous proportion, their branches shimmering in the sunlight above. This was the discovery of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and the tree upon which Galen Clark first laid his eyes is known today as the Galen

Clark tree. A cairn marks the spot where Galen Clark stood and first beheld the wonders of the Mariposa Grove. These trees were one of the main interests and loves of Galen Clark's life. He selected a site near the beautiful Wawona Meadow and built a crude log cabin which was really the beginning of the white man's Wawona so well known to the Yosemite traveler of today. Galen Clark, fully aware of the menace of the lumber king and the devastation of fire, worked indefatigably for the preservation of the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees that they might be kept and held for posterity as a park.

Finally in 1864, Senator Conness, in behalf of the movement which Galen Clark started, introduced a bill in Congress, and Washington passed an act which granted to the State of California, Yosemite Valley and tracts of forest land embracing parts known as the Mariposa Big Tree Grove, stipulating that this territory should be held for public use, resort, and recreation. President Lincoln himself approved of this Act; and shortly after, Governor Low of California issued a proclamation accepting the grant. In accordance with the terms of the Act, eight commissioners to manage the Valley and the Big Tree Grove were appointed by the State, and Galen Clark was one of these commissioners. As the active guardian to take charge of the Mariposa Grove and the Yosemite Valley, the Governor named Galen Clark.

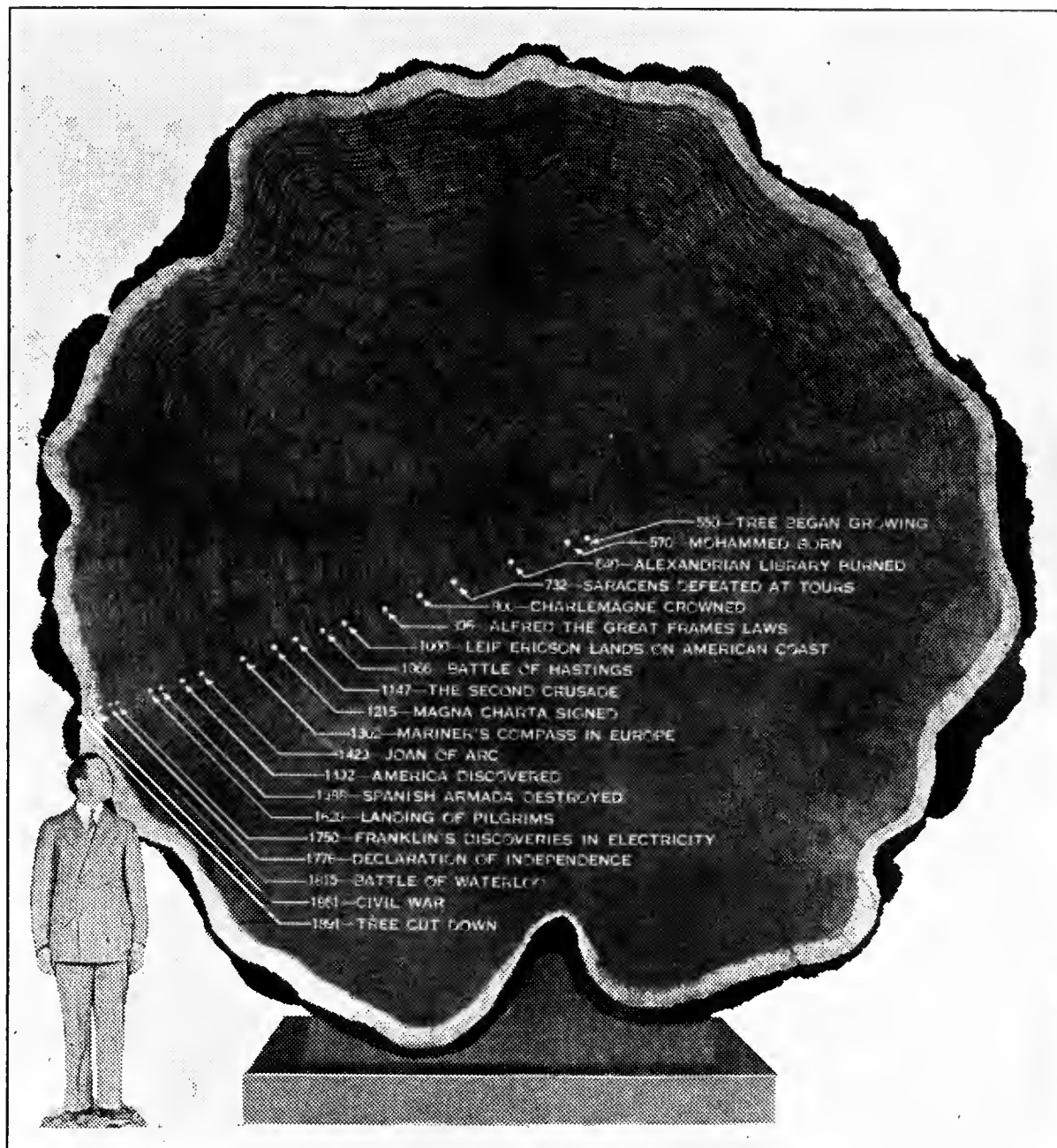


Galen Clark was guardian and commissioner for many years and gave unselfishly of his time and effort to the preservation of those monuments for the benefit and pleasure of all the people. He was re-appointed again and again by the various Governors of California, guardian of this wonderful territory and served in all 24 years in this ca-

of down these trees must waft his requiem.

The trees of the Mariposa as well as the Calaveras Grove have been given names. Passages have been cut through the trunks of some of the largest, through which the stage coach of the early days and the automobile of the present, pass. Others have been hol-

in dimensions 35 x 33 feet. The Haverford was called by the early stage drivers the Tree of Refuge, because it completely sheltered thirty head of horses during a severe storm. The Telescope Tree is burnt out for the entire length of its trunk, 220 feet in height. And the traveler may enter and look up through its entire length to the blue sky



Section of the Big Tree, "Mark Twain," in American Museum of Natural History, New York. The section measures 16½ feet in diameter inside the bark and was cut from the tree 12 feet above the ground. As shown by annual rings, this tree was 1341 years old when cut. Courtesy Carnegie Institution of Washington.

acity. Today his work is finished. The trees he found and loved so well are garnered from the woodman's axe and given to the world. His body rests in a grave prepared by his own hands in the little cemetery of Yosemite. And in the stillness of the night or at the hush

lowed out to make Miners' Cabin, the Stable, the Hermit's Cabin, the Haverford. The Stable Tree has a prodigious hollow at its base, forming a room eight by twelve feet. The Haverford was hollowed out by fire to form a three-chambered archway through the tree

above. The Wawona Tree spans the roadway, a huge opening having been cut in its base, and the traveler drives through its heart to the glimmering beauties beyond. The Fallen Hero Tree was dedicated by the American (Continued on Page 256)

Java's Dancing Shadows

with photographs taken by the author

AMONG nearly all primitive peoples the worship of ghosts and spirits is still prevalent, in fact it constitutes one of the earliest forms of religious expression. To the mind of the savage the intervening wall between the visible and the invisible part of Nature is very thin. To a marked degree, therefore, the living are ruled by the dead, and the dead are to be propitiated by the living.

The Javanese are typical Malays in their attitude toward life. As physical proof of their Polynesian kinship, the Javanese have a habit of elevating the first toe when dancing, a trait peculiar to the Polynesians.

From a religious point of view, the Javanese are somewhat in a dilemma. They have embraced so many religions in the past that their theological system is now one hopeless muddle of contending doctrines and fables. In addition to their own primitive faith, they have been profoundly influenced in turn by Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity. As might well be expected from such a combination, they are a happy, rather irresponsible people who take neither life nor religion very seriously.

In Java the contrast between native carelessness and Dutch thrift is shown in the most striking manner. The irregular native villages, half concealed in a jungle of ferns, palms, and bamboo, are typical of the tropics. On the other hand, the square, exceedingly plain and conventional examples of Dutch architecture, huddled together and constituting the larger cities of the island, give the traveler the fleeting impression that he is walking the ancient streets of Rotterdam or Amsterdam.

Java is famous for its batik, hand-carved leather, its volcanoes, and its Buddhist monuments. Near Djoktakarta stands one of the finest Buddhist ruins extant. When the Mohammedans attained a position of power in Java the Buddhist monuments were permitted to decay. Within recent years, however the Dutch government has turned its attention to the preservation of these world-famous antiquities and the more important ones have been reconstructed. Due to the impermanent character of the lava rock of which these shrines were built, the passing centuries have seen the carvings crumble away and its ancient beauty gradually disappear.

Let us imagine, if you will, that we have just arrived in Djoktakarta after a long and dusty trip by rail from Batavia. The smiling and beaming proprietor of the best hotel has assigned to each of us a spacious chamber with a high ceiling and furnished with solid Dutch furniture, the most prominent piece being an old-fashioned bedstead with high corner posts draped over with mosquito netting.

After the shadows of evening finally envelope the jungle, they come trooping into the city as it were, bringing with them the songs of the tropical night. Learning of the arrival

By Manly P. Hall

of strangers at the hotel, a group of minstrels, or wandering players, gather in the garden and turn their instruments to serenade the visitors.

After the dinner—which is a strange combination of tropical fruits and European cooking—we adjourn to the wicker chairs upon the veranda and there watch the native performers as they reenact brief extracts from the ancient and endless dramas of their people.

The costumes worn by the *dramatis personae* are exceedingly curious. Most of the actors wear complicated headdresses of pierced and gilded leather. Between the shoulders at the back and extending outward at a jaunty angle are two small wings, also of leather intricately carved and pierced, gilded and painted. Over the lower portion of their faces some of the actors wear grotesque half masks consisting of ape-like jaws filled with cruel, glistening false teeth. Because of their diminutive size, one is inclined either to liken the Javanese dancers to grotesque Cupids or to regard them as elemental apparitions evoked by some Hindu *dugpa*, or black magician.

Rhythm is furnished by crude, rattling instruments (whose melody is not unlike the cry of the jungle) and also a number of drums of various sizes. Dancing to this music in the jungle twilight, the weirdly masked and habited actors strike fantastic poses and fight fierce battles with wooden swords. At last all the evil spirits are overcome; the demons are driven back to their infernal abode and the heroes in their gilded leather garments stand victorious upon the garden battlefield.

Upon our return to the hotel, we find that a temporary stage has been erected at one end of the large room which fulfils the double duty of lobby and parlor. A white sheet has been stretched upon a wooden frame and curtains have been hung on either side to conceal the mysterious apparatus necessary to the presentation of Java's

most ancient and typical theatrical production. The sheet is about four feet in height and six feet in width. Behind and above the center is the *blentjong*, or light, and beneath this light sits the *dalang*, or director of the drama. Below the bottom of the screen and on the side unexposed to the audience are two heavy sticks of bamboo laid horizontally. On one side, concealed by the curtains, is a large box in which the shadow figures are kept; on the other side, similarly concealed, is the orchestra. A peep behind the curtains reveals the three Javanese virtuosos who provide the music. The first is the master of the pipes, the second is an accomplished peformer on the strings, and the duty of the third is to produce harmony from his miscellaneous assortment of drums. These



*A Javanese Leather
Marionette*

drums are constructed by stretching sheepskin over the open ends of tin cans, the latter ranging in size from the five-gallon oil can to the more familiar and smaller model in which Mr. Campbell packs his soups.

The audience having been first comfortably seated, the performance opens with a symphonic crash, the result of the three-piece orchestra coming into concerted action. Suddenly a forest appears upon the surface of the white sheet. The forest is a large conventionalized tree made of pierced leather and, being stuck into the green bamboo behind the sheet by means of a long point of buffalo horn, thereupon becomes a permanent piece of stage scenery. The leather tree itself is not visible; all that can be seen is the shadow it casts upon the sheet.

Out of the Pandora's box of the master of ceremonies then issues a veritable pagentry of shadow forms. Scores of marching figures, representing strange beasts, dwarfs and giants, gods, heroes and villains, cast their shadows for a moment upon the white cloth and then disappear. As great dragons crawl across the shadow stage, Javanese St. Georges mysteriously appear and give them battle. Then follow mighty elephants with slow and measured tread, their great trunks waving in true pachyderm fashion.

Then ensues the battle of the elephants and before the performance is ended it seems that entire races

of men engage in mortal combat. There are literally hundreds of these dancing shadows, yet all manipulated by one person or, at the most, by two.

All the time the performer is engaged in placing his armies in battle array, he also recites the spoken lines appropriate to each shadow form on the screen, thereby investing Java's dancing dolls temporarily with the power of speech.

The drama thus enacted by these shadow forms is called the *Darah Bharata*, which is the Javanese version of the great Hindu *Mahabharata*. This great book is concerned with the adventures of the five sons of Pandu, who are called the *Pandavas*. There is a great war in which the *Pandavas* march against the *Kauravas*, their cousins, and virtually exterminate that race. The hostilities between these princely families forms the main theme of the *Mahabharata*. One small portion of this great book, which is called the *Bhagavad-Gita* or "The Lord's Song," is to the Hindu what the Book of Psalms is to the Christian.

After the shadow show is over and the heroes and demons have retired to their box, the manipulator of the shadows comes from behind his white screen and receives as his reward whatever sum the generosity of the audience prompts them to give. The master performer and the three musicians thereupon gather up their mysterious paraphernalia and disappear—themselves like shadows—into the moonlit Javanese night.

A close examination of the dancing shadows discloses that the Javanese leather dolls are veritable works of art. They

appear to be of lace rather than leather, their surfaces being so extensively perforated as to permit the light to shine through and reflect every detail of costuming and expression to the audience. The dolls are made in different sizes. The professional size is from eighteen inches to two feet for the main figures and from twelve to fifteen inches for the lesser figures. All the dolls are elaborately gilded and painted, and have movable arms. Attached to the arms are long, thin handles of bone by which the arms are manipulated, and every figure is also strengthened by a piece of bone which is slit and placed on either side of the doll. The lower end of the bone is also sharpened so that it can be forcibly pushed into the green bamboo and the figures thus made stationary while other dolls are moved into position.

The *wayang koelit*, as the shadow drama is called, is a most ancient ceremony, probably antedating the religion whose

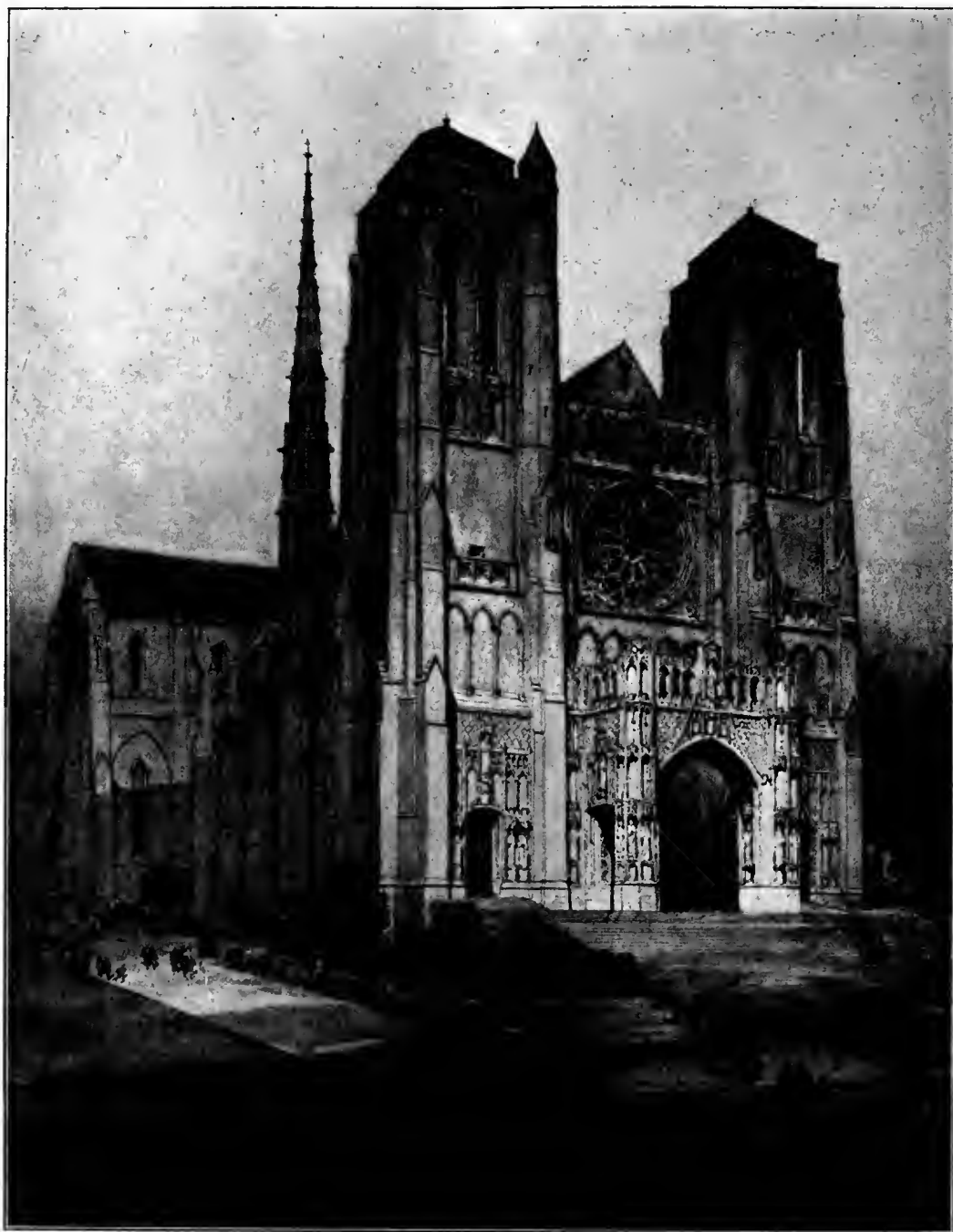
episodes now constitute the subject of the dramas. The shadow show is probably a survival of ghost worship in Java, for there is an old story current among the people of the island that when the dramas were originally presented those who came to view them were deeply moved, in some instances laughing and crying and in others becoming petrified with fear. The *dalang* originally was probably a priest and the dolls were used in the presentation of religious dramas and in the teaching of spiritual truths through parables. That other religions have at times



Behind the Scenes in the Shadow Theatre

resorted to the same practice is very evident. A comparatively recent number of the *Mentor* magazine contained an article to the effect that the familiar Punch and Judy show, which was a favorite form of amusement in America and Europe not so long ago, was originally a Christian mystery drama and that these puppet theatres formed part of the religious equipment of a church. Punch was originally Pontius Pilate and Judy, Judas Iscariot.

A study of the characteristics of primitive peoples cannot but result in benefit to the student; for, while we may consider ourselves to be cultured and civilized, nevertheless our entire civilization is simply an elaboration of our first primitive superstitions. By close analysis of these aboriginal practices and ideals we thereby discover the origin and primary purpose of nearly all our attitudes toward life, systems of thought and racial customs. In the original presentation of these shadow dramas, the priests may have conceived the idea that there was less of the element of idolatry in the showing of shadows than where actual figures were held up as representations of the deities. The same thought inspires the Navajo Indian sand painter, who, after drawing the figures of his gods in the sand, then effaces them with a sweep of his hand so that the people will never come to worship the figures themselves. The shadow drama is entirely consistent with the Oriental attitude towards life for the Eastern mind looks upon the material universe as a sphere of shades and illusions.



Grace Cathedral, San Francisco

DOMINATING the skyline of the San Francisco of the future will be the spires of Grace Cathedral, the largest west of the Mississippi River, for which \$3,600,000 is now being raised by a corps of volunteer workers. From the crest of Nob Hill it will look down upon the spot near the Golden Gate where, in 1579, was held the first Christian service in the English tongue in America. This was on the occasion of the thanksgiving service conducted by Sir Francis Drake's chaplain, when that intrepid mariner put into San Francisco Bay in the course of his historic voyage around the world.

Joined with the Episcopalians in the cathedral project are men and women of all creeds, who see in the beautiful Gothic structure a symbol of the spiritual life of the city. Of this design, prepared by Lewis P. Hobart, San Francisco architect, Ralph Cram has said: "Here is a building of impressive dimensions; with a nobility and power in general effect that promise a cathedral that is destined to take its place amongst the great works of ecclesiastical architecture of modern times."

A Trip in a De Luxe Tri-Motor Airplane

By Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn

AFTER receiving our gardenia corsages and being snap-shotted for a telephoto transmission, we were escorted to our seats in the big tri-motor airplane bound for Los Angeles. In the bustle and confusion of starting we did not notice the number going in our car. Later when we counted noses we had fourteen instead of the twelve passengers originally planned. One sat up in the cockpit with the pilot and acted as his messenger while the other occupied a stool at the end of the aisle in the rear of the regular seats. Our two extra passengers proved to be Spanish sugar planters from the Philippines, bent on studying the best methods of refining sugar. We never found out what language they spoke because the buzz and whirr of the motors reduced us all to sign language and to sounds very like a kennel of kiyis!

It was too much for my pride and self-respect to attempt to bark at my neighbors either loud or long enough to be heard and understood. I have changed my mind about the descent of man. I do not believe now that he descended from monkeys. My airplane flight has convinced me that the non-descript street canine is more likely to have been our common ancestor! Two of the amazing impressions of an air flight are the lack of a sense of motion and the humiliating noises made by humans attempting speech!

A fundamental axiom in velocity is that Space is the one reality. Having

nothing to measure by one has no sense of motion when up in the air, and for this reason we do not sense the earth's motion, although we know it whirls through space at a very rapid rate. The sensation of being high above the fog banks is also a noticeable feature, and the fact that the ground underneath seems full of wrinkles, and that the trees are apparently not higher than a goblet, adds to the unreality of the impressions. We passed over what looked like a perfectly shaped oak leaf lying flat on the ground and of a beautiful green color. This was a large sized lake. We lost all the roads and saw the rivers apparently taking their places as to width and length. When passing over Tehachapi Pass, the plane rocked noticeably because of the air pocket between the end of the Sierras and the Coast Ranges which overlap, but do not touch each other.

The visibility was perfect at all times, and we were high above the fog banks concealing the ocean and bay. In circling over Los Angeles, we went much above Mt. Lowe and Mt. Wilson and could see the sharp bald ridge topping the Coast Range. So smooth and clearly defined were these lines that it would have been easy to fancy that a highway had been constructed along the extreme edge. Los Angeles lay like a many-colored mosaic and it was quite clear that we could have done irreparable damage had we carried one thousand

pounds of dynamite instead of that amount of baggage. With evil intent it would have been easy to hit the City Hall from many angles.

I am fully determined that if the next war comes in my time, that as soon as the airplanes open for action I shall take to a submarine and not only go to the bottom, but stay there! It would be the only safe and sensible thing to do. Having fully three hours' time on my hands, my attention was drawn to some of the little incidents. For one thing, the Fokker motors have a language of their own. The first words I deciphered were: "A-l-l r-i-g-h-t," a-l-l r-i-g-h-t," long drawn out and droning while the plane was getting momentum. Later the motors said, "Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!" in quick staccato, and when we started to volplane to the landing, they seemed to say, "Right you are! Right you are! R-i-g-h-t!" Then the door opened and a friendly voice said, "Congratulations! You are a brave lady!"

Was I seasick? Certainly not! I enjoyed a dainty box luncheon served aboard the airplane, nor did I feel any difference in pulse or heart action. For convenience I filled my ears with cotton and was much diverted by the fact that underneath the Fokker motors was a row of safety pins dangling in the wind—silly, futile-looking little things, and to this day I have no idea why they were there. Can it be possible that an airplane motor is really feminine? I shall long remember the way those safety pins waggled in the wind.

Yosemite Falls in Winter

By NANCY BUCKLEY

BEAUTY eternal as the stars
Is sitting here enthroned, where trees
Are heavy with their weight of snow,
And clean winds sound their melodies;
Where, dark against the starlit sky,
Is etched each peak of storm-whipped height;
Where feathery cascades are clothed
With silver glory of the night.

I who have drifted far from God,
Bound by a city's cramping walls,
Can kiss again His garment's hem,
Awed by the grandeur of these Falls;
I who have lost the thrilling notes
Of life that made my heart rejoice,
While drinking in the beauty here,
Can listen once more to His voice.

Prize winning poem for California in the National Life Conservation Society of New York Contest. Ninety-four poems were entered from California, and 1100 from the United States and Canada. Besides winning the California prize, this poem was selected as one of seven outstanding poems received.

The Luck of Roaring Camp

(Continued from Page 203)

you please, a-jawin at each other just like two cherry-bums." Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble-bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were "flush times"—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp, they duly pre-empted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, "They've a street up there in 'Roaring,' that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby."

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of "The Luck"—who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow river bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky lay deep on the Sierras, and every moun-

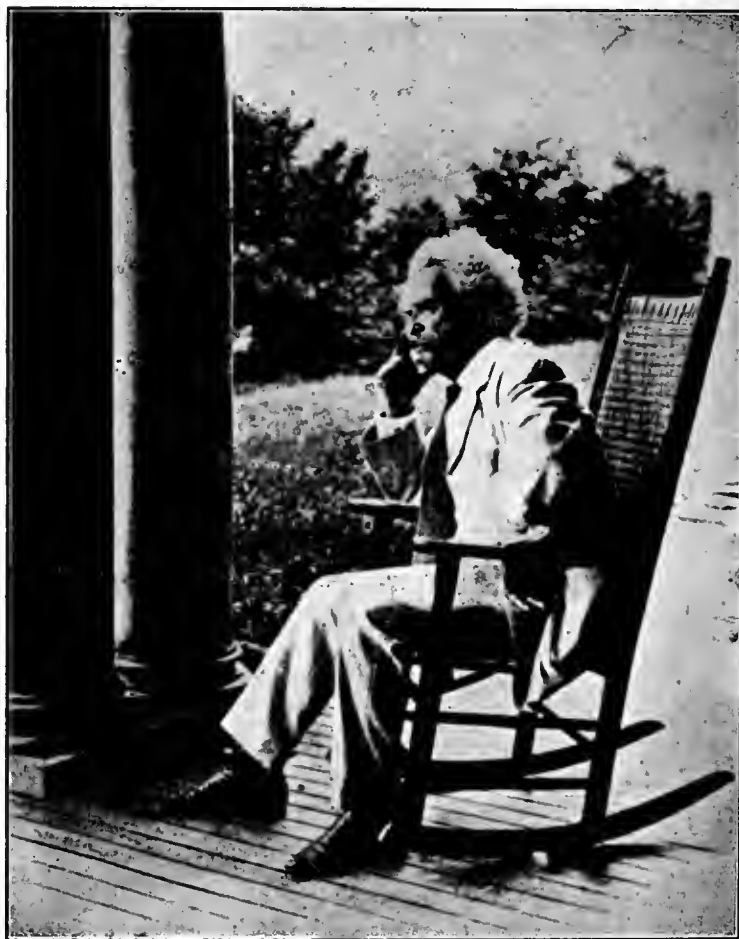
tain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hillsides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and debris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been fore-warned. "Water put the gold into them gulches," said Stumpy, "It's been here once and will be here again!" And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crushing trees and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the owner, but the pride—the hope—the joy

—The Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw the child was cold and pulseless. "He is dead," said one. Kentuck opened his eyes. "Dead?" he repeated feebly. "Yes, my man, and you are dying, too." A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. "Dying," he repeated, "he's a taking me with him—tell the boys I've got The Luck with me, now;" and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.



Mark Twain (Samuel Clemens) assisted from the beginning in the development of the *Overland Monthly*. He wrote for the first issue, "By Rail Through France". Others of his famous papers appeared from time to time.

Cemeteries at Columbia

By Rhys McDonald

"SACRED to the memory of—." The styles may change and bricks may fall and winds and waters quit the peaks to ride the high waves on the sea, but they will sleep through storm and change who sleep beneath the mounds. White silence in the sky above; the wind is but an echo of last fall's fallen leaves, now trampled by the rain into the moss; the hills about Columbia are here and there heavy with the shadows of in-coming clouds that drag against the higher peaks, uniting earth and sky. There is a calling in the pines like the sound of the sea in a shell. Everything speaks. Even the grass, the grass about the tombs in the churchyard, speaks in a hissing, wind-given voice of things next the earth—of the first wild violet, the last-dug grave. And the dark cypress utters a breath. Only the tombs are silent and dumb. They motion, with chiseled lips that moss would seal from passing eyes, their names and dates and, oftentimes, little histories that else would be forgotten.

Old tombstones! How like people are they. One might almost think the dead man's soul found body in the stone that marks his grave, for look how they take the faces and ways of men! In the cemeteries at Columbia, where once many roads led, the marble headstones lean grassward like tired old men whose backs are weak. They tell stories many years old of births and deaths and marriages and journeys and—murders! Old men tell such tales. The moss has whiskered many marble mouths that speak sad epitaphs, till one must stoop to catch the meaning of a word. And here and there the grass grows high above the graves, leaving age-greyled stones, like shrunken foreheads, showing in the day. And whether lying out of sight in the weeds—the kind weeds, that grow either by a rose or a pauper's grave—or standing straight as grows the pine, each stone says into the day, in voice that even thunder cannot drown, "Sacred to the memory of—."

In Columbia there are two cemeteries,

situated on opposite sides of and above the hollow of the town. One, the Catholic cemetery, blankets the dooryard of the old reconstructed brick church, built in the early mining days by a congregation made up mostly of Irish and Italians, as the names on the tombstones show. The Spanish, it seems, did not much building, even of churches, in this part of California; though at Sonora, just four miles away, they once constructed a very small mission. One would think, from the quantity of brick used in

where they become fewer and stand about in the grass like feeding sheep. It is in this cemetery, on its stones, that one reads how, in the dangerous days, a man was murdered, another drowned, and another killed when he fell down a mine shaft. Also, it is here that one finds epitaphs reading like ballads, with a sort of dry-eyed sadness dragging at their lines.

This, following, is exactly as one stone recites the woe of those who had it carved:

*"The relics of our departed
Worths
Lies shrouded here in gloom,
And here with aching hearts
we mark
Our own dear parents' tomb."*

The stone is old; the aching hearts are probably now at peace. What time the mourners mourned is nothing now, nothing to them. A grief lasts just as long as does the grieved and time will wear the very marble smooth, and leave no trace of gloom above the mound.

There, side by side, two stones and two mounds and two friends take their places in the village of the dead. The mounds are low and humble and thatched with grass. Plain, square stones tell the story of these two men. One, dated 1857, has after the name the words, "Erected by his friend, —." The name of the friend is on the next stone, with this explanation of his being there: "Murdered on or about the 28th day of June, 1861." One calls to mind Bret Harte's

"Tennessee's Partner," in which the love between two men did not end at the grave of one, but grew stronger till the other followed his dead comrade. Was there such a devotion in Columbia?

It is a notable fact that many men died young in the early mining days. Few but those with youth and strength made the trip to California, and not all who reached this western land lived long after they got here. The reasons are almost as many as the graves. Smallpox was one of the dangers of the camps, and falling rocks and timbers and loose-

GHOSTS

By HARRY T. FEE

*OH, I ride in a land of a thousand thrills,
Tinselled in memory's gleam.
On a road through the Calaveras hills,
Dusty and quaint with dream.
Bret Harte and the scenes he peopled here,
The rush of the mining days,
Murietta, dark in his cloak of fear,
Mark Twain at San Andreas.*

*They live again on the paths of old,
Tho' Time all else discards,
"Truthful James" and the days of gold,
"Ah Sin" and "his game of cards."
And here is a rose by a cabin door,
Here where the old "Dow" sat,
Here's "Thompson of Angels," the days of yore
And "The Lily of Poverty Flat."*

*"The Stage Driver's Story" lightly told,
From lips with whiskey damp,
"The days of old, the days of gold,"
"The Luck of Roaring Camp";
Behind every boulder, beside every tree
They wind through memory's dance,
Out of the golden past to me
These ghosts of old romance.*

its buildings, and from the iron work found in railings, brackets, and like adornments, that men from Spain had helped to raise the walls of Columbia. But such is not the case. Though Spaniards may have been numerous in Columbia when drinks were bought with coarse gold, the biggest part of the population consisted, as the headstones tell, of immigrants from Germany, England, Ireland, and many parts of the United States from Maine to Tennessee.

The municipal cemetery lines its stones up and marches them through the shade of a brooding woods to the top of a knoll

ly-handled guns merited caution, as did high water in winter time and fire in the summer. In 1856 most of Columbia was gobbled up by flames, so that when the town was rebuilt it was stipulated that brick would be used in the business, hotel, and store buildings. And it was. For many years all freight, supplies, and passengers coming into the mountains or going out into the valley had to be ferried across rivers and gulches when the water was too high to be forded. Nor was it always possible for a ferry to cross the swift water in safety. The smallpox that menaced the camps might be traced to the Isthmus of Panama, over which many of the immigrants crossed who came by boat from the East. The Isthmus was an unhealthy land, and though the ship passengers spent not much time crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, they were nevertheless exposed to the foul breaths that the swamps and jungles exhaled. Thus was sickness brought from the tropics to the mountains. And the stonecutter's chisel was hot.

Some stones read like clippings from an old newspaper, as this one which says:

"Died at Copperopolis, January 22, 1863 A. D., of injuries received by falling down a mine shaft 115 feet deep."

Other stones are carved in foreign tongues and made to stand apart from all the rest, like people in a strange and foreign land. And some mounds are nameless, unclaimed by either stone or wooden cross. Or if they did have crosses once, the crosses have rotted back into the dirt that feeds the twining roots of the forest and thus has claim to all. They, the unnamed mounds, jostle together in the unadorned parts of the cemetery and enjoy the deepest seclusion, for the paths about them are lost in the grass, and only the slipper-shod wind passes by.

The inscription, "Drowned in Table Mountain," as one old stone has it, seems

to require some explanation. Table Mountain is a high, rocky cliff that runs across the foothills for nearly 100 miles. It was formed long, long ago, say geologists, when some now-extinct volcano poured its lava down a river bed, where it hardened. In time the sides of the canyon where the river had run were worn and washed away, but the hardened lava remained and today maps the course of a river never named. In the goldrush days men tunneled into the base of Table Mountain and found gold, also water. It must have been in a mine tunnel, then, that he died whose tombstone seems at first so vague. Drowned in a river that is almost mythical! One man's fate lay sealed in the lava, and he went to it.

Fate drew whole armies of men to the West and, in time, made them a part of the mountains. The mountains gave their gold in trade for lives, and so much more do we value gold than life that the nuggets a man dug might be guarded or gambled and passed around long after the flowers on his grave had withered and passed away. But he should worry.

Many were the Irish who came across the sea from their Emerald-Isle homes, and many were the graves awaiting them. They might dig and pan and pan and dig and dent their shovels on the rocks; the shovel of the sexton never dulls.

It is, indeed, as the song says, "a long way to Tipperary"—a long way from rickety-roofed Columbia in the canyon-rent Sierras to County Tipperary, Ireland. And to County Donegal, and County West Meath and County Sligo and County of Cavan and County Clare and others that sing of the shamrock. But no shamrock grows by the graves in Columbia; only the wild, green things that come in from the hills and canyons, the tatterdemalion weeds, and the gentle flowers. And some graves are lined in quartz, the gold-bearing rock, and on one the vines are grown so closely that

the wording of the stone is lost in shadow.

What was in the mind of the stonecutter who made these marble slabs to speak, who gave them, by his chisel, voice to talk as talk the dumb—in motions What were his thoughts as he labored, picking, chipping, at the symbols of a dead man's birth and death? Tombstones—flagstones in the path of death: a short path and a straight one. No one ever misses the way, and no one walks it twice. Each stone seems to say, "The day is done"; each accounts for a life, gives it name and time and preciousness; then hushes into the grass.

Death is old; yet, graves are ever new and newly dug. Yes, even in the old cemeteries at Columbia the grass must be uprooted here and there to make room for someone. Up out of the hollow of the town the heavy hearse climbs, unrushed. An old man is laid by the grave of one who was old 60 years ago. A child is laid by one who was a child in 1820. And the stonecutter plans the spacing of the words and hums or whistles at his work; for why be sad, thinks he, when here is a job that calls for pure white marble—a beauty of a job—for a girl.

So smile! and think—the beauty of the two.

Grave shadows grow in the canyons, a pallor possesses the sky, a whisper of light is mourning the sun, a gust of dusk is waking the stars, and—sleep! the night is here!

Sleep! The night was made for sleep, the day for night and life for death. So what matters day—there are other days—or life, for there are other lives. Or death, for death is sleep and sleep is peace. Read the whitest tombstone or the darkest, or the largest or the smallest, and each will say, when other things are said, when births and deaths are called to mind and epitaphs are spoken—"Requiescat in Pace. Amen."

Bret Harte

By Honoria H. P. Tuomey

ON the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the *Overland Monthly* a high tribute is due from all Californians not only, but also from all lovers of genuine literary achievement. Bret Harte was one writer in many millions, since he possessed not only the gift of expression but also refined taste and deep human understanding. Nearly all of his writings show him to be of exceptional character both as a writer and as a man.

The versatility of Harte is shown by the fact that some of his work is intensely serious and much is exceedingly hu-

morous. His style throughout is consistently excellent. Whether it is a tragedy or a tale of the "Heathen Chinee," the literary merit is sustained. He is the outstanding model for those who would essay to be general writers of verse and fiction. But, none should venture to follow after him unless they feel certain of their talents; for criticism of the most destructive kind may result.

One high quality of Harte's writing is, that while he may touch on the more

delicate subjects in his love stories, he stands as the confidant and shield of the weak. He uses delicate situations in a forbearing, manly manner, avoiding the offensive, uncalled-for revealing of intimate details that shame and disfigure much of the fiction of today. He introduces such delicate situations but to show how they should be met, and that without preaching or vulgar display of the things that should be reserved as sacred. Another Bret Harte of genius and good taste would be an infinite blessing to our day in the field of literature.

Archery and Avocadoes

By Vincent Jones

THERE were three seething cauldrons of unrest on the Hunt Pilcher place. First there was Celia, Hunt's dawn-to-dark, chattering thorn in the flesh and never-failing fount of foreboding. The only thing he had ever done since the parson collected his connubial entry fee, about which she failed to forebode, was coming to California. That one act was his ever-present and old reliable oasis of partial refuge from frequent and recurrent storms of disapproval.

The most devastating and devitalizing of those storms had been when he invested their life savings in a young avocado orchard. All through the building of the new home premonitions of failure were laid in fifty-fifty with the bricks. And, thereafter, he ploughed in her maledictions with every furrow of his frequent cultivations.

But he had lived through it all, patiently as the legendary ox, and the trees had thriven and begun bearing. When she saw the huge prices the increasing crop had brought the past year, Hunt heaved a sigh that should have shook down the chimney and congratulated himself that, at last, he could begin to look forward to coming within sight of his own house without having to wince at a wet-blanket.

This year they were expecting their first clean-up. The young trees were weighted with the rich, buttery prizes for which the palates of the fortunate were hankering at fifty to seven-five cents per hanker. For long weeks it had actually seemed to hurt Celia, with a deep and rankling hurt, that she could see no obstacle between them and a certain-sure bank account well up in four figures. But, as for Hunt, if the truth must get out here and now, it had chuckled him clean silly. Oh, privately, of course, and out behind the avocado trees. He would never have dared to chuck a solitary chuckle out in the open, where Celia could see and hear.

Then, by the great seven-horned rhinoceros, it had to happen. All along, he had gone about rapping on wood as he chuckled, but now he lost his whole stock of faith in the efficacy of that much flaunted precaution. The avocadoes, not yet quite mature for gathering, began to disappear from the trees, a few each night and always the largest and choicest. At first, he only suspected it, then came certainty and wrath, followed by gloom.

That accounted for two of the seeth-

ing cauldrons, for Celia saw Hunt get down his shotgun and begin cleaning it. She looked at his twitching face and didn't have to be told that he was *not* going rabbit hunting. Hunt ought to have known better than to tell her, but how, otherwise, he argued to himself, could he account to her for his sitting up all night out behind the hedge with that shotgun on his knee and the hate of Hell in his heart? It was thus that Hunt's newly acquired cauldron of unrest began to seethe.

Celia's had never really caused seething, but had flickered down to a near-simmer, except for an occasional flare-up directed at daughter Billie's new fad of archery. But now, fed on this (it actually seemed welcome) new fuel, every weakened surge of seething leaped at once into opulent full fury. They would not have a single avocado left. In a week every tree would be stripped. Why in Heaven's name hadn't he picked out some crop, like alfalfa or English walnuts, that people didn't steal? They would be ruined—were ruined already—and all through his bull-headedness. Why didn't he ever listen to her, and so forth and so ever on and on? Hunt groaned under his double burden and attended to his own seething.

Little Golden Billie, as her worshipping daddy called her, had a girl-size, private cauldron of her very own doing some quite noticeable seething right out in the family open. This new stunt she had taken up, which was all the rage in Southern California, had come in, inevitably, for disapproval and attack from her mother. Wasn't she already climbing tomboy enough, without taking up with this man's business and something borrowed from the awful Indians, at that? But, with Daddy's approval and encouragement, she had weathered all that and could put nine arrows out of ten uncomfortably close to the bullseye, with frequent ones in the pin hole.

Now, this revitalized lease of life that had suddenly animated her mother's cauldron overflowed upon her bobbed head in a fiery flood. Why didn't she thing of something useful? When would she ever grow up? Et cetera, et cetera!

Three nights of hedge-haunting interspersed with frequent patrols on hands and knees to the back fence, where he had a clear sight of his neighbor's line, laid no avocado robbers low, gave birth to not even a single respectable clue. As he growled to Billie over his half-

eaten morning ham and—, before going off to his hectic daytime slumbers:

"Here I've made a darned catch-basin of myself for three nights for all the dew in the heavens and haven't even got to look down the barrel of my gun once!"

But, in spite of his watchfulness, avocadoes were still disappearing.

"This morning I found where three beauties had been taken from the third tree from where I squatted," he exploded. "I'll swear that no human being climbed either fence last night and there isn't a track in the orchard but mine."

The seethingest cauldron of all boiled over with many angry flashes until Hunt Pilcher, sad and weary watchman who knew naught of the night, laid down his napkin in disgust and sought his bed.

Billie stuck out a disrespectful tongue, impulsively kissed away a measure of her daddy's blues, took up her bow and quiver and removed her sunny self far from the blisterings of her mother's disparaging temperament.

Her green was a small mesa back of the avocado orchard. Flushed with the excitement of her practice, she paused after the first round to thrill over her prowess. Two in the pin hole, five in the gold and only one in the petticoat was next door to darn good, she told herself, for a nineteen-year-old girl archer who was just a beginner.

When Billie sat down to rest her roving eyes spotted a grotesque figure over to the right of the orchard, in neighbor Dill's back yard. Ten feet tall and mostly legs, clad in flapping scarecrow togs, it stalked aimlessly up and down the garden path and rested against the pump house by her daddy's line fence. Her look of puzzled wonder spread into a grin.

"The stilting fool," she said to herself, "ever since he had that one bit in the movies he has lived day and night on those stilts."

Like the Goldberg cartoons of the alarm that released a catch, that struck a match, etc., no sooner had Billie spoken to herself that word "night" than she sat bolt upright, a brand new idea cutting its teeth of suspicion underneath those breeze-blown locks of gold. And there in plain sight was corroborative evidence of the possibility that said new idea might not prove a still-born one. "The Stilting Fool," as she had dubbed him, but otherwise known as Dill's

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Dunce, was still leaning idly against the side of the pump house. Aimlessly as one digs an idle toe in the sand, he lifted one stilted leg over the line fence, stood astraddle of it for a second and lifted it back again. Several times he did this before unfastening the stilts and disappearing inside the house.

Picking up her arrow-stand, bow and quiver, Billie went down to the orchard, climbed over the fence and made certain investigations. Sure enough, there were several lines of punches in the soil, just the shape of a stilt bottom and all of them a stilt stride apart, and leading from the pump house into various parts of their avocado orchard.

"And dear old Daddy said there were no tracks," she mused.

Straight into the house went Billie and made a bee line for her sleeping parent.

"Daddy, I've absolutely got to have some money—don't ask me what for, Daddy, please!"

With a finger on her lip and a glance over her shoulder toward her mother, she silenced any budding protest, made her "touch" and hurried into her street clothes.

Slipping out unseen and waiting for the city-bound bus, she was soon standing in a sporting goods store pricing a hunting bow and barbed arrows. On her return a bulky package was laid down on the lawn just behind the hedge.

If the man in the moon had not been otherwise occupied he might have gazed down upon a slim, girlish figure out behind the Golden State private garage and seen her slipping on an arm guard and accustoming her bow-arm to a new and stronger bow than she had ever used before. Then if a cloud had passed over his face she would have been lost to him, as she was to her daddy and her plaintive-voiced mother calling from the kitchen door.

Cuddling, like a squirrel, in the leafy crotch of an avocado tree in line with the pump house but far enough removed to be totally invisible, she laughed softly as she thought how she had crouched and ran like a deer from the back fence.

"I could steal Daddy into the poor-house," she giggled.

About forty-six owl hoots later, the moon being intermittently blanketed by racing cumulus clouds, Billie heard the slight noise of someone on the fence. She had occasional glimpses of the process of stilt adjusting. Then "The Stilting Fool" came striding down between the rows, his body out of sight between the tree-tops and only the long, loose legs, encased in trousers the color of the tree trunks, visible to a distance of perhaps thirty feet.

One row of trees away he paused, and reached into a tree. Billie waited until he had thrice withdrawn his hand and deposited something in a bag slung over his shoulder, then dropped silently to the ground.

The man in the moon must have been hunting for her, because, just at that moment, he cast aside his grey veil and threw down upon Billie a bright silver smile.

"The Stilting Fool" also looked down upon her, muttered a scared "Gosh!" and made a wide turn toward home.

Billie called, "Halt!" and drew back her shaft arm. Dill's Dunce was plumb out of halts, but one of his stilts became loosened and the resultant gait might have been accurately called string-halt, if he had been a horse.

Her command aroused Daddy Pilcher, who demanded, "Billie, is that you?"

"Yes, Daddy, come quick, I've got him!"

PROPORTIONS

One building blots out half the sky,

One street-light hides the stars;

One bitter word in anger spoken,

A life-long friendship mars.

LAURENCE FAULKNER HAWKINS.

Billie doesn't know to this day what her intentions were when she let fly. They may have been to only scare the intruder or, possibly, to slice off an ear for purpose of identification. Anyhow, the arrow cut off that part of his coat where lieutenant generals wear their stars and "The Stilting Fool" howled to the moon and his paternal ancestor.

Still three rows of trees from the fence, filled with bawling panic and giving an exhibition of aerial wobbling that would have landed him the highest salary in the circus, he fled from more arrows, as Billie followed him and shouted again to her father, who was tearing through the orchard toward them.

Billie had a down wind and each feathered shaft made a fresh opening in the north end of "The Stilting Fool's" habiliments and integuments.

Every race has an end, either in triumph or disaster. History's only known and recorded race between a stilter and an archer was no exception. The last three strides of "The Stilting Fool" were giant ones and would have laid him flat on his father's side of the fence with his hip pocket full of sad moonlight if it had not been for the pump house. It loomed before him, both an obstacle and a safety station, for he fell face against it, flat as a flounder, just as his fair

pursuer had finished her set of six by quivering an arrow in its mark underneath his arm pit. Straight through his flapping coat and into the wood of the pump house it went with a wicked zing.

Quick as a flash Billie fixed another one and made it at home underneath the other arm, just as her father puffed up with his gun raised.

Both stilts broken and one splintered end protruding through a rent trouser leg, Dill's Dunce continued to yowl and a pink-nightgowned parent came galloping to the rescue.

The artist that could do justice to that ludicrous scene would have to be a cross between a realist and an impressionist, with considerable of the cartoonist thrown in.

"What the hell!" began the irate gunner.

"Don't shoot, Daddy, I've got him nailed!" interrupted the fair archer.

"Hey, son, where be ye?" proceeded from the pink nightgown and echoed back from the rocks on the mesa.

His grizzled countenance rose over the line fence and his question was answered.

"Pay me for all the avocados he stole or I'll fill his fool carcass full of lead," demanded Hunt Pilcher.

"Son, have ye been stealin' avocados?" demanded the pink nightgown.

"Ye—yes, sir!" whimpered the im-paled one.

"What ye been doin' with them?"

"Selling them," a sob that shook the pump house.

"What ye do with the money?"

"Paying on a diamond ring for N—N—Nellie," ending in a flock of heart-rending sobs.

"Now, she won't have me at all!"

"N—N—Nellie" was the Dill hired girl, and Billie tore an irreverent gash in the night air with unrestrained laughter.

"Great guns!" she borrowed her daddy's pet ejaculation, "wasn't one Dill's Dunce enough, without trying to raise more?"

"Save yer insults and I'll pay ye tomorrow for yer avocados," roared Dill Senior.

Then, as Billie and her daddy turned toward home, they saw a broken stilt withdrawn from a ruined pant leg and laid with paternal persuasiveness upon that portion of a half-witted young man's anatomy that is more amenable to argument than his bump of reason.

The avocado crop was saved and three busy cauldrons ceased to seethe. Celia half-heartedly admitted that archery had its uses and that maybe, after all, avocados were as good as any crop.

Lincoln is Elected!

Article descriptive of picture on front cover.

WITH a clatter of hoofs and a ringing cheer the pony express rider galloped up to the anxious, tumultuous crowd grouped around Wells, Fargo & Company's headquarters.

Lincoln is elected! The message was passed through the town even before the rider, weary but eager to complete his glorious errand, had delivered the dispatches.

HE HAD brought the news across this vast continent to the mighty populace of the West, to thousands of Lincoln's supporters who were awaiting news of the election. Swift as the wind the messenger raced, covering mile after mile on his fleet-footed pony, shouting the welcome news as he passed through town and village, across river and prairie, over mountains and desert; risking death at the hands of Indians, braving tortuous routes in burning heat or biting cold—carried forward as if by magic wings to his destination—California.

The nineteen months in which the pony express served America were filled with glowing deeds that stretched the fame of this colossal enterprise to the far corners of the world. But the feat accomplished by this famous ride across the continent, in order to bring to the Pacific Coast a message of vital importance to the nation during one of its most critical moments, was perhaps the greatest episode in its brief but full career. One thousand nine hundred sixty-six miles in less than eight days was the record made on this trip!

For thirteen months, under the management of the founders, Russell, Majors and Waddell, pioneer freighting firm, the pony express maintained almost unbroken communication between St. Joseph and Sacramento. It survived in spite of overwhelming difficulties and incalculable trials, blazing the path across the continent which eight years later was to be followed by the first railroad to the West; carving its fame into history through its small army of dauntless riders and their sturdy ponies.

The cost of equipping and maintaining the route was enormous, and although the founders had prepared for this factor to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars, the revenue from the enterprise was far exceeded by expenses. Furthermore, the support of the Government, which at the outset seemed assured once the success of the undertaking was proved, was delayed through numerous political conflicts, and by the

end of 1860 the founders of the pony express were forced to consider abandoning the project.

AT THIS juncture Wells, Fargo & Co., banking and express pioneers, and by then one of the strongest financial forces in California, realizing the tremendous benefit the West as a whole, as well as banking and commercial firms, were deriving from the pony express, supplied the capital and assumed management of the route, enabling the regular bi-weekly service overland to proceed without interruption.

Wells Fargo & Co. maintained the route between St. Joseph and Sacramento until October, 1861. With the completion of the overland telegraph at this time the period of usefulness of the pony express ceased. The trail which had been worn across the plains by this faithful messenger faded in the year that followed, until the railroad marked a permanent route over the continent as a monument to its gallant predecessor.

BRET HARTE'S FIRST SCHOOL *By Henry Meade Bland*

"THE master of the Indian Spring school emerged from the woods," says Bret Harte, in an early paragraph of the story, "Cressey," thus giving a direct clue to the name and location of the elusive Harte's first school-teachership in California. For the Indian Spring school was a real place in Nevada County, then a part of the big Tuolumne County, out of which, if my memory serves in this respect, Nevada County was carved.

The school was on the main road, from Smartsville, about eleven miles up, to Rough-and-Ready, which was six miles on and lying within four miles of Grass Valley. The roads crossed at the hotel and bar about a city block south from the school building, which lay on the west side of the grade.

Across the road from the schoolhouse was the home where for a year, 1872-73, my father, Henry James Bland, lived with his wife, Annot Lyle Bland, myself and sister and an older cousin, Oceana Bland, daughter of Adam Bland, whose given name tells the story of her birth on a round-the-Horn sailing vessel, in 1849. My sister was too young to do much more than play under the enormous live-oak still standing, I am informed, and hunt Indian beads and other relics on the huge Indian burial mound on the same ten-acre field as our home.

This is a part of the true, the romantic, Bret Harte country. Here he

taught for six months, appearing among the people suddenly and being quickly employed, and suddenly resigning and disappearing. My fellow pupil, Mr. Seth Gassaway, of my own Indian school days, much older than I, writes me of a well-fixed memory on the part of his older brother, who says the children of the whole community went in paroxysms of joy at thoughts of continuous vacation when Harte suddenly departed, leaving no successor, as there was none to be had. Harte evidently did not leave the school a very popular place with the children.

The Indian Spring school and country made the background for Harte's stories, "M'liss" and "Cressey." Two points are evident: First, the way in which groups of pupils drifted in from seemingly nowhere over the various trails or half roads through the forest. These groups were usually from one family, as those families, as I remember them, were of the size that would have made Theodore Roosevelt feel there was no such thing as race-suicide in that part of the country. They disappeared after school, back over the trails into the hills, leaving all about the school dead quiet.

South of the school about a mile to its summit rose Pilot Peak, and near the summit there was a great rift in solid rock of the mountain, making a cave which opened in the solid rocky perpendicular face of east side into a natural portico on which groups could stand and look down. Approach to the cave was by a rear crevice to the west, opening practically from the summit. One had to climb down into this crevice, arriving finally at the main opening, going thence to the eastern portico.

This cave was the famous place for picnics after school. Generally the teacher, as well as the whole school, went up this favored climb to enjoy the adventure in the cave, and get the surrounding view of the Indian Spring country. No doubt it was the remarkable crevice in Pilot Peak that gave Harte the basis for the early remark in "M'liss": "There were huge fissures on the hillside."

While the reading and study of "Cressey" and "M'liss" was fresh in my mind, I hastened for a visit to the home of the laureate, Miss Coolbrith, to confer with her as the one final authority on my conclusions. Miss Coolbrith was then residing in West San Francisco near the terminal of the Twin Peaks tunnel. I received her corroboration: "Indian Spring was Frank's first school." To his contemporaries Harte was known by the baptismal name Francis (Frank) Bret Harte.



Photo by Watson, Cut by Courtesy of Elemen's Fund

This Picture of San Francisco Was Taken at About 10 o'Clock in the Morning on April 18, 1906.

San Francisco Twenty-two Years After

By Carleton D. Babcock

TWENTY-TWO years after its historic baptism by fire, the modern city of San Francisco, the me and glory of which are acknowledged around the world, stands as a monument to the fidelity, traditions and financial soundness of the institution of insurance.



C. D. Babcock

At 5:15 o'clock Wednesday morning, the 18th of April, 1906, the city and surrounding country were awakened by the most violent earthquake in the history of the Pacific Coast. The temblor lasted 48 seconds.

Almost immediately after the first shock had ceased, filmy spirals of smoke were seen circling from buildings in various parts of the city.

At 8 o'clock the second severe shock occurred, but not so severe as the first. Water mains were broken and telephone and lighting systems dislocated. There was a limited amount of water in the mains and in cisterns in various sections of the city and the fire department used this inadequate supply to the best possible advantage, but it was a losing battle and by Saturday, April 21, when the conflagration was finally brought under control, 508 city blocks had been laid waste, representing a property loss of more than \$350,000,000.

THE MODERN CITY

Today, 22 years after, the visitor approaching the city from the east bay is confronted by a picture of huge, modern structures typifying a new city, rebuilt and rehabilitated very largely by the hands which the stockholders of the various insurance companies assessed themselves in order that San Francisco might be restored and that the institution of insurance might live on for posterity as a greater and more vital force in the national welfare and stability.

At the time of the fire, San Francisco was constructed fully 90 per cent of wood. Of the 28,183 buildings destroyed, 24,671 were of frame construction and only two were of fire-proof class A construction. That the property owners of the city were grossly underinsured is shown by the fact that the insurance losses paid totaled approximately \$175,000,000, or only about 50 per cent of the total loss sustained.

It was a great shock to insurance and it is a credit to the business that the number of companies which failed was considerably smaller than the number that failed following the Chicago conflagration in 1871.

A home company, the Firemen's Fund, sustained the heaviest blow, its losses aggregating more than \$11,000,000. Mr. J. B. Levison, then second vice-president and now president of the Firemen's Fund and associated companies, originated a plan of settlement which time has shown to have been advantageous both to policyholders and shareholders.

AN INSURANCE CENTER

As an insurance center, San Francisco, among American cities, takes second place only to New York. This may be accounted for in part by the central location of San Francisco in the Pacific Coast area and its pre-eminence as a financial center, insurance being naturally closely related to banking and financing. No eastern or middle western city has the same advantage over its neighbors and for that reason we find home offices and departmental offices rather widely distributed instead of being centralized, as is the case on the Pacific Coast. For instance, Hartford, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Chicago, Newark and Boston, to name a few, are important insurance cities, but in none of them is there any such concentration of large insurance offices as there is in San Francisco.

Local insurance offices employ several thousand persons and the annual payroll is very large—just how large it is impossible to say. The premium income of the various insurance companies on Pacific Coast business reaches a huge total and it is believed that \$400,000,000 per year is a conservative estimate of the amount of such funds cleared through this city every year.

San Francisco is the home of the Firemen's Fund fleet including the parent company as well as the Home Fire & Marine, the Occidental Indemnity and the Occidental Insurance Company. Also this is the home city of the California Insurance Company and United States offices are maintained in San Francisco by the Canton Insurance Company, controlled by British capital, the New Zealand, the South British and the Century.

San Francisco is an important life insurance center as well as being the fire

and casualty insurance headquarters for the entire Pacific Coast region. It is the home city of the Western States Life and the West Coast Life, both thriving California companies, and the Associated Indemnity Corporation which specializes in workmen's compensation. The Metropolitan, one of the largest life insurance companies in this country, with its home office in New York, owns a handsome office building in San Francisco and all of the company's business west of the Rockies is supervised from this city. This is the home also of the Federal Land Value Insurance Company, licensed to do business in the State of California, insuring land against depreciation, issuing policies guaranteeing the buyers of land against loss, should the land decrease in values.

HISTORICAL DATA

The first company to open a Pacific Coast office was the Liverpool and London and Globe which began business in San Francisco in 1852 and was followed by the Royal and Queen in 1853. Prior to that time and up to and including the great fire of 1854, San Francisco had been six times laid low by the flames and there had been no mention of insurance, the losses all having been put down as total. It appears that the early merchants on this coast operated largely on a commission basis, the stocks having been insured by eastern merchants before being shipped to the coast on consignment.

An explanation of the absence of insurance companies may be found in the fact that the buildings were of the most flimsy character and not desirable insurance risks. For several years there was not even an organized fire fighting company. Even after the organization of volunteer companies there was a scarcity of water and the bucket brigade was a familiar feature at many of the early fires in the new city by the Golden Gate.

GOLD WAS INSURED

Cash and burglary insurance, although not then known by those terms, was offered the miners by the express companies in soliciting the business of transporting gold east or to Europe, and Wells Fargo & Company in an early advertisement announced that gold and valuables committed to their care would be insured. Major J. F. Carrere in an article entitled "Insurance in California" in the Golden Jubilee number of

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San Francisco, Twenty-two Years After

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Pacific Underwriter and Banker, published in 1925, calls attention to the fact that after the sixth big fire in 1854, the advertisements of a number of companies appeared in the newspapers and directories. That of the Liverpool and London and Globe was the first, followed by the announcement of the Monarch Fire Insurance Company of London, the Home of New York, the Washington, Park, Niagara, Royal and Imperial, all of which began operations in California about this time. In 1855 the Northern Assurance and the Continental established agencies here. At this time there were also three marine insurance companies doing business in the city—the Mutual Marine Fire, the Hudson River Marine and Fire of New York and the Franklin Fire and Marine, also of New York. In 1856 the Phoenix of Hartford and the Unity appeared on the coast, also the United States of New York. In 1858 the Aetna Insurance Company (fire) appointed its first California agent, and in 1866 established a Pacific Coast department.

LOCAL COMPANIES ORGANIZED

The insurance business in those days was conducted with practically no supervision or governmental regulation. There were no regular rates and each agent did the best he could to get business. The merchant who desired insurance made the rounds of the insurance offices and bought his coverage of the lowest bidder. This naturally led to demoralization and eventually to the correction of prevailing conditions by organization. On April 15, 1862, the legislature passed a law requiring all insur-

ance companies to deposit \$75,000 in cash at some bank to be designated for that purpose. This requirement caused the retirement of many of the "foreign" companies and at the same time encouraged the formation of local companies including the Merchants Indemnity, Marine, Pacific Fireman's Fund (out of which grew the Fireman's Fund of today) and one or two others, all of which were organized during 1863. The following year the Home Mutual was organized and in 1895 was taken over by the Fireman's Fund and is now operating on a nation-wide basis as the Home Fire & Marine. Several other companies were organized prior to 1868, when the first insurance commissioner was appointed. In that year also there was inaugurated a fire insurance rate war which raged for three years.

INSURANCE A PIONEER

It will be seen from the foregoing that insurance was a California pioneer, sprouting from its friendly soil and coming to the Golden State from the east and from foreign countries soon after the gold rush—growing, building, developing and keeping pace with commerce, industry and the multitude of activities of an energetic and venturesome people—sharing the sunshine and storm with the other pioneers and saving the city from extinction and ruin in 1906 when San Francisco was wiped out by the greatest fire in history. With such a foundation and with such traditions, no fear need be felt that insurance ever will fail to do its full share in the continued development of the resources and opportunities of this favored region.



"The City Loved 'Round the World"

TAKING STOCK

In casting up accounts as to the developments, during the sixty years past, in trade, commerce, manufacture, industry, there is much of interest to be gleaned from the files of the OVERLAND MONTHLY. The following editorial (the ETC coined by Bret Harte appeared in the issue of September, 1875, page 293. Under caption "Taking Stock," we read as follows:

Etc., Sept. 1875. Vol. 15, Page 293.

TAKING STOCK.

While a general cry of wide-reaching business depression comes to us from the East, we as a State increase our riches with marvelous steadiness and rapidity; and when we are rich we know it, gold and goods filling our storehouses instead of a scum of depreciated paper currency—papier-mache, out of which gamblers manufacture such beautiful things at the people's expense.

The first item in a young country's wealth is men. From the first of January, 1875, to the 31st of July, 1875, this State gained in population 46,886. The details of this first seven months of 1875, and of the same time in 1874 and 1873, are as follow:

Jan. to July Inclusive	BY SEA Come	Gone	OVERLAND Come	Gone
1875	23,418	5,547	45,335	16,320
1874	18,682	6,206	28,030	13,101
1873	20,770	4,955	24,608	13,062

This is a splendid showing, we conceive, for the future of the country. The crops of grain and fruit we believe are not estimated to reach more than three-fourths of the bulk and weight of last year. But all prospects go to show that three-quarters of a bushel of wheat will this year be worth more than a bushel was last year. It will be on the whole a good agricultural year.

Property has been advancing rapidly in value all over the State. A marked feature of the year has been the subdivision and sale in small tracts of many of the immense old-fashioned ranches—with good results at once to sellers, buyers, and to the civilized agricultural as opposed to the half-barbaric semi-nomadic stock-raising interest.

The immense finds of the year in the Nevada mines have gone far to repay and justify the enormous and increasing outlays of money and time spent in mining; and we are glad to report that millions of the money brought to light by this bonanza are being devoted to the general improvement of real estate, and to the erection of huge blocks of stanch buildings for business and other purposes.

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The New Overland Trail

By Frona Eunice Wait Colburn

HALF a million souls struggled over the tortuous two thousand miles from Missouri River points to the Pacific Coast in the twenty-five years preceding the first rail traffic across the continent. In 1852, the ox teams and covered wagons made a procession five hundred miles long, in the greatest migration ever undertaken by man.

Perils and hardships unspeakable had to be overcome by the hardy pioneers, but it must always be recorded to their credit that the lure of gold was not the only motive actuating them. Primarily the cause was the continual turmoil over the question of slavery which was being fought out on the border territories of Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas. The drawing of the Mason and Dixon Line, the Dred Scott Decision and the Missouri Compromise were the political aspects of this great controversy. Families were divided and feeling ran high long before the Civil War actually occurred.

The brave and the fine in manhood revolted against the greed and cruelty of the times, and many of the adventuresome turned to the wild, little-known land by the Pacific seaboard in the hope of finding peace. Such a desire animated the Donner party, but the horrors of their fate compelled the search for a safer pathway into the new haven. The Oregon Trail from Independence, Missouri, to the Columbia River Territory facing the Pacific, solved the problem. The gold rush greatly augmented the travel and was the impelling factor in the building of the first transcontinental railroad from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean.

To commemorate this great feat, General Harte founded the Overland Monthly and chose for its emblem the Grizzly Bear standing on the end of the newly-laid railroad track. Bruin seems undecided whether to give battle or to make off into the woods. It was not in his nature to retreat. A grizzly bear fights it out where he stands and he is a fit symbol of the spirit which has built the West. The Big Four, who had the vision and hardihood to conceive and carry to a successful conclusion such an enterprise as the building of a transcontinental railroad through a trackless wilderness, are in the class with the Lone Eagle who first flew the Atlantic. Both feats are of incalculable value to mankind.

The plodding ox team, followed by the iron horse and telegraph system, represented

an epoch in achievement which changed the whole course of human activities. The lagging energies of old, worn-out lands were quickened into new vigor. Progress took a new lease on life and material things prospered greatly.

The westward sweep of empire paused at the water's edge, but the lap and

aged East is awakening from a troubled sleep, and the young, vigorous West waits outside to salute and lay its utilitarian heritage at the feet of spiritual unfoldment.

In its impetuous onward rush; in its determination to blaze a new trail over and across the Pacific, the youthful West is somewhat impatient of restraint. The go-getter spirit is rampant, and but for the obstacles physical and mental to be overcome, the drowsy East would be endangered by the sudden onslaught. Tempered by the sense of responsibility, a sober second thought will finally slow down the speed, and a more circumspect approach will be made even in the use of radio and airplane.

Well does the old East know the terrific force of the medium used in wave lengths and air flight. The airways being nosed out find in the Pacific great swirls and cross-currents in the trade winds which must be mastered before safety is possible. While Occidental thought has concerned itself with externals, the Orient has pondered over the hidden laws of mind and matter. We develop the outside, the Oriental grows from within. He recognizes the paramount importance of things spiritual; we are more or less blinded by the sense planes of existence.

The old East knows that the negative or feminine principle in nature is the so-called Psychic World, and that the sixth sense to be developed in the new era is being represented by the awakened consciousness of women everywhere. It is not mere chance that the progress of this movement should be typified by the heroic statue of the Pioneer Mother, striding across the wide prairies of the middle west, face set toward the setting sun, and her hand firmly clasped by the youth at her side. The rhythm and swing of the tramping feet symbolize the oncoming race bent upon a return to its native habitat.

What has Youth to give the experienced and wise older civilization? It has the golden promise of assimilation of ideals, with some of the practical benefits to be gained by a better material existence. The West will learn much from the East, especially in the realization of the inner life. But it will teach the East how to conserve life and to lengthen its span of usefulness.

A curious phase of the forthcoming psychic development of the Occidental is the fact that the vanishing red race knew more of the psychic world than

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Column of Progress
Panama Pacific Exposition

swish of the Pacific hecks on onward. Off out yonder in the inscrutable land of the Lotus Eaters is the cradle of the Aryans, and the urge to return to it comes like an insistent clarion call to the youth of the race. Not to escape oppression this time, nor to the sordid lust for gold, is this impulse accredited. There is a cry for help—a need to succor an old an honorable civilization—an homage and respect to be paid high courage, and demonstrated wisdom. The

Junipero Serra

By Ben Field

MIGUEL JOSE of the fair isle of Majorca

Who lived and loved with the olive
and the vine,
When Saint Francis stirred the village
hearts of Petra
With his wild Christian faith nearly
all divine—

You were a fond pilgrim to his Italian
shrine

Where strict rules and hallowed,
spirit-filling feasts
Embraced you, Junipero, pledged you
in wine,
Renamed you in the Franciscan faith
of priests.

In your father's vineyard your boyish
heart beat fast

That day you left home to follow
God,

And Francis the dissolute youth purified
at last,

Hailed you as acolyte on the path that
he had trod.

In the mountain's somber silence you
worshipped him as saint

Until your loyalty and service had
come to please,

And the House of Castile sent you with
only God's restraint

To its provinces of Mexico beyond
the seas.

You did the bidding for the King of
Spain

So long as it was service unto man—
At the College San Fernando you gave
your might and main,

Then Northward as with a desert
caravan.

One night the Virgin Mary found you
on the road,

Your comrades worn and wearied
unto death—

She made upon the hillside a little, fair
abode

And offered food and comfort in a
breath.

Thus she gave succoring help as her son
Jesus did

To one devoted to God's high be-
hests—

Refreshed and nourished you awoke to
reverently bid

Adieu, but Oh, the glory to be her
guests!

And there were daring deeds to do
And paths in forests round about

For iron men like you

To hew and straighten out,
So hail to your Franciscan dream!

That fired the Western Hemisphere;
With the unfurled flag of Spain and
gleam

Of churchly Cross you were the
mighty pioneer.

Traveling those deserted wilds of
Mexico,

Your holy body stricken with a
grievous sore,

A red-hot, glowing iron you pressed
upon it—so

Grown men shrank but you strode
onward as before.



At San Diego you braved an Indian
band—

You held a musket in your priestly
hand,

With black despair and mutiny you
fought

Until the very fiends of Hell
It seemed would triumph, blot

From off the earth the band that stood
so well

With you when your strong faith
surrendered not.

You hung your bells upon San Gabriel's
trees

And called the stolid Indians to their
prayers

And pressed them down upon their
knees

First and forever in those Western
airs.

You named Los Angeles one scintillat-
ing hour of fate

And founded it by a river's bank and
hill—

You could not dream the mighty deed
you did or wait

The years to see Time's purposes ful-
fill.

You built the Spanish missions and the
King's Highway

Six hundred miles by many an Indian
door—

The El Camino Real of yesterday
For men to worship, for dreamers to
adore.

You made these Missions a refuge for
their souls,

And King and army both you val-
iantly dared—

No Indian but found sanctuary, and
coals

Of fire you heaped when love all but
despaired.

Low, brutal tribes that had no soul
You lifted up to manhood and to
God,

You gave them culture and a goal,
Humanity you fashioned from a clod

Music you brought to this far, Califor-
nia shore,

The first to vie with wind and stream
and bird—

You brought the printed page, trans-
cendency and more

To savage breasts that knew no writ-
ten word.

And while the guns of Bunker Hill
Were speaking freedom for a race,

You were a Pilgrim Father, still
Cleaving to the Faith in your own
place.

Unswerving Serra, man of iron in day
of old!

In glittering empyrean should you
deeds be sung—

You lived to glorify great history, and
behold,

Time's hand will hardly turn so far
but tongue

Of man shall render praise to you,
But hearts of men with inspiration
swell

At thought of those who reverently
learned and grew

In faith within your Christly spell.

You built the Missions on the King's
Highway!

They gave a groveling people un-
thought-of wealth—

They stand as landmarks in this presen-
day,

That all the elemental powers o-
stealth,

Of erosion and decay sweep not away—
You held aloft your Moses rod

And lived the message of your God

Turtles and Transportation

A GALAPAGOS turtle might consider a slow, lumbering ferry as rapid transportation, but motorists with cars capable of "doing" 60 or 70 miles per hour resent having to stop at waterways and await transportation to the opposite shore by slow, antiquated methods. They demand a utility that coordinates with the speed of their modern vehicles.

Great highway bridges have furnished the answer and their popularity with the motoring public has been instantaneous as evidenced by the tremendous traffic carried by the Carquinez Bridge—between Crockett and Vallejo—since its opening in May, 1927—just about one year ago.

Convenient bridges of this type attract traffic that apparently did not formerly exist. This is demonstrated by the fact that during the period May 1st, 1926, to May 21st, 1927, the Rodeo-Vallejo Ferry (which the Carquinez Bridge supplanted) carried 627,533 vehicles and 1,576,371 passengers, while the Carquinez Bridge during the period May 21st, 1927, to May 20th, 1928, provided transportation for 1,075,583 vehicles and 2,790,914 passengers! In other words, the bridge is just about 100% more popular with the public than the ferry.

What is accountable for this almost unbelievable increase in travel? The question can be answered by one word—service!

The Carquinez Bridge is open 24 hours every day. Unlike a ferry, it never "pulls out" just as the motorist reaches the pier. It is always there and always ready to serve you. It has made "timetables" as obsolete as the tallow candle. The uniformed attendants on this great bridge are schooled in courtesy and "service with a smile." An all-day and all-night information bureau is maintained on the bridge for the convenience of travelers and accurate highway and resort information is cheerfully dispensed.

The Carquinez Bridge has ushered in a new era of motor convenience. It has forever eliminated long, vexatious ferry waits and the hundred petty discomforts of ferry transportation.

The enormous amount of time saved by motorists using the Carquinez Bridge is graphically demonstrated by the following:

Average time on Rodeo-Vallejo Ferry (including purchase of ticket, loading and unloading at each terminal, and time on water)	25 minutes
Average crossing time on Carquinez Bridge	1 minute
Saving per passenger	24 minutes

According to present estimates, the Carquinez Bridge will carry about 1,000,000 vehicles this year, each containing an average of 3 passengers or a total of 3,000,000 passengers.

24 minutes saved for each passenger equals	72,000,000 minutes
Reduced to hours equals....	1,200,000 hours
Reduced to days equals....	50,000 days
Reduced to years equals....	142½ years

In other words, *users of the Carquinez Bridge save 142 years, 6 months every year as against ferry time.*

A few years ago mention of a trip from San Francisco to Martinez, to Vallejo, to Antioch or to Sacramento conjured up in our minds a long, tedious journey by train that meant a day or more to accomplish. Now with our "Seven League Boots"—the automobile, wonderful highways and great highway bridges—we vision a quiet, restful after-luncheon trip past glorious orchards; along delightful river routes, with every convenience. No transferring of baggage from boat to train and from train to boat; no irksome ferry delays; no timetables; and best of all, there and back to our own front door by sunset.

One hundred and one new week-end trips and one-day trips are now available to San Francisco Bay district motorists which have not been available heretofore and which would not be so easily available today but for the miracle of the Carquinez Bridge. It has brought the great San Francisco metropolitan area into close contact with the hinterland of our State. It carries you right into the heart of California's most famous playgrounds—the Redwood High-
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Carquinez Bridge Across Carquinez Straits

"Pictures by Wire"

By George M. Foster and Richard C. Smith

The Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company

THE phrase, "Pictures by Wire," to mind the fanciful tales of Jules Verne, or suggested an interesting but seemingly impossible inventor's dream. However, when a satisfactory demonstration of Telephotograph was held at the New York headquarters of the Bell System in May, 1924, full proof was had that telephone wires, long the highways for voice travel, had also become pathways for the eyes. Now, "Pictures by Wire" is the slogan for a service which has placed a new aspect on news, business, financial, governmental and social communication.

The public has grown accustomed to seeing pictures transmitted over Bell System lines. Newspapers make regular use of these clear-cut reproductions of original photographs taken hundreds and often thousands of miles away, and rivaling the swiftest news dispatches. Financial concerns know the value of receiving statistical reports and announcements in this manner. Police departments frequently utilize Telephotograph for broadcasting finger prints, pictures and descriptions of criminal fugitives, and new subjects for "Pictures by Wire" are found every day.

The fact that Telephotograph has reduced the time for transmitting photographs from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast to exactly seven and one-half minutes, combined with the successful functioning of this innovation in communication, accounts for its ready acceptance by Americans in the transaction of their daily affairs. Instead of waiting several days for a photographic print to arrive by mail, the reader or customer can have the pictures served immediately after the event.

The apparatus which makes possible "Pictures by Wire" is a product of many years of experimentation and research by engineers of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. In April, 1925, just one year after the first successful demonstration of Telephotograph, the service was inaugurated on a commercial basis, with sending and receiving stations located at New York City, Chicago and San Francisco. Eight stations are now in operation; the five additional ones having been opened at Cleveland, St. Louis, Boston, Atlanta and Los Angeles.

The present apparatus transmits from

of Telephotograph and, during the first year of operation, accounted for approximately two-thirds of the transmissions made. The speed and accuracy of the service was soon appreciated by financial concerns, however, and many new uses for it have developed. Today, while press pictures constitute an important part of the transmissions made, they do not, by any means, comprise the majority. The current uses, among many others, include sending financial advertisements, certificates, mechanical drawings, accountants' statements, X-ray photographs, electro-cardiographic tracings,

documents and signatures, fashion and textiles designs.

A New York advertising agency, for example, placed an important cover illustration for a booklet before a client in San Francisco in less than two hours. A financial house flashed pictures relating to a new stock issue back and forth across the country, and thus secured revisions and approvals in hours, where ordinarily it would have taken days. They were, in this way, able to meet a favorable market. A large oil company collects local trial balances by Telephotograph, combines them and



Crew of the Southern Cross

This telephoto was transmitted over wires of the Bell System. Left to right—Captain H. W. Lyon, navigator; Captain Kingsford-Smith, pilot; Captain T. P. Ulm, co-pilot, and James Warner, radio operator. Courtesy International News Reel.

a film measuring five inches by seven inches. Larger pictures are reduced to this size, and large documents may be transmitted in sections. The actual transmission of a picture takes seven and one-half minutes, but there are some purely photographic details at either end, which bring the over-all time to about an hour. The accuracy of detail and general excellence of telephotographs, both as prints and when reproduced by ordinary engraving process, is surprising.

The news field has offered the best opportunities for testing the versatility

issues its monthly statements a number of days earlier than before.

Speed, ever an essential in American life, was personified the other day when a hundred-word message written in the new shorthand method, known as "speed-writing," was placed on the same Telephotograph with a picture of Miss Emma B. Dearborn, the inventor of the system, and sent from New York to Los Angeles. Here, certainly, was a new development in picture transmission; for while the maximum of an ordinary typewritten message for one Telephotograph

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The San Rafael-Vallejo-Sonoma Cut-off

MOTORISTS of Northern and Central California will be given another highway, and a much needed one, when the San Rafael-Vallejo-Sonoma cut-off is thrown open to traffic on July 4th. Construction, which has been under way on this project for nearly two years, is now finished, all that remains to be done being a small amount of finishing and oil-

ing. When this cut-off is opened one more link will be added to the system of highways and bridges around the bay.

The chain of rivers and bays culminating in the Golden Gate has long formed the principal barrier to inter-communication in the northern part of the State. Gradually, under pressure of increasing demands, this barrier has been overcome. In the early days, various crude ferries were established. The railroads crossed San Francisco Bay and Carquinez Straits with ferries, and later bridged the lower arm of San Francisco Bay.

As the State grew in population and wealth the more important crossings on the upper reaches of this barrier were provided with bridges to replace the ferries. Until quite recent times, however, the very great expense involved in any crossing lower than Rio Vista had prevented the construction of a bridge. The first roads around the bays followed the highlands for two reasons; construction across the marshes was very expensive, and there was no particular reason for building roads there, as all towns were located on the high ground. When the State began its system of improved roads, it followed more or less closely the existing county roads.

The advent of the automobile brought with it a demand for a better highway system. The extraordinary growth of the automobile soon justified and made financially possible expenditures for roads and bridges hereto undreamed of. Today a motorized public would not tolerate a highway system which only ten years ago was considered to be very excellent indeed.

Recently a number of important highway bridges have been built, Antioch Bridge, Carquinez Bridge, Dumbarton Bridge, and a bridge between San Francisco and Oakland is now being strongly urged. Doubtless it will come in time. These bridges are supplemented by what is said to be by far the largest and best auto ferry system in the world. One

miles. By the new road the distance to San Rafael will be cut to twenty-seven miles. This means a saving of twenty-three miles to the motorist.

Of even greater importance than the saving in distance will be the saving in time. The new road is absolutely level, very nearly straight, the few curves being designed for a speed of forty miles per hour, and are almost imperceptible, while there are no trees, buildings or intersecting roads on the entire stretch. It will be easily possible to make the trip in forty minutes, while at present it requires a good driver at least one hour and a half to make the run. Consequently the new road will make possible a saving in time of some fifty minutes, nearly an hour.

While the greatest saving is afforded to travelers proceeding from Vallejo or Carquinez Bridge to points south of Ignacio, many other

routes will receive substantial benefits. Motorists from Sacramento to San Rafael, or to San Francisco by Sausalito, will save 7.6 miles over the present route, which saving will be increased to 11.2 miles when the State Highway through American Canyon is constructed. Due to the elimination of many intersecting roads and towns the saving in time will be proportionately greater.

East Bay motorists will enjoy substantial benefits. To Petaluma the distance from Carquinez Bridge is now via Napa and Ignacio Forks, 57.6 miles, while via Sears Point and the Lakeville road, now being improved, this distance will be reduced 36.2 miles. The Russian River resorts are most quickly reached from Sebastopol. The route now from Carquinez Bridge is via Napa, Sonoma and Santa Rosa, a distance of sixty-two miles. By way of the new road and Lakeville, the distance will be cut to 46.2 miles, a saving of some 15.8 miles or just about one-quarter of the total distance. To Sonoma Valley points, the saving will be about six miles; via Napa and Schellville, 32.6 miles; via Sears Point 26.6 miles.

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Newly Constructed Roads of the San Rafael-Vallejo-Sonoma Cut-off

of these ferries alone—that operated by the Golden Gate Ferry Company—will carry more automobiles this year than are owned in any nation aside from the United States.

However, owing to the expense involved, bridges and good ferry service are necessarily limited to a few of the more important locations and this will perforce always be the case. Ease and rapidity of travel also demand a system of marginal roads around the water barrier. These roads have gradually come into being one by one until now only a single important gap remains to be filled; that along the northern shore of San Pablo Bay. This gap will be closed by the new cut-off which runs directly from the Napa and Sacramento highway, outside the city of Vallejo, over the Napa River and along the northern shore of San Pablo Bay, crossing Sonoma Creek at its mouth and then going directly west to a junction with the Black Point cut-off at Sears Point.

Hitherto a motorist desiring to go from Vallejo to San Rafael found it necessary to drive up to Napa and then back to San Rafael by way of the Black Point cut-off, a total distance of fifty

Flying—1890-1929

STANDING on the sidelines on Kincaid Field to watch the first model airplane contest to be held in Eugene, Oregon, I saw one boy after another launch his fragile craft into the air, and my thoughts strayed to another scene of nearly 40 years ago, perhaps on the very same spot. I tried to picture to myself the lone boy with his dream model, the object of ridicule and scorn. And again the truth that whatever the human mind can conceive of as possible, is possible, impressed itself upon me.

Today youth is thinking in terms of aeronautics, but in 1892 when George Melvin Miller applied for a patent on a flying machine model, that person was ranked as little short of a madman who dared to express himself as a believer that someday man would be able to soar into the air.

George Melvin Miller, who is the only living brother of the Poet of the Sierras, Joaquin Miller, was, like his brother, an idealist even as a boy. For ten long years he wrestled with the problem of constructing a machine whereby man might ride along above the level of the ground. He had observed the wing structure and mode of ascent of the fowl upon his father's farm. As he says, "I concluded that if a goose could fly, man could do likewise."

One day when he was fifteen years of age he was driving a self-raking harvester machine on his father's farm at Coburg, Oregon. As he watched the action of the machine wings rotating, he said to himself that that illustrated the mechanism needed for a flying machine.

It was not until 1890 that he was ready to patent his idea. By that time he had a miniature model of the apparatus which made a straight-up flight of 30 feet. There were four wings, two rotating toward the left and two toward the right. They were set in motion by a clock spring wound with a key. The little model is still in Mr. Miller's office, but nearly all the silk has been eaten off the wings by the mice, which did not cherish any ambition to fly.

Mr. Miller secured the services of a German draftsman employed in the office of the County Clerk and by architects of the town—Mr. Miller is unable to recall his name—to make the drawing as the completed machine would appear. It is interesting to note the draftsman's conception of the future Eugene as indicated by the many buildings to be seen in the drawing.

The flying machine was to be eight

*Flying Machine Invented in 1890 by
Brother of Joaquin Miller*

By Beatrice B. Beebe

feet high and sixteen feet across at the wing tips. Two sets of wings were to be constructed of bamboo and silk, mounted on hollow shafts, and were to turn in clockwise and counterclockwise directions. In addition, these wings were to act as a parachute, so that the rider would be perfectly safe and free from all fear of his machine falling.

At this stage of the work Mr. Miller showed his little model to some of his friends including Bill Campbell, George McClain and Mayor F. M. Wilkins, who one and all agreed that the idea was utterly impossible of fulfillment. In fact, some went so far as to consider him a bit off. The local preacher, Rev. I. D. Driver, always used for his illustration of a fool, Mr. Miller and his flying machine. "As big a fool as George Melvin Miller, who is trying to build a flying machine," he would often say.

In 1892 Mr. Miller made application for a patent on his idea, but felt that the machine could not be a success until something could be invented to take the place of the engine run by steam, the only motor power available at that time. The steam engine proved too heavy for his machine, and so for some years he did nothing with his idea. But he did keep in close touch with Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institute, as Congress had appropriated \$50,000 to further experimentation with flying machines. Professor Langley himself had constructed a model and built a platform from which his machine was to be launched over the Potomac. The day set for the event arrived, but the little plane crashed into the water.

Mr. Miller's confidence in the practicability of his model was shown by the fact that in 1890 might be seen on the fence about his home in Fairmount a huge sign bearing the words, "AIR-SHIPS MADE HERE." That house is still standing at 1825 Fairmount Boulevard, but in 1890 there were only two other houses between it and the University campus, and Eugene was but a small town.

On the back of the picture of the draftsman's concept of the completed flying machine is a notation in pencil, "John Pendergras, Chicago, 1889, made four trips around a 100 foot room. Seen by E. B. Van Avery, 82½ Russel Street, Portland, Oregon"; also a clipping from a paper:

"First Air-Bicycle Makes a 35-Foot
Flight in Paris
By Webb Miller

"Paris, July 9 (1921) (U.P.)—The air-bicycle has arrived.

"Gabriel Poulain today won the 10,000 franc prize offered for the first flight to be made in an airplane propelled by man power.

"For the first time in history, a plane has been flown with no motive force other than that supplied by a pair of legs.

"Poulain made three flights—or rather, hops. The longest was about 35 feet. He managed to get about three feet off the ground in making this hop. Scientists who watched him compared his performance with the first attempts at aviation, when motor propelled planes trundled around on the ground with occasional little leaps into the air.

"Poulain's vehicle looks like a bicycle with a propeller. To win the money he had to make a flight of more than 10 yards. While the crowd looked on, he pedaled furiously along the field and finally flew clear of the ground."

Almost 40 years have elapsed since Mr. Miller filed his application on a flying machine, and today small boys are entering their model planes in contests all over the United States, and no one dreams of calling them other than wise little lads. The impossibility has become a reality. No longer is flying confined to the winged creatures of the earth. No longer are the barbs of ridicule directed toward the man who maintains that circumnavigation of the globe by air travel will some day be as safe as by land and water routes. The march of progress—1890, Miller—1928, Lindberg—1965, ?—who shall say that any idealist of today will not be the practicalist of 40 years hence.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We have on our desk the official patent granted by the United States patent office to Mr. George M. Miller for improvements in flying machines. This caveat is dated October 26, 1892, and signed by W. E. Simons, Commissioner of Patents. We also have a photograph of Mr. Miller's first air bicycle which, owing to its faded condition, will not reproduce satisfactorily. This is one of the most interesting photographs showing the beginnings of the flying machine ever made.

The Last Word In Transportation

By Arthur Q. Hagerman

IT is not so long ago that the pony express and the stage coach emerged from the center of a whirling cloud of dust, and our forefathers cheered. Every safe arrival, without hold-ups, without accidents, was an event. The men were fearless and hardy who ran these "limiteds" of early California history—but the odds were mighty.

The driving of the "golden spike" which united California and the East by rail was celebrated fittingly with waving hats, hoarse throats and all manner of enthusiastic noise. But some quaint pre-modern modernist made the remark, "What will it matter a hundred years from now?" Not that he was referring to golden spikes particularly, but it fits.

In a mighty brief span of years California passed up the pony express and the stage coach.

The snorting iron horse was predominant. Now, in another brief span of years, California has been giving the steam-breathing monster of the steel track the farewell shuffle. More and more people have been investigating wings—the kind that grow in factories.

Eight months ago the Maddux Air Lines opened the first large-plane inter-city passenger service in California. With 12-passenger, three-motored and all-metal Ford air liners, passengers were carried daily between San Diego and Los Angeles. The service was a success.

Business men, salesmen particularly, found the air liner a boon to profits. Tired week-enders from Los Angeles found San Diego and Tia Juana only a little over one hour distant.

On April 14, 1928, three great air liners lifted their cargo of distinguished guests off Rogers Airport, Los Angeles, and journeyed to San Francisco, via Bakersfield, Fresno and Oakland. That

monster! No doubt the Indians would be called into conference and asked to prepare their arrows for a long fight.

Yet, strangely enough in view of this rapid change in our California life, the only way really to allow one's imagination full sway over the dead hours of the past is to ride aloft—and see California from the vantage point of the conqueror of space. A little leeway for

the thoughts, a certain license for our imaginations, and we people the plains and the purple, gold and green valleys with the characters of yesterday.

What, ho! Move on, Science — give us faster wings. Let us have comfortable chairs, wide windows and the safety of metal, the surety of three, six or a dozen motors! Let us have all the Lindberghs you have, and tell us when the next limited departs for Mars. But—allow us,



was the beginning of daily passenger service between Northern and Southern California, with large, luxurious planes. The small one-motored plane continues to whip the wind in the interests of air mail, but the tri-motored, all-metal air yacht is the travelers' medium today.

One of the most interesting spectacles to be imagined would be the appearance of a few of the characters of a century ago, grouped around an old mission as the daily limited of the skyway follows its fleet course overhead. What prayers there would be for deliverance from the

with our childlike minds, to look below and see the scouts of civilization stealing through the mountain trails. Let us populate the crevices of timbered Tehachapi with hostile faces, sleek bronze figures garbed in paint and a flap of leather. We'll watch for the first hardy sail approaching the Golden Gate, and as we settle gracefully to the smooth sod of the airport of the Bay, pardon us for obliterating the shiny metal hangar-roofs and peering at the band of aborigines and pioneers whose curious faces greet us!

The Library of Congress at Washington is in urgent need of several back numbers of the OVERLAND MONTHLY to complete its files. The Library especially desires Nos. 2 to 8, inclusive, of Volume 83, these being the issues of February to August, 1926. "Do you by any chance," write the Library authorities, "have these numbers available?" Many readers bind their volumes or keep the issues intact. By sending us these numbers you will confer a great favor upon the Library of Congress, as well as upon us. We shall be glad to remit 25 cents per copy for the above issues.

Sixty Years Ago---1868

First Editorial in Overland Monthly

E. T. C.

By Francis Bret Harte

YET it falls to my lot at the very outset, to answer, on behalf of the publishers, a few questions that have arisen in the progress of this venture. Why, for instance, is this magazine called "The Overland Monthly"? It would perhaps be easier to say why it was not called by some of the thousand other titles suggested. I might explain how "Pacific Monthly" is hackneyed, mild in suggestion, and at best but a feeble echo of the Boston "Atlantic"; how the "West," "Wide West" and "Western" are already threadbare and suggest to Eastern readers only Chicago and the Lakes; how "Occidental" and "Chrysopolis" are but cheap pedantry, and "Sunset," "Sundown," "Hesper," etc., cheaper sentiment; how "California"—honest and direct enough—is yet too local to attract any but a small number of readers. I might prove that there was safety, at least, in the negative goodness of our present homely Anglo-Saxon title. But is there nothing more? Turn your eyes to this map, made but a few years ago. Do you see this vast interior basin of the Continent, on which the boundaries of States and Territories are less distinct than the names of wandering In-

dian tribes?—do you see this broad zone reaching from Virginia City to St. Louis, as yet only dotted by telegraph stations, whose names are familiar, but of whose locality we are profoundly ignorant? Here creeps the railroad, each day drawing the West and East closer together. Do you think, O owner of Oakland and San Francisco lots, that the vast

current soon to pour along this narrow channel will be always kept within the bounds you have made for it? Will not this mighty Nilus overflow its banks and fertilize the surrounding desert? Can you ticket every passenger through to San Francisco—to Oakland—to Sacramento—even to Virginia City? Shall not the route be represented as well as the termini? And where our people travel,

that is the highway of our thought. Will the trains be freighted only with merchandise, and shall we exchange nothing but goods? Will not our civilization gain by the subtle inflowing current of Eastern refinement, and shall we not, by the same channel, throw into Eastern exclusiveness something of our own breadth and liberality? And if so, what could be more appropriate for the title of a literary magazine than to call it after this broad highway?

Just sixty years ago, in July, 1868, Bret Harte began in the first issue of the Overland Monthly, that series of editorials, stories, and poems that almost from the beginning placed him in the front rank of the world's literateurs. His editorials appeared under caption "ETC". The significance of this editorial, here reproduced in this 60th Anniversary issue, is obvious. That Bret Harte was possessed of imagination, not only, but judgment and vision and commercial understanding, this editorial clearly indicates.

EDITOR.

1928---Sixty Years After

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

AS WE look back over six decades of history, we can scarcely realize the tremendous progress achieved in these sixty years. California and the Pacific Coast have come into prominence through the discovery of gold and the subsequent movement of population to the westward. The last spike, joining together the rails of the transcontinental lines and bridging the East and West, was driven in 1869. It is difficult to realize that the first issue of this magazine found its way to the hands of readers in July of the previous year.

Travel and communication have experienced an evolution amounting to a revolution since the day Bret Harte penned his first editorial in *Overland Monthly*. The prairie schooner, the pony express, and the "wind-jammer" sailing vessel gave place to the steam train, the telegraph and the modern steamship. Then came the telephone. The voyage "round the horn," or across the isthmus, was shortened by the completion of the Panama Canal. The wireless telegraph grew into the radio. The flying machine of crude design became the airship of the present day, and an actuality in our commercial life. And only today, we have upon our desk a photograph taken of a group in San Francisco, just before boarding an airship for Los Angeles. This picture was developed and transmitted as a television photo, and presented to the travelers three hours later as they stepped from their airship 500 miles distant from their taking off.

ONE of the greatest accomplishments during the last half of the period since the establishment of *Overland Monthly*, is the perfection of the gas engine. The automobile has come to take the place of the horse. The tractor upon the farm and ranch does the work of many horses and many men. Both for business and for pleasure, the automobile is one of the chief factors in our modern life.

Color photography, the talking motion picture, and the visibility to one another of those who at great distances apart talk over the phone, are dreams that have come true. Vessels at sea are guided from the land without the aid of chart or pilot or compass upon the ship. The exploits of those who made famous the "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" are but child's play in our modern experience. The eighty days required in the imagination of Jules Verne for the trip around the world, will soon be

contracted to hardly more than that number of hours. A score of separate messages moving in opposite directions can at one time be sent over the same wire, and the human voice can, almost as quick as thought itself, be carried well-nigh around the world.

DURING the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, there was consummated a scientific feat thought by most people then to be impossible. We talked over direct wire from the exposition grounds to President Faunce of Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island. Witnessing that experiment was an eminent scientist who concluded that this was the culmination in the field of science. We had reached, he assured us, the ultimate in the application of science to the arts and industries.

How far short of the truth this estimate was can readily be understood by even the layman of today. The demands growing out of the Great War gave us, in a half-dozen years, greater advances than those witnessed in the previous half century. And in the realms of physical science, chemistry, biology, geography, the next decade will likely far outstretch the advances made since the establishment of this magazine.

Bret Harte was, in vision, many years before his time. But the changes wrought in these sixty years since his notable achievement in launching the *Overland Monthly*, are far greater than his imagination pictured. The modern office building of today, of steel and concrete, fireproof and well-lighted, is a far cry from those simple structures of wood and brick of 1868. Since that day, the tallow-dip and the kerosene lamp have been waived aside for the electric light. Gas and electricity take the place of wood and coal as fuel. Mountains have been tunneled. Impossible sweeps of water have been bridged. Deserts have been reclaimed, and waters stored for commercial and domestic uses. The street cars, drawn by horses, are now propelled by invisible power born hundreds of miles distant, and transmitted on wires to our very doors. Our labor-saving devices, cold storage plants, modern equipments everywhere, and improved methods in the world of finance, of industry, of commerce, of manufacture, of trade, of transportation, are the marvels of the world.

BRET HARTE, himself a printer, would with difficulty reconcile the simple equipment of the shop in which he worked with the modern machinery of the present-day printing establishment. Himself a teacher, the progress made in education during these 60 years would be to him a miracle. And if in letters and the entire field of literature the west has taken high place, it is because in no small degree such progress was made possible by the work of Bret Harte himself and those other writers who, with him, laid the foundations of the *Overland Monthly*.

In population, California has, in this sixty-year period, grown from a few thousands to millions. Straggling towns have expanded into great and populous cities. The ranches of grain and ranges of cattle now produce fruits that in quality and quantity are nowhere equalled. The agricultural and pastoral regions of the earlier day share honors with modern industrial and manufacturing centers of the present. In extent and excellence, the highway system is the model for the world. In climate and scenery and standards brought about by legislation, social and humanitarian in character, California leads.

In the earlier day, there were few ship lanes on the Pacific. Travel between our eastern ports and the Old World countries was even then quite common. The Orient was only beginning to open up. China and Japan were isolated, the Philippines had not been brought under our eye, and the Hawaiian Islands were visited by few roving souls only. Today the front door of the continent has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The theatre of action is deliberately but surely moving to the westward. Our commerce with the Pacific countries has tremendously increased and exceeds any possible estimate of a few years ago. Our coastwise trade is a big item. And our neighbors on the south—Mexico, the Central American countries, and South America are trading directly with Pacific Coast centers.

In these developments the *Overland Monthly* has taken prominent part in its sixty years of continuous service. It will continue to fulfill the ambitions of its founders to the end that the Pacific Coast will assume its proper place in industrial greatness, in commercial supremacy, in educational leadership, and in literary quality.



When all human hope for the safety of her beloved Carl has vanished in the cataclysm of battling nations, wistful Lillian Gish, as Pauli, the Austrian girl, turns to prayer as the only remaining solace for a soul shaken and shattered by war hysteria and hatreds. An impressive scene from Channing Pollock's famous protest against War, "THE ENEMY," as adapted to the screen by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

What are We Coming to Theatrically?

TALK with the manager of a legitimate theatre and he will tell you, "We can no longer depend upon the East to keep our theatre open . . ."

Talk with the advance agent of the traveling road attraction and he will tell you, "The small town is dead . . . the long railroad jumps between the Rockies and the Pacific Coast make a tour a gamble not worth the risk . . ."

Talk with the manager of a big time vaudeville theatre and, if he will admit the fact, he can tell you that "Big time variety is a thing of the past . . . the movies—or the picture theatres—have stolen all our stars and we are forced into a policy of three or more shows a

By Frank Whitbeck

cause if the play is right it can stay in either Los Angeles or San Francisco for a run of ten or twelve weeks and to this can be added another ten weeks in the Northwest.

Producers such as Henry Duffy will always find success in the West because—Duffy charges a sensible price at the ticket office, \$1.25 for the best seats, his casts are made up of Eastern actors; many times the original star of the production and the scenic effects are often better than the New York, or other Eastern city, premier.

But the legitimate theatre caters to but ten per cent of the theatre-going public and the movies get the balance, the great run of amusement seekers, in these days, seldom see the inside of the legitimate theatre—what are their stage preference or appetite—must their talent come from the East?

Not at all! For the past five years California has been showing the way to Eastern movie magnates. This is true, not only in theatre construction and furnishing, but in the manner the program is arranged, the music furnished and the type of stage entertainment.

Five years ago West Coast Theatres gave Fanchon & Marco, favorite vaudeville and stage stars of local repute, the opportunity to first produce what they termed "a stage presentation"; in fact,

it was just the reversing of the current procedure. Instead of a "prologue," a scene taken from an incident in the motion picture current on the screen, it was the West Coast-Fanchon & Marco idea to get as far away from the theme or locale of the picture and to furnish fast, smart and diversified entertainment built around the exploits of a clever band of specialists with a leader of personality and many accomplishments—a musician who not only understood music thoroughly and was a soloist of positive talent, but to this must be added the ability to sing, dance, clown, recite a dramatic song and to do acrobatics, and prove a magnet through his personal appearance to the younger elements; in fact, to be a draw to the flapper type just as Valentino or Ronald Colman on the screen.

West Coast-Fanchon & Marco developed musicians such as Paul Ash, Art Hickman, Abe Lyman, Rube Wolf, Walt Roesner—stage musicians with certain ability and who have since gone all over the country and proved sensations in not only theatrical circles, but at the always sure barometer of stage success—the ticket office.

The stars of vaudeville and the legitimate stage were eager to listen to the siren—and golden—call of the movie houses. Stars such as Al Jolson, the Duncan Sisters, Aileen Stanley, Nora
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June Knight—from high school to the Fanchon & Marco chorus and now a ballet dancer in motion pictures.

day, with the addition of feature pictures."

Then what is there left for the Pacific slope?

Can California, the movie center, certainly the legitimate theatrical production center, possibly, supply her own theatres, and will their productions be worthy of patronage at the ticket office?

There are many answers to this—

Principally, the legitimate theatre can survive with a certain type of attraction. The play, dramatic or musical, that is a certain box office success in the East will meet a similar success from Western theatregoers if the manager who contemplates the Pacific slope production will secure an Eastern cast of capable performers and duplicate the scenic and costume embellishment. These productions can be made profitable be-



Three Los Angeles boarding school girls who find profit in interpretive dancing as a career—Betty Jerome, Helen Hughes, Darleen Fer Jean—all Fanchon & Marco proteges.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

Human Sheep and a Fictitious Stock Market

By Trebor Selig

SHEEP; just trusting, thoughtless, unreasoning sheep! They see others of their kind jumping over the fence and they, also, scramble for a chance to jump over the fence. If they could reason at all, they would probably believe that there must be greener grass and more of it on the other side, or they would not see their fellows rushing there. But they are largely actuated only by an instinct to do what others are doing. There is plenty of grass where they are now, and they do not see the grass in the other field. All they can see is other sheep jumping over the fence."

Thus did a prominent San Franciscan comment a few days ago, on the unprecedented scope of the current craze for stock market speculation. He had referred to the long period of time during which the stock market has reflected a fairly constant upward trend. He had pointed out the fact that many of the more popular stocks are readily selling today at unjustifiable prices. He had expressed his amazement at the enormous sums of money involved in the daily turnover of speculative securities. And his reference to sheep was prompted by the fact that the magnitude of the present day stock market operations is due to the participation of vast numbers of individuals throughout the country, the great majority of whom are but trusting novices in such a business.

"Even under normal conditions, the stock market is a thing to be avoided by all but the few who have the ability, the patience and the facilities for long and conscientious study," said this man, whose own notable successes are based on a lifetime of technical research into the fundamentals of finance and investment. "Only the best informed can, with any degree of confidence, know when to buy and at what price to buy the many securities daily traded in on our exchanges. The novice and the inexperienced person has just the same chance of success that he would have playing the races or bucking a faro bank. Such is the case in normal times and under conditions which may be appraised by precedent.

"Today's situation, however, is far from normal. In fact, it is and has been

for many months so far from normal that all of the more conservative have kept out of the field entirely. One of the biggest concerns in the country, holder of scores of millions of securities, which has customarily been a heavy daily buyer of sound stocks and bonds, has been out of the market for nearly a year. Not only has this concern declined to buy at the quoted market prices, but its brokers have for a long time carried standing orders amounting to many millions of dollars to buy standard stocks at prices far below present figures, and they are confident the orders will ultimately be filled.

"The investment research department of this corporation comprises some of the most able analysts in the country. Their studies have shown the utter fallacy of attempting to justify current market prices upon any sound basis of reckoning. The corporation these men serve is an investor and not a gambler. The stocks and bonds it buys are chosen for security and yield. Before they are bought these securities are always most carefully analyzed, their intrinsic worth definitely determined and they are never purchased when the price is out of line with their fundamental investment value. That is why this house is not buying today. The nation-wide frenzy of speculation, which has spread like an epidemic from coast to coast, has given the market a list of price quotations wholly artificial, unsound, unstable, dangerous.

"How long this state of affairs can last is an unanswerable proposition. There is no precedent for it. When the holders of these overpriced securities tire of carrying stocks and bonds that yield but a fraction of the earnings the money invested should and could return, the end will come to this artificial market. Then a general slump will follow and these amateur speculators will see their paper profits shrink to nothing more than a sweet but bitter memory. But the big corporation referred to and many thousands of other cautious and experienced investors will not be among the victims.

"The real investors are keeping out of the market these days. Of the hoard

that produces the daily grist of brokerage commissions, a few are experienced and daring gamblers, but the vast majority are merely human sheep jumping over a fence. Not one in a thousand of them is able to analyze values and prices and other factors sufficiently to know what he is doing. They have been stampeded with the flock and will blindly follow the other sheep over the fence and to wherever they may lead them."

The soundness of this man's comments was amply illustrated but a few hours after they were made—and for a day the anguished bleating of panic-stricken sheep was heard above the steady hum of the country's normal business. Thousands of them, having scrambled over onto the other side of the fence, were scampering cheerfully about in trustful quest of the expected greener grass, when the wolves swooped down upon them without warning and without mercy. It was a new experience for the sheep and they were utterly helpless.

It truly can be said, therefore, that they were utterly helpless. Many were wiped out at once, some escaped with mangled bodies, and a few eluded the raiders and are again calling hopefully to their fellows who have not yet jumped over the fence.

The disaster which visited the stock market that memorable morning has doubtless checked in some degree the widespread popular enthusiasm for speculation. The more conservative citizens, the less thoughtless, will take warning of this stock market gesture and keep out of a game of which they know little or nothing beyond laying down their money and hoping for the best. Many will disregard it entirely and continue their adopted course, heedless of the underlying significance of that short but crushing market break, deaf to those who predict its recurrence, blind to the evidence of experienced market analysts, ignoring with obstinate and cheerful optimism the unquestioned inflation of price quotations, and will mortgage their homes to buy more chances in this new and thrilling game.

That the event was but a significant gesture, all who have made any consci-

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Pictures by Wire

(Continued from Page 246)

is about 800 words, by the use of speed-writing as many as 2500 words can be sent in a single picture.

One might go on to tell of numerous instances through which Telephotograph has been adapted by individuals and organizations to their purposes. Many of the most important examples have been sketched here; but it would not do to close the story without emphasizing the fact that a *four color* picture was recently sent successfully from San Francisco to New York. Thus, we see that Telephotograph is *colorful*. Nor is the romantic element as visualized by the motion picture industry lacking. Quite recently a short section of motion picture film showing Miss Vilma Banky was sent from Chicago to New York by Telephotograph. In less than seven hours after the picture was taken in the Illinois city, it was flashed on the screen at the Embassy Theatre in New York.

Then again, as a feature of one of the initial flights of an airplane transit company, flying between San Francisco and Los Angeles, the passengers were photographed as a group just before the plane took off. When the aerial travelers reached Los Angeles, three hours later, they were each handed a Telephotograph, sent from the city by the Golden Gate.

It truly can be said, therefore, that anything that can be photographed can be sent by wire, through a process which, described in the simplest terms, is a long distance telephone transmitting variations of light and shade, instead of variations of tone and sound. In the Telephotograph machine, instead of a plate sensitive to sound, as in the telephone, there is a photoelectric cell, which is sensitive to light. When different intensities of light are focused on the cell it transmits them as electrical impulses, correspondingly strong or weak, to a receiving machine at a distant station. There they are again translated into light and shadow and are focused on an ordinary camera film. Thus, when the light is focused through the positive of a photograph onto the photoelectric cell and the resulting electrical impulses transmitted to a receiving machine, the lights and shadows in the received picture correspond exactly to those in the original.

"Pictures by Wire," far from being a fantasy, has taken its place among the time-shattering accessories to everyday American life, and among the many innovations of the Bell System to speed up and extend the range of communication.

CHOOSING INVESTMENTS

(Continued from Page 254)

entious study of the stock market agree. It was a momentary movement toward normal values. And so long as market prices continue at levels not supported by actual or even probable earnings, just so long will its recurrence hover as a menace over those who take chances in that game today.

TAKING STOCK

(Continued from Page 242)

Our savings banks make the best per capita showing of any in the world. The semi-annual statement of twenty-five Californian savings-banks for the term ending June 30th, 1875, shows an aggregate deposit account of \$72,569,103, gold, distributed among 91,933 depositors, giving an average of \$789 to each.

We think on this showing our business prospects in all branches will bear any comparison or scrutiny to which they may be subjected, and come out grandly.

*O' for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther indore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering over-
heade,*

Or the street cryes all about.

(Quoted by Lord Avebury as "*An Old Song*," but probably modern and said to be written by John Wilson, London bookseller [d. 1889], as a "motto" for his second-hand catalogue, c. 1888.)



San Francisco in the early days—View of Bay looking toward Goat Island (Yerba Buena)

Big Trees of California

(Continued from Page 229)

Legion of California in the summer of 1921 to the Unknown Dead of the World War. Tombstones will crumble to earth. The names they wore be lost in the waves of Time, but the Fallen Hero Tree will stand, transmitting to the centuries the memory of its dedication.

The Sequoia is the hardiest of trees. Immune to the forces of decay. Undeveloped by the ravages of disease. Impervious to the assaults of insects and fungus. The fallen monarchs that lie upon the floor of the Mariposa and Calaveras Groves, have lain uprooted there for centuries with no evidence of decay. The wood is firm and hard as when some giant blast first laid them low. John Muir writes that under favorable circumstances these trees live for 5,000 years, and says, "I feel confident that if every Sequoia in the range were to die today, numerous monuments of their existence would remain of so imperishable a nature as to be available for the student more than 10,000 years hence." Time and the elements of Nature cannot mar the stalwart life of these great trees. Only the woodman's axe and fire may destroy them. And against this has sprung up conservation.

CONSERVATION—what a travesty of the Truth that such a word must perforce be coined. What a travesty on the justice and fitness of things that a people must beseech a man-made government to let them keep what the Giver of all government bequeathed a legacy, for all time. These trees—these giant trees—are God's bequest to every human eye and heart and soul that may compass them. These trees are God's bequest to every memory that may enshrine their grandeur in its dream. These trees were left, devised, bequeathed by right inalienable, the birth-right of every babe, of every soul, whose being touched the flight of thirty centuries.

And then comes Man to interpose his will before beneficence divine. To lift his arrogance to Heaven's shrine, and say "these trees are mine." Up he came from the Feudal Agent with his deeds and bequests and surveys—this pigmy god lifted from the clay and breathed upon a soul—to claim these trees, these wonder trees, for what? For Beauty's dream? For Recreation's quest? For Memory's charm? Ah, no, for fence rails where his cattle confined may fatten for the market place. For grapestakes where the purple fruit may thrive

that once again Belshazzar's feast may spread in modern halls. For pigstys where his wallowing pork grows, into gold.

The Grizzly Giant is the Grand Old Monarch of the Mariposa Grove. Joseph LeConte left an indelible picture of this tree when he wrote: "Of all the trees of the Grove, and, therefore, of all the trees I have ever seen, the Grizzly Giant impressed me most profoundly; not indeed, by its tallness or its symmetry, but by the hugeness of its cylindrical trunk and by a certain gnarled grandeur, a librous, sinewy strength which defies time itself. The others with their smooth, straight, tapering shafts, towering to a height of over two hundred feet, seemed to me the type of youthful vigor and beauty in the plenitude of power and success. But this with its large, rough, battered trunk nearly 30 feet in diameter, with top broken off at a height of 204 feet, with its great limbs six to eight feet in diameter, twisted and broken, seemed to me the type of a great life, declining but still strong and self-reliant."

The Mariposa Grove boasts the tallest tree of the Sierra Sequoia. This is the Mark Twain Tree. The height of this magnificent specimen is 331 feet. The Captain A. E. Wood Tree has a height of 310 feet. The Columbia reaches into the sky 294 feet. From the base to the rounded dome of the Nevada the length is 287 feet while the Georgia reaches the height of 270 feet. The Queen of the Forest is within the average height of the Giant Sequoia, reaching 219 feet into the mountain sunshine.

According to Muir, "the bark of the largest trees is from one to two feet thick, rich, cinnamon brown, purplish on young trees, forming magnificent masses of color with the underbrush. Toward the end of winter the trees are in bloom, while the snow is still eight or ten feet deep. The female flowers are about three-eighths of an inch long, pale green, and grow in countless thousands on the ends of sprays. The males are still more abundant, pale yellow, a fourth of an inch long and when the pollen is ripe they color the whole tree and dust the air and the ground. The cones are bright grass-green in color, about two and a half inches long, and one and a half wide, made up of 30 or 40 strong, closely-packed, rhomboidal

scales, with four to eight seeds at the base of each.

"The seeds are wonderfully small and light, being only from an eighth to a fourth of an inch long and wide, including a filmy surrounding wing, which causes them to glint and waver in falling and enables the wind to carry them considerable distances. Unless harvested by the squirrels, the cones discharge their seed and remain on the tree for many years. In fruitful seasons the trees are fairly laden. On two small branches one and a half and two inches in diameter, I counted 480 cones. No other California conifer produces nearly so many seeds, except, perhaps, the other Sequoia, the Redwood of the Coast Mountains. Millions are ripened annually by a single tree, and in a fruitful year the product of one of the northern groves would be enough to plant all the mountain ranges in the world."

The Sequoias are the oldest living things in the world today. The age of one that was felled in the Calaveras Grove for the sake of using its stump as a dancing floor, was 1,300 years and its diameter measured across the stump 24 feet inside the bark. Another that was felled in the Kings River Forest, about the same size, was 2,200 years old. The most ancient tree thus far logged in the Converse Basin had an age of 3148 years. It is not possible to determine the age of a Sequoia from its diametric measurement. Dudley, who pursued investigations in the Converse Basin, found one tree 39 feet in circumference to be 2,171 years old, while another twice this circumference was only 1,310 years old. The computed age of the Calaveras tree, felled to make a dance floor, measured by its circumference would have been 6,840 years, whereas its true age was only 1,300 years.

However, mere figures do not give us an idea of the Sequoia's age. Figures are only characters on the written page. Sordid with fact, unenlightening, devoid of vision. It is only by the march of passing events that we learn the truth. It is only through the pictures we draw from history, out of the remote and misty archives of the past, that the verities of the present appear. It is only through the perspective of Time that we know the wonder and the glory of the Giant Sequoia.

When Pontius Pilate, in poor and fool display, washed his hands of innocent blood, these trees looked down and marked man's inhumanity to man, that gave Hypocrisy its name. When in

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Books



Writers

LAND POOR—By Kate Speake Penny. Harold Vinal, Ltd.

THE white spotlight of the literary world is again turned on Birmingham, Alabama, as a literary center.

From the pen of Kate Speake Penny, a resident of Birmingham, comes a new novel, "Land Poor," just off the press of Harold Vinal, Ltd., New York City.

"Land Poor," a story of the New South, deals with the problem confronting the landholders in the South. It contains a philosophy of life gained from wide observation and experience.

Mrs. Penny has followed the new trend of novelists in writing about an American family.

It is interesting to know, that while the novels of the emerging English story writers, such stories as "The Hound of Spring", "The Day's Madness", "The Constant Nymph" and "Dusty Answers" are chiefly interested in passionate and rebellious young people, our American novelists are portraying serious youth and their significance in American life.

It may be by accident or intention, but the three Harper's \$2,000 prize novels, published annually, have dealt with the American family. In dealing with the family, the individual is sub-merged in such a way that you scarcely recognize hero or heroine.

The material, then, of "Land Poor" may be called representative in that it shows what is interesting many of our more recent fiction writers.

At any rate, "Land Poor," from the point of view of a young woman of the North who has come South to teach domestic science, is a social, economic problem that comes from traditions and environment smothering energy and initiative, and not from enervating climatic conditions.

Carefully quaint characters of the South and newcomers from the North together carry the message of the author. Sectional problems are viewed, in a large way, as national problems. (Can it be that the author has inherited a judicial mind?)

Exciting episodes reveal the beauty of a well-told love story.

The dynamic personality of the young woman who comes to Multiflora, a big, southern plantation that places the family in this condition, is fascinating. (If this is not Mrs. Penny, who can it be?)

A precious gift has been put into its pages; from its author has gone out rare qualities of humor, understanding and optimism.

The delineation of the negro character, with no thought of tomorrow, is delightful. The folk background of the southern "hill-billy" is perfect.

Full of funny and original anecdotes, the book is suitable for selections for dialect readings for parlor and platform, and for reading aloud to groups.

The pure literary style, the accuracy of facts, figures, descriptions, and the length of the novel, recommend it as supplementary reading in English courses in high schools and colleges of the South and of the Nation.

MARY K. JONES.

LOVE AND I—A Novel, by Ednah Aiken. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$2.00.

EDNAH AIKEN, the author of this attractive novel has several interesting books to her credit. "The Hinges of Custom" and "If Today Be Sweet" are two of her fascinating titles. Mrs. Aiken has an interesting literary environment. She initiated a fine group of writers in the Sequoia Club and later was identified with the Sunset Magazine.

In "Love and I", she took the title from Edwin Markham's poem "Outwitted"—

"He drew a circle that shut me out,
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout;
But love and I had the wit to win,
We drew a circle that took him in."

The principal characters are Warren Gaunt, Marcia Robbins and Crystal Wayman. There are many other characters, including "Happy" and Jack and Jill, and Martino. The plot is based on the shooting of Robbins, the husband of Marcia, and the strained relationship between Marcia and Crystal and the development of the love of Warren Gaunt for Crystal.

There are many characters, scenes and

conversations in which subtle philosophy, shrewd repartee and fundamental truths of human life are emphasized. Ednah Aiken, in telling the story, has developed a style particularly her own. The publisher states in his announcement that the story is "told with a masterly technique".

The descriptive writing of the Peninsula and other points of local interest is unusually accurate. Even when the Italian describes parties and places abroad, the reader realizes that the author must have seen the pictures and places described. Just as Ednah Aiken has seen the color and beauty, the light and shade of the tawny hills of California, she has lived some of the emotions and the intellectual activities she portrays in the novel "Love and I". The book should have a large sale.

HARR WAGNER.

AMERICAN INQUISITORS—By Walter Lippmann. The Macmillan Company, 120 pages. Price \$1.25.

IN the AMERICAN INQUISITORS Walter Lippmann, the present day American Socrates, clearly and fearlessly states some of our present day perplexities, and in a broad-minded manner makes it plain that common education is the cure for these perplexities. Lippmann shows that while education is the cure, it cannot accomplish all that should be desired, because the hands of the teacher are tied by politics. In his opinion nothing can be honorably accomplished till these hands are untied and until the teacher realizes what his duties really are to the world and what he should do to help the world.

The author points out that the scholar judges books, and especially books of history, "not upon grounds of faithfulness, but upon grounds of faithfulness to fact." The book discusses the relation between the present day teacher and the conflict between present day and fundamentalism. The author shows how and why the child should surpass his elders; and in dialogues in which Bryan and Socrates, modernists and fundamentalists, American and scholar take part, Lippmann clearly points out that not

(Continued on Page 259)

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Walter Craighead, Mgr.

Big Trees of California

(Continued from Page 256)

that desert far, the Wise Men saw the Star, that called and gave to them the little town of Bethlehem, these trees on this far western slope clasped to their hearts the Saviour's hope. These trees—these vast and mighty trees had flung their branches to the breeze when Christ in His Divinity first walked the vales of Galilee.

When Romulus and Remus were suckled by the wolf, and Rome in all the pomp and grandeur of its pristine day, basked on its seven hills, the Grizzly Giant of the Mariposa Forest first lifted up its arms to the California sun. The glory that was Greece, the power that was Rome, are decadent with Time.

Empires and dynasties, flung from the embryo of some outstanding mind of ancient time, have arisen and flourished to the apex of Achievement's crown. But Oblivion's voice has called. Oblivion's hand has fallen, and these have passed away, trailed in the dust of passing years, merely a sign on the roadway of Time. But, these giant, massive trees on our Sierran slopes, immutable and fine, still lift their branches to the sky, green with Hope, stalwart with Faith, serene with Love and Life.

These trees, these trees, these ancient trees. Within their hearts, what memories? Of paltry things, of things sublime, they witnessed down the flight of Time. Upon the slopes of these Sierran crests, these giant trees have sat as in the seats of a great amphitheatre, and watched the world go by. Before them, in their youth and age, the parade of civilizations passed. The motley procession of empires and nations. Of people and sects. Of beliefs and creeds. The strong and the weak. The proud and the humble. The false and true. Those who gave their life and hopes for the bauble of Fame, and those who nurtured in their hearts, Truth's steadfast flame. Mohammed and Savonarola and Alexander and Caesar and Hannibal. Pompey and Constantine and Columbus, Michael Angelo and Joan of Arc. Christ and Lincoln. The peasant with his babe upon his knee, beside the pop-pied fields of France, and that "imperial impersonation of force and murder—Napoleon."

All these, these trees have watched, since they first flung their banners to the sun. Empires have risen, flourished, and passed away, while they looked on. Each has had its fitful day, then tot-Mr. A. O. Stewart of San Francisco, tered back to Time's decay. Their

pride had died. The pomp in which they placed their trust is garnered to Oblivion's dust. These trees have watched it all, the arrogance of wealth and power. The hypocrisy of intrigue. The selfishness of Greed. The jealousy of Hate. And there beside these, too, smouldering in the mass, these trees, these ancient trees, have watched the flame of Purity and Truth, dimmed and stifled in the poor perversions of man's tangled paths, burn on, steadfast and true, tended by the Angels' hands and blown to brightness by the breath of God.

SAN RAFAEL CUT-OFF

(Continued from Page 247)

This important improvement is being built by the group of men, headed by who control the Golden Gate Ferry, as a means of developing the territory served by that system. A public demand for the road has long existed but its construction would be very expensive and in view of the many demands upon State and County Highways funds and the difficulties and hazards that obviously would be encountered, it was found impossible to induce the County or State authorities to undertake the work. When the friends of the project brought its merits to the attention of Mr. Stewart he became interested and construction was started as soon as possible and has been pushed vigorously until it is now all but finished.

The road itself, including three bridges, is almost exactly ten and one-quarter miles long. Two important rivers, Napa River and Sonoma Creek, and one stream of lesser importance—Tolay

The total cost of this road will be between \$800,000 and \$900,000, or about \$80,000 per mile. Over three-quarters of a million yards of earthwork and 100,000 tons of crushed rock were required for the road bed.

Construction of this highway was undertaken by the Golden Gate Ferries, Inc., because it is the policy of that company to serve the motorists in every way possible, as it was realized that the new road would be a great boon indeed.

The charges for the use of the road have been set at a low figure which it is hoped will yield sufficient revenue to keep the road in excellent condition and possibly give a low rate of interest on the investment besides. For an automobile and driver the charge will be thirty-five cents, with an additional charge of five cents for each additional passenger.

The New Overland Trail

(Continued from Page 243)

either the Oriental or any member of the white race. Because of his barren and hard physical life, the red man evolved a world of psychic beauty which formed the needed balance to his existence. Nature always, striving for harmony, compensates any discrepancy in normal condition; and so the red man had his land of fairies—"little vanishing men," he called them—who supplied his need of the beautiful, and formed a link between himself and the unseen forces surrounding him. His disappearance leaves a perfect magnetic matrix for the unfoldment of the dormant psychic powers in the white race. Subconsciously, the most sophisticated among us benefits by this condition. Whether we will or not we are made ready for the intellectual conception of psychology in terms of the material, and will soon sense its inner meaning in a closer contact with Oriental thought.

The Persians have a marvelous insight into these basic truths. They have the imaginary "Bridge of Kinevat"—the Way of Life—personated by a female figure, which indicates that all illumined souls have the perfect balance of mental and psychic attributes.

In the high heavens the constellation of Orion represents the Bridge of Kinevat, and the three stars in his belt are the three attributes required to span the space between spirit and matter. These bright stars represent to the Western mind, Faith, Hope and Charity; in the Eastern concept they are: Will, Aspiration and Harmony, the trail or pathway across the mysterious bridge. This for us will not be a winding road but a straight line of thought sent by wireless across the negative expanse of water which in itself represents the feminine element in creation.

Aphrodite, the feminine aspect of Deity, which is Love; Isis, the Universal Mother, and Quong Yin, the Oriental Lady of Mercy, best represent the ideals of womanhood acceptable to all mankind. The new trail will see a better mutual understanding between the Occidental freedom for women and the seclusions so long imposed on the women of the East. Here is a chasm which must be bridged before real progress can be made in the task of developing a sixth sense. The mothers of men have always molded the civilization and progress of any period of history. The processes may be much altered and improved but the fundamental principles remain stationary.

In blazing a trail across this sea of opposing standards of perfection, much

progress has already been made. Not only is the racial mother tramping toward the end of the continent, but the Column of Progress erected on the Marina during the Panama-Pacific Exposition represented a clamorous call to amity and understanding. Here humanity began the ascent to higher planes of consciousness in such numbers as to crowd the base, but as the spiral wound upward the mass thinned out until only the superman stood at the top. Clinging closely to him, was the race mother and child. He faced the setting sun—a commanding figure of the Adventuresome Bowman. In his hands was the taut bow from which had sped an invisible arrow. Was it the barb of Acastes which caught fire as it flew—a quaint universal symbol of Light, or was it the dart of Abaris—the wisdom of consecrated thought that sung its way into the hearts and minds of the elder Aryans? This winged messenger of etheric wave lengths, supplements the stringed wires as completely as the airplane supplants the sailing ship, the ox team or the pony express. The new trail is a thing of the spirit, unlimited in its possibilities for good and evil. Will the developed psychic sense blend race consciousness into harmonious understanding? If so, mankind will profit by the surviving good in differing civilizations, and the Aryan may return to his cradle in peace.

TURTLES - TRANSPORTATION

(Continued from Page 245)

way with its giant redwoods older than civilization itself; Jack London's beloved "Valley of the Moon"; the Russian River recreation spots and the Bohemian Grove; Sonoma, the birthplace of the "Bear Flag Republic" and the scene of the last of the Missions; Lake County, the Switzerland of America; Calistoga, with its famous geysers and petrified forests, and, of course, it provides the shortest, most convenient and most popular route between San Francisco Bay cities and Sacramento and the wonderful lake and mountain resorts reached over high-ways concentrating at the State capital.

I have for my friends books, friends extremely agreeable, of all ages, of every land; of easy access, for they are always at my service; I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it, whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them.

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San Francisco

BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 257)

only is true education needed today, but that it is necessary the teacher should be free and independent.

Part of the difficulty is owing to the fact that the teacher does not himself realize the situation or because of present day politics is fearful of losing his position. The problem cannot be solved,

(Continued on Page 260)



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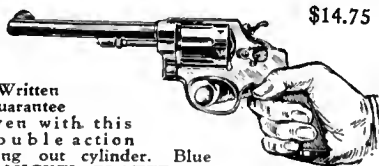
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BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 259)

according to Lippmann, through instructing the youth either in modernism or fundamentalism.

The Dayton, Tennessee, and Chicago incidents are mentioned as reactionary. The book is written in an entertaining manner, and whether or not one agrees with the author he will find much of interest and value in its pages.

CARL W. GROSS.

CALAMITY JANE AND THE LADY WILDCATS—By *Duncan Aikman*. Henry Holt & Co.

A STRANGER breezed into town; spent two or three days, and breezed out. Said he was on Calamity Jane's trail, and was going to write a biography. But speed was the thing! The "scoop" fobia had inoculated him.

Being a newspaper man, he used newspaper methods in every detail. At once he sought out the local editors. A young man, new to the community and by no means an authority on "Calam", or any phase of pioneer history (otherwise dubbed "the old bawdy West at its flowering"), was a willing, enthusiastic lieutenant. The few days' "research" didn't reveal much — except disillusionment. According to his own testimony, he was "disappointed in the dope on Calam; but he had a d..... of a good time!"

Similarly, he visited another town or two in the State; and apparently a town or two in a few other States.

THEN, he returned South or East (no matter); and, as an authority on "the old bawdy West at its flowering," HE WROTE A BOOK!

Words, words, words! A profuse profundity of the genus "underworld." He had to have a lot of them to fill three hundred fifty pages. And try as hard as he could, he was able to reach only the one hundred twenty-eighth page. That wasn't enough for a standardized book! It wasn't even half enough for a biography of a "lady" renegade who had figured as heroine in a dozen or more novels of the Nick Carter and Diamond Dick variety; and who, according to this high-speed "researcher", had landed a baker's dozen of husbands in her eventful career. And in order to reach the one hundred twenty-eighth page length, he had to drag in and pad out with the very-much-over-worked "Wild Bill".

Then he was up against a stone-wall! There were still two hundred twenty-five pages to be filled with words. But a brain so fertile could find a way without using his fist to hammer down that wall. So he introduced "The Lady Wildcats".

In his haste, the author's alchemy confused basic metals; and elements of two "ladies" became interwoven as one "biography". The result is a wonderful concoction—a fine tale perhaps for those who dote on such stuff as this tale is made of. But, emphatically! It is neither history nor biography.

Apparently "well-fed-up-on" the dime novel version of the Calamity Jane edition of "western romance"; and unmistakably immune from contamination by a "look-in-on" Western pioneer history, the author has succeeded in thrusting upon his audience a considerable quantity of ROT. There is a constant juggling of words that have to do with the nastiness of life; shadowy in their indefiniteness; sinister in their implications. The rapid-fire shots of a prolific imagination (wildly flying shots sailing wide of the bull's-eye) conjure into being creatures (Continued on Page 268)

TRADITION VS. MODERNITY— WE SHOULD SACRIFICE NEITHER

By F. S. MCGINNIS

Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company

CALIFORNIA, capitalizing romance, has reaped annual harvests of tourist dollars, which she is in danger of limiting by a sacrifice of tradition to modernity.

Spanish and Indian names, architecture reminiscent of mission and hacienda, and traditions descending from the days of the dons, are not only colorful, but have a dollars and cents value that no community can afford to overlook.

The very name California conveys a sense of beauty and romance even to the most matter of fact mind, and I venture to say we should have grown much more slowly as a state had "New Albion," the name bestowed by Sir Francis Drake, supplanted "California."

Tourists flock to the spots with the Spanish names, they view with interest any building that carries out gracefully the tradition of mission arch and red tiled roof, and they spend their money more freely where the romance of early days is treasured and emphasized not alone in the preservation of historic shrines, but in the construction of modern houses of business, pleasure and social life.

Spanish padres, dons and soldiers bequeathed to us a wealth of romance quite as valuable as the gold in our mountains, and the town that does not conserve and perpetuate this beauty and tradition cannot expect successfully to compete for tourist dollars.

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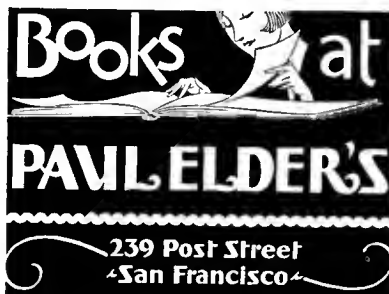
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Another Anniversary

John DeMartini Co., Inc.

By Helen Hubbell

FIFTY years, as we measure time, is a mere nothing, but in California, youngsters not only in the world but as well among the States of the American Republic, it is an attribute of ripe maturity age, of dignity and stability, of substantial position in a comparatively young community. In the fresh fruit and produce trade of San Francisco, therefore, the house of John Demartini Co., Inc., is generally regarded as one of the elders and pioneers.

The founder of this business, John Demartini, was born in Italy, and migrated to America about 1870 while still quite a young man. On his arrival in California he first resided at Alviso, near the present city of San Jose, choosing that location, doubtless, on account of his sister's residence there—his sister who was the mother of one of the world's foremost modern financiers, A. P. Giannini, the founder and mentor of the Bank of Italy. After a short time at Alviso, Demartini removed to San Francisco, where, having through industry and thrift accumulated a little capital, he opened a retail fruit store on Fourth street near Howard. Being anxious to accomplish greater things, however, in 1878 he decided to transfer his activities to the wholesale branch of the trade, and it was then that he formed the firm of John Demartini Company which was situated two blocks from its present location at 114 Washington street. From the time of its inception the firm grew steadily and prospered, until today it ranks as one of the foremost of its kind on the Pacific Coast, if not in the country, with an established reputation for sterling integrity, fair dealing and of faith unbroken throughout California.

When in 1904, his nephew, A. P. Giannini, conceived the idea of founding the Bank of Italy, it was John Demartini who was among the first subscribers to its stock, and who was numbered among its first directors. During the later years of his life, he also became interested in citrus fruit growing, and owned and operated a fine orange grove near Lindsay, in Tulare County. His life work accomplished and his name established for that for which he strove during his life, he, like others of California's pioneers, was finally gathered to his fathers in 1908. For several years following his passing, the house of John Demartini Company was carried on by his family, and finally, in 1911, it was

taken over by a group of experienced fruit merchants, and its operations have since continued along progressive lines.

The present head of the business, Luke P. Liuzza, entered the firm in 1914, after twelve years of experience in the same line of business with the pioneer house of L. Scatena Company, San Francisco. Several years later, in 1916, the president of the company, having become incapacitated on account of serious illness, the board of directors then elected Mr. Liuzza to the presidency of the corporation, a post which he has since held continuously.

Luke Liuzza, or "Luke," by which name he is far better known to the trade and the public in general, is a native of Italy, and came to the United States as a mere boy, when his father moved his family to this country, settling in the city of New Orleans, in which city he was raised. Coming to California in 1901 while still a very young man, he very soon entered the fruit business, and in comparatively a short time had earned the reputation of being one of the keenest merchandisers in the trade, and also perhaps its leading authority on the particular commodities of apples and citrus fruits.

At the time of his election as president of John Demartini Co., Inc., the annual business of the company was computed to be about \$400,000. The annual sales for 1927 totaled over \$1,450,000 which bespeaks quite eloquently the strides which the firm has made under his leadership. It is of interest to note that, among its other accomplishments, during that period, the company was one of the earliest factors in the development of the fresh fruit export trade with the Orient and in fact was the first of the fruit houses to engage directly in this traffic, becoming at this writing one of the foremost fruit exporters in the city of San Francisco.

It is an accepted fact that, aside from being capable of directing a business himself, one of the most certain signs of a truly good executive is his ability to select and develop a competent staff of experts to carry on the individual enterprises of the organization. On this point Mr. Liuzza has succeeded perhaps to a more unusual degree than most of his competitors in the San Francisco Market and today the bulk of the business is conducted, under his supervision, by men all of whom received their early training with him.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY (Continued from Page 262)

The vegetable and produce end of the business is carried on by Frank J. Corriea, vice-president of the corporation, and Ramon A. Sweeney, the treasurer, between whom the responsibility for this work is divided. This important branch of the business, which comes so closely in touch with the growers and farmers, and whose commodities surpass all others from the standpoint of violence of fluctuation in demand and price, is perhaps the hardest of all the departments to handle, and incidentally requires the longest hours and hardest work of all. The regard with which the house is known among the farmers speaks highly for the work of these two executives.

The financial end of the business is under the supervision of Manuel A. DeCosta, the corporation secretary and the general office manager, whose more than twenty years in the market has made him invaluable in his department.

Jack Friedman, sales manager, has charge of the outside sales, the ship's stores, government supplying, sales to local houses outside the market, and during the season, the juice grape traffic.

Frank T. Ryan, under whom the export department functions, has been in charge of this department since its formation five years ago. The demand for and importance of this department may best be gauged by its sales, which in 1927 amounted to about half a million dollars.

Emilio Righetti is in full charge of the shipping department and is commonly regarded as perhaps the best posted man in his branch of the business in San Francisco, and it is to his department.

(Continued on Page 266)

Collector's Trifles

(Continued from Page 214)

but one feels that behind the broken narrative was a man who had been vouchsafed, for an instant, a glimpse of the shining Grail. Or, if you will not grant him so much, remember what that sensitive Victorian artist said of pain: "Where sorrow is, there is holy ground".

But the bibliomaniac who haunts these shops with me, on occasion, wishes me to pass to things more becoming to a bookman. What of this second folio of that mellowest of books, the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, which contains the first appearance of Le Blon's cryptic frontispiece? What of this mutilation at the corner where the figure of Maniacus should stride above the waiting hellebore? And is it true that hundreds of these fat volumes were thus torn by seekers after mystery? And was it because the astrologic symbols there imprinted contain the cipher story of my Lord Verulam?

These fevered questions I cannot answer. I leave them to those indefatigable disciples of the Biliteral theory, who believe that Bacon wrote the masterpieces of every nation. But I confess that I leave with regret, for one can never be quite sure that so curious a book as the *Anatomy*, so full of meat to be chewed, so full of the sparkling wine of humor, may not conceal a hundred mysteries.

A simpler and more usual thing awaits: in this stack of bargain novels stands a book called *Nancy Noon*, by one Benjamin Swift, a Scotch novelist

whom one vaguely recalls as having received praise from Oscar Wilde. Well, here on the fly-leaf is the name "Middleton", and the date, "1896"; but, as we turn the leaves, rather skeptically, out falls a post card addressed to "Miss Middleton, 45 Park Road, Haverstock Hill, N. W.". The cancelled stamp, bearing the likeness of the youthful Victoria, is dated Feb. 25, '95. I turn it over and read, manners or no:

15 Clifford's Inn, E. C.,
Feb. 25, 1895.

Dear Miss Middleton: Miss Thomas wishes me to send you a Trapanese origin of the Odyssey for a friend—There are one or two very serious mistakes in the preface, but the most important errors are on pp. 9 and 10—"The entry of Ulysses into the river is pure invention", etc., is all wrong—The explanation has been discovered by a Trapanese student and is very pretty and convincing.

The Cave referred to on p. 10 is also all wrong. My friend took me to the wrong cave. The real Grotto del Toro is about 80 yards to the south. It corresponds with the Od. in its minutest details—two entrances and all. From Od. xiii., 346, etc., it is clear that there were two caves near one another in the writer's mind.

Believe me yrs. very truly,
S. BUTLER.

"Yes, I suppose this book is worth a dollar"—furtively replacing the card. "No, sir, you need not bother to wrap it up, I will take it just as it is. Thank you, Mr. Bookseller! Good day, sir!"

WHEN Bret Harte established the *Overland Monthly* in 1868, the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company was a lusty youngster of 5. It has weathered the storms of 65 years with credit to its home state and to itself and is now recognized as one of the leading American fire insurance Companies.



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On the Trails of '49

(Continued from Page 210)

object. On this isolated summit, with stately locust trees and luxurious lilacs to cast the charm of their presence over the spot, stood a magnificent brick mansion. It was a square structure in three stories, its veranda lined with six imposing white columns, with blue bases, and overlooking the locust-lined road which split and sent one fork up past the great door. The grass was high and wild and in it lay outstretched a friendly shepherd dog. In my mind I already saw gentlemen and ladies of the fifties with chokers, hoopskirts and merry talk descending from coaches that had whirled over the dusty ways.

I learned nothing about the place, however, until I had gone on a half-mile and stopped before an ancient and weather-blasted dwelling. A sad-faced couple that were reminiscent of their Tennessee mountain kin told me that the brick house had been built as a hotel three-quarters of a century before when the best rumor in the world had it that a railroad was to go through this section. There was a grand opening night, with dancing privileges at \$100, and all the miners of Coloma and Pilot Hill had been there in the finest regalia that early California could produce. But the railroad went somewhere else.

I was told casually that I was in the once active town of Pilot Hill. A little distance beyond I saw for myself the only other building that had been able to keep its legs. The store-and-post office for 76 years has refused to be beaten or to go out of business. Its companion buildings have one by one fallen down blackly into flat ruin. Even the big Masonic Hall—the pride of the whole mountain region—went the way of all wooden buildings. When the mining stopped and the railroad declined to approach, Pilot Hill faded away. Somber decay lingers in the air, yet the store has still a certain air of senile dignity, with a double balcony extending across the front and the rear running back to a pump. Cold drinks can be purchased here as in its youth, and the young fellow who has chosen to keep the old place stocked with groceries and provisions assured me that many thousands of dollars in gold dust passed over the counter in its saloon and hotel days.

Pilot Hill's cemetery tops a high field. It can be seen from the road, surrounded by an iron railing and rising amid black walnuts, myrtle and the corn-yellow waves of wild oats. I climbed up and wandered through the long grasses that

shroud so many of the unlabeled mounds. The silver silence of the mountain, the soul of Pilot Hill, as it were, broods over the lovely spot where red earth has swallowed the townfolk irrevocably. "Elias Welling, died May 23, 1850, aged 22," I made out from one rough stone monument, and my mood became as impersonal as the warm breath of noon-day that lay over the rank oats and the bleached boards.

As I continued down the road I passed a veritable procession of long-abandoned houses and farms. I saw blackened, sagging structures in the fields of pines and walnuts, some that had fallen in flat heaps. Here would be a shack with doors hanging by one hinge, there forsaken wagons, barns, wells, or foundation stones only. Now and then a vineyard struggling to survive. A long lane of discouragement.

Leaving the ghosts of Pilot Hill I drove down the nine miles that separated me from Coloma. Long before reaching the old place and after striking the American River once more, I began to notice mounds of small rocks along the stream bed. I was to be informed that these were the remains of the miners' work with shovel and sluice box.

The valley, a wavering pocket of condensed heat, widened out to embrace the present town of Coloma, where fewer than one hundred people live. Through it hurries a cool-brave river that on January 20, 1848, uncovered to Captain Sutter's workmen and to James W. Marshall a tiny finger of virgin gold, thereby drawing the whole population of San Francisco, including the sailors from the ships at anchor, and starting the flamboyant rush to California. A line of elms planted 75 years ago casts subdued green shadows over this pleasant spot, once the center of 10,000 gold seekers.

The proprietor of a roadside shop was eager to talk and to tell me of the place that had held him with its spell for many years. He pointed out the monument in the river, marking Sutter's Mill, and to the traces of the forty-niner trail across the valley that led into Coloma from Applegate, a trail still good enough for the hiker but not for the covered wagon or the auto. He assured me that all the relics of the rush had been picked up, though not so at Grizzly Flat where wheels, accessories, impedimenta and graves still strew the scene of the onrush. That yellow mountain leaning over the

(Continued on Page 266)

1853

1928

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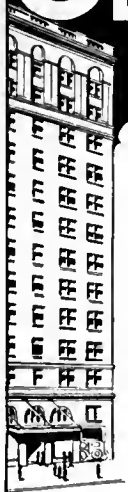
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On the Trails of '49

(Continued from Page 264)

town where I could see a load of hay zigzagging down was Murphy's Mountain. My friend told me of being lost in a blizzard on its top, and of the "Bachelor of Murphy's Mountain," whose desire for homesteading and the avoidance of woman's lure led him to those heights where every drop of water had to be packed. On my side of the valley I was shown the granite shaft to Marshall's memory and also Marshall's shack itself, with its black shakes and double roof.

And then my host brought out a chair and we sat beneath the elms while he talked about the men whose efforts along Coloma's river netted them 50 to 500 dollars a day in gold. He told me of how the miners lined up to get their mail and that often enough one would pay \$20 for a place slightly in advance. He pointed the bowl of his pipe at the old Armory, standing in its dilapidation, from whence the Coloma company marched forth in the Civil War, not one of the members to return. He recalled the invasion of the Chinese after the Americans had their fill of the town, and of how they turned every foot of ground and stream-bed upside down with their picks and shovels. Hence the rock mounds everywhere in sight. Not far from where we sat was the "China Bank," a squat stone hut standing in the embrace of an old grape-vine still defiant with its iron doors behind which Bret Harte's "heathen chinee" once banked his gold.

Presently the stories were finished and I was cooled and refreshed.

Drawing up out of Coloma I passed the roadside hotel for which I had been told to keep my eye open. It proved to be a fine relic of the mining days, in the Pilot Hill architecture, now in complete disuse but abounding in implications. From there was a good oiled highway to carry me the eight miles to Placerville—and I was on my way once more up through the pines and red hill-lands. Placerville, the former Hangtown, is a lively mountain city to come down into, with its expansive trees, its flaring streets, and its flavor of early days. I stopped long enough to buy a print of a rare photograph taken in 1849, and to attempt the location of the Hangtown scene.

Seven more descending miles of the stage-road and I was whirling through the remains of the once eminent town of El Dorado. A few years ago fire gutted most of the portion built in the fifties, but the traveler to Sacramento still

passes before the stone fronts and the iron doors of El Dorado's deceased merchants. On to Shingle Springs and its abandoned tavern, and to Clarksville where I drank from a well beneath an ancient cottonwood and exchanged comments with its only observable citizen upon the ruins across the way that once saw golden days and golden dust. At length the forsaken Sierra foothills and valleys merge into the tan-colored slopes of the lowlands and open out into the great plain that leads to Sacramento.

And my little trip was ended.

Only yesterday—in reality—the first 50,000 forty-niners came brawling over the Sierras, yet already their adventure is fabulous, and over the scenes of their madness the 75 intervening years have flung the fine powder of high romance.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY

(Continued from Page 263)

partment that most credit is due for the success of the outside business.

The floor sales in oranges and other citrus fruits and in apples is under the immediate supervision of Joseph Liuzza and Vincent Rebori, and due to the fact that it is one of merchandising exclusively, of buying and selling and of forecasting market conditions, requires all of the skillful operation which they give it.

John Demartini Co., Inc., maintains branch offices in the Hawaiian Islands in Honolulu and Manila and the Orient and in addition has a wide-spread organization of agents and brokers in California and without, and throughout the Oriental markets as well.

WORLD NEEDS MORE ENTHUSIASTIC FOOLS

Someone should write a poem, dedicate a library or erect a glorious statue to the enthusiastic fools of the world. A fool is a man with a great idea which he can't prove. After he has shown the soundness of his thesis, the world acclaims him a genius.

If people back in dear old Spain prior to 1492 knew what it meant to be cuckoo or woozie or dotty or something like that, they would have said Columbus was that way. Fulton was the laughing stock of New York until the Clermont sailed the Hudson. Lindbergh, up to that day in May, 1927, when he gave the world the greatest supply of gooseflesh it has had in centuries, was called the "flying fool."

(Continued on Page 268)

SUTTER GOLD

WHEN THE RUSH OF '49 Started in California, After the Discovery of Gold at Sutter's Mill, General Sutter Deserted the Hills and Moved to the Rich and Fertile Agricultural Lands Along the Feather River, Which Now Comprise the Counties of Sutter and Yuba.

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What are We Coming to Theatrically?

(Continued from Page 253)

Bayes, the Four Marx Brothers, Eva Tanguay, Ukulele Ike (Cliff Edwards), Kolb and Dill, Mae Murray—all have appeared in the movie houses.

But, with the stars alone as the magnet of the stage, the managers could not hope to hold their position. They must have a producing center, a series of units—the employment of stage directors, scenic artists, costume designers—who would build up these miniature units that would compete with the legitimate and vaudeville stage.

West Coast Theatres did this, with Fanchon & Marco. They chose Los Angeles as the pivotal point. This because it was the mecca of everybody theatrical who thought their talent agreeable to the needs of the movies. Actors of every branch of the entertainment profession journey to Los Angeles and here these actors could be approached with the proposition of a "tour of the movie houses."

These production studios grew and grew, as more cities were added to the route to be played. Today, in Los Angeles, West Coast Theatres maintain a studio employing over 200 people, engaged in the building of scenery, the designing and making of costumes. Twenty directors, musical and dancing, are engaged in the preparation of mu-

sical scores and the rehearsing of twenty units of chorus girls with from eight to thirty girls in each unit. Dancing schools all over Los Angeles, and California, for that matter, have sprung up, with the hope that their graduate pupils could secure a place in a Fanchon & Marco "Idea."

The season of 1928-29 finds the West Coast Theatres-Fanchon & Marco stage "ideas," as produced in Los Angeles, "breaking in" in Glendale, then going into Los Angeles and from this point south to San Diego and then through the principal cities of southern and central California, journeying to San Francisco and thence to Portland, Seattle, Vancouver and then east into Salt Lake City and other points, until a season of more than twenty weeks is offered to the performer.

This, to a certain measure, fortifies the Pacific slope in this particular brand of entertainment. They have no need of the Eastern traveling show, their cities are in an empire of its own; the stage artist, because the actor of this type is versatile, may play the circuit over and over again. The extreme cost of production and costume, and it runs to a figure close to the amount spent on a legitimate show, is absorbed by the number of weeks worked on the circuit.

ENTHUSIASTIC FOOLS

(Continued from Page 266)

It would be possible to string out a series of human interest stories longer than a camp meeting prayer about enthusiastic fools who have accounted for the great things that have been done for civilization in advancing it to its present stage of jazz by radio, grade crossing accidents and wrong numbers.

Conservatism and caution have their place in the world but we would still be running around in ox carts and getting just all excited and nervous over stereopticon exhibitions if there had not been a lot of enthusiastic fools in the world.—
Harry Daniel in Thrift Magazine.

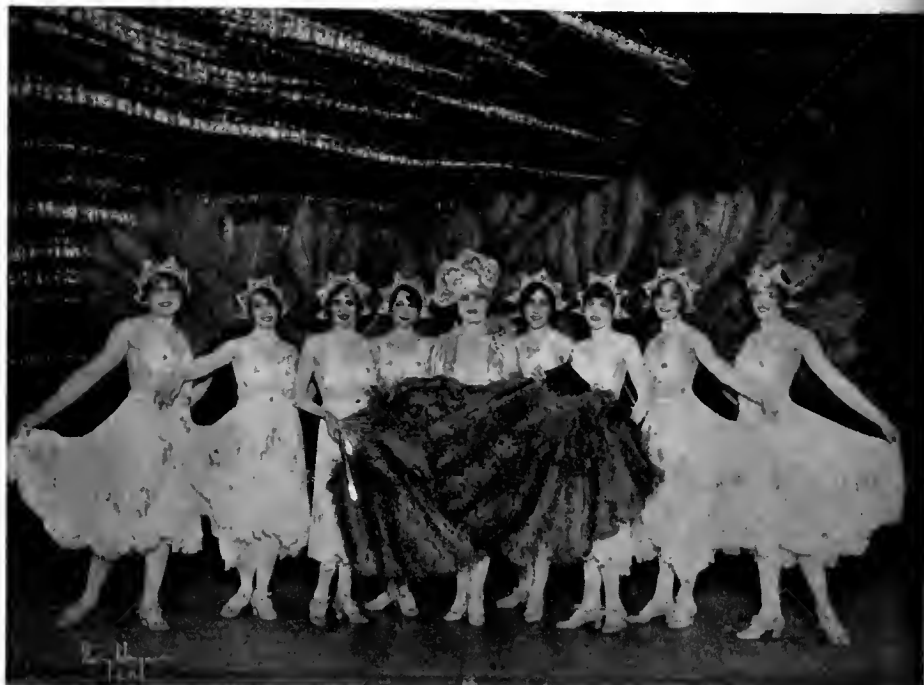
BOOKS AND WRITERS

(Continued from Page 260)

that perform humanly impossible feats.

Having reversed the accepted literary form, this extravaganza begins with a climax. The end? A "fade-out"!

NORA B. KINGSLEY.



San Francisco girls aspire for a career on the stage. Zita Harrison, extreme left, jumped from the role of chorus girl to the lead in the Henry Duffy production of "The Night Stick." Reva Howitt, next to Miss Harrison, is a fair example of the high type of the present day of the stage. Miss Howitt speaks five languages.

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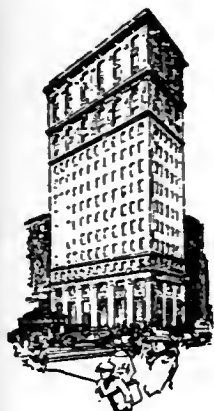
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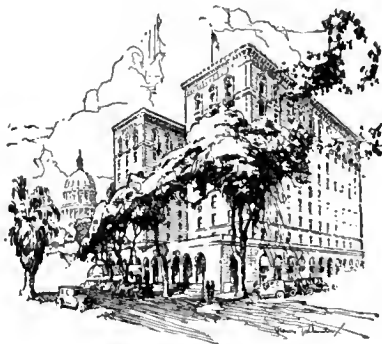


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As evidence of the instant recognition accorded this literary and artistic achievement, it is already in its fifth edition though scarcely off the press. So great has been the cost incidental to the production of this monumental book that it will be necessary to increase its price on July 18th. Less than 250 copies are available before the increased price becomes effective.

If interested in this book—which will undoubtedly become an exceedingly rare and valuable work within a few years—further information will be gladly furnished by the Hall Publishing Company, 201 Trinity Auditorium Building, Los Angeles, California.

Inquiries received prior to July 18th will be protected by reservation while correspondence is being exchanged.

Lullaby — Sea-Song.



Dimly the moon shines into the deep —
Drowsy mer-babies are going to sleep.
Snugly they lie in their coral caves
Down 'neath the deeps of the
* clear green waves.

Oh! stars of the ocean — stars of the sky,
You are a part of this lullaby —
Mer-mothers singing — softly and low
Rock-a-bye! roll-a-bye hush-a-bye O.

Shadows are gath'ring darkly and deep,
All the wild sea-things are going to sleep,—
So sleep wee pearls in your cradle-shells,
Rock to the swing of the ocean swells.
Oh! voice of the ocean — sighs of the sea—
Soft monotone of this melody,
Mer-mothers crooning — softly and low
Rock-a-bye roll-a-bye hush-a-bye O.

By
Grace S. Putnam



OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME 86

AUGUST, 1928

NUMBER 8

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—Stendahl Art Galleries, Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles

THE PIONEER

BY LUCILLE MACPHERSON

*'Tis sixty years, in retrospect we see
The miner with his gold from mother-lode,
The brilliant statesman, with his fiery plea,
The Church foundation of our moral code.*

*The Clipper ship from New York "round the Horn"—
That anchored close within the Golden Gate:
The courage and the hope from whence were born
The glory and the honor of the State.*

*And then we turn the pages of Bret Harte—
And live again the laughter of those years;
The heart throbs of an earlier day, the part
Played by our kin, the city's pioneers.*

*Point to the romance of that written page—
Play once again the songs of yester-year;
Hark to the plaudits when Booth held the stage,
O pause—in memory of the Pioneer.*

OVERLAND MONTHLY

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The Patriarch

By Mrs. Imogene Sailor

A DEEP silence brooded over hill and valley, the warm silence of mid-day in summer. The distant mountains were veiled in a thin, blue mist, and the air was heavy with the varied perfume of mesa and foot-hill.

A narrow stream cut rather deeply the level meadow, and its winding course was marked by alders and cotton willows and tall papyrus. Even the birds had hushed their songs, seeming to feel the spell of the drowsy moon-tide; only the restless dragon-flies flew here and there in flashing, fairy rings of scarlet and blue.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the sharp sound of snapping twigs, and through the tangle of tree and brush a little boy appeared. Straight and slim he stood at the edge of

the stream, his almost naked little body brown as a coffee berry. His coarse, black hair hung long on either side of his face, and was bound by a narrow band across his forehead. In one hand he carried a long, slender stick.

At sight of the water the boy's eyes gleamed, and his white teeth shone in a sudden, flashing smile. With a single gesture he threw aside the one garment that he wore, then he thrust his stick deep into the moist earth at his feet and jumped into the water.

Long and happily he splashed and played, but in the midst of his fun a loud shout in the distance caused him to jump up the bank in a hurry. He picked up his scanty covering and, with an answering shout, dashed through the willows and was gone, his switch forgotten. The boy was one of a small group of Indians who were traveling from the mission San Gabriel to Capistrano under the guid-

ance of one or two of the mission fathers.

Quiet once more descended on the stream. With the coming of evening the birds and all the wild creatures of the hills came down to drink, and soon the moonlight bathed all the land with sil-

across the water not far from where the tree stood.

With the passing of the years the banks of the stream became steeper and the stream itself became but a silvery thread of water, fed by frequent springs. As the tree grew it threw out several great branches, which in turn sent out

smaller limbs, all burdened with a weight of long, slim leaves. Seen from a distance in the bright sunlight or in the mystic radiance of the moon the beautiful tree looked like a green fountain. It was very tall and cast a shade many feet in circumference. The tree is known to many people for miles away as the "big willow"; many picnics have been held under its drooping branches, and weary travelers have rested in their

cool shade; the old tree shelters them all with a gracious hospitality.

Some of the lower branches have been scorched by bon-fire flames; boys have broken the bark of the heavy, gnarled trunk as they climbed up in search of bird-nests, and in many ways the peace and serenity of the old days have passed away. But when the picnic fires have died down and the silence of night is broken only by wandering breezes or the sleepy twitter of birds, the old tree seems to turn towards the mountains and softly whisper: "All is changed around us, old friends, but thy rugged peaks have remained the same throughout the ages and, still unchanged, shall they gladden my eyes until time shall be no more for me."

And so, a very patriarch among its fellows, the big tree stands in its green and splendid old age, still a thing of beauty and romance—an echo of the days that are no more.



ver. Thus the slow summer passed away, the mourning doves called softly to their mates in the lonely evenings; leaves began to fall from the cotton-willows, and soon the first gentle rains of winter began. The mountains reared snow-capped peaks to the skies. Then the cotton-willows put on new green dresses, and yellow poppies spangled the emerald meadows. The air was like wine.

During all this time the Indian boy's switch stood in the damp soil and, with the coming of the rains, put out little, green shoots. Soon it became a sturdy tree, differing from all its fellows in shape and height. Season after season passed away, the Indians came no more to the valley as the white settlers began to come in and turned the broad meadows into ranches. In time these ranches were sub-divided, streets were laid out and cottages appeared here and there. A railroad cut through the valley and

To San Juan Capistrano

By Anna Merrill Foster

"CAPISTRANO Special!"

At the call, we women waiting in a California stage station, started for the door—thirty of us—confidently, though the stage had seats for only twenty-five.

As it happened, I secured the twenty-fifth seat and in the back of the stage, from which position, I was able to watch complacently while, after much consultation between our personal conductor, the driver and officials, the remaining five were accommodated on frail camp-stools in the aisle.

But my seat-companion failing to share in my sense of well-being, was leaning belligerently forward.

"This is no way to do. We were told that each one on this trip would have a seat to herself—that there would be absolutely no crowding. This stage was built for twenty-five; and they have no right to put more than twenty-five into it. What about fire? Just consider that. How could we get out—I'd like to know—crowded in back here? Besides, it's against the law to put seats in the aisle."

The other passengers full of happy anticipation, glanced at her wonderingly. But the stage had started and her further protests were drowned for all but me to which inadequate audience she now addressed herself.

"I could have had a seat at the front just as well as not, but a woman ahead of me pushed her parcel right into my stomach. So of course the others crowded past me and took the best seats."

A few miles of threading through traffic past slightly mansions overlooking the Pacific ocean and we left the beach city behind.

"The light is going to be very bad for my eye," spoke up this seat mate of mine. "The doctor was treating it just yesterday. And now that very eye is the one next the window."

Encouraged by my ill-advised murmur of sympathy, she continued, "I had a front seat on the other side all picked out. But the woman ahead of me thrust her package so viciously into my stomach that of course, I had to step aside till the pain was over; and so lost my chance."

"Perhaps it will not make so much difference," I tried by way of comfort. "The light seems about the same everywhere."

"It makes the greatest difference," she retorted indignantly. "That eye was just treated at eleven o'clock yesterday—less than a day ago. I might just as well as

not have had a seat on the other side. There is no sense in crowding this way. When that woman ahead of me dug her big angular bundle right into my—"

But recalling the now familiar organic detail, I was more interested in the ripening barley fields, as the stage struck back into the country through the vivid green hills of spring; and bore us onward between trim patrician English walnut ranches and through the orange groves where men on ladders were picking the last navels; on, through other groves loaded with yellow Valencia fruit and fragrant with orange blossoms of the next year's crop.

At our destination—The Old Adobe Studio—from whose roof the Spanish grandees once viewed the bull fights in the plaza—there at the entrance, that same perverse woman was holding up the whole party while in the most leisurely manner, she registered her name and address; and then sat pen in hand, viewing her handwriting with unruffled satisfaction, as though this necessary function were the pivotal ceremony of the day.

"Well?" said the next in line sensing the value of minutes on such a trip as this.

The penman arose haughtily, "Well, I declare! I never in all my life heard anything to equal that. If we had known you were in such an unreasonable hurry, you assuredly would have been allowed to sign first." She stalked away.

This detail of the day's program finished, we wended our way up the partly American, partly foreign street and entered the ancient mission garden.

In awed silence, we were guided through the historic ruins of the old California mission of San Juan Capistrano, filled with precious relics and memories of those bygone days of the padres. We could have spent hours dreaming back the intensely human pictures of the past. But all too soon the caretaker began ringing the old mission bells for noon. Regretfully we heard the voice of our conductor breaking in on our pensive meditations and calling us to leave the venerable ruins made sacred by the lofty ideals and incredible fortitude of those early devout pioneers.

However, it was considered necessary for us to eat. With this sordid purpose in view, we were carried by our stage to the ocean and around the corner where today's Spanish hamlet of San Clemente lay sunning itself on the cliffs.

After the lunch served at Ole Hanson's luxurious Spanish hacienda clubhouse with its expansive view over the Pacific, we returned in the late afternoon to Mr. Henry's Old Adobe Studio where the artist exhibited and talked to us pleasantly concerning his oil paintings of California scenes.

All through this interesting day, made a game of avoiding the aforementioned jarring member of our otherwise agreeable party; and by a number of what I considered adroit moves on my part, I succeeded in gracefully side-stepping many a seemingly inescapable crisis. It gave the comedy touch—comedy relief, so to speak.

But after entering the stage for the return trip this person of all other placed herself beside me. As she began at once to find fault with her seat, eagerly called her attention to the advantages of the seats not yet occupied. Apparently the taking of suggestions from others was not in her line; for she most perseveringly did not budge.

"Which way home?" was the absorbing question. It was mentioned that Mrs. Darrow, officially in charge of the expedition, though traveling in her own car by a different road, had said that the coast route, since the recent rain, might be too rough in spots for the heavy stage.

"Then we shall go back the way we came," spoke up Mrs. Grouch (I never heard her real name).

"We might take a vote," suggested some. At once amidst a confusion of talk the question was put.

"There is no use voting," shouted the irrepressible. "Mrs. Darrow said it was too rough by the coast; that's enough and then muttered to me, 'I'm having trouble with my back. I must have a smooth road. I have not felt right since that woman struck me that savage blow in the stomach with her great rough lunch box. It may have caused internal injuries. I have no doubt that it has.' A friend of a neighbor of mine disagreed from—"

But she was interrupted by the belated appearance of Mrs. Darrow and her assistant, after the two had spent what seemed to us a long half hour in bidding the artist an appreciative farewell.

Mrs. Darrow with a benevolent wave of her hand toward us was whirled away in her private car.

The assistant with a snappy business air, stepped up into our midst. T

(Continued on Page 296)

Robinson Jeffers Receives a Convert

By John S. Mayfield

NOT long ago it was my privilege to privately print Benjamin De Casseres' *Robinson Jeffers: Tragic Terror*, an excellent and well-worded dissertation on the Carmel poet and his works. The edition was limited to forty-nine copies, which were presented to a few friends and those known to be interested in Jeffers. The small number of copies printed made it necessary therefore, to be very discriminating in the distribution, but even at that the demand was greater than the supply. This little enterprise was not undertaken as a money making scheme, since the copies were not for sale by me, and the only idea fostering the printing of the brochure was my regard for Mr. De Casseres and my admiration for the poetry of Robinson Jeffers.

Somehow or other, a notice of the booklet appeared in a national magazine, and then requests for copies came in basketfuls from strangers who based their claim on being either interested in the works of Jeffers or having known him personally at one time. Requests were also received from several university libraries in the western states and one came also from a magazine in Italy. Copies were sent as long as the edition permitted.

One of these requests bears special notice. It came from a fellow who said that he had once visited Jeffers at Carmel. Not doubting the truth of his statement, but only wishing to know this man's impression of Jeffers, I answered saying that I would gladly send him a copy of the booklet, if he would tell me about this visit of which he spoke. His reply covered some ten single-spaced typewritten pages, and it is not necessary to say that after reading it carefully, the decision to send him a copy was easily reached.

The late Anatole France once said that no beautiful woman has the right to remain married to one man, she being, by virtue of her beauty, a public commodity. Feeling somewhat the same way about beautiful letters and believing that I am not violating any rules of correspondence, especially since the letter came from a stranger, I give a portion of it here:

"Dear Sir: I am disinclined to accept your ultimatum: 'That you write me an account of your acquaintance with Jeffers, including that one week with him at Carmel last summer'. Now setting forth in coherent order the manner of my comings and goings at Carmel

last summer and the details of our 'acquaintance' is peculiarly offensive to me because our relationship is not a thing to chronologize about.

"I am averse to writing anything if the subject will not permit me to use respectable English, but at the end of three days I have not figured out any other scheme to get that booklet, unless I accept your ultimatum, which I accept. I thought of filing an injunction against somebody or of bringing suit against something.

"However, I shall interpret your request as I please. You generalized. So will I. Besides I am wondering if your request is a reflection upon my honesty. Why should you want to know the things I have made up my mind to tell you? Why did you not invite me to state my views as regards the high tariff on Czecho-Slovakian mother hubbards? Certainly my answer would have augmented your amusement and gaiety.

"You cannot be curious! You cannot be curious about the morals and the veracity of any person whom you have never seen! But you shall learn little though I shall write all. I have already said I shall generalize.

"... I went to Carmel with blasphemy on my tongue for the poetry of Mr. Jeffers. Previously, I had not been struck with the photograph of him that one sees on the back of the jacket of *Roan Stallion*. (I was later to see that it no more resembles him than it resembles a possible photograph of him ... with his eyes shut. He should be painted. It's his eyes. They cannot be photographed. I see you have a photograph off the same negative in the copy of the book I want).

"I was not impressed with his poetry. After my free verse age, my reaction against vers libre set in. It was during the height of my disgust (I would not even consider Whitman and I could discover traces of free verse in Poe!) that Jeffers was called to my attention.

"At that time, I had a purity complex that existed before I read *The Green Hat*. The amorous language in *Tamar* was very disturbing. I remember when I read certain lines, I, with as quiet determination as I could muster, carefully laid aside the book and looked at myself in the mirror for fully five minutes; at the end of which time, I shamed myself by repeated crookings of

my right index finger, pointed at my reflection in the mirror.

"But I did go to Carmel for reasons connected with poems, writings and advices of George Sterling and Mary Austin and Willa Cather. Can anyone read of Carmel Bay and Point Lobos and the cypress forest and the chrysoprase bay, and the cobalt sea, and the white sand and the pines, and not want to go? I challenge anyone to read George Sterling again and again and not contain desires to go to Carmel again and again ... why it is difficult to love and understand ... to enthusiastically appreciate his poetry unless one has known Carmel. Can anyone hear Mary Austin tell of the Carmel of 1900 to 1910 and suppress a desire to go there?

"I'll admit that what Sterling had written about Jeffers had been read by me with eagerness, but I could not like what I could not like. No amount of talking or reading had any effect, but of course I had not seen Mr. Jeffers as Sterling had.

"... Now I am not a poet nor a creative writer. I make no pretensions toward being one of the literati or the intelligentzia. I would refuse to even so much as glance at John Gilbert if he should walk into the cafe where I am eating, if he should be accompanied by Greta Garbo or the Prince of Wales. I would keep on feeding my face. But if some day I should see a cow feeding on the grass in the park, I should stop and gaze at her and her feeding, noting every mouthful she takes in, the switchings of her tail, the floppings of her ears, I would gaze at her until the peace officer drove her off to the pound.

"... I assume that you are familiar with the geography of Carmel. How Mr. Jeffers' home is quite the finest location on Carmel Bay, which is of pure color, being cobalt ... how there are rock cliffs directly below his home ... how the water runs in between the rocks like long green tongues or sometimes white coated tongues, depending of course on the sea. I take it for granted that you know the walls of his house are six feet thick. Probably you remember the color of the paint on the sign erected by Mr. Jeffers advising picnickers to desist from scattering papers on a privately owned beach ... probably you have decided the exact shade of grey of the rocks of the beach and the house and the lookout.

"... The first day was as foggy as Carmel can be in August.

"... Did he show you that first day you knew him, the ancient Spanish Mission doll, no more than a foot long, a doll that is more than 400 years old, that came out of an ancient mission? A doll that was dressed up as the Holy Virgin, in the clothes of a Madonna. A doll that at once reminded me of *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and he said it would. The doll, I should have explained, was in the lookout, in a room about middleways to the top. . . . Did he show you, too, blankets and rugs in that lookout . . . and that first day, did you see at his instance his wife's study and his study, and all those books of which I cannot remember a single title, strange titles and strange authors. But I bet you cannot remember them either . . . Did he take you to the top of the lookout that first day and tell you how he liked to sit at night up there on the sort of roof and watch the rum runners making for Point Lobos . . . watch the winking lights of the revenue cutters giving chase. Sometimes there would be yells and shots . . .

"Did you two sit down on the top of the lookout and did he tell you about the girl who visited him and who was so certain that two humans were stranded on that bird island near the shore over in the direction of Point Lobos, and how he knew all the time it was only birds she saw . . . ? Did you notice how matter-of-fact Mr. Jeffers is . . . how colorless his voice *can* be and how quietly dramatic it can be? Did he tell you how great swells of water swept around the house and the lookout on stormy nights and days? Did he talk to you about stars and did he mention briefly that the stars and the constellations were the only tangible things of the earth that could consistently fascinate Sterling. . . ? And did he ask you why you wore corduroys, if you wore them, despite the fact that he should have known that every youth in California at that time was wearing cords. The minute you looked into his eyes, did you understand all the things in his poems you had never understood before . . . did you feel that his eyes were witness to the existence of beauty that lives in his poetry . . . did you think he was not looking at you when he was, because of the half-lidded eyes that are gray rimmed with black rings . . . do you remember his handshake, so unaffected and so unnoticeable, but the big knuckles were plainly felt by me that first time?

"Did you decide there was no figure nor adjective worthy of being used to describe his eyes, lost in the shadow of their haze . . . eyes in a mist of tears . . . now blue smoke, now gray smoke . . .

"That first day did you notice how he walked down that brown weedy hill leading to the cliffs, directly below his house? I mean did you notice his walk . . . how it is like the wind? How it is a cultivated walk and moves with the same rhythm of his poetry? How it is eternally suggesting lines in the 'other poems'. That it is a walk wherein the right instep springs and the left one does not. It is cultivated in this wise: 'O the walk of his is an imitation of the movements of running water . . . or winds'.

"Did he tell you how Sterling admired the views from the lookout and did he point them out to you yourself. I remember the fingers on his left hand. They reminded me of the dragging wings of a gray dove. After saying your name to his wife and two little boys, who look so perfect physically, and after greetings had been exchanged did he suggest a walk up the rocky coast . . . That first day . . . I must generalize. . . :

"We heard the whisper of cool green waves
Against the cliffs, we three.
. . . and then when the ocean was sad and gray
And the birds were gone at the close of day
There was nobody there but me . . .

"We laughed and loved when a music of love
Throbbled in the air, we three.
. . . and then when a garden was small and old
There was nobody there but me . . .

"I write 'we three' so you will be completely disarmed, because it is the correct number though there were only two. You must figure it out for yourself, but do not use literal nor figurative imagination. Were you ever alone in the west garden of the Del Monte hotel alone at 1 p. m. pondering over a day spent with Mr. Jeffers . . . ? If so you should surely write those two verses.

"You see how each day began . . . and how it ended. The poem is a resume.

"The second day did you notice his hands . . . how they are like the gray rocks of the house and lookout . . . how they show much handling of rocks? Yet I can remember only that they are brown . . . and had long thumbs, saddleback thumbs, and cushion tipped fingers. Are you waiting for me to say that his two young-uns wore brown cords, and that Mr. Jeffers himself wore a khaki shirt open at the neck, brown khaki-colored

trousers of a sort of whip-cord material and leather puts?

"Did he walk with you on Point Lobos for one afternoon, talking of the cypress forest and the possible site of the house of Hamar and of Tamar and Lee . . . and did he ask you all about Texas? Most people do.

"He is reserved, you know. Almost shy. And I stammer and sometimes stutter. I am never certain just what I want to say nor how I want to say it. I tried to carry on like a Babbitt or a Greenwich Villager or a sophisticate or a fan; I tried to act like a peasant who had come to see what manner of man could write such disturbing poetry . . .

"Let this letter be a lesson to you. Right at the start, you must make up your mind to believe a person or you don't believe him. You may decide wrong? What is the difference? Accept a person or don't accept a person, right off the bat. Don't you see that if I had lived with Jeffers all my life I could write no more than I have written . . . no more than is suggested in his poetry? A poet is public property. A president or politician is not, but a poet is. Calvin does not reveal his heart, but Jeffers must. Could Fanny Brawn tell me anything about John Keats? . . . I should say not. What are Keats' letters to her more than a resume of his poems?

". . . Did he say to you: 'Pioneer stock shows up in you . . . your eyes see beyond the horizon, not with languor but with eagerness. . . You are the first pioneer I have seen in many a day. You are not of the city. Your eyes are fresh.'

"Did he have you stand on a rock at the end of Lobos, silhouetted against the sunset? Whenever he touched your hand, did it feel like lips or cool green waves?

"On succeeding days, did you tell him of your adventures in places you have traveled? I talked always at his instance. Peasants are not over enthusiastic about their own words.

"Did you go with him down to Point Sur, back in the hills, up the Carmel River . . . and did he write in your copy of *ROAN STALLION AND OTHER POEMS*: ' . . . With best wishes and the hope of seeing him again.'?

"I have not seen him again nor has he heard from me. Correspondence would be tame and unsatisfactory . . . after those days and nights. . . . Now may I have the booklet?"

How could I resist sending it?

Phoebe Ann Falls Into Worldliness

By Elise M. Rushfeldt

PHOEBE Ann and Billy had merely heeded the sage old advice, "Go West, young women, and grow up with the country." As young teachers they were accustomed to taking to heart advice—especially Phoebe Ann. So here they were stepping over the intermittent board walk of Main Street.

Sheltered behind the post card display rack in the General Mercantile store window, two school board members inspected the two. If the honor of holding so important a position in a community be not recompense enough, a board member must seek compensation in side issues dependent upon the honorable vocation. These two dignitaries were art collectors and connoisseurs of the photographs of schoolma'ams. (Portraits to be enclosed with each application). An innocent avocation, surely.

Billy, the flounciest of the two young school mistresses, satisfactorily passed the bosses' inspection test. The West loves action. She had it. Instead of walking, she jazzed down the thoroughfare. The West loves extremes. She showed them: great length of shapely legs clad in nude chiffon hose, rolled. And color. Outfit of fashionable dark green, hair of incandescent red, eyes of scintillating emerald. "Like some bearded meteor trailing light she flashed" upon the vision.

But her unostentatious companion flunked this eligibility test. Or so thought Lefty Kuter, Clerk of the Board, and owner of a pool room and soft drink establishment, really a combination of a modern "speak-easy" and a Bret-Harte-like gambling saloon. "How'd we happen to hire her? She's so old-fashioned that my mother got her picture in the family album." Lefty, you see, liked up-to-date styles in teachers.

Slightly belligerent, as one whose taste is being criticized, the youngest school board member demanded, "Now what's the matter with her? She's young, and her face is all right."

"Yeh. But who has black stuff skirts down to their ankles now-a-days? Or long hair done in a knob like taffy coils? Or a big hat that stands on top of a pompadour?"

"Aw. I ain't studied the women's elite fashions for a few days. You answer."

"You mock ostrich. Go to any movie; stop snoring for half an hour and open your eyes."

Already the peace of the august civic assembly was threatened with friction. Over the style lengths in women's skirts and hair.

"Well, what more can you expect from a mail-order teacher?"

"She ain't up to specifications. Put a tag on her returning her to the home fires. Oh, I know, I know. We done the choosin'," gloomily.

"Pretty good job we made of it, too. The wind blew better than we knew for the kiddies here." The more Mr. Satterle stuck up for her the more merit he began to see in her.

Having gone the length of Main Street, Billy, the glowing Titian-haired modern, suggested returning. Her clear, cool, schoolma'amish voice said, "Ain't nothing to see here. Not a man in sight. So it's back to our barren rooms for us. But you know, dearie, I think there is something shady about our newly acquired rooming house, don't you, kinda? They don't want teachers for roomers. They ain't the kind of folks to take in culture thusly. Flashy people with a high-powered car who live at the dropping off spot on Main Street. But there ain't so many that wants teachers for roomers. Beggars and choosers, eh?"

Billy assumed the vernacular because it was the more distinguishing in a teacher. Usually her class-room English was of a fair grade. But she was a glowing democratic soul eager to put herself on a level with those about her.

"They're new people here, too, they said. But of course they must be all right or they wouldn't come to this peaceful village to live. Father wanted me to come here my first year from home because the country isn't wicked like a city. And there aren't the temptations, he said. He's a minister, you know, of the First Methodist Church." A voice earnest, anxious, and conscientious. It matched her serious sweet face with the perplexed pucker above the eyes.

"Um." Billy put her hands where her hips should be and swayed from side to side. "I'm from and for the city myself. Me: I'm wise. I expect no pastoral Arcadias."

Phoebe Ann pressed onward toward their tree-obscured rooming house with the lady-like mince that long skirts perforce gives. Work already lay heavily upon her that brief September afternoon. "I want to plan a morning exercise talk to give to the grade. I think what one says is really important, don't you? My father says that so much hinges on talk."

Billy, however, parked herself in

Phoebe Ann's room and chattered so that she could not outline an opening speech. Therefore she unpacked. Billy perched herself on a box of books, crossed her knees and lit a cigarette while she watched Phoebe Ann carefully unfold her garments from beneath layers of tissue paper and store them away with meticulous care. She viewed the bulky built-in wardrobe idly, "Seems to cut off half the room. And yet there isn't scarcely any place to put things. That wardrobe's new, too. But I remember them saying they had it built for the teachers because there wasn't any closet. The room faces the back, don't it?"

"I like a view of the wide fields," declared Phoebe Ann earnestly. Then she sat back on her heels and stared at Billy with open eyes and mouth. Enflouraged by the parsonage and her small town she was quite properly shocked at the flagrant worldliness displayed before her.

"I've never seen women who smoked before." Solemnly she added, "But I don't suppose that it makes any difference in your teaching. That is, I mean that you can be just as good a teacher and smoke. That is, I mean if you don't do it in the school room. And I don't suppose you do. But I've never seen women who smoked before—that is, except Granny Hayes, and she had a pipe."

When she knew Billy better she resolved to use her influence toward reformation. Mr. Knutson, deacon of her father's church, had written *To Whom It May Concern:*—"remarkable for the power of her good influence."

She supposed that it was because Billy came from the city. Worldliness naturally centered there. But here in the wide free spaces with kindly benevolent country folk about, she would be reclaimed.

Billy arched her eyebrows and blew smoke rings about her faintly freckled nose, said, "I don't think I'll do it in the class room. And I'll lay low if you think folks here will be shocked." Then she changed the subject. "I'm hungry, Phoebe Ann. Where do we eat? Teachers must eat even if they can't smoke."

"The Ladies' Aid asked us, don't you remember? Father says there is nothing like a Ladies' Aid for getting you into the life of the town." As a daughter of a minister she had a wholesome respect for the powers of a Ladies' Aid—a respect that amounted to fear. They throned and dethroned preachers. Why not teachers? They were the winds that blew up public opinion. And Billy spoke carelessly of slighting them and going to a restaurant.

"Oh we musn't! It's the thing to do to go to Aid. I think I shall put on my best hat. It pays to look nice, don't you think, in a new town when going out in public?"

Billy watched her don complacently a wide-brimmed marked-down straw, watched her run a hatpin through it. The hatpin fascinated Billy almost as much as the cigarette had Phoebe Ann. She drew her little felt cloche farther over one eye so that it almost obliterated it, threw away her cigarette and hopped from the book box. "Well, my war paint is on to go to the Ladies' Aid to get into the life of the town."

The Ladies' Aid was held in the church parlors, otherwise called the basement of the church, where, grouped about the bare white-plastered walls on rows of cheap varnished kitchen chairs sat the members in their second best silks, visiting perfunctorily, and inspecting all who came in—especially the new teachers.

Phoebe Ann loosened the top button of her blue serge coat, and smiled friendly wise and nervously over her glasses at this new world. She pulled off her black lisle gloves and from the pocket of her blue serge coat extracted two clean folded handkerchiefs and a coin purse from which she took thirty cents; fifteen for Billy and fifteen for herself. She had resolved to treat to this spread.

"You can take as many pieces of cake as you want to; and have two cups of coffee," she informed in the sotto voce of a hostess. "I always make this last for my supper, you know." Then she seated herself in the straight-backed row of the enhungered select.

"I think that the Ladies Aid does so much good for the church. Father says so, and he's quite vitally interested in the church, you know." Her voice was politely attuned to present company. It was a Ladies' Aid conversation and quite proper if overheard.

Billy, with heaped up plate, sat down also. Momentarily she tried to balance her plate and keep her feet on the floor. Finding this impossible she compromised by putting her feet on the rung of a near-by chair. This drew up her knees and helped form a level. But it also pulled higher her short skirt so that Phoebe Ann was quite concerned and to divert attention from her made more Ladies' Aid chatter.

The President of the Aid and the minister's wife discussed the new teachers in a

ECRHYTHMIC BAY AT SAUSALITO

TODAY,

Like a flawless turquoise,
You lie basking in the sun,
Your surface almost rippleless:
Like pearls,
White boats dot your breast,
Seemingly motionless.

An occasional gull
Moving with stately dignity
Cleaves the still air,
Lighting soon,
To rest contentedly
In satisfied proximity.

The hills beyond
Look on protectingly
While, scurrying by
Intent and unobservant—
To and fro, to and fro
Passes restless humanity.

Lovely Bay!
Placid now;
Serene,
Complacent.
I have seen you lashed to fury,
Foamy with frustrated anger:
I have seen you wavering dizzily
With jazzy exuberance.

Let your mood be what it may
I know not when I love you most;
Virulent or gracious,
Benignant or malicious;
Inexorable in your malevolence,
Alluring in your peaceful perfection,
Fitful, variable,
Capricious—
But this I know
I love you ever,
Ecrhythmic Bay at Sausalito.

—ADA KYLE LYNCH.

closed coterie. After deciding that Billy was merely italicized present-day style as set forth in the pages of *The Ladies' Fashion Mode Monthly* they were inclined to accept her as an asset. Knees are not vulgar when fashionable. They felt as if her insouciance and ultra modernness might give stylish tone to the school. Phoebe Ann they recognized as an old-fashioned type; only she seemed a little too conciliating. So a chubby placid woman in a dress of turned brown satin came up and introduced herself as President of the Aid. Next a cheery soul with frizzled hair, freckles and a glad hand announced herself as the minister's wife.

Phoebe Ann made fitting social talk. "Don't you think that the Ladies' Aid does so much good for the church? I do. I was just telling Miss Connery so."

Billy seemed neither awed by the august personages before her nor did she join in the launched encomiums of the Aid. Instead she licked the chocolate of the cake from her fingers while her eyes casually swept over their clothes and said, "Um." Her silence gilded the group.

Nevertheless silvery speech must clink about. So the group mulled helplessly over the Ladies Aid as a support to the church and community. Until someone mentioned the other teachers. In relief they fastened avidly upon the topic. It seemed that the teacher of the primary grades was a married woman. Didn't they think she should stay at home as was fit, let her husband support her and give the job to the unmarried deserving? And the principal was said to be a Catholic. Didn't they think it was like putting the Pope himself in power?

It seemed that they had already formulated their issues for the year. Here Phoebe Ann breathed more naturally. Until she discovered that these issues were predetermined certainties and that the Aid was open to any unattached issue whose object was general uplift. Phoebe Ann's strained nervous smile relaxed only when they were out on the board walk once more. Then she breathed a hope that the impression they had made was advantageous and deep. "Umm," replied the untroubled Billy. "Here's a restaurant. I'm going in for a regular dinner. Don't run off with all my cigarettes, Phoebe Ann."

In clicked her high-heeled patent leather pumps. A counter with stools about it.

(Continued on Page 294)



Preface to a Book Not Yet Written

By William Saroyan

I AM writing this preface to a book before the book has been commenced or planned. I haven't as yet the slightest idea as to what the book is going to be like and I frankly do not care. A preface, I hold, is a complete work in itself and has nothing at all, or very little, to do with the book it precedes. On second thought I may be wrong in this and probably am.

In any event the reason I have decided to write this preface before the book is that I want it to help me in planning the book. I suppose if I say I am going to do certain worth-while things in the following pages I must necessarily stick to my word, and in that way the book as a whole may prove itself a little less dull than it might otherwise have been. For instance, if in this preface I were to boldly write that not a single sentence in the book was to be uninteresting I might actually try to make every sentence interesting (which would be impossible) and in the end I would probably find that I had written a few more interesting sentences than I would have written had I not made an impossible statement. Personally I would really like to write a book which would be entertaining from the first sentence of the preface to the last sentence of the last chapter in which among other words would appear the words "but in generic abstractions, you must come down from your mount, or you are lost in the darkness of its top." So that is precisely the reason for this early, very early, preface.

Besides it has been a more or less secret ambition of mine to write a book from the very first page to the last and as I have observed that prefaces come first in books I decided that I would write that portion of the book first in spite of convention and the ultimate appearance of the book which might for this reason be ridiculous. But, I am reminded, there is at least entertainment in the ridiculous and I am not afraid to go on with a smile.

In writing my preface first there will be little possibility of any misunderstanding on my part as to what it is I am supposed to do. That is a fact probably more important than it at first sounds for I have a most annoying habit of commencing a story about certain common people of America today and ending it with a lot of characters almost odiously taken from the works of James Branch Cabell, for instance. For this reason I change Henry Hanson's name to Guivric of Djardvoord. The habit is

annoying, I insist, because in spite of the fact that I have changed poor Henry's name he remains the idiot Henry has always been. I do not think it is good sense to let a fellow with a name like Guivric of Djardvoord act like an ass. So you see I have good reason for writing this preface a little earlier than usual.

But the principal reason I am writing this preface first is that I prefer prefaces to books any day. I have made it a point in my readings to first read the preface and if I find it at all worth reading I then casually glance at the first and last pages of the book and tell everybody I've finished it. I wouldn't think of really trying to read any book straight

couple of points. (To be sure, I cannot say now what I am going to do in the following pages but you can rest assured that I am not going to do any elaborate scenes of lakes or gardens or city streets. Everybody's already seen a lake or two and dirty streets and parks and things of that sort. If they haven't, however, I would suggest that they go out at their next opportunity and take a good, long look at a lake. There is nothing like taking a good, long look at a lake once in a while.)

Another reason I like the idea of writing this preface before commencing the book is that I can say in a preface a few things I would be unable to say in the book. For instance, I could not possibly have some of the heroes of this book say different things about prefaces. (There are going to be a great many good heroes in this book. In fact, if possible every character will be a hero.) I would like to prove that that sort of thing could be done, too. There have been books in which every character was a villain, after a fashion all his own, but I have not yet heard of a book in which all the characters are heroes, but in the event that there is such a book of which I have not heard (which is more than likely) I will not by any means be outdone, for in that case I will make heroes of everything in my book. Such as, the street cars, butterflies, phonographs or buildings.

As I have said I could not very well have one of my characters step out of his character for a moment, as it is often done on the stage, and make a bright remark on prefaces for me, as that is not the way things are done. At least, not the way things are done regarding prefaces. I could easily have any character jump up somewhere and say, "Prohibition is a joke and any man who says otherwise is a damn liar!" without violating the rules of literary etiquette, but I could not, for example, have some fellow say, "The fact that a preface comes first in the pages of any book would indicate that it is vastly more important than anything that follows it." I don't even know of any character who'd be willing to say such a thing and if I forced him to, immediately the reader would be aware of the fact.

I could, I guess, have my characters say almost anything they liked except something about prefaces. People busy living do not ordinarily think of prefaces at all. (Sometimes they don't even think.)

(Continued on Page 301)

Printing

JAMES MONTGOMERY
[1776-1854]

In me all human knowledge dwells;

The oracle of oracles;

Past, present, future, I reveal,

Or in oblivious silence seal.

What I preserve can perish never—

What I forego is lost forever.

I speak all languages; by me

The deaf may hear, the blind may see,

The dumb converse, the dead of old

Communion with the living hold.

All lands are one beneath my rule;

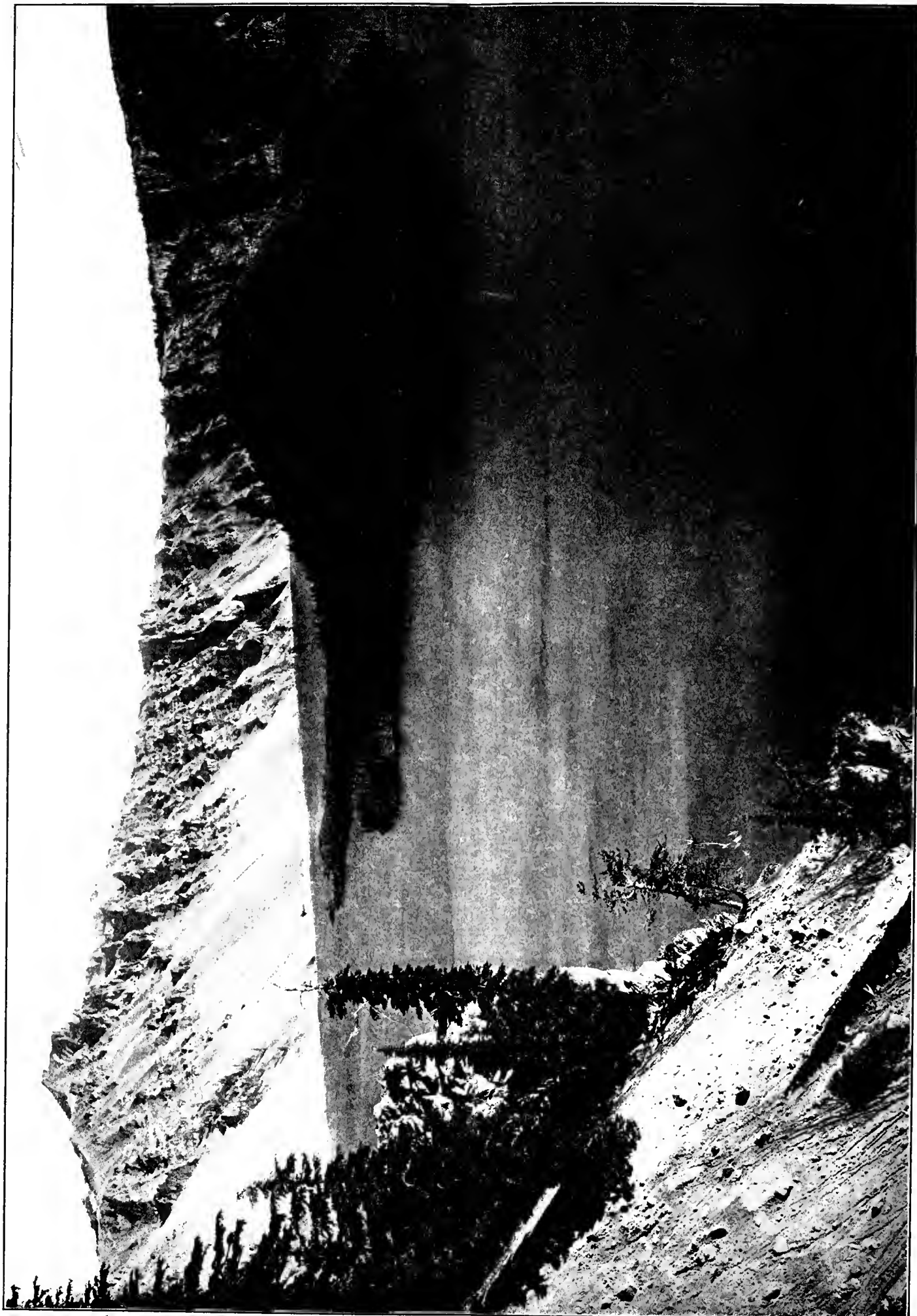
All nations learners in my school.

Men of all ages, everywhere,

Become contemporaries there.

through because no book can possibly be interesting from the first page to the last and if it is interesting on any pages at all they are bound to be the pages of the preface.

It is difficult enough to make the first and last pages of a preface interesting, let alone all the rest of the pages of the book, in which such queer things as characters and motives and plots and dialogue enter into the thing. I thank the good Lord that there are no scenes to prefaces or I would never commence this book. I do not like scenes in literature and if it is ever going to be necessary for me to describe anything whatsoever in the following pages I am going to try to find the shortest distance between a



New Literary Movement on Pacific Coast

*League of Western Writers Holds Second Annual Parliament of Letters at
Portland, Oregon, August 9-10-11, 1928.*

By Col. E. Hofer

Founder and Editor of "The Lariat"
Salem, Oregon.

IN THE past few years there has been formed by those persons who cherish literary ideals and high educational standards, the largest organization west of the Mississippi River, and extending from Mexico to Alaska, and to the Pacific Coast, known as the League of Western Writers.

There have been distinct literary developments in the territory known as the Pacific Slope, and the Great Southwest and the still Greater Northwest. The former region includes Mexico, and the latter the Empire of Canada, and the Territory of Alaska. The Pacific Coast and Western Territory embraces the states of Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

These states are represented by writers of note on the Executive Board, as follows: D. Maitland Bushby, Humboldt, Arizona; Kathleen Norris, San Francisco; Katherine L. Craig, State Superintendent Public Schools, Denver, Colorado; Reginald C. Barker, Boise, Idaho; Howard S. Tool, Reed Point, Montana; Witter Bynner, Santa Fe, New Mexico; Ann Shannon, Monroe, Portland, Oregon; T. E. Parloe, Provo, Utah; Vernon McKenzie, Dean of Journalism, University of Washington, Seattle; Grace Raymond Hebard, University of Wyoming; Charles G. D. Roberts, President Canadian League of Writers, Toronto, Canada; Barrett Willoughby, Alaska; Dr. Levi B. Salmons, Guanajuato, Mexico.

Advisory Board: Pamela Pearl Jones, Seattle; Frank Gates, Tacoma, Washington; Eleanor MacMillan, Portland, Oregon; Dean Pratt, Department of Literature, Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon; L. Bullock-Webster, Victoria School of Dramatic Art, Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. O. F. Lamson, Frank Richardson Pierce, Muriel A. Wanamaker, Adelina Carola Appleton, Dr. William Lafoy Hall, V. V. Tarbill, Seattle. Temporary officers chosen in Seattle at First Parliament of Letters: Col. E. Hofer, Salem, Oregon, President; Vice-Presidents, Ben Field, Los Angeles; L. Bullock-Webster, Victoria; Adelyn Brickley Jones, San Francisco.

The new western school of literature and art that finds expression in a second annual convention, is motivated so far as it has an existence in individual men

and women writers and artists organized from the above territory. It sounds throughout a breezy note of aspiration for higher standards and ideals, and a harking back to the New England founders of American literature, and the continued flow of American literary producers known as the Argonauts. These were glowingly set forth in the sixtieth anniversary number of the *Overland Monthly* and *Out West Magazine* for July, under an able corps of editors and Arthur H. Chamberlain, as chairman of the advisory board; and the five years' labors of *The Lariat*, culminating with the Parliament of Letters at Seattle, September 30-October 1, 1927.

The sessions divided into special programs of papers, speakers and renditions of poetry, fiction, drama and music, which plan of separate conventions by the most prominent men and women from the West devoting themselves to writing and the other arts, proved most effective. Like the founders of American and Canadian literature, they sprang almost entirely from the printing offices of the forties, fifties and sixties. It cannot be said that journalism waves its magic wand so completely over the writing profession as in the earlier days of our American continent. Has journalism become less potent as the creative force and training ground for the poet and the prose writers? It is certain the metropolitan press and the universities are not sending forth to present generations the geniuses in the writing and kindred arts of the drama and music of the earlier days when we had not gone so completely under a materialistic civilization. Lucky that a Bret Harte lived and toiled in the mining camps with his fellow Argonauts in the 'sixties, that an *Overland Monthly* had even a chance to come into existence. With one or two exceptions none of the great literary monthlies has survived to tell the story of the literary traditions of those days. Our country must look to a new birth of a literary era of artistic spirit, which is the spirit of romance, the finer aspirations of men and women devoted to art and literature still tingling with sentiment and emotions, to say nothing of the higher creations of the soul that flower

in passion or the classics of expression that must rise above the base concepts of a humanity that starves on a denatured parody of the Seven Arts, including literary expression as it should be, the highest of them all.

A degenerate, dehumanized and denatured literary product of vapid and depraved sexology is sought to be substituted for a wholesome concept of poetry, the drama and fiction. Americans should thank God on their knees for the classical literature of the New England founders, and their western exploring miners and pioneers, hunters and trappers, who led an honest outdoor life, where the allurements of sex did not play the whole game of life in the settlement and building of a new western social structure. These early founders placed before the world an American literature that has its place in all the libraries and languages as literature, and that down to the 'eighties and even 'nineties did not produce in our country a single volume of prose, poetry or translation of the old world classics that was tainted with vulgarity or degeneracy. Let the new western school now being brought into existence remain true to American standards and beginnings and progress clean and rationally. This fight can and must go on, led by the national revival of the *Overland Monthly* and the League of Western Writers.

The complete history of the *Overland Monthly* has not yet been written. Some day the history will be written. The literary era of past generations have been written in the six decades of the *Overland Monthly* now closed. So the first decade beginning with the *Lariat*, of which the sixth year is now unfolding the annual scroll is being written in the Northwest by the convention of the League of Western Writers. Shall it perish before the first decade is completed? More than likely. No use being over-optimistic. A literary magazine in the West is the hardest to keep the breath of life in its body or to keep its lifeblood in circulation of anything ever brought into existence. Poets and writers generally survive by the potency of hope, vanity and egotism. Mostly their fate is death and starvation. If all the Western writers could tithe their blood and their income in support of every legitimate periodical of letters they could

(Continued on Page 298)

My Aethe!—A Tribute to a Thoroughbred

First Prize in Unpublished Lyrics, Phelan-Overland Poetry Contest

By William McNaught

OUT of the Iliad Aethe came.
Immortal Homer made her live—
Fital and vivid,—crowned with fame.
Genius alone such gift can give.
Immortal horses are his steeds;
He links them with heroic deeds.
We see her!—How her nostrils flame!
Oh, Aethe!—what a glory name!

In days of youth,—when hopes are flame,
I read of Aethe, and it seemed
Flaming desire within me came
To own an Aethe; and I dreamed
The gods might give me gift so rare,—
A steed like Agamemnon's mare.
Mine!—My very own to claim!

As though the gods of Homer's time
Still lived in their Olympian halls,
And saw my spirit upward climb,—
To scale the Paradise walls,
Those gracious gods!—they heard my
prayer;
They sent me an immortal mare,—
The loveliest in Olympic stalls.

One moonlight night,—I mind it well,
I rode her through the golden glow.
I seemed to feel enchantment's spells
No ride had ever thrilled me so.
The fleetest, liveliest, pulsing steed:
She must be of immortal breed.
I asked her what her name should be:
"ÆTHE! ÆTHE!—I'm so to thee!"

Out we went to the Western Range;
Lived in the breeze,—till we became—
Æthe and I,—does this seem strange?
One with the Wind! We played the game,
Chasing the antelopes, when the gale
Blew us gayly—as ships that sail
Into the sunset's golden flame!

I had a hundred horses then,
And half a hundred more.
I wish that I could make you ken
That horses by the hundred score
I'd throw away as valueless,
If for the throw, the gods would bless
Me to possess,—forevermore—
That Aethe I adore!

Soft as silk was her satin skin;
Deep the chest, and flat the flanks.
All the signs,—she's close of kin
To foremost racers in the ranks
Of bluest bloods that ever breathed.
Royal sires to her bequeathed
Speed and spirit, prance and pranks.

And, oh, those lines of lineage!
Surest signs of strength and grace;
Read the record,—page by page;
Rich was her heritage of race.
Black, flowing mane,—a beauteous
draped;
A silver moon, in crescent shape,
Betwixt her eyes and place.

After an absence,—too prolonged,—
I had my Aethe,—home again;
So thin and sad,—she had been wronged;
But beautiful! . . . Oh, that stab of pain,—
So like a lady invalid,
Whose soul of beauty can't be hid.
How could a man his mood restrain?
My Aethe! Mine again!

Oh, Aethe, come and ranch with me!
(Sweeter than even the days of old)
In the "New Earth" that is to be,
When we shall wear immortal mold.

They let you die,—they let you die.
On joy I seemed to lose my hold.
Dead! . . . And ne'er forget will I
How my gladness turned to sadness,
And I almost cursed the SKY.

After her death, I dreamed a dream:
Dead . . . —on the straw so still she lay.
Why should a horse so human seem?
Why should death of one make us pray?
Lo,—from the dead she rose again;
Slowly, slowly, did she rise;
Slowly, slowly, did my pain;
Slowly, slowly,—my glad surprise!
Beauty immortal!—she,—
Stood there beside me!

Born of that dream, come reveries,—
Wild rides that made the pulses thrill.
Sceptics would call them neveries;
But dullard Doubt can never still
The dreaming hope of happier life,
When re-born joys, forever rife,
Are Real,—by God's will!

I dream of my immortal mare,
In that New Earth, the Bible tells,
The sons of God, who greatly dare,
Shall mold to beauty,—spite of Hell's
File efforts at diablerie;
And blisses, by Divine Decree,
Thrill us with fairy spells.

The order comes,—from High Command,
To me and Aethe, swift to bear
A gladsome message through the land
Of Paradise,—“Let all prepare
For frolic with immortal steeds;
Best beauties of the noblest breeds.”
RIDE! RIDE! The boldest leaps to
dare
From mountain peak to coral strand.

They lead her forth, my Bonnie Bay;
Anticipation throbs my veins;
It's in the Dawn, the crimson ray
Of promised Day lights up the lanes
That lead through lilled valleys fair;
And far away, the dawning day
Reveals the vales where roses rare
Perfume the air with bonnie blooms;
And o'er the plains, the pampas plumes
Their dancy joy declare!

Great God!—the vibrance of the air
Has served my Aethe,—she is mad,—
Mad with desire to let me share
The throbs of life that make her glad.
Herculean grooms are holding her;
Ambition strikes me with its spur;
Did I not love her, I'd not dare
To mount that devil mare!

Did I say "Devil Mare"?—I meant
Divine devilry . . . abounding life,—
Audacities dynamic,—lent
For frolic, and for fearless strife
For Paradisaal prizes!
Daring-Do,—when need arises,—
With blue-blood's always blent.

And I mean,—the glad, mad plunging
That's like music to the nerves;
The rearing that is rhythm,—the lunging
Out,—as though shot from cannon; verses
That revitalize. O, Thoroughbred!
Watching you wakes us! (from the dead)
My laurel!—On your head!

Away we went with that glad word;
The dust clouds followed us,—we heard
Our echoes ring from canyon walls;
Shrill neighings, from ten thousand stalls,
Sent us their loud "Aloha!"

Loped along the lilled valleys;
Dived through clouds,—with daring sallies;
Swept the slopes of mighty mountains;
Circled rainbows of vast fountains;
Galloped o'er the rose-rich vales;
Listened to applauding hails;
Winged our way across abysses;
Felt of speed the thrilling blisses;
Raced through plains of pampas plumes;
Breathed the scent of splendid blooms;
Delights! of most Divine Deceit,
Were given us,—the only price
Was love,—the coin of Paradise!

Then there came a clarion call!
The rhythm changed. The sudden storm!
Oh, storms of Paradise!—All
Mirrors of God,—the Almighty's form
Showed in mountain peak and thunder.
He seems to speak:—loud is that call.
We pray, watch,—and wonder.

Far up we rode,—to the Black Cloud.
Strange,—there is a bliss in terror!
We'd never heard—thunder so loud.
God's summons? . . . To souls in error?
Æthe trembled with joy beneath me;
Ecstasy!—one with the Wind were we;
Raced with thunderbolts,—terror-toys;
The storm loved us,—called us its own,
Into the Tempest's bosom blown,
We knew the Giant's joys!

Oh, the long leaps from lofty peaks!
We sped in the splendid lightning.
We heard the words the Thunder speaks:
It told us terror is a thing
That the immortals master.
Safe in the cyclone's heart of peace,
Holding from Fear a full release,
They laugh at all disaster.

And now—my horseman's dream is done.
Æthe!—they tell me you are dead.
That the wild race,—the prize we won,—
All ravings of a madman's head.
But oft the Dream foretells the Deed;
A method by the gods decreed,
By which, from Fancy, Facts are spun!

L'ENFOI

We know full well that Love is Life,—
True love can never die.
The nobler beasts,—we love them well;
They love us in reply.
Our dear, dumb friends,—they have no
words;
They love us with their deeds.
Such precious stuff, this love,—we can't
Deny it in our creeds.
Our treasured pets,—their love is true,
As true as true can be.
They love us with a royal love,
More loyal e'en than we.
Such heart-stuff is a precious thing,—
Not to be thrown away.
It evolves from more to more,—
Its course no death can stay.
The nobler beasts have more of it
Than either you or I;
You can't deny it's spirit-stuff,—
God will not let it die!

An Old Mansion and Its Guest

By Julia O'Meara Jordan

IN LARGE cities one forgets, in the absolute absorption by the commercial spirit, that there were ever buildings of another character, but in the small towns the encroachment of business is comparatively slow and there are still left a few of the precious old landmarks.

One regrets the tearing away of the fine houses built long ago with their graceful, carved walnut balustrades, their dignified mantels, the high ceilings and spacious rooms. Most of the original tenants are gone and the lack of care has brought about sad changes. In the place where once the elect dined and wined, where the carpeted rooms were canvassed for dancing and trailing gowns swept the floors one may now find an obscure shop and many of the rooms converted into unsightly apartments. The typical parlor with its hair-cloth furniture, its corner what-not, and square piano serves as a wretched shelter for some equally wretched soul.

A splendid home once stood in a lovely garden on the main residential avenue which has since become a part of the Redwood Highway as it passes through Santa Rosa. Today it is gone and with its passing one recalls its former activities. In the 70's there came to the City of Roses, a family by the name of Carter. Mr. Carter had been successful with cattle ranching and as the son and daughter were now grown, Mr. and Mrs. Carter decided upon the pretty little town as an ideal place for a home.

Santa Rosa still has its fine gardens and has always maintained its reputation as a city of attractive homes. The townsite was originally included in a rancho owned by Julio Carrillo, a brother-in-law of General Vallejo. As was the custom in laying out all Spanish towns, a plaza was in the center and this was later given by Mr. Carrillo to Santa Rosa for a permanent park. For many years it was the mecca as resting place and playground of the townsfolk and travelers. The old Grand Hotel stood opposite and was a favorite summer residence for many San Francisco families. The plaza was greatly enjoyed by the hotel guests, for the beautiful spreading oaks, silver poplars, flowers and lawns provided them a delightfully cool and

refreshing retreat. The paths running through the center and diagonally from corner to corner, were entered through the old-time turn-stiles.

The band stand, a mere platform, stood in the center and here played the first Hawaiian band that ever came to California. The giving of this concert was a notable event for that section of the state. Within a block of this plaza was the site selected by Mr. Carter and there he built a substantial house, where

famous case was tried in Santa Rosa because of the presence there of Judge Jackson Temple. No judge in California was more worthy of the office and title. A man of culture, refinement, and great dignity, he holds the highest place in the legal history of Sonoma County. His ability and unbiased judgment won for him high honors and Santa Rosa is proud to name him as a former citizen. His great hobby was a love of flowers, and he and Luther Burbank were life-long friends.

Before the Central Pacific Railroad was a fact there lived in Sacramento an engineer, Theodore P. Judah, possessed of a Harriman type of foresight, who saw the possibility of the cross-continental railroad. He sought Collis P. Huntington in hopes of laying before him a well-devised plan for its accomplishment and of securing financial assistance for its building. Huntington was a very busy man and scarcely had Judah begun to inform Mr. Huntington of his mission than Huntington, in his quick way, assured him he understood what he wanted but he had no time to give him. Determined to lay his plans before him, however, Judah replied: "Mr. Huntington, if you will give me just half an hour of time and I fail to interest you, I promise I shall never trouble you again."

Mr. Huntington agreed and after the conference said: "Come back." Judah complied and found Mark Hopkins, also at the conference. After a complete explanation of the plans it was realized that political influence would be needed and for this reason it was decided that Leland Stanford should be asked to join them. The result of their efforts was a subsidy from Congress providing for approximately \$70,000 a mile in the mountains and \$25,000 a mile in the valleys. Besides the money assured, they also received alternate sections of land, six miles on each side of the railroad, much of it taken from the Indians.

"Give us alternate sections at \$1.25 an acre," they said, "and when the railroad is completed, all the land will be more than doubled in value."

Before the road was finished, David E. Colton was made a member of the corporation. Mr. Colton was a lawyer



Famous Rose Tree, Carter House

the daughter, a great belle, entertained in the hospitable manner of the day. Later adversity and ill-health demanded that Miss Carter should assist in the bread-winning, and the house was opened to paying guests. Characteristic of the owners, the place had an air of refinement which drew many select patrons.

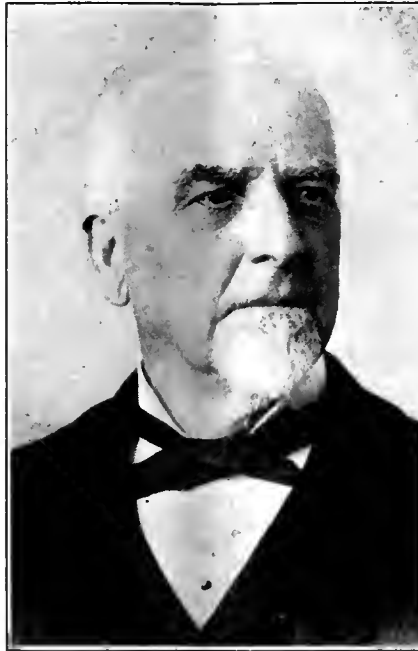
In 1882 there came to this house its most distinguished guest in the person of Mrs. David E. Colton, widow of the lawyer and a former share-holder in the Central Pacific Railroad. She came to attend the suit brought against that railroad to annul the agreement she held in regard to her share of the stock. This

and served as Broderick's second in his duel with David Terry, which tragedy was graphically described in an early contribution to the Overland by James O'Meara, who later wrote a book entitled, "Broderick and Gwin." Mr. Colton was given a one-eighth interest in the Central Pacific Railroad for the sum of \$1,000,000 for which amount it is said he gave his note and nothing more. He virtually had no money at that time. Later dividends paid the amount due so that Colton really secured his stock without advancing a cent.

Years later when David P. Colton died, his widow was given her husband's interest in the railroad by her business representatives, Lloyd Tevis and Samuel Wilson, representing the railroad, had after careful investigation of the holdings of the company, stipulated as her due. The exact amount given is not known. Mrs. Colton willingly accepted the terms, but Mr. G. Frank Smith urged her to reject the settlement. He assured her that she was entitled to a greater sum. He finally persuaded her to permit him to seek what he deemed her rightful portion. He believed that exposure of the subsidies, and the vast sums of money secured through litigation and other court proceedings would induce them to pay an additional sum rather than submit to the threatened revelations.

Mr. Huntington came from New

York to fight the case. Smith endeavored to see Mr. Huntington, but could not. Finally, his agent did secure an audience, and when he informed Mr. Hunt-



JUDGE JACKSON TEMPLE
Who Tried the Colton Case

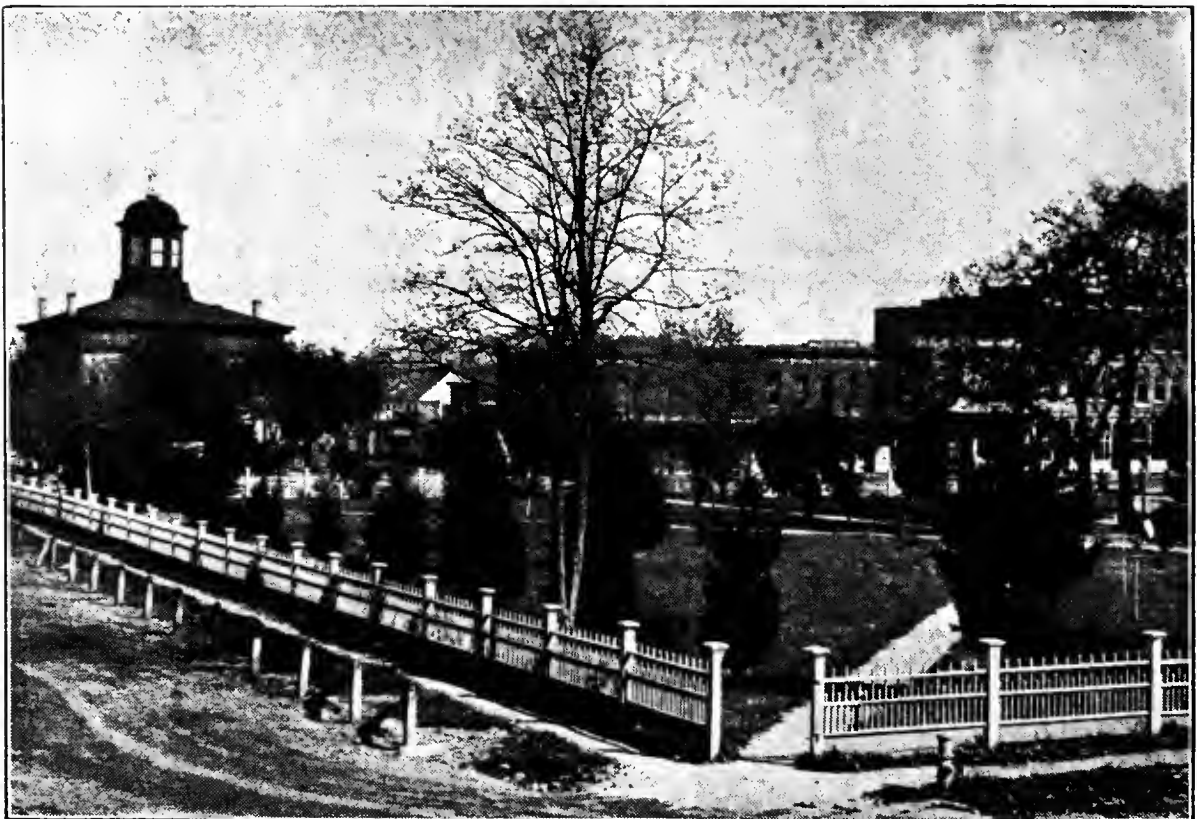
ington of Mr. Smith's intentions, Huntington emphatically told him:

"I shall not give a — cent. And Mr. Smith can expose the whole thing

if he wishes. I shall not submit to extortion in any circumstances. And I refuse to advance any money."

The suit was brought, but at no expense to Mrs. Colton. G. Frank Smith assumed all obligations with the understanding that he was to receive half the amount he felt certain he could secure. It was the desire of the lawyers that Judge Jackson Temple try the case in San Francisco, but when they sought him he informed them that he lived in Santa Rosa, and that if they wanted him, they would find him there.

No greater array of legal talent ever assembled in California than was here assembled in the first court house of Santa Rosa, long since a memory. Came Hall McAllister, Judge Hoge, Samuel Wilson, Judge Sanderson, and Judge McKissick for the railroad, while for Mrs. Colton's interest, Judge William T. Wallace, the brilliant Delmas, and Messrs. Stanley, Stoney & Hayes. Hall McAllister made the announcement of previous agreements and was the first to address the court. He stands out as one of the most courtly scholars that ever graced a courtroom. While Mrs. Colton was on the witness stand he often asked the judges for an adjournment that she might rest from the fatigue of answering questions. He was ever the gentleman, and in spite of his being lawyer
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Old Plaza and Court House, Santa Rosa

Mark Keppel

A Personal Tribute to a Good Man

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

EARLY on the morning of June 16 a telegram was placed before me telling that my friend had passed to the Great Beyond. Long I sat at my desk, after dictating a return wire, calling up in mind the greatness of the man. And now with the passing of the days, Mark Keppel's work and worth expands and enlarges as when a pebble dropped in a quiet pool, sends out ripples in ever widening circles.

When there reached us the news of his passing, there came hard upon our consciousness those master lines of Edwin Markham—lines that continue to repeat themselves and refuse to be erased. They could have been written of Mark Keppel as they were of Lincoln, for he, too, was a "man of the people":

"The color of the ground was in him,
the red earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things.
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes
the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the
sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all
leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all
scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside
well;"

Perhaps no one of Mark Keppel's thousands of friends knew more intimately of his many-sided nature than did the present writer. We learned to appreciate him before he came to the superintendency of the Los Angeles County schools a quarter century ago. Later we served as fellow members of the County Board of Education. For years he was my superior officer, first as a member and later as President of the Board of Directors of the California Teachers Association. We engaged together in financial enterprises. He was my close friend and advisor. It has seemed proper, therefore, that I write of him as teacher, as executive, as friend.

The California public schools rank high amongst the systems of the nation. In the academic and professional standards required of teachers; the modernization of the curriculum to meet present-day conditions; the differentiation of courses of study to fit the ability and desires of individual students; in all that pertains to improved text books, the development of school buildings and grounds and equipment, the betterment of conditions surrounding the teacher—

in all these California has made progress. And for this progress no one is more responsible than Mark Keppel.

Recently Mr. Keppel completed twenty-five years of continuous service as superintendent of the schools of Los Angeles County. At the time he took over the work there were but fifteen high



MARK KEPPEL

schools in the county, with 2,200 pupils. He saw the growth to 100 high schools with more than 180,000 pupils. In the earlier day there were 1,200 teachers in Los Angeles City and County. Today there are 14,500. Then there were 40,000 children in school, while at the present there are 500,000.

In discussing the growth during these 25 years, Mr. Keppel pointed out that compulsory education was not known in California at the time he was a boy. Today every youth between 8 and 16 years must attend school at least 170 days of each year. Social, moral and educational progress have been out-distanced by business and industry; and such being the case, Mr. Keppel saw clearly the necessity for speeding up our educational and social problems. He pointed out that there is no excuse today for a boy or girl to go without an education. "Never," he said, "were there so many opportunities for advancement of youth as now. Altogether people are becoming cleaner, saner, happier and better."

In commenting upon Mr. Keppel's work and his statement as given above, we had this to say in the Overland

Monthly for March, 1928:

"Few public school officials in the United States are better or more favorably known than is Mark Keppel. The opportunities for service in the county superintendency today are greater than are those in almost any other branch of the educational service. Mr. Keppel is a man of clear vision, fearless, and progressive. He has been responsible for more far-reaching legislation than has any other person in California. He has contended fearlessly and with success for higher professional standards, more modern courses of study, a lengthened school year, increased salaries for teachers, retirement allowances, teacher tenure, a better financed school system, and other important advances. To him more than to any one else, is due the credit for the enactment of constitutional amendment No. 16, which brought with it equal educational opportunities. He is known the nation over for his knowledge of the problems of school finance and for his championship of the cause of childhood. His work as President of the California Teachers Association and California Council of Education is spoken of everywhere with admiration and approval."

One of Mr. Keppel's greatest contributions to education was through the enactment of advanced legislation. For years he served as chairman of the legislative committee of the California Teachers Association, as well as chairman of a committee of the school superintendents of the state. His leadership in this field was acknowledged by all. It was remarkable that in presenting arguments in favor of a proposed act he had always covered the field thoroughly and worked out every detail. Indeed, many of the most valuable portions of our school law were written entirely by him. In presenting views for or against a proposal his logic was convincing. He would fight as stubbornly and heroically to defeat proposed legislation abhorrent to the interest of the children as he would in favor of needed enactments. And always he had in mind the best interests of the entire state rather than of a section only.

Mark Keppel was an original man. His thinking was not done for him. He had hosts of friends but few intimates. He sought inspiration at the source, went to the bottom of every problem and was never carried off his feet by sentiment or emotion or the acclaim of the multitude. He was possessed of a natural humor and a sound philosophy that were frequently in evidence in moments of debate

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The Land of the Living Saints

An Introduction to the Religious Philosophy of India

By Manly P. Hall

IT is not difficult to understand why the great industrial civilization of the West is at a loss to comprehend the asceticism of the East. The Occident sees the Orient steeped in superstition and social degradation; the Orient conceives the Occident to be a vast financial mechanism wherein all of the higher issues of life are sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon. To the Hindu, the very ground upon which he walks is hallowed; the hills and valleys of his native land have been sanctified by tradition. Treading reverently the *via dolorosa* where once the Master Jesus walked, the pious Christian feels very close to his Redeemer. Dwelling in the very fields harrowed first by the immortals or wandering along dusty roads where once the gods walked with men, the East Indian is profoundly impressed by the sacredness of his surroundings. He feels the dignity of his race and his kinship with the deities. To him the gods are beings very real who, descending from their abode of bliss, disguise themselves as men and concern themselves with mundane affairs.

In the West, where gods are a very uncertain quantity, men are prone to worship their own creations. The Occidental is convinced that he is making history while the Oriental is worshipping history. So, while the superstitious and impractical East was building temples, palaces and tombs, the practical and enlightened West was erecting offices, factories and stores, thereby gradually gaining control of the commerce of the earth. Katherine Mayo was duly horrified by the daily sacrifice of goats in the temple of Kali in Calcutta. Equally horrified is the Hindu by the daily sacrifices of human life in America and Europe, where the firstborn of man are the sacrificial offering upon the altar of industrialism. In the mind of the philosopher, there is some question

which is the more idolatrous: he who worships the shining face of Brahman or he who grovels before the shining face of the almighty dollar.

To the Occidental mind the age of miracles is but one of the divisions of ancient history. Water could be changed into wine two thousand years ago, but not now. The prophets and saints of the past could divide oceans and pass



The Holy Man of Mount Abu

through barred doors, but these things are simply not in vogue nowadays. Consequently, to enter into the spirit of East Indian life is to drop back through the centuries to the age of miracles; to live again in those days when the great ones, gathering their disciples about them and seating themselves on a little hillock by the country roadside, preached to the multitudes about the mysteries of life and death. Still, as in Biblical days, however, the halt and the blind are brought to the living saints of India to be made whole and the sick are carried to the pools of healing.

The East never has been able to understand why the West does not believe in miracles. To the Oriental mind it is incomprehensible that anyone should scoff at the raising of the dead and the

cleansing of the leper. While in Calcutta, I met a young man, educated in the university and preparing himself for a scientific career, who told me a story typical of the attitude of the Hindu mind toward the supernatural. It should be borne in mind that this young man spoke several languages, was from the higher stratum of Indian society, and had received several years' training in a Western college. The youth was studying East Indian philosophy with a very eminent and highly revered holy man who was famous all over India as a miracle-worker. As part of his training the young disciple was sent for a period of several years into the fastnesses of the Himalayas, there to fast, meditate and pray. Taking with him only the sacred books and the memory of his master's instructions, he retired into the mountains, living alone in a little hut fashioned of tree branches and stones. Each day he would wander about the hills, his mind absorbed in the contemplation of cosmic verities. Here he found spiritual peace by leaving far behind the illusionary and imper-

manent world of human vanity and ambition.

One day while walking along a narrow path bordered by heavy vegetation on either side, he was suddenly hurled into a clump of bushes, where he lay for a second terrified and half stunned. Looking to see the source of the blow, he was amazed to see his aged teacher standing in the center of the path and pointing with his finger to the ground. Following the direction of the Mahatma's gesture, the youth saw coiled in the road a death's head cobra ready to strike. He then realized that in another step or two he would have trod upon the body of the snake, which would have resulted in certain death. As the boy watched, his aged master simply faded from his sight into the depths of the jun-

gle. Upon his return to Calcutta, the youth discovered that the holy man had taught a class in Calcutta the same day that he had appeared to him two thousand miles away in the Himalayas.

That the young college student was not lying was very evident. What he said he believed to be the absolute truth and nothing could shake his faith in the reality of the incident. The only inexplicable thing was that an American should doubt the story or consider it in any way remarkable. To him it was an everyday experience; similar things had happened to him before and were daily occurrences among the students of the Indian adepts.

The same youth also related another experience—one which had occurred to his father when he attended a gathering of holy men in one of the passes leading into the Himalayan highlands. A number of mendicants had departed into the wilderness to propitiate the goddess Kali. Having found a suitable opening in the jungle, they erected an altar in the center, upon which they placed an offering of grain and fruit. Near the altar they tethered a number of goats. The devotees then seated themselves in a great circle around the improvised shrine and with mantras invoked the black daughter of Shiva.

According to the young man's father, who was an eye witness of the entire ceremony, the holy men had no sooner begun their chant than a gray haze settled over the mountains, obscuring the light of the sun and causing a condition resembling twilight to appear. In the center of this haze was a cone-shaped cloud of swirling black mist. This cloud moved slowly into the midst of the circle of chanting worshippers. Riding in the cloud was the gigantic form of the many-armed Kali, swinging a great mace. Leaning from her chariot of clouds, Kali struck both the altar and the herd of goats with the same blow. As the blade swished through the air, a blinding flash of lightning caused the very earth to shake and as the light faded out, Kali vanished over the mountain in the black haze.

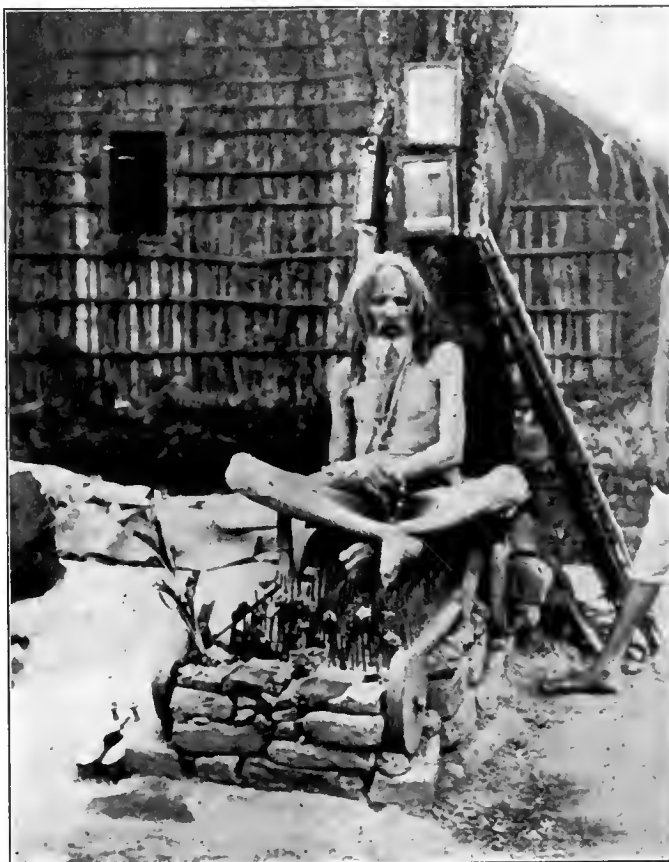
It is difficult for the Western mind to understand the intricate workings of Eastern thought by which the exact elements of Occidental learning are harmoniously combined with the abstract

metaphysics of true East Indian philosophy. That any man in his right mind should claim to have seen a goddess riding on a cloud is inconceivable to the trained scientist of the West. Nevertheless, the naive way in which the Hindu described the incident left no room to doubt his integrity. Kipling, whose clear insight into Eastern ethics is so wonderfully portrayed in *Kim*, probably realized the magnitude of the philosophical interval between Western physics and Eastern superphysics when

unkept and had not been cut for years. His sole earthly possessions were a brass water bowl and a small bundle of holy relics. Several Americans stopping at the nearby hotel had availed themselves of the brief interval between sightseeing tours to walk along the little path leading by the door to the rest house. It was apparently the first time they had concerned themselves with Indian holy men and, stopping a short distance from the doorway, they discussed the mendicant's peculiarities and laughed heartily at his ridiculous appearance.

One of the tourists, presumably of a religious disposition, delivered a lengthy dissertation in which he expressed great pity for the benighted state of the wretched figure taking a sun bath.

Unable longer to keep quiet, the holy man gazed mildly upon the group of gawking globetrotters and in flawless king's English requested them to choose a less personal subject for discussion. The tourists, who had no inkling whatever that the old man understood English, were profuse in their apologies and finally persuaded the holy man to tell them about himself. They learned that he had been educated at Oxford, had traveled in both Europe and America, and was thoroughly conversant with all the elements of Occidental culture. For some years he had been a practicing physician in Bombay, but had decided that as the result of a great sin he was obligated to leave all comforts and joys behind him and devote the remainder of his earthly existence to expiation of his heinous crime. Concerning the nature



Holy Man on Bed of Spikes

he wrote those immortal words, "East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

To illustrate another peculiarity of Oriental religious thought, let us take an episode which occurred at Mount Abu in Central India, where stand the world-famous temples of the Jains. Near the temples is a little lake and near the shore of the lake a rest house for the holy men who stop there while en route to certain national shrines in secluded parts of that mountainous country. One day the rest house was sheltering a very aged and wild-looking mendicant, who was sitting in the doorway sunning himself. His clothing consisted of a single rag wrapped about his loins. Both his hair and beard were

of his offense he was very reticent, but finally unburdened his soul. While a prosperous young man practicing medicine, a holy man had come to his door asking rice and he had thoughtlessly failed to give him any. As years passed by this sin so preyed upon the good doctor's conscience that he had set for himself a fifty-year penance. This incident is typical of the seriousness with which the Eastern mind faces the problems of spiritual salvation. To the Oriental, only the spirit is real and permanent, only time devoted to the unfoldment of the spiritual self is well spent.

Mark Keppel

(Continued from Page 289)

or argument and served well to clear a situation and save the day. He could say much in few words. In these qualities he was again Lincolnesque in his make-up.

Following the death of Dr. Alexis F. Lange, Mr. Keppel wrote under caption, "A Prophet," words that now aptly apply to himself. "Dr. Lange," he said, "was a prophet of education. He foresaw and understood the things that were about to happen before other men had begun to think about them." And he "possessed a keen and logical mind, coupled with remarkable ability to give expression to his ideas."

It is a striking coincidence also, that what was said by Mr. Keppel of James A. Barr, fits the former equally well: "He had an infinite capacity for work. He was a Great Chief in that small tribe of rare people who do your work better than you can do it yourself."

Mark Keppel always saw the human side of every problem. This trait in his character was the more marked owing to the fact that he insisted upon living up to the letter of the law in every transaction. If a law is unjust, change it, but obey the law while it is on the statute books—such was his philosophy. But he always saw beneath the mechanics of organization. He gave of his best thought the last years of his life, to the California Teachers Association. In this, as in other things he worked far beyond his strength. Selfishness, however, was not in his make-up. This human quality shows itself in the various addresses made before the California Council of Education, and in his annual reports.

President Keppel's last report made before the present writer closed his work as Secretary of the California Teachers Association was a masterful document. "I believe," said he, in summing up, "that as the years come along I can see an ever-developing spirit of tolerance and kindliness that speaks for education in California and for the boys and girls in California; and for this great state an era of prosperity and greatness and happiness far in advance of the years that are back of us, glorious as is that record."

One of our special points of contact with Mark Keppel was the economic welfare of the teacher. We invariably had his co-operation in plans to establish an emergency loan fund for those who through unforeseen circumstances should find themselves in need of immediate financial assistance. Many a teacher in

his hour of need received from Mr. Keppel, aid and comfort. He supported loyally the program for thrift education, stating that: "the next thing the California Teachers Association ought to do is to engage in a campaign for the teaching of thrift."

Mr. Keppel's grasp of the whole field of education was amazing. He was a student and a thinker. He read widely and was possessed of a retentive memory. He was a master of epigram, and used illustrations effectively to carry over his points to his audiences. He used words and phrases with telling effect and at times in his public utterances, he arose to noteworthy heights.

If we were asked to indicate the one element in Mark Keppel's character that stood out above all others it would be his insistence upon the truth. Nothing was in his sight more to be condemned than a lie. He would, when necessary, tolerate almost any weakness of human nature or any deviation from the conventional, but to him a lie was the most reprehensible of acts. As he spoke the truth, so he expected the truth from others. When he learned that less than the truth had been told him he was saddened and disappointed. More than that he was indignant. Usually of calm and even disposition, I have seen him rise in righteous wrath on learning he had been imposed upon through deliberate falsehood.

Probably the greatest sorrow of his life was brought about during the last two or three years by those whom he had learned to honor and trust, but who, because of personal ambition and selfish motive were untruthful to him or his friends. He would say to me with disappointment in his tone, "he lied to me." And then his voice would grow deep and determined and he would say: "I have no use for a liar."

Two other elements in his character stand out predominantly. He was determined, and he was gentle. Once he set out on a task he would hold to his way even if alone against all odds. Believing in a cause he would not be put aside by threat or sentiment or promise of reward. But he was open-minded and once shown he was in the wrong, he would change. Those who thought him austere and harsh and abrupt did not know the real Mark Keppel. He was gentle and kind and sympathetic to a degree. The human side of the man was ever in evidence. Was one of his official staff indisposed, or a family member ill, this was

on his mind and he must tell you before taking up the business in hand. If a friend or acquaintance was in financial trouble, it was Mark Keppel who took steps to help. Withal he was a religious man. His home life was beautiful and a model that others might well follow. Indeed, it might well have been Mark Keppel of whom Shakespeare wrote in Julius Caesar:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might
stand up
And say to all the world: This was a
man."

We have before us an editorial in the July issue of the Journal of Education, written by that dean of school men, Doctor Winship. How true are the words of Doctor Winship all friends will agree:

"Mark Keppel, the glorious leader of California, has passed on. I have rarely felt a loss as keenly. He was one of the noblest of my professional friends. Most fortunately I spent more time than ever with him at the California State Association at Los Angeles last December. As I recall it now it seems as though it had been arranged for us to enjoy each other several times daily for five days.

"Not since John Swett was in his prime has California had a leader comparable to Mark Keppel. No other county in America has created a school system one-half as great in the same time as has Los Angeles County. We have said editorially while Mark Keppel was alive that Los Angeles County has the best elementary and secondary schools in the United States.

"Los Angeles County has had exceptional men as county superintendents, but Mark Keppel has served many years with never so much as an interrogation mark as to his continuance for life.

"Mark Keppel was the only man in Southern California who was as noble a leader of all California as the state has had for a third of a century."

Nor would this sketch be complete did we not quote from the Western Journal of Education for June. That magazine made its appearance just before the passing of Mr. Keppel. Harr Wagner, a life-long friend and associate of the great educator, wrote as follows:

"The entire educational forces of the state were 'sympatica' when the news was flashed over the wires that Mark Keppel, President of the Executive Committee of the C. T. A. and County Superintendent of Los Angeles County for many years, had a serious

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

The Foreign Bond—Is It Safe?

By Trebor Selig

"IS IT safe for me to invest my money in foreign bonds?" is the anxious query which came to the desk of Overland's editor a few days ago. The writer went on to explain that he is strongly attracted by the fact that the yield offered by the vast majority of such securities is much greater than that returned by the bonds of domestic origin, but that he hesitates to buy them because he knows little or nothing about the states or the corporations and industries whose obligations they are. He explains that he entertains no prejudice against them because they are not "Native Sons" but he is not inclined to "buy a pig in a poke" and, being a cautious investor, he conscientiously keeps ever before him that fundamental or successful investment expressed in the first three words of his letter—"Is it safe?"

The fact is that the bonds of many foreign nations or states, industrial corporations or public utilities, being offered in the United States today, are quite as soundly secured as are the majority of comparable securities issued by local institutions. We are all more or less familiar with the latter and our confidence in domestic bonds is established by facts known or readily ascertained. But of the financial responsibility and integrity and stability of foreign borrowers, not many of us know very much and very few are in position to determine by personal appraisal the strength or weakness of any such issue presented. As to local securities, one may know the facts or know someone who does know, but of foreign issues the vast majority of American investors are largely ignorant and have no ready source of information. And ignorance breeds distrust.

"Interest rates measure risks," is a dependable axiom in investment but in one's appraisal of foreign bonds today one cannot apply it so strictly as to domestic securities. Another factor must be considered, a fundamental factor of finance as well as of industry and commerce, the law of supply and demand. The yield returned by any investment measures the risk involved but it also reflects the degree of readiness with which funds may be found for its absorption. In most cases where a foreign bond offers a comparatively high interest rate it is not because of doubtful

security behind it but because it must be sold to American investors, the world's principal source of ready money today, and because the yield must be sufficient to overcome the conservative American investor's feeling of distrust toward anything of which he is ignorant. The law of supply and demand governs the price of money, as represented by interest rates, quite as truly as it governs the price of food, clothing or housing.

The high interest rates for foreign bonds, therefore, do not reflect merely their degree of risk, because one of the reasons therefor is a notable lack of ready money in the countries of their origin. For instance, investors in the United States have lately been offered bonds issued by a certain South American state which carry a 7% coupon and are sold at a price to yield 7.20%. The security back of these bonds is probably just as sound as that back of many comparable domestic bonds that yield less than 4.50%. Citizens of that South American state, intimately familiar with its stability and its resources, know the worth of those bonds but they have not the funds to absorb them. If we knew as much about that state and its financial responsibility and integrity as these people do, or were as intimately familiar with it as we are with our own states, they would not have to offer a 7.20% yield to sell their bonds to us.

The appraisal of the investment desirability of a foreign bond is, on final analysis, based on much the same elements one employs in judging the advisability of loaning money on a personal note. One asks himself, "Is this would-be borrower financially responsible? Is his reputation for integrity above reproach? Is his business record such that he can be trusted to conserve his resources? Is he the kind of man who, when the debt is due for repayment, will be able and willing to pay? In similar fashion will one study the merits of foreign investments and, even before he analyzes the tangible security pledged, if there be any, will appraise the racial characteristics of the borrowing people, their social and political standards and traits, the history of their national finances, and the reputation they bear before the world. And in the case of

foreign industrial or utility issues, of which many are lately being offered, he will study also the commercial factors involved. Generally speaking, this information is readily accessible only to the underwriting investment bankers but it can be procured by almost any individual seriously bent on obtaining it.

The validity of our domestic bond issues of whatever character we customarily assume or can readily appraise from personal knowledge of the value of facts presented. The validity of foreign bonds, however, is quite beyond the scope of appraisal by the average investor. Foreign laws are not the same as ours any more than are foreign social or business customs. On such a point the investor must wholly rely on the thorough legal research ability of the underwriting investment house. To this end and for the collection of all classes of information affecting foreign securities, the Investment Bankers' Association has established an Institute of International Finance which serves as a clearing house for such data. From it investment houses may procure all the facts necessary to determine the validity and the desirability of any bond issue proposed or offered and, relying on that, may offer it to the investing public as confidently as they might offer local issues.

Whatever degree of legal integrity may surround a foreign bond issue, however, its investment worth must be measured by the stability of the government or institution which borrows the money and promises to pay interest and principal promptly when due. World news of every character is broadly and reliably disseminated today as never before. On most such subjects the average American investor can form his own fairly dependable opinion. But on this as on other essential features, American investment houses offering foreign securities are making exhaustive studies. When a reputable American banking house recommends a foreign bond today, it does so in the light of information it has seldom or never before had the facilities to procure.

Before the World War European investors instead of American investors constituted the principal source of the

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Phoebe Ann

(Continued from Page 282)

Near the window, adorned according to custom with sticky fly-paper and a postcard rack, were two porcelain-covered tables. Men seated on high stools stared curiously in the opaque undulating surface of a cloudy mirror at the flashing schoolma'am. Unconsciously they straightened their ties and smoothed their hair. Billy likewise opened her vanity case, patted her curls, pulled down her hat, powdered her nose and worshipped like another Narcissus. She felt ebullient and happy. Here was life: the men of the community. Here she met the gallant Mr. Satterle, the youngest school board member. Like a competent board member he inquired about the welfare of her companion teacher, one Miss Phoebe Ann Roberts, and then proceeded to enjoy present company. Mr. Kuter of the Pool Room now felt open ruction, glared jealously and opined that Jack Satterle was not yet sagacious enough to be on the school board.

About eleven Billy slipped into the rooming house and found Phoebe Ann in bed. "Why, wherever have you been so late?" exclaimed Phoebe Ann sleepily. "My father used to say, 'Early to

"Listen, Phoebe Ann. I'm going to like this rural life. I've had the best time." Perched at the foot of the bed she removed her close-fitting silk-felt hat and ran her fingers through her vivid red hair. "And you know there is going to be a dance for the teachers in the Modern Woodmen's Hall over the meat-market. And you know Jack asked me to go with—"

"A dance. I've never been to one in my life." Her tone was virtuous but also tinged with longing.

"What's that noise? Um." Billy sniffed the air suspiciously wrinkling her faintly freckled nose. "And smell it. You haven't any gin in your trunk? I forgot. You're the minister's daughter. But, if you asked me, I'd just as soon have some. And say, our landlords seem to have a lotta company, don't they. See the big cars that slip in the back yard?" She stood looking out of the window.

Phoebe Ann, looking puzzled and determinedly polite, admitted that there was a faint sour fermenting odor. "But go on, Billy."

"Oh. Well, Jack is going to take me to that dance. And he said that he would take you, too, seeing that you're the only other teacher in this joint. He's the youngest board member. Big and dark and loose-jointed, with a lotta white teeth that show when he laughs. Some

hot popper."

The listener was stirred to her soul. In Phoebe Ann's mind this was similar to the humanizing tendency that has touched up the lives of George Washington and Honest Abe Lincoln. "School board members. Do they take one to dances and talk—I mean like ordinary men?"

"Umhuh. Quite so."

"It pays to stand well with the school board members, doesn't it? I mean they are the deciding factor in re-election. I do so want to make good in my first school. Perhaps it would be all right for me to go to a dance this once." In her modest white cotton nightgown, with a great taffy colored braid thrown over one shoulder, and her big earnest eyes without glasses staring at her companion, Phoebe Ann looked an entirely different person. More like an Alice in Wonderland who had swallowed a lotion to make her hair grow.

Phoebe Ann dreamed of that dance every night for the rest of the week. Around her dreams was a pleasant glamour of wickedness and tom-tomic syncopated time. In her dreams she dispensed surprising nuggets of wisdom and fact to pleased board members who looked, somehow, like western film heroes. They all bowed grandly in succession over her hand and assured, "You are most decidedly a success in our enterprising community." Then they offered her a cigarette which, of course, she refused, resolving to influence them later to give up cigarettes.

"But really, I ought not to go," her troubled, well grown young conscience told her in the cold light of day. "For father says that it's the first steps toward worldliness that counts."

Which makes the rest of this follow almost with the measured certitude of a Greek tragedy.

But if one is to enter the frivolous world it is well to be prepared. Therefore in her spare moments Phoebe Ann went through her assorted shelf of classics, taking notes on what she considered appropriate quotations and remarks to make at a dance. What one said was really very important. And everybody looked to teachers for words of wisdom.

"NOTE ONE:

Something Humorous.

'On a Favourite Cat Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes.

(Her college English teacher had said that this was excruciatingly humorous. She took his word for it, although poor puss had seemed to her rather pathetic.)

Her notes continued with an exemplifying passage to be memorized and quoted: "Malignant Fate sat by and smiled, The slippery verge her feet beguiled, She tumbled headlong in— From hence, ye Beauties undeceived Know one false step is ne'er retrieved—"

"NOTE TWO:

A portion of "The Psalm of Life" (to exemplify that she was taking things seriously, in spite of going to dances.)

EXEMPLIFYING PASSAGE

"Tell me not in mournful number Life is but an empty dream—"

In all she made a dozen similar notes and placed them over her dresser so that she might con them while dressing.

Then came another momentous question that she sandwiched between her conscientious lesson plans and paper correction. "What shall I wear? The black satin that mother helped me make?"

"Put it on, Babe. I never judge the unseen. It ain't moral." Billy was making swift preparation to go out with Mr. Satterle. Always social, she was making them before Phoebe Ann's mirror.

So Phoebe Ann shoved aside her work and stepped out of her gingham, disclosing two starched and ruffled white petticoats and a neat white corset cover. Then she drew on the black satin, patting into place the lustrous surface. "Mother fitted me. It pays to look nice, don't you think, in a new town when going out in public?"

Billy looked. It puckered at the seams—especially around the arms. It was so obviously a home made best dress—made with a skimpy long skirt and a waist with a contrasting bib in front. It was so obviously a dress made to transform a young person into a dignified schoolma'amish being. Billy's one passion was for dress effects. Sometimes only a curiosity to see what could be made of existing material. "Let's buy some goods and make a dress for you. I'll cut it out." It was a good-natured curiosity that she felt now. This prim dowdy with the nice eyes and hair was too remote from her life ever to feel a tincture of jealousy over.

"That's nice of you. But I can't afford another. This cost two dollars a yard."

"Won't cost scarcely anything. Ma says that I should have been a designer. But I decided to go West and teach. Because statistics says that there are more unmarried men in the West. Seewhati-mean?"

Here she tried for a cupid's bow effect with lip stick and then hastily erased it, remembering that Mr. Satterle had said that he did not like art as applied

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Supper Time in Sonora

By Rhys McDonald

SUPPER-TIME fires were lit in Sonora.

Threads of smoke serpentine far up and off into the tired blue of the sky; the restful intervals the pavement would be heard to mutter some random footstep, as though the stones were talking to themselves; far up the straggling street the slamming of a door would be cut short and sharp, as if the slammer of the door had suddenly leaned against it to muffle the sound; a golden meekness overspread the wild Sierra hills as, failing and sinking, the sun but faintly fluttered in the west; and all the birds were still—still as the vacant streets, still as a arven memory in stone.

It was the awakening of dusk. Sonora seemed to have laid down its tools of labor, sat under a pine tree, and whistled softly, waiting the while for the moon. Washington Street, that bends down a mild slope and runs through the center of the town, has echoed the clattering of the horses of Joaquin Murietta, Black Bart, and Three-fingered Jack. When those bandits came to town, the heavy iron shutters that you see on many of the windows and doors of the older buildings were clamped shut like the hatches of a ship on hostile seas, and guns were cleaned. Good reason there was, too; one has little trouble in finding bullet marks on the bricks about the iron shutters. Now the street was dumb. Only a whisper of light from the sun. The hilltops had sighed grey, misty sighs of grief and, stooping lower in the sad half light, shouldered the shadows of night and held them into the sky. And the stars jumped out like sparks from the moon, and the smoke from Sonora's many chimneys was lost in the dark above.

Not even a graveyard is as peaceful as a town or village when, as in the resting time at evening, the bated utterances of the street fall dimly on the ear. Such lowered voices of the thoroughfare as rise above silence only serve to deepen the general hush; on the headstones in a cemetery the marble words are so very silent that silence itself, the silence of the mounds and shrubs about them, screams out in voices of the mind.

And Sonora was waiting for the moon.

Nothing trod on the quiet that settled on the village like an evening, nothing except for the natural sounds from streets and kitchens and nearby woods—the moderated syllables of a light footstep, the dwindling path of a whistled tune, inspired by some passing thought

that dwindled too, the sizzling of chops in a frying pan, the falling of laughter into a chuckle, and, behind all, the clashing of water and rocks in the creek softened by the waking and yawning of the evening breeze in the pines and subdued by the distance of the canyon to a mere haunting trickle.

And the odors; Through open windows float the spicy incenses of cookery; here and there in shops or at the gathering places of male gossips the nut-sweet odor of tobacco hangs in bluish clouds around the contented smoker; the night itself puts a keen edge on the nose's appetite, the air that flushes through the canyons is so sharp; and through all there sifts a rustic fragrance exhaled by the pines, that perfume distilled high above the forest floor and stolen by the passing wind as a bee steals honey from flowers.

Each keeper of a shop or store stands in his doorway when not busy and calls to passersby. A word, a nod, and a smile—casual courtesies. Farmers from the surrounding hills make ready for the homeward journey; "home-made" haircuts are not obsolete, neither is a few-days growth of whiskers. Mr. Ball, the owner of the sporting-goods store, is ready to give advice on hunting equipment, and who could refuse the temptation to stop and examine his collection of old guns, knives, and pictures, along with such curious odds and ends as tarantulas, arrowheads, queer money, a pair of shoes fashioned for a woman of the hoop-skirt era, and enough of other things to start a museum in business.

And now is silence all alight with laughter, for there is the dance in Columbia. Though Columbia is today one of the quietest of mountain villages—but for a few live faces it is a ghost city—all roads lead on Saturday night to this old tumbled-down town. On the hill are the grass coverlets of the ever-sleeping, those whose picks and pans are found cast down by the sides of streams; and in the meadow a little below, among great rocks that were bared from the dirt by gold-seeking hands, an open-air dance floor is kept in polish by more modern dances than they knew who bared the rocks from the dirt. At evening Sonora shakes itself from the dream of the day, puts on its brightest dresses and ties, and drives out of town past the little red church and up the star-pointing road that ascends into Columbia, the

heaven of the dancers. A few stay behind. They are mostly the very old and the very young, and those warty workers in from lumber camps and mines, those glorious eaters of beans and handlers of logging chains and dynamite. Their legs are not in step with the effeminate tweedle-dee's of jazz music. They may be seen, when the others have gone to Columbia, propped against posts and barber-shop windows, talking in low, bunk-house tones of Charlies and Bills and cattle and towns on the other side of the summit, unheard-of towns with Indian names that sound like squirrel chatter and tom toms. They stay, these oaks of the human forest, about the older and darker of the buildings, and, in truth, they would be as out of place as hitching posts before the plate glass and lights of the better shops. They cross the street without hurry; they were made before automobiles.

There is something admirable in these men who refuse to live easy lives. They know the slang of the woodsman, and magic of tongue are they when they tell, in low, dampened voices, of slides and lions and lightning-struck trees. Their minds are mossy with tales of storms and mad sea ravings of feverish streams that claw the sides of mountains out, leap the rocks and fight the snags, whirling mid thunder and froth. Wild as the river are the lives of some of these men, and rocky and swift as the cataract. They beat death by inches and seconds when avalanches reap whole forests from the hills, when cables break and whip into the air like snakes, with force enough to cut a man in two, when mine shafts cave and women run white-faced from cabins, begging the hoist man to run up the cars. And their stories skip from Alaska to South America. They know secrets about Sonora, for Sonora has a past, and down the stairway of generations soft-told tales have come. Tales, they are, of robberies and hangings—the hang man's rope was ever hot—and Indians and Spaniards and late stages. And when their stories have all been told, the men of the mountains hunt their beds, leaving on sidewalks the stubs of cigars, chewed to bits but still smelling strong.

At last, its main street emptied of sound and lights, except for here and there a cautious glow before some deep-set door, Sonora waits for the dancers to return. They will be very late in coming, for night was made for dancing and dancers never grow tired.

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Mark Keppel

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heart attack and was dangerously ill. Recent reports indicate that he is rapidly being restored to his usual robust health.

"Later: Superintendent Keppel has resigned from his various educational positions except as Superintendent of Schools of Los Angeles County, including the presidency of the Board of Directors of the C. T. A. This latter position is one of the most influential in the state. Superintendent Keppel's resignation was accepted on Saturday, June 2, and Walter B. Crane of Los Angeles elected as his successor. While Mr. Keppel insisted on his resignation, it is unfortunate that it should have been accepted. His long and efficient service, his loyalty and devotion to standardized educational principles of the highest type, deserved at least a postponement of action. The acceptance of a sick man's resignation is a deterrent on his will to live. Mr. Keppel is a man of tremendous force and should be active in educational work for many years. The acceptance of his resignation will be regretted by his thousands of followers."

We shall always recall with gratitude our last visit with Mark Keppel. Only a few days before his death we made a special trip from San Francisco to his home in Los Angeles. We tried to encourage and hearten him and to take his thought from the problems of the profession to which he had devoted his life. He continually returned in conversation to the great problems yet to be solved. Only a short ten days later, on returning to San Francisco following the funeral, I recalled as I lay in my Pullman berth, the words of one of the officiating ministers who had known Mr. Keppel intimately for many years: "He had his

faults—he went about doing good."

If ever a man went about doing good, Mark Keppel was such a man. This fact was attested by the great number of friends who came to pay honor and respect at the last; by the countless floral offerings; by the words of those who spoke. He went about doing good. Yes, he had his faults—so have we all. But what were they? Perhaps what to us are faults, to another are virtues. He was the friend of the children, and no sacrifice was for him too great if he could be of help to them.

Mr. Keppel's influence has spread far beyond the confines of California. A half century from now, the history of education will accord him large place. As a framer and interpreter of school law, he stood supreme. He had vision and ability and initiative. He was constructive. As a teacher and executive he will long be remembered. But those of us who knew him best will remember him for his human qualities—his love of justice; his unflinching courage; his abounding sympathy; his determination to stand for the right; his abhorrence of the wrong. He made no compromise with evil. In his last days, he went down fighting for what he held to be truth and honor and justice. He did his work—he fought the good fight. For him we do not mourn—for him we rejoice. We are the better for his having lived amongst us. He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree—

Held on through blame and faltered not at praise;

And when he fell in whirlwind he went down

As when a huge cedar green with boughs Goes down with a great shout amongst the hills

And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

An Old Mansion

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for the railroad, his many courtesies to Mrs. Colton won him favor in the eyes of all. Three expert reporters supplanted the regular court reporter, who was reimbursed to the extent of \$10 per diem, although he was never in the courtroom during the entire trial. The testimony was taken in shorthand, written out longhand, and a printed copy was laid on the desk of each lawyer and the clerk by nine o'clock of each succeeding day. The printing office of the town paper had to secure three times its regular staff

to enable this to be done. It was considered a great feat of reporting and printing also, since there were no typewriters, and no linotype machines in those days.

The suit involved many holdings of corporations as well as mineral and oil lands. It was in this trial that the eloquent Delmas developed into the great lawyer and practitioner. His reputation dates from this litigation and his connection with the case gave him fame throughout the country.

After all the evidence was heard by the Court, the case was ably argued by the attorneys for the respective parties and submitted to Judge Temple for decision. He held it under advisement for nearly two months, and then rendered a decision in favor of the defendant railroad. The decree was written by the judge and signed by him.

The little town was taxed to its utmost capacity to house the numerous lawyers, litigants, and witnesses who attended this famous trial. When it closed there followed an exodus in Santa Rosa of many attorneys and distinguished men of California. So, too, went Mrs. Colton from the old Carter house. This old mansion with its fifty years of varied associations, was recently leveled to the ground to make way for modern buildings. With the demolition of the old house the new owners were kind, for there still remains the beautiful young redwood tree with the white rose climbing 80 feet to its topmost branches. The tree is still a show-place and landmark.

To San Juan Capistrano

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whole stage at once appealed to her "Which way back? The way we came or the coast route—which?"

"We promised to go home by the coast route so that is the way we are going." That was final. So off we started with Mrs. Grouch trying desperately to make herself heard.

"Mrs. Darrow said this way was too rough. Somebody tell her that Mrs. Darrow said it was too rough. Surely she would not go this way if she knew what Mrs. Darrow said."

Then as we bumped over a shallow wash, "What a pity she can't know that Mrs. Darrow said it was too rough for the stage! I'd have been glad to've paid my way back by the other road, and lost half my round trip, if I had known we should go against our conductor's judgment"—ad infinitum.

Up and down we rushed, swinging around the smoothly green and mustard yellow hills with the Pacific breaking on the rocks beneath us—then through Laguna Beach, haunt of artists—and on.

The passengers were enraptured, save one, now sullenly silent.

As we re-entered our home city spread out for miles along the lovely curve of the beach, my conscience reminding me that sympathy seldom harms either the giver or the recipient, I drew my companion's scarf gently about her shoulders, and said as kindly as I knew how "I hope you will not be any the worse for this trip."

"Well, I *shall*," was her quick and final word.

Books



Writers

1001 CELESTIAL WONDERS—By Charles Edward Barns.

IN WRITING "1001 Celestial Wonders," Charles Edward Barns has conferred a lasting favor on the laymen interested in astronomy but without technical knowledge of the subject. The sub-title of the book announces that these wonders were observed by the use of home-made instruments. The little book itself is a gem of handcraft printing, since the composition was done by Mr. Barns himself. More than this, he is a trained writer, having served a long time as managing editor of a big New York daily newspaper.

That the astronomical work is accurately done is amply attested by his contemporaries, such as Dr. Robert G. Aiken, Director of Lick Observatory; Dr. Paul Merritt of Mt. Wilson Observatory and president of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific, and many others equally competent to judge.

That Mr. Barns has the soul of a poet, *Overland Monthly* discovers in his manner of treating the various phases of star-gazing. If Mr. Barns has used a quotation from any source, it is always one that tells of the glories of the Heavens in poetic fashion. From the songs of Solomon down to present-day students there is much that is delightful in their conceptions of the mysteries and knowable facts of the stars and their courses. The giants and the pigmies, the dark and the variable ones—those nearby and those far away are introduced in concise words, which makes the technical knowledge imparted most interesting reading. The author knows how to be entertaining as well as scientific. His training makes him a competent observer with the right idea of real values.

With the format of the volume, no handcraft printer will find fault. The selection of the type, the use of colored star charts, the paper, printing and binding combine to make a harmonious effect which will be welcomed to the bookshelves where other masterpieces of printcraft are housed. The page composition required a thorough knowledge of type fonts. Two faces are used, and all of the numerals, upper and lower case de-

vices, line work with leads, and both sizes of capital letters are much in evidence. None but an experienced and capable printer could have set the type, and the page values are all that the most critical could desire.

Mr. Barns tells his readers how to build reflecting and refracting telescopes and accessories, and by using Galileo's refracting telescope, and Sir Isaac Newton's reflecting telescope for frontispiece illustrations, does much to encourage the amateur astronomer to make his own instruments. Some of the greatest discoveries of the past have been accomplished by the use of very simple mediums.

—FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN.

THE INVISIBLE GOVERNMENT — By William Bennett Munro. The Macmillan Co., \$1.75.

IN HIS book, "The Invisible Government," Professor Munro shows clearly that all governments of the past were controlled to a great extent by forces that the average individual knows little about. The same thing he holds to be true of governments today. While the reader may not agree entirely with the author in his eight lectures on "The Invisible Government," delivered at Cornell University and Pomona College, these lectures forming the basis of his work, he will certainly be interested. The phrasing of the book is such that it can be well understood not only by students but by the general reader. The author frequently indulges in biting sarcasm such as is not often found in works of an economic nature.

Doctor Munro points out that "there is one resemblance between the voice of the people and the voice of God. The ways of both are inscrutable. Both have the old testament tone of reproof and reprimand." The author goes on to show that according to his belief, people are not the real rulers in a democracy. He claims that all lean toward conservatism and gradually favor monarchy. The book states that political moods and tempers are probably molded and controlled by laws that have escaped our attention. The author says further: "To

guarantee continuity of a government there must be traditions." By this he means we must continue with old traditions. In the opinion of the reviewer, the author denies his own previous statement when he says, "We live in the present and not in the past."

In a number of instances Munro points out the mistakes made by the people and the reasons for their making them, and suggests remedies.

—CARL W. GROSS.

THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA—By Kenneth Saunders. The Macmillan Co. 245 pages. Price \$2.50. Reviewed for the Japan Times by Edna Linsley Gressitt.

A BRILLIANT contemporary writer in America frequently seals a book-review with the dictum, "Everybody ought to read this book." One cannot be so comprehensive nor so didactic about this new book by Dr. Saunders! One can hardly say more than that it is of absolutely vital interest to every Hindu, Buddhist, and Christian! Or, classifying differently, declare that no one can afford to pass it by who is an earnest thinker about history, civilization, philosophy, literature, aesthetics, or religion! The happy owners of the first copies may prepare to stand much borrowing. They should protect themselves by organizing groups for reading and discussion of the book.

The climate of California produces a luxuriant growth of literature as well as of fruits and flowers. What a library the books written in Berkeley alone would make! Here is a new book coming out of Berkeley, but not made altogether there; nothing less, perhaps, than Dr. Saunders' years of study in English universities, his acquisition of the Pali language and ten years' life in Asia, not to mention his birthland, South Africa, and his adopted "land of the free," could have made possible a book of the breadth and tolerance, the scholarliness and taste, that this evinces.

We are occupied with the multitude of immediate and mediocre books and take little time for a far look either geographically or historically. This book lays alongside for our easy comprehension

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New Literary Movement on Pacific Coast

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not save very many. It was a modern literary miracle that the *Overland Monthly* has existed going on a century. The *Lariat* cycle of five years helped found a movement based on emotional devotion to an ideal that seemed impossible of attainment in an age of the world given over to sordid materialism. It was followed with the Seattle Parliament of Letters, and is now to be followed by the Portland convention of the League of Western Writers, and reveals how definitely and basically it has adhered to the altruistic emotional impulse.

The *Lariat* was started in January, 1923, with the intention of publishing the same five years as a monthly with the desire and ambition to produce a periodical devoted to higher standards of literature and expression. During the five years of the *Lariat's* existence it has given pleasure and inspiration to thousands of writers of poetry and prose, and to lovers of clean literature. It is almost needless to say that the *Lariat* was published as a hobby and a labor of love and that financial profit was never considered in the program of its existence.

It has only been an atom in the world of business and finance but the character that was built into it, that will back an ideal without a thought of financial return, and that will help others in their aspirations along whatever line, is the element that helps build stability into any nation. At the end of the five-year period, the *Lariat* was turned over to new editors as was planned, in order that I might take up and carry on literary work on new lines. A country printer myself almost continuously for over fifty years, I handed it over with a good subscription list to Richter & Bellemin, Amity, Oregon. Unknown to them, the writer of this comment did not wish the *Lariat* to pass to new hands without a few printed words as to the ideals which were responsible for it being founded. These can best be expressed by quoting a few brief paragraphs jotted down in a notebook some years ago with no thought of publication. It shows at least a desire to be doing, to be of service, as follows:

"I doubt the value of static goodness. It is like a wagon standing unused in the elements, or stowed away in a shed. The vehicle is decaying, it is carrying no load, it lacks the crowning essential of usefulness. It might wear out in activity, or be wrecked by a runaway, but it would be used.

"I am standing for a life of action,

instead of inaction. The painted wooden Indian standing still in front of a tobacco shop is good and moral and of some use. The real Indian was often bad and violated the code, but he was alive, picturesque and kept things moving.

"I am very conscious of an impressive presence that impells me to take an interest in others. It impells me to seek my own development and to go out unselfishly towards all humanity. This presence includes every human being and every living thing that comes before my senses."

THE LARIAT

In 1923 there appeared the *Lariat*, a monthly magazine dedicated to encouraging the newer and younger western writers. It soon became known that most such writers did not profess themselves to be poets or to receive pay, but aspired more to be students of poetry. Colleges and universities had no chairs of poetry and while advertising hundreds of courses of study, a scholarship or professorship of poetry was a thing practically unknown in education.

The name *lariat*, in itself beautiful (abridgement of *la reata*, the braided rawhide rope used to catch and lead bovine or equine livestock), was at once made the subject of a cartoon in the *Los Angeles Times*, showing the editor riding wild horses and shooting up the peaceful sagebrush as a "six-gun man." The name was soon appropriated, with my consent, by a cowboy story magazine with a correspondence bureau of matrimony attached. As the first implement of Western commerce and civilization, the *lariat* made possible handling herds of cattle and bands of horses from Mexico to Canada and east as far as the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi valley. The cowboy magazine did not utilize the sub-title of the *Lariat*—"A Monthly Roundup of Western Discussion and Criticism Devoted to Higher Standards of Literature on Broad Cultural Lines of Expression."

The first number of Volume One of the *Lariat* signaled itself by an editorial appreciation of James Gibbons Hunnaker, then just reaching the end of his stormy career as a literary and musical critic on the New York press. The beginning of the *Lariat* honored the twin arts of music and letters, which when united produce the highest type of literature in the musical novel, like George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda." The proof reading on No. 1, Vol. 1, showed

immediately that a literary publication required about five hundred per cent better proofreaders than ordinary newspaper copy. Looking over the newborn child I conclude it is as good as it could have been made and was a creditable beginning for a new era in Western verse and prose literature.

No. 1, Vol. 1 did not disgust or disappoint me. It looks better now than I had hoped to see after five years. There was an estimate of Vachel Lindsay, containing this on "The Troubadour Poet": "His big message is that poetry is a charming exaltation in which personality for a time disappears." There was no change to speak of in the make-up of the *Lariat* for sixty months. It solicited neither subscribers, contributions nor advertising, put on no academic airs or collegiate posing. Common, everyday public school English was good enough. It need not be degenerate. And it did not harp upon God or religion, and did not howl about morality.

The first year of the *Lariat* (1923) saw the expiring gasps of psycho-analysis, and super-degeneracy as manifested in Joyce's importation, *Ulysses*, printed in Paris, sold from London and kept under American book-store counters. The *Lariat* combatted the idea that Americans needed the flamboyant to save their souls. Beyond a general fight on unclean fiction, "American," or otherwise, the *Lariat* did not develop spasmodic abnormality.

In the third number of the first year the *Lariat* grew to its metier of criticism Understandable poetry, the homely brand of verses, verses that had music and beauty, good enough to print but that not many publishers would buy—one of exquisite beauty generally got on the back cover page. First year *Lariat* drifted into Casanova, Modernity of Greek Poets, What Is Literature? and other trifling features arousing interest in the Western cultural atmosphere. Star articles of the first year were Joaquin Miller's migrations, dedicating the Oregon Poets' Corner, Wordsworth and His Annette, Will James, Revival of Romance, False Psychology, Emerson Hough, Joseph L. Meek, World-Shocking Mumbo-Jumbo, Radicalism in Literature, Feminism's Greatest Foe, Cultural Value in Literature, Sam L. Simpson, The Fang in the Forest.

Hundreds of writers, including poets, long and short story writers, writers of drama and miscellaneous works have joined the League of Western Writers. All are welcome as charter members. The dues per annum are merely one dollar, payable in advance. A preliminary

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Books and Writers

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sion three of the world's religious masterpieces, foundation stones in three great civilizations, three books written "in the springtide of the spirit," and occupied with the great human concern—the victory that overcometh the world. They are the GITA, a book which every great teacher in India in twelve centuries comments on; the LOTUS, written in India and transplanted to Japan in the seventh century, immeasurably affecting the thought of the nation; and the gospel of JOHN.

Dr. Saunders' original translations from these masterpieces are most beautiful and most illuminatingly used. He shows the relationships of the philosophies and ethics, the difficult emergence of ethical monotheism, the assurance of not only Imminent Reality but Transcendent Personality. There is a breath in the book of Himalayas and the vale of Kashmir, and above all, of the Incarnate Light and Life and Love.

EDNA LINSLEY GRESSITT.

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—By Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. Price \$2.50.

Go TO! Now we have a philosophy of life. Who has not longed for one? Religions have unravelled the mysteries of fateful life and have offered consolations for its griefs—Nirvanas, Elysian Fields, rewards of lasting bliss after brief sorrows. And philosophy has held out sops of varying degrees of potency to drug the pains of body and soul.

In **THE BRIDGE**, Brother Junipero devotes six zealous years to finding out "Why?" in order to "Justify the ways of God to men." "Either we live by accident and die by accident," thinks he, "or we live by plan and die by plan."

Oh, Brother Juniper had complete faith in the latter, but he wanted to be able to prove it to unhappy, doubting souls. His great opportunity came when the bridge fell—a primitive bridge of grass ropes, but one that had been trodden for many years by countless feet. Brother Juniper standing below, one summer day, looking up at it, heard a snapping and, before his eyes, saw the travelers hurled to the bottom of the gorge it spanned. Now, indeed, he can do his great work. He will study the life of each of the five and show that this was the very minute when each *should* have died—no blind chance but an act of God.

Toward the end of the book, one woman, old, tragic, who sees a light on the dark places of her life, says:

"Let me live now. Let me begin again."

A captain, old, tragic, says to Esteban, young, tragic:

"We do what we can. We push on, Esteban, as best we can. It is not for long, you know. Time keeps going by. You'll be surprised how time passes."

While "far away and long ago," as to a very unfamiliar but convincing setting, the genius of the author removes the miles and the years, and makes, perchance, his philosophy mine and yours, here and now.

And Brother Juniper? That's in the story, too, along with the tragedies and romances of the five who fell into the gorge before his eyes.

M. IDA WILLIAMS.

THE NEW WEST

"THE romantic west is passing. In a few years its charms will be gone," is what we constantly hear from those who do not look far enough into the future. In fact, the romance of the west is just beginning. Its real struggle lies just ahead. Since a struggle is always romantic, we can truthfully say its real romance is about to be witnessed.

It is true that the day of the "broncho busters" is past. It is true that pioneers will no more come across the plains in "prairie schooners." It is true that no more sturdy settlers will be required to fight unprepared, the blizzards, the deserts, the unbridged rivers, and the other elemental obstacles of nature encountered on the way to a "promised land." There are now no wild beasts to fight with crude weapons; but there will be greater problems to meet and battles to fight.

These will include the fight for improved social conditions and a bettered humanity. This fight has already begun through our schools, our libraries and other public and private agencies. "Why," you may ask, "does the West assume the responsibility for this fight?"

The answer is that the West realizes that through her years of development, she has been profiting by the experiences of the old to the new world. She realizes that no other new country ever had such opportunity to learn of the great accomplishments in the past. One has but to look to Egypt, to Rome, to Greece, to the countries of Europe, Asia, and South America, and to our own Atlantic states to note this. Nowhere outside of the West have institutions of learning, universities, and libraries sprung up as rapidly. Opportunity, yes, and because of the opportunity that came

to the West she wants to show her appreciation, and this she can do because of her unequaled climate, and other favorable conditions that are an aid to man in his work.

This doctrine for the betterment of humanity will affect science, literature, commerce and art. The West will be compelled to oppose those who place individualism above humanity; and to educate those who do not understand the meaning of world friendship. This struggle will be not only for better living conditions, but for a better understanding of the friendship of all peoples and nations.

The West will, of course, look to the nations across the sea, as well as to the less distant neighbors for contacts in commerce; but while she will watch the other countries, her eyes will not be open for greed, but for greeting. While the West will look for trade, she will also look for ways in which improvements may be brought about for herself and the rest of the world. The West will look not to conquer, but to affiliate and co-operate with others.

With these ideals before her who can say there is no romance in the West; and since she is willing to fight for humanity, who will say she cannot win. While the fight will be hard the contest will be carried on in a new way. The real romance of the West is just beginning.

CARL W. GROSS.

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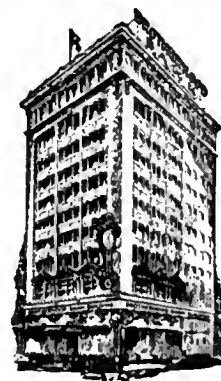
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Phoebe Ann

(Continued from Page 294)



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to the lips. So she crushed her felt over one eye and made for the door. "Goodby, kiddo. I gotta date to do some river-banking. After that we'll design."

Some time after Billy, with goods laid out in the floor, boldly snipped and basted. "I won't finish the seams. All I ever do is to get the effect," she told the bewildered Phoebe Ann, who in starched and flounced white petticoats and clean white corset cover, stood patiently as a dressmaker's dummy, waiting to be fitted. Billy, glancing at her neck line and gleaming white shoulders, cut the dress lower. "Golly," she murmured with her mouth full of pins. "I can make you into some swell old-fashioned dame."

After an hour of sewing the goods directly on Phoebe Ann her interest waned. "That's enough. It will hold together if they don't pull you around too rough."

Phoebe Ann carefully lifted up her arms to remove the dress over her head. "I'll finish it myself, Billy. Thanks awfully. To Phoebe Ann the really important part of a dress was finishing the seams."

Thus it happened that an extraordinary pretty girl, looking somewhat like an old-time village belle, gazed starry-eyed into the hazy boarding house mirror. The dress was long and billowed amply about her; a small flowered chintz trimmed with blue ribbons. Billy had piled Phoebe Ann's fair hair in a high curly mass, and topped it with a big comb. She had faintly brushed her cheeks with rouge and powder until they looked peach-like.

"It is lovely." But there was a faint note of hesitation in her voice. She was viewing the long billowing folds that came down to her ankles and just let the big knuckled patent leather slippers show. "But is it to be a costume ball?"

"No, Babe. But you tell 'em it's a period dress. Quite the latest, you know."

Phoebe Ann was reassured. Billy did know styles.

"Here he comes for us. Ready? And remember not to use your glasses," warned Billy.

Suddenly Phoebe Ann stood still. "I've forgotten my notes. And I know I won't remember a thing to say." Nevertheless she fitted an appealing nervous smile on her lips using it in lieu of words. And the gallant Mr. Satterle held her hand a long time in greeting.

"Always wanted to know you, ma'am," he said.

"She's my artistic triumph," cooed Billy. "Try and be nice to her. It's her

debut."

But she was also Mr. Satterle's evident justification of his good taste in teachers. Quarrel with him for putting her on the teaching force would Lefty? Let him. His eyes followed her even as he danced with Billy. "She's the prettiest thing in the room. And she looks so appealing and innocent."

"Looks are dress deep," Billy retorted flippantly. She had not expected her to take like this. She was good-natured only when she was not crossed in love. Then she believed with the proverb makers that all things were fair. She watched him make swift way to Phoebe Ann—and stay there.

Right then she dropped her attitude of bland patronage toward the designing wren, and flew up war flags. "It ain't as if I can't take care of my own rights. I'm perfectly capable," she told everybody in general. Her eyes, even while dancing, kept turning to the oblivious Mr. Satterle and Phoebe Ann, with a vindictive malice in their sea green depths.

About ten some Ladies' Aid members, returning from choir practice, strolled in and ramparted the side lines. They nosed the atmosphere for evil and found it. "I do believe one of the teachers is intoxicated," stated one. "I have never seen her cheeks so pink or heard her laugh or act up so." She indicated the erstwhile wren with her hymnal.

Not that she was loud even then. Merely bubbling over with happiness so that her laugh scintillated, her eyes sparkled and she discarded her jerky prim nervousness for a slight yielding to rhythm. Interpreted as abandoned flings feet that sometimes interrupted and did not catch nuances of the dance. The Methodist Parsonage had held no dancing school nor lessons in rhythm. "If we could only listen a while we'd be sure." Miss Prim elbowed nearer, but not quite near enough.

Yes, Phoebe Ann was rippling with light patter. What matter if she had forgotten her notes. With recovered poise she was recalling most of them. And because she felt so joyous and blissful she was now concentrating on Note 3 in order to show her innate serious mindedness even when washed by billows of frivolity. She was confiding deep views on things. "Tell me not in mournful numbers, life is but an empty dream?" I think it so true, don't you? And Longfellow is one of our greatest poets. He believes in the ideal like my father. My

(Continued on Page 302)

Preface to a Book

(Continued from Page 283)

I know of a fellow who goes around telling people he hasn't thought since 1907. He says he thought a terrible lot until 1907, often staying awake all night, tossing about in his bed, thinking hard. But by the time 1907 had come around, upon finding that in spite of all his thinking the world had not changed in the least for the better, this man figured it was no use, and so right then and there he quit thinking for good, and now he weighs a good 250 pounds while until 1907 he weighed only about 122.)

The best place to say anything about a preface is right in a preface. George Bernard Shaw knows what a preface is for. I think Mr. Shaw believes that in case his plays are not liked at least his prefaces will be. That is a fine attitude to take and should be followed, I believe, by more writers. Mr. Shaw wants everybody to be satisfied so he has his play for one portion of the people and

his preface for another, and in that way no one is left unentertained.

Another idea has just occurred to me. I do not see that it would do any harm to place a short preface before each chapter of a book as well as before the book. I think I *will* put a little preface before each chapter of my book so that the reader can be well prepared for what is to follow and why. It has been an old custom to place classical verse before each chapter of most books but no one has yet thought of putting a preface there. That is my own idea. The other writers are afraid, I suppose, that if a preface or explanation were to be placed before each chapter it might render the entire theme incomprehensible, but I am afraid that unless I did so that would certainly be the case.

This being so I can see that my book will be more a preface than a book and that is as it should be for I prefer prefaces to books any day.

The First Legal Marriage Ceremony In Clallam County, Washington

DUNGENESS, Washington, once the county seat of its county, is of interest. It was visited by Captain Gray in his famous trip nearly 140 years ago, and the old hull of one of his boats may be seen out on the Williams' ranch, three miles from town, where he had anchored in what was for many years afterwards called Gray's march, a safe harbor for the anchorage of all boats at the time Gray visited the region, but now a fine farm. The first settlement at the place was made in 1852 by one John W. Dornell, a file-maker by trade, who had come around the Horn from Maine in that year. He built the first grist-mill in Clallam county, a mill run by wind power. For many years he was justice of the peace of the place, and had the honor of marrying the first couple ever legally married in the county, finishing the ceremony with the words: "What God and I have put together let no man tear asunder." ALBERT B. REAGAN, *Queets, Jefferson County, Washington.*

recently been unearthed in New York State where it has been shown through testimony given to the Federal Trade Commission in Washington that the great waterpower and public utility corporations have been using the school-rooms of the state for the spread of their propaganda. Some \$227,000, it has been shown, has been spent in the last six years in the distribution of text books which have been colored to favor the objects sought by these powerful financial interests.

The questions involved in waterpower and utility control are debatable. But this is not the point. The crime lies in the fact that these great corporations have been willing to brush aside all sense of fair play and decency and crowd their way into that most sacred of institutions—the public school.—*Thrift Magazine.*

Propaganda in the Schoolroom

THOSE who see the dangers that lie in the development of powerful industrial monopolies make a strong point of the fact that while great combinations of wealth and power may be of value from an economic standpoint, they are a social menace because there is always the temptation to abuse their power.

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Phoebe Ann

(Continued from Page 300)

father is a minister, you know." The gallant Mr. Satterle, leaning over her, and looking into her wide, rather near-sighted blue eyes, listened as if he were hearing angel chimes.

Baffled in her attempts to eavesdrop, Miss Prim returned and shook a confirming head. "I fear the worse."

A sad chorus warbled their disapprobation. Wondered where she procured the joy-making forbidden spirits. Suspected strongly the Smith rooming house because the folks were new and didn't mix. Were inclined to think that Phoebe Ann was in cahoots with them, for wasn't she also new and staying there? Now all they wanted was a little outside confirmation. They called upon Billy who was dancing with Mr. Kuter.

She cheerfully, albeit somewhat mockingly, contributed her iota of evidence. "Looks like something's gone to her head, doesn't it. No, she ain't natural." But Billy had no idea how this ebrious condition had come about.

Lefty focused on the little teacher and added his judicial pronouncement. He was inclined to think, also, that Mr. Satterle was to be suspected of being fuddled. He was plotting cunningly the removal of both schoolmistress and school board member in one fell swoop. To get even with the obnoxious young Mr. Satterle who had taken on a superior tone. But the suspicion against Mr. Satterle was vetoed. Wasn't he a prominent citizen and member of the school board?

Then after some sly nods the choir members trotted away to spread the news. Spread it! They broadcast it to all but the guilty inebriated. Thus at Aid the next Friday Mrs. Prosy took Billy aside and gently warned her against her associate for she had heard that she was quite fast, her innocent looks to the contrary. It seemed that they had always been suspicious of Phoebe Ann because she had tried to be so nice. And the minister's wife whispered a portentous warning to Billy to remove herself from a suspected den of iniquity. The Aid had found an issue, and was quite happy.

Thus Billy was not much surprised at a raid on the Smith rooming house by officers and Aid members. But Phoebe Ann was quite taken back when they searched her room. Especially when they found one case of liquor in a walled ante-room back of the new built-in wardrobe. A trapdoor and ladder led below

into another unused room. And in the cellar they discovered a still.

"I rather thought this was an odd room, and that the wardrobe took up too much space," mused Billy, the interested bystander. "Used teachers for a blind, eh? And especially urged P. A. to take this room."

Phoebe Ann tearfully explained and explained that she knew nothing about it. She considered her life ruined; her reputation, gone. A dreary prospect of unending applications and school board members who would ask, "And why did you leave your last place?" confronted her. To add to her grief the Aid members now faced her with her outrageous conduct at the dance. So even her little romance with the youngest board member was forever shattered. She would never be able to hold up her head again. Suspected of drinking! What would he think of her?

"I—I s-suppose I had better hand in my resignation and go right home." Phoebe Ann furtively wiped away the tears that persisted in trickling down her nose.

"Well, maybe it would be best," agreed Mrs. Prosy. "Even if we can prove nothing on you, yet a teacher should be above suspicion." She said it with the unction of one who thinks he has advanced an original remark.

Therefore there was a special meeting of the school board. And although the gallant Mr. Satterle talked vigorously and well against injustices, the board as a whole agreed with Mrs. Prosy. Especially after Mr. Kuter's able address on preserving the morals of our young from contamination. So they accepted her resignation. And Mr. Satterle's also.

Billy cheerfully saw Phoebe Ann on her train. It switched to a siding to take on water for the engine. Billy teetered on her toes and effervesced to the grey wren seated by the open window. "Never mind, Phoebe Ann. It will all come out in the wash. And I rather wanted Jack all to myself." She was visioning a long series of peaceful uncompetitive days with Jack.

Then her mouth fell open and stayed that way. For there was Jack now flinging himself into the car. Through the open window she watched him stride to a seat opposite Phoebe Ann. She saw him kiss her, and then heard him say, "Well, thank the Lord! I got back with the license in time, Phoebe Ann."

Supper Time in Sonora

(Continued from Page 295)

A small wind strays across the town, inhurried. The man from the lumber camp feels it as it steals through the window of his Saturday-night lodging, steals in from the summit, that cameo of now sharp carved against the sky.

"Back to the mountains tomorrow," he mutters, and the breeze steals out again, unrushed. It is the way of summer winds in the Sierras—to tramp the rough-paved streets of the forest with a cool shrug for the lake and a tweak of the brush on the hills. Hoboe of the elements is the wind. The rock stays where the glacier piled it, water rotates between the sea and sky and streams, but who can follow even a wee slip of a breeze? Who can tell where goes the wind that today flutters in a garden like any frail butterfly? It may die in a valley; it may sweep a ship on the rocks. The hawk, dipping like oars the balanced tips of his wings, may know where the sky-tides

stray, but the man from the lumber camp knows only that the coolest wind comes from the summit. And wets his cheek with the chill of night as it waves in from the street. And Sonora sleeps.

Not a door is banged by any hand, but is fixed softly, carefully, noiselessly shut with the fingers; down drops the moon; the light of the stars above ferments into a pearly glow across the sky; from the little red church to the green fountain by the hospital, Washington street is as quiet as a thought, as silent as a candle on an altar. The spirits of Joaquin Murietta and all his band have galloped through and laid the town in the stillness of the past; Black Bart may be holding up booted and spurred ghost passengers of a ghost stage, somewhere between here and Jintown.

"Hush!" say the winds in the pine trees, and to the oak trees—"peace, peace and sleep!"

New Big Trees Tourist Route

ONE of the most magnificent stands of redwood trees in the West was added to the tourist attractions of the Pacific Coast on July 15, with the opening of Southern Pacific Motor Transport Company's bus service between Grant's Pass, Oregon, and Eureka, California, according to F. S. McGinnis, passenger traffic manager for Southern Pacific.

The bus trip is closely co-ordinated with Southern Pacific and Northwestern Pacific train service, and may be included in the itinerary of travelers between Portland and San Francisco. Travelers from Portland may travel via Southern Pacific train to Grants Pass, from which point they will be carried by motor coach through the heart of the Redwood Empire to Eureka, where they will board a Northwestern Pacific train for the south.

This will give travelers opportunity to see the beautiful redwood country. It provides a new and beautiful route between California and the Northwest.

*My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.
—SOUTHEY. Occas. Pieces, 18.*

A Word for the Low-Brow

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that only 5 persons out of every 100 really think. The others emote. In order to get anything across to 95 out of 100 of us, you must sock us in the jaw, lam us over the head, jab us in the ribs, pull our hair or tickle our noses with a feather.

These may seem like cruel words but no one will feel hurt over them because all of us belong to the group of 5. The group of 95 who can't think are all the other fellows. In our opinion the correct way to divide the 100 would be as follows:

Number who think they think.....	1
Number who think nobody else thinks	99

Grand total of those who are wrong..100

There is much false glamour about the grandeur of pure intellectualism. We doubt if many of the wonders of the present day would have come about if it had not been for people who have felt more than they have thought. All members of the group of 5 will now please stand up and snort at this observation.

Let us continue to have plenty of feeling, laughter and thrills, tears and indignation, suspense and rewarded bravery. Without these, life would be as dull as an adding machine.—Harry Daniel in *Thrift Magazine*.



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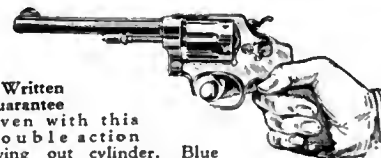
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FORTHCOMING issues of the *Overland Monthly* will carry many interesting contributions from writers of note. These will include a story entitled "Laughing Eyes," by Laura Morrison, well known to *Overland* readers. T. R. Ving, under caption, "Bigger and Better States," suggests a reorganization of state boundaries and the merging of states into larger units. We are also pleased to announce as contributors such well-known names as Torrey Conner, Ben Field, Mona London, Manly P. Hall and a number of other men and women prominent in the world of letters.



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Some Comments on Our 60th Anniversary Issue

I was delighted with the July issue and wish to say that this is the finest issue, in my estimation, that any magazine ever issued on the Pacific Coast. For thirty-five years I have been following the fortunes and seeing the various issues of the "Overland Monthly Magazine" and never in its history was there issued such a fine number as the July issue of the year 1928, in commemoration of its Sixtieth Anniversary.

—HARRY T. FEE.

You are certainly to be congratulated on the July Anniversary number of the *Overland Monthly*. Splendid material and so much of it, every page of interest especially to an eastern westerner.

—BEATRICE B. BEEBE.

I want you to know how greatly I have enjoyed the special Anniversary Number of the *Overland Monthly*. It is a remarkably fine instance of magazine-making and the diversified contents are all of high interest.

Special congratulations upon the cover in colors and upon the many illustrations. The *Overland Monthly* merits the appreciation, not only of Californians, but of people throughout the country generally who are interested in the best literary traditions and development of the West.

—VAUGHAN MacCAUGHEY.

The *Overland Monthly* is more than a conventional magazine. It is an institution, the outgrowth of a period when keen wits, valorous acting, alluring romance, and startling achievements marked the beginning of a new Commonwealth at the edge of the Sunset Sea.

This number of the *Overland Monthly* is deserving of space in a library.

—W. G. SCOTT.

Crater Lake

(See Page 284)

CRATER LAKE was discovered in 1853 by a party of Californians and Oregonians while searching for that lure of lures—gold. That gives it a California touch, though the lake is in Oregon. It is unlike other lakes in that its surface is above the surrounding country, the water being retained by a vertical wall much in the manner of a teacup. As its name indicates, it is a lake which finds its home in the crater of a volcano. It is one of the deepest in the world and has neither inlet nor outlet. Its sheer beauty baffles description even by the articulate.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Choosing Your Investments

(Continued from Page 293)

ready money needed to finance world affairs generally. Much of the money

which financed industry and utilities in the United States then came from such sources. It is to the American investor, however, that the world now looks for its financing and, to the degree in which world peace and the stability of foreign governments and institutions are maintained, American investors may find in this class of securities a desirable and profitable employment for their savings.

New Literary Movement on Coast (Continued from Page 298)

constitution was drawn for the League of Western Writers by Justice Bealls of the Supreme Court of Washington and was adopted at the Seattle Parliament of Letters as a basis for a temporary organization and by-laws. This constitution will, after amendment, be adopted at the Portland convention as the permanent organization.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY *announces* a prize for the best novel, the work of an unpublished author who is now a resident of the State of California, and has resided in this State not less than three years. A subsequent issue of this magazine will carry details as to the amount of the prize, the length of the novel, and other conditions governing the award. Judges have already been chosen.

Those who contemplate competing for this prize please watch for further notice; but do not write the OVERLAND MONTHLY at this time, as no further information will be given out until published in this magazine.



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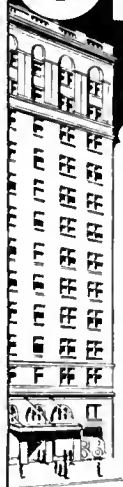
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—by—

MANLY P. HALL

Effective September 15th, 1928



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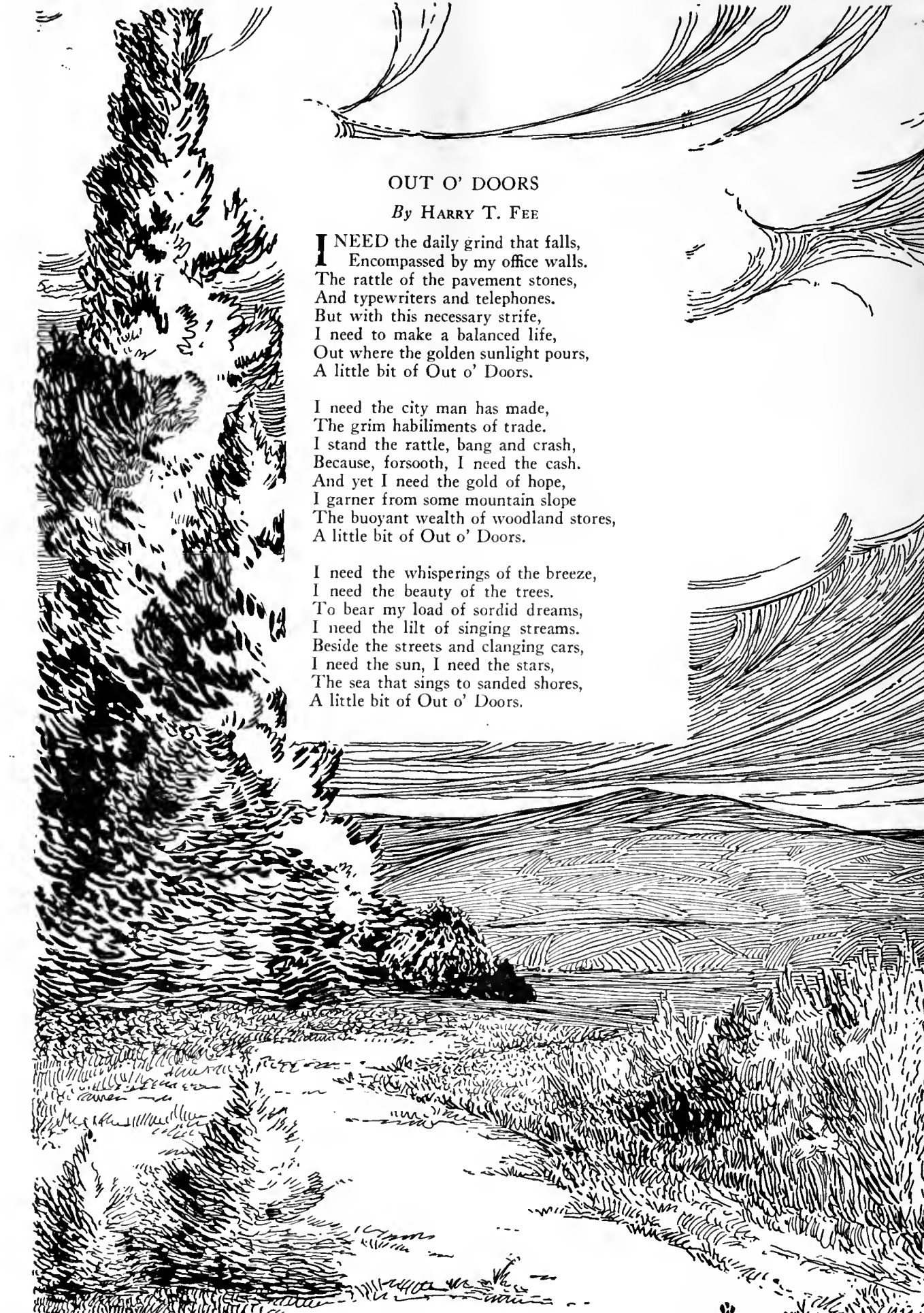
Through Mr. Hall's monthly articles in this magazine we feel an acquaintanceship with Overland readers and wish to extend to them this final opportunity to secure a copy before the advance in price.

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THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

200 Trinity Auditorium

Los Angeles, California



OUT O' DOORS

By HARRY T. FEE

I NEED the daily grind that falls,
Encompassed by my office walls.
The rattle of the pavement stones,
And typewriters and telephones.
But with this necessary strife,
I need to make a balanced life,
Out where the golden sunlight pours,
A little bit of Out o' Doors.

I need the city man has made,
The grim habiliments of trade.
I stand the rattle, bang and crash,
Because, forsooth, I need the cash.
And yet I need the gold of hope,
I garner from some mountain slope
The buoyant wealth of woodland stores,
A little bit of Out o' Doors.

I need the whisperings of the breeze,
I need the beauty of the trees.
To bear my load of sordid dreams,
I need the lilt of singing streams.
Beside the streets and clanging cars,
I need the sun, I need the stars,
The sea that sings to sanded shores,
A little bit of Out o' Doors.

HASTE

OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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Sun Bathed and Wind Washed Through Perfect California Days

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

SEP 4 1928

DECATUR, ILL.

Bigger and Better States

By I. R. Ving

THIS is the day of doing things on a gigantic scale. On every hand we hear of bigger and better this and that—most everything. It would solve many urgent problems, reduce taxes and not only permit but hasten needed developments and bring harmony where now, in many cases, there is chaos, to have bigger and better and fewer states.

The West, more than any other section of our country, is awake to the new and the progressive and the doing of things on a big scale so there is now no good reason whatever for not combining at least our Pacific Coast states in an intelligent and rational geographical, economical and political manner.

The proper and most practical method of dividing a continent or a nation into smaller units is for each unit to have a rather short stretch of seacoast with one main seaport and a large back country running into the interior. New York State is a splendid example of such a situation. California is not, it is just the opposite, a long, narrow coast line with a comparatively shallow interior penetration, and with two competing seaports.

Since the great growth of Los Angeles and Southern California in recent years there has been and there will continue to be a vast amount of misunderstanding and bickering between the northern and the southern portions of this state. So much so that many people of more than ordinary intelligence have suggested as the best remedy the dividing of California into two separate and distinct states. But simply dividing the state would not appeal to many as the two separated parts would be too small and the great influence of California as a whole would be lost.

Other people just as sincere have advocated the union of Nevada with California. To merely absorb Nevada would not settle any of the outstanding questions between the north and the south, and besides it would make too big and awkward a state. Possibly it would again give to the north the political pre-

dominance which it held until recently, but at the present rate of growth that would be overcome once more in a few years and the south would regain the lead. Neither of these changes could settle any of the big problems of the Southwest because they do not go far enough. More vision is needed to see the situation as a whole and to make such changes as will have permanent value and provide for the needs of all the people of this region of our republic. We must try to visualize the tremendous development that will take place in this section in the decades to follow and now wisely make preparations for meeting it.

The Southwest will one day house a huge population. In the ages to come there will be as many people here as there are now in the whole of the United States. The life of the section will depend upon the Colorado River which should be controlled by and conserved for the benefit of those people and not absentee landlords thousands of miles away or other states or nations.

The sensible and only logical solution of the whole problem is to divide California into a northern and a southern part and to combine these two parts with both Arizona and Nevada. The northern part would retain the name of California and annex most of Nevada, the capital of the new union to be located at Sacramento as at the present time. The southern part to be called Southern California, as it is popularly designated at the present, to annex the southern tip of Nevada and to unite with the present State of Arizona, the capital of this new union to be located in Phoenix which is now the capital of that state.

The new division would extend along the 37th parallel of longitude which already separates different states of the Union in an almost unbroken line from the Atlantic Ocean to the eastern boundary of Nevada. That portion of Nevada north of the line would be added to California. The southern tip would

be added to the new State of Southern California. That tip has no connection with the rest of the state anyhow. It is tied by the Union Pacific railroad and the waterways to Utah, Arizona and Los Angeles.

Following the aforesaid parallel westward into California it would meet with a north and south line running between Kings and Tulare Counties, meeting at a point in the vicinity of Grabners, northeast of Fresno, thence following this line south to Kern County and from there westward to the Pacific. This arrangement would cut off from the present State of California almost exactly what is now commonly termed Southern California with the addition of Tulare County and perhaps a little more.

The City of Fresno and its environs would have the privilege of voting as to which state it desired to be in—most likely it would be the northern one. However, if the southern one, then the line of the 37th parallel would continue westward to the San Joaquin River, thence follow that stream to the point where it is joined by the King's River, near Mendota, and from that junction, roughly stated, in a southwesterly direction, passing near or through King City, to the Pacific Ocean, somewhere in the neighborhood of Cape San Martin.

This adjustment would leave one of the large national parks in each of the two parts. The intake of the Los Angeles aqueduct at Independence, a few miles south of the 37th parallel, and a vitally important public utility to the southland, would be entirely inside, and yet just inside, of the new Southern California.

The coastline of California from Oregon to Mexico is over a thousand miles long. San Diego is 575 miles from the state capital at Sacramento, while it is only 200 miles from the border of Arizona and only 400 miles from the Arizona capital at Phoenix. An unusual and clumsy situation.

As it is now California is practically divided into two hostile camps anyway. As long as there are the two large cen-

ters of population, the capital close to the smaller one and far removed from the other and the two important harbors and both sides about equal in strength there will be constant quarreling and discontent. The two different parts seem unable to agree upon anything. Even in advertising to draw tourists and settlers the north and the south advertise separately instead of joining together as they should do and extolling the natural beauties and advantages of the entire state.

Whenever, at an election, the successful candidate is from the north, the south is dissatisfied, and vice versa. Each section wants to have two United States senators at Washington, showing an existing fear that a man from one part would not be fair and loyal to the other. Would not a sensible division be much better? Of course it would.

The two sections have now really nothing in common and as a matter of fact are decidedly antagonistic and jealous of each other. What one half wants the other considers detrimental to its welfare. This conflict is growing and will grow more bitter in the years to come.

Even the Women's Clubs of the north and the south are unable to get along in peace and during the summer of 1927 there was a serious schism, many of the Los Angeles and other Southern California clubs withdrawing from the state organization. It is the same old story—both sections being about equal in strength, the older northern trying des-

perately to retain control and the newer, ambitious and more populous south trying to wrest that control from those holding it and of controlling it themselves. One side trying to maintain its prestige and the other trying to gain prestige.

interested to any extent is in the south, centering around the City of Los Angeles and the Imperial Valley. The seat of government is in the north and the general sentiment in Sacramento is naturally northern and not southern senti-

ment. The history of the state is woven around the northern part. Los Angeles seems like a new addition, even an intruder upsetting the normal smooth-running machinery. The state government as a whole is very little interested in the building of a dam, except those politicians looking for votes from the south.

Nevada is worse situated than California; only the southern tip of the state is near the proposed damsite or in any way connected with it. The arrangement suggested in this article would entirely eliminate Nevada; it would cut off from the north all rivers and drainage areas, adding them to the new southern state while removing the rest of the state as completely as though it were thousands of miles away.

The most interested parties and those to whom the dam means water for irrigation and domestic purposes,

electric power and life and death are Arizona and Southern California.

If a new alignment of the states of the Southwest as herein outlined were to be put into effect, the proposed dam-sites and surrounding country, instead of being on the borders of three states and drawing the opposition of seven or more conflicting and unreconcilable groups, would be almost centrally located



Sketch showing proposed new arrangement of states bordering on the Pacific. Washington includes Northern Idaho; Oregon takes in Southern Idaho; California to be that part of present state north of Tehachapi and Northern Nevada. Southern California as at present with Arizona, Southern Nevada and a "slice" of Mexico.

Probably the one greatest problem facing the entire West today is the wise control and development of the Colorado River and the building of a dam in Bridge Canyon, Arizona. At present there are seven or more states with their fingers in the pie. Some of them are scarcely affected at all, and that mostly politically; while others are very vitally affected. The only part of California

only *one* and that one would be the interested state. This one new state Southern California could then concentrate all its energies, all its legislative organization; and alone or in conjunction with our federal government, go ahead and construct the dam or dams. Nevada and Northern California, which will not in any case receive any benefits from the building of a dam, other than monetary income, would be wholly eliminated, as before stated. The rights and interests of the other states, and they would then be pared down to just two, Colorado and Utah, could be held in abeyance for the time being and settlement made with them after the dam was constructed, as the entire proposition would be concentrated in the one and only the one single state, and that state which would, in any honest court or otherwise, be considered the really interested and affected party.

Wyoming and New Mexico could be eliminated and advised to make use, as far as they could of themselves, of the streams arising within each of those states. The mere fact that a stream rises in a state should not be permitted to interfere with the building of a dam in another part of the nation, or entitle such state to any great right in the benefit accruing from a dam. If they have locations for dams in their own states, let them go ahead and build, and if they have no locations within their own borders, why, that is their hard luck and they should be glad if a sister state can make use of the water which otherwise goes now and would continue to go to waste. The state of California has really no rights whatever in the Colorado River! The river merely forms the eastern boundary for a few miles. There is not a single stream from the entire state helping to swell the flow of the river. Neither is there a suitable place for a dam along the entire boundary. California is interested only to the extent that it would be a greater consumer of the water and the power than any other of the states. It is merely a consumer, not a producer.

Arizona is the producer and contributes nearly one-third of the water to the Colorado, it has been stated; while it is estimated that this one state comprises about 40 per cent of the drainage basin. Los Angeles wishes to use the largest amount of the water for future domestic use, while Arizona wishes to use it for the growing of food to feed the teeming millions who will thrive in

Southern California in the years to come.

Los Angeles is the logical and for that matter the only great seaport for all the Southwest, and year by year this city draws more and more upon Arizona for food and raw materials, and Arizona in turn depends more and more upon Los Angeles for manufactured goods, financial aid and shipping facilities. The two are complementary to each other and the real interests of all call loudly and insistently for a union.

The people of Nevada and Arizona should welcome this change. California is a magical name to most of America and other parts of the world, and merely the joining of California would draw countless thousands of settlers and visitors to those states who otherwise would entirely overlook and pass by their communities.

At the last government census Nevada was practically the only state in the entire Union to register a *loss* of population between 1910 and 1920, two minor states showing a negligible loss. On the other hand, Arizona was the only state showing a complete gain of more than 50 per cent during the same period.

At the present time the main delay to the building of a dam seems to be the misunderstanding between Arizona and California. The people of Arizona state that they are simply looking out for the future development of their own state, while the people of California accuse Arizona of holding up the program. Nothing can be gained by the conflict between these two states, the most interested parties to the construction of a dam. All the rivalry would be removed, association in a common enterprise take its place and the difficulty quickly and surely settled by the union as herein suggested. One of the reasons for immediate action in regard to the dam is to provide Imperial Valley with an all-American canal. The longer the delay, the more complicated will conditions become between Mexico and ourselves and the more difficult it will be to put this into effect. It does not appear that there is much statesmanship at Washington, D. C., but if there is, it undoubtedly would be possible to secure from our neighbor a small strip of territory around the mouth of the Colorado River.

There always will be more or less conflict between Mexico and the United States over this river delta, as long as present conditions continue, and if Mexico were to transfer to this country only a small bit of land, for which this country could afford to pay liberally, it

would remove forever all cause for friction in this part of the continent and be a cause for rejoicing in Mexico more than in our own country.

This bit of Mexico is practically American anyhow. Most of the land is owned by Americans—the irrigation of which is from the American Colorado River. Nearly all the products grown there are shipped into the United States. Only a narrow strip of what is mostly waste land, and was entirely waste land until American ingenuity and capital watered it, would need to be transferred. Just enough to give us the entire control over the mouth of this, to us, very important river, the present irrigation canal to Imperial Valley, and the San Diego & Arizona Railroad, running east from San Diego.

It has been suggested that the state of Idaho be divided into two parts, a northern and a southern. This, of course, in itself would be a step in the wrong direction and very stupid. What we want is bigger and fewer states, not smaller and more. The north section is separated from the south about as completely as could be possible and the two parts have practically nothing in common except the government. The entire life of the north is centered about the city of Spokane, which is located in the state of Washington, and should be joined with that state.

The southern part of the state contains all the cities of importance and the life of that section is centered in the valley of the Snake River, which has its natural and only outlet at Portland, Oregon, and should be united with Oregon. The division would be very simple—merely follow the center of the Salmon River from the western boundary at Oregon to the eastern at Montana. There are no railroads between the north and the south, all of them without exception running east and west. The entire life of the state flows east and west, not north and south.

Like Idaho, Nevada is so situated that there is very little in common between the north and the south. There is practically no railroad service between the two parts, the one line which makes a pretense of connecting the different sections is really for traffic between Reno and Los Angeles. Arizona is not much better. Though it would not be divided, it is interesting to note that it also has no north and south railroads. All the great lines run east and west. The natural flow of traffic, of all kinds, is east and west and will always remain so, gradually increasing and becoming more and more settled in that direction.

(Continued on Page 330)

Laughing Eyes

By Laura Morrison

"HIS FROM New York, all right. I can make that out, but I can't make out the name yet," said Heber Johns, as he bent over the hotel register. "There's either five or six letters in the first name, and more like ten in the last. Now, I just would like to know his reason for signing his name like this. You know, Alice, I don't believe it's a name at all."

"What kind of a looking man was he, Heber?" asked his wife.

"Too bad you missed him. He was a big fellow, and had a good looking suit on. I think it was brown, or it might have been blue."

"How old is he, do you think?"

"Well, he struck me as one of those ageless sort of people. He is either young, and has had a lot of hard knocks that make him look older than he really is, or else he is old and has had such an easy time that he looks young. Know what I mean?"

"You never could guess a person's age. I'm going up to his room. The water in his pitcher must have been there over a week."

"I already changed it."

"There isn't any light in his room, and I think the lamp must be empty."

"I'll go up and fix that, and Alice, shall I ask him his name?"

"If you can do it politely."

When Heber was out of sight, Alice studied the signature in the register. Was the first letter an E? She lifted the heavy book from the counter, and carried it to the center of the room directly under the single drop light. Heber had been right. There were either five or six letters in the first name, and Alice believed there were six. A glorious thought! For the first time in years, Alice blushed. Her heart beat loud and fast, and she was not ashamed. Then Heber returned.

"Darned queer, Alice," he muttered. "It's darned queer."

"Yes?"

"Said his name was Joe Smith—not more than eight letters in that name. He said he'd come to California for his health. Well, he does look sick, and I guess he's got t.b., but no one ever came to Viso for their health."

Heber sat down heavily in a sagging rocking chair; it had sagged under his weight for thirty years but only threatened to fall to pieces. Removing his glasses, he wiped them with an over-used blue handkerchief. Then he took off his shoes, dropping them on the floor

with such enthusiasm that the whole hotel shook. The hotel always trembled when Heber dropped his shoes, but like the chair it held together. Disgust was written on Heber's tanned, wrinkled face. The unusual might be annoying, or possibly dangerous to him, but never fascinating.

"Pardon me for intruding, but could you tell me if it is too late to get a shave?"

The stranger stood on the second step. His voice was of a degree of richness Alice had not heard in years. It was the type of voice one never forgets, and Alice had not forgotten. But between her and her fascinating guest sat Heber, smoking a pipe, and rocking in his wobbly chair.

The readers of Overland will be delighted to find another story by the gifted young writer, Laura Morrison. Her story entitled "Little Lee's Wife" appeared in our June number and attracted favorable comment of the critics. Her writing shows originality and genius.

"Too late to get shaved," said the old man.

"I see. Thank you."

Slowly Alice walked nearer the visitor. Heber turned in his chair to watch her. Though the room was poorly lighted Alice thrilled when she looked into the stranger's face. His voice had been musical, and his eyes were laughing eyes.

"Tomorrow I am going down the bay a ways," said the younger man.

"Fisherman?" asked Heber.

"Oh, no."

"That's about all the men around here do, except those whose wives work in the cannery."

"I see."

Strange that a period of over twenty years can seem only an episode in one's life. Strange how old longings, old love dormant during that period may be revived in only a few seconds. Alice was not the wife of a small-town hotel proprietor, she was not a grey-haired woman nearing middle age, she was still the light-hearted sweetheart of Edward, old Eddie with the laughing eyes.

"Well, of course some of the men work in the cannery, too," Heber continued. "When things get dull at the

hotel, I sometimes work there myself.

Heber evidently did not sense the change in his wife. Suppose he should recognize his old rival. Suppose—but Heber was not the type who forms conclusions quickly. Edward came close to the woman. He took a worn wallet from his vest pocket and handed it to her.

"May I entrust this to your keeping? Tomorrow I won't need it."

The man smiled. Was it but yesterday she had gazed into the depths of those laughing eyes? She felt as if a great hand was pressed over her heart, hand so powerful it forced the air from her lungs.

"It will be safe," she said softly, fingering the wallet.

"Thank you," said Edward, and his eyes were fixed on the older man. Alice knew there was no chance for Heber to move. For at least an hour, he would smoke and creak his chair.

The stranger left the room; it was dangerous to stay there. Alice, suddenly feeling fatigued, almost exhausted, found solitude on the open porch. Weary, she leaned on one of the slender corner posts. There was a groaning, as if the post might slip from its holding, allowing the entire upper story of the building to crash. Often when Alice had noticed the weakened support of the hotel, she had prayed for its destruction, but like all the shabby structures of Viso, the hotel had stood the test of time.

The dimly lighted town seemed more bleak than usual, the houses more drab, the mingled odors of stagnant water, fish, and filth more offensive. The slough was a muddy black, untouched by the tiniest reflection of the light of a fishing boat, or by the lovely crescent moon high in the sky.

It was a night for bitter memories rather than for sweet recollections. Alice thought of the first months she had spent in Viso as teacher of the one-room school. The town was dull grey to her, even then. She thought of how persistently Heber had courted her, how she had learned to respect him, and even admire him, but how he had never thrilled her. His attitude toward her had been of a kindly paternal nature.

She thought of the first night she had heard Edward Morales sing, when he had come to Viso as a tent show entertainer. She remembered how she thrilled to his singing, and how the women of Viso had wiped their eyes on their sleeves when he sang of old Portugal. His voice

was untrained but exquisite. Only an artist could wrest tears from the eyes of the women of Viso.

And then one day a school boy brought her news of the illness of Edward Morales' accompanist. Though she realized it was unprofessional, Alice offered to play for him. After the show that night, he had taken her by the hand and led her to the owner of the show. "She can play more beautifully than Elma. Let's take her with us." Then he had turned to Alice, "No, I will not let you protest. It is not hard to find another teacher."

When she was ready to leave, Heber kissed her goodbye. "If you ever need me, I will be right here in Viso," he said. Alice had laughed at the idea, and told him he must not be like a plant rooted in one spot, with no thought of ever running away.

Three glorious years followed—years of travel, adventure, friends and romance. Alice found life as she had only seen it in dreams. The dullness of Viso enhanced the new life by contrast. Edward Morales won countless feminine admirers, and at times Alice was so torn with jealousy she threatened to return to Viso and Heber. At such moments, Edward would put his arms around her, and whisper such things into her ear that she, being human and female, could not be deaf to. Then at night he would sing his love songs with more tenderness than usual, and while he sang gaze at her with those lovely, laughing eyes. It was possible to be angry with Edward, but impossible not to forgive him.

There were times when Alice tried to persuade him to leave the road and study for a year. He would only laugh at her suggestions, and say life was too short to spend time in study.

Then the time came that Alice no longer could travel and entertain. Edward gave her the little money he had saved, and explained as best he could that his place was in the show. At first his letters were regular, and full of promises of their future. As he moved farther away, the intervals between letters became greater, and at the time she needed him the most, she did not know whether he was in the north or south.

Alone in the world, with little money, and her baby sleeping in a church yard, Alice returned to Viso and Heber.

The moon was rising in the starless sky. In a few moments its silver light would ripple the black water of the lough. Once she had loved all nights, and specially the nights when she was near water. The vile odors of Viso would not have annoyed Edward, nor

would he have despised decrepit fishing boats. The whole would have appealed to him as picturesque.

"Alice! Quick! Fire!"

Heber's voice.

With the swiftness of a young girl, Alice ran into the hotel. Heber stood at the door of the stranger's room. In his haste, he had jerked the door off its hinges. The room was ceilinged with yellow smoke which rose from the man's

UNTHINKING

*I DWELL in a valley
Of green content,
In a kingdom
Of curves
And softened airs—
Where grasses flutter.*

*I stretch my languid length
Beneath an oak,
To watch the springing line
Of the sky mounting
In pallid blue
Over the mild-mannered hills;
To look up
Into the cool maze
Of my shade;
To study the tree's
Intricate enfoldment,
And revel in the sun-fleck's play,
In the white balance
Of insect wings—
My ears are full of their drone.*

*I dream of this meadowed place
And its inflow
Of lush, warm life,
Of life lyric,
Without thought—
An eternity of green content.*

W. W. ROBINSON.

blankets. Quickly Alice jerked them from the bed, opened the window and tossed them out. The smoke cleared. There was an odor of burned wool, and save for this the fire was over. Edward lay on the bed with folded arms, calm as if in sleep. The end of the cigarette, which had caused the fire, lay in a brown circle near his hand. The right arm was cruelly blistered, the beard on the right side of the face was singed, but the long, dark hair fell in an uneven center part, untouched. There had been no struggle. The smoke had been kind.

"Heber," whispered Alice, "you had better go for an officer, the coroner, or someone. I'll stay here."

"Well, all right. You aren't afraid? There is water in the pitcher and in the wash bowl in case there might be sparks in some of the underneath things."

"No danger of that."

When the old man had creaked down the stairs, Alice sat on the bed beside Edward. She kissed the smooth forehead, then lifted the unscarred hand to her face. How young he looked, how unburdened. Life had been a jolly game for him, and when he was tired from too much play, death had come swiftly.

"Eddie, dear Eddie," Alice whispered.

He had not forgotten her. That there was something she could do for him now, in death. She remembered the wallet he had given her. She would not wait until an officer came to investigate its contents. It had been given to her—not to an officer.

Alice reread the precious note found in Edward's wallet.

"Alice, darling, I am going far out to sea. I have brought you all that I have."

There were paper bills in the wallet which Alice did not count. She touched her note with a match, and dropped it into the air-tight heater. Gladly would she have destroyed the money and kept the letter, but there must be no evidence that Edward contemplated death. The coroner would try to prove that death had not been accidental, but Alice would protect him. Then a thought more agonizing than any she had had overpowered her. In order to throw the blankets out of the window, Alice had first opened it. The night was warm. Heber would see no significance in a closed window, and as for her—she was instantly ashamed. Edward's death had been unpremeditated, and whatever his plans for the morrow had been they would never be carried out.

With the wallet in the pocket of her smock, Alice returned to Edward. Looking from the window she saw a crowd of women and children gathering under the window. Evidently the news had already spread. There was a babbling of voices in tongues foreign to Alice. What were these people saying? How long would it take them to learn the truth, these poverty stricken human specimens, misshapen and inadequately clothed? The women and their dirty, open-mouthed children, were all staring upward. Did they know a man lay dead in that upstairs room, and were they even now conjecturing who he was? It would be but a short time until his identity was revealed. His story was well known in Viso. Heber had not recognized Edward; Alice was sure of that, but how impossible it was to hope that in the investigation that was bound to follow the entire story would not be

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The Secrets of the Gobi Desert

By Manly P. Hall

Illustrated with photograph taken by the Author

TO THE Occidental, the Gobi Desert may be merely a spot on the map. To the Oriental, however, it is a place of solemnity and mystery, guarded by evil monsters, for it is the chosen dwelling place of the gods and demi-gods who, descending from the spheres of bliss, take human forms and tread its golden sands. Myth-

executive body composed of demigods and supermen, which meets every seven years in the sacred City of Shamballa in the heart of the Gobi Desert. Thus, from the unexplored wastes of Mon-

planet first began to cool, the poles solidified first, thus creating an island in each polar region. Descending upon these polar caps, the immortals from the sun first brought to earth the germinal life of every creature. As the earth gradually resumed its present condition of habitability, the polar life migrated to various parts of the globe. Upon the



The Gobi Desert of Mongolia

ridden Asia abounds in legends of creatures of supernatural origin becoming concerned with the affairs of men. The blue veil which divides the visible from the invisible is very thin to the Eastern mind, and the eye of the soul reveals to the ascetic the shadowy shapes of the immortals who ever stand their silent watch over humanity.

The West conceives governments to consist of groups of human beings controlling their brothers by virtue of the authority vested in them by birth or ballot; the East declares mankind to be guided through the ages by a divine administration. As kings and presidents preside over nations, so the entire earth is ruled by *The Great White Lodge*, an

golian sand come forth the edicts by which the destinies of all men are determined.

If you ask the Oriental mystic to describe the Sacred City, he will tell you that it is composed of etheric substances cognizable only to those in whom the *Eye of Shiva* (pineal gland) has been awakened. The great temple of the White Lodge stands upon an outcropping of Azoic rock which is called the Sacred Island. When the Gobi Desert was one vast ocean this rock alone rose above the level of the waters and was never submerged. The Asiatic philosophers recognize several motions of the earth, one of them the alternation of the poles. When the molten body of the

cap of the primary North Pole the gods erected their temple and consecrated the whole island, protecting it with charms and magic against the vandalism of the profane. Guardian spirits assumed the forms of snakes and surrounded the sacred area with a ring of Nagas, or serpent angels.

As ages passed, the third motion of the earth (alternation of the poles) resulted in the true pole of the planet occupying that area now known as the Gobi Desert. Therefore, to the Easterner, this is a holy spot, for it was the place upon which the gods first rested and from which all mortal beings have had their origin. They further believe that each new race or species that comes

earth upon the earth has its source in the ancient Mongolia. The Aryan race (of which both the modern Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon are sub-races) had its beginning somewhere in Central Asia. While Western anthropologists even admit this, they do not link this fact in any way with the Hindu belief that the race migrated from the Gobi Desert, where the first white man was born.

It is worthy of note that while the Boy Chapman Andrews expedition did not discover the Sacred Gobina (Holy City) during its exploration of the great Mongolian desert, it did find verification for many of the Eastern legends concerning it. When the scientific world received word that the entire desert was rich with fossil remains and other strange evidences of previous and now extinct forms of life; that in all probability the oldest and best preserved remains upon the surface of the earth were to be found there, the superstitions of untutored Asia began to assume an impressive aspect. Modern scientists were unable to distinguish ordinary snakes from Naga spirits in disguise. But the snakes were there, tens of thousands of them, just as the Eastern Scriptures had declared, and of a sudden the entire subject became one of popular interest.

The fabled Mahatmas of Asia have been a constant source of worry to Western scientists, who feel that not only is the age of miracles over but that it never existed outside the vivid imagination of the gullible. For years European influence in the East has sought in vain to shake the faith of those who believe that supermen with supernatural powers are indeed a reality. However, the most interesting development in connection with the problem is that, instead of changing the convictions of the Asiatics, the Asiatics have converted a large number of Europeans to their ridiculous beliefs.

The Mahatmas are not regarded as isolated wise men but as the members of an exalted fraternity which has been called the *Trans-Himalayan Brotherhood*. This order of exalted souls is supposed to gather in conclave with the Lords of the World and outline the destiny of mundane affairs. The Mahatmas are presumed to possess the power of separating their souls from their physical bodies and, while apparently lying asleep, their consciousness is speeding through space to the Sacred Island where the great conclave of spirit takes place.

In India I have met persons who declared that they not only knew great adepts who had accomplished this feat, but that they themselves had been to the

etheric temple and had seen it glittering and shining in the air like some iridescent bubble.

The name of the Gobi Desert is indissolubly linked also with the life and achievements of the world's greatest general, conqueror and statesman, Genghis Khan, upon whom was bestowed the title, "The Emperor of the Earth." Of this man little is known today, and that little is tinged with the venom of his enemies. In his own day he was called the "Son of God," and victory marched with him and his arms. Genghis Khan traveled in a great portable castle borne upon the backs of a number of elephants. This castle was equipped to serve as a palace in time of peace and as a fortress in time of war. When Genghis Khan advanced into battle at the head of his lacquered army, his great movable fort bristled with spears and a continuous stream of arrows poured from it. Into the very heart of the enemy's ranks the huge elephants carried the house of the Great Khan, trampling underfoot all who sought to stay its progress.

In Asia battles have been fought equal in magnitude to those of the late World War. There is a record of one battle which has escaped the pages of history where four million men went into action simultaneously over a front hundreds of miles long. The victorious Khan—one moment a soldier and the next a philosopher—passed like a glorious comet across the face of Asia and sank into the oblivion of the Gobi Desert. He was born amid the yellow sands and under those same sands he lies buried in a ruined tomb whose location is known only to a certain privileged few.

In a certain spot on the edge of the ancient desert, bordered on one side by rocks and desolate hills and on the other by an eternity of billowy sand crossed only by an occasional caravan trail, is a lonely pyramidal-shaped monument now falling into decay. In a vault of glass under this melancholy marker lies the body of Genghis Khan preserved in a mysterious fluid. According to the legends of his people he will continue to sleep in the peace of the desert, whose spirit is one with his own, until that great day when Asia shall rise in her might and cast off the bondage of foreign oppression.

When the time of liberation comes the glorious Khan, rising from his sleep of the ages, will call to the sands of the desert and the rocks of the hills, and the spirit of his horde will answer and come forth at his command, and all men

follow him. Race and religion will be forgotten, and the legion of the living and the legion of the dead will not be stayed until Genghis Khan is once more Emperor of the Earth.

So the East turns with longing eyes to the yellow desert, that dry and desolate place where their gods still live and watch and where the hosts of the past still slumber, awaiting the time that is written in the Golden Book when the oppressed shall be freed and the wrongs of the centuries shall be righted.

Beneath the yellow sands of Gobi lie civilizations unnumbered and unknown. The desert night is as fathomless as Asia's spirit and as hopeless as seems Asia's lot. But the spirits of heroes lie buried there and the fiery sheen of the sand is not greater than their courage. It is written that out of the Gobi Desert shall come a great light and from Mongolia a master of men. He shall come with the strength of aloneness, riding upon the sandstorm, and his army shall be as the grains of sand. The sting of the sand shall be their weapon and serpents shall be the stings of their bows. They shall descend like locusts and establish an empire that shall endure until the very sands themselves shall perish.

IF PLATO WERE PRESIDENT

IF PLATO were writing a political platform for this country, he would advocate taxing the bachelors, he would permit only the physically and mentally fit to marry, but would probably find no objection to Reno or Paris divorces should circumstances warrant.

Plato was an idealist and philosopher rather than a statesman. He maintained that the best interests of the state would be served by a form of communism; from this idea the socialists of the present day obtain in part their ideas of an ideal communistic state. Plato, however, had no idea of violence as outlined in the beliefs of the Russian communists. He thought that when the benefits of communism had been proved to the world, they would be readily acceptable.

With all due credit to Plato and with the thought that if he were living today he would be practical enough to adjust his ideals to the present day problems, it must be realized that his Republic, his ideal state, set both a high standard and many progressive ideas applicable to this country today; yet their standards and ideals would fail in meeting the present economic problems of the American life and business.

The ideal Republic and practical work-a-day government are two distinctly different things.—*Frank Thayer in Thrift Magazine.*

The Tables Turned

By Thos. D. Landels

IT WAS a quaint little cottage, such as is common enough in the picturesque villages of Southern England. It stood back from the road, beneath a cool canopy of spreading elms. Its high peaked roof of thatch was well grown with moss, and here and there supported a little forest of golden dandelions among waving grasses. On the right hand side it was broken by a small attic window, which peered out from its depths of thatch, like the eye of a cyclops beneath shaggy, overhanging brows. The front of the cottage was covered from end to end with honeysuckle and monthly roses, and the garden presented the wildest profusion of flowers and bushes—gooseberries and currants, roses and sweet-peas, stocks and marigolds, snap-dragons and convolvulus—a glorious prodigality of beauty. It was a perfect summer afternoon, still and warm and peaceful. The sunbeams flickered through the leaves of the elms, and made a pretty pattern on the pathway, and numberless bees and butterflies sipped the honey from the flowers.

The garden gate was open, and a baby boy, with golden hair and dimpled cheek, and big, blue, laughing eyes, was sitting on the path, dressed in a white pinny, which had been clean only a few hours before, but was already covered with dirty finger-marks. The little fellow was perfectly happy, crowing and

gurgling with laughter at some passing butterfly. Through the open window was borne the sweet voice of the young mother, singing a low lullaby at her baby's side, sewing diligently as she sang, and rocking the cradle with her foot. The soft singing seemed well in keeping with the peaceful scene, and harmonized pleasantly with the low murmur which filled the summer air without. The words of the song were these: The wee, wee bird, in the soft wee nest,
Sleep, my birdie, sleep.

Is safe and warm 'neath it's mother's breast,

Sleep, my birdie, sleep!

The wee, wee, lamb in the meadow wide,
sleep, my lambie, sleep,

Is safe and warm at its mother's side,
Sleep, my lambie, sleep!

The wee, wee babe in its mother's arm,
Sleep, my baby, sleep,

Is warm and cosy and safe from harm,
Sleep, my baby, sleep!

The birds and the lambs God guards
from ill,

Sleep, my darling, sleep,

But he loves the babies better still,

Sleep, my darling, sleep!

It was as peaceful a scene as one could wish for; even the kitten playing with its own black tail, and the old cat lying full length on her side and basking in the sunshine, evidently thought as much. Love seemed to be brooding over all things—love human and divine; and every sight and sound breathes a benediction. At such a time and amidst such surroundings, it was surely impossible to cherish any save gentle and kindly thoughts. Who were capable, in that small earthly paradise, of thinking either harshly of God or unkindly of his fellow-man?

The mother's song was interrupted by the advent of a visitor. A tall, gaunt figure entered the gateway, dressed in a black thread-bare coat. In one hand he carried a stout cane, and in the other a well-worn Bible. His shoulders were slightly bent, and his face, lit up by a pair of dark, deep-set eyes, was sallow and somber. He was a man about middle-age, though the locks that protruded below his broad-brimmed hat were already turning white. It was the minister, worthy man, going his rounds to visit his scattered flock. Unfortunately, his appearance was far from cheerful, and he seemed to be the one shadow in that sunny scene. As he walked slowly up the path the wee boy was scared by the apparition. He stopped his crowing, and thrusting one chubby thumb

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BIVOUAC ON ELICAPITAN

A COUCH all fragrant with boughs of fir,
But thin and hard; I dare not stir
Lest my one scant blanket yield to strain
And leave me the shivering jest profane
Of the keen-tongued breeze that licks my bed
Through the rude log wind-break at my head.

Feet a-roast at the roaring fire
A blanketless comrade's chills require;
Clothes that pinch and a stick that girds
Prompt unto silent but blazing words
Of remark to the blazing stars.

A moon,

Pride of the High Sierra June,
Full-orbed sun-rival, superbly slow
Comes up from the far-off fields of snow
Where the jagged saw teeth bleakly run
Athwart the trail to the rising sun.

Shoulders that ache, and legs and back,
Moan of miles up hill and the heavy pack;
But the cold and the heat and the irksome bed
The long-wooded slumber far has fled.

Silence; the nearing hoots of a lonesome owl,
And a weary snorer's bear-like growl
Two maidens waking in wide-eyed fear
Rolled in the self-same blanket, hear.
A clutch on my shoulder, a wild "What's that?"
My grinning response; a form drops flat
To its couch again—a long half-hour
Of smothered mirth in ladies' bower.

All things must end sometime, and so
Does this night's vigil; no more I know
Till a dying fire and stars grown pale
Call the red-eyed wanderers back to the trail.

Tonight I'm not where the snow-flowers bloom;
Tonight I've a bed in a cozy room;
No chill wind nips, no roasting flame
Wakes sinful thoughts in a martyred frame;
Yet I envy my erst free self that khan
On the old bald head of Capitan.

GEORGE FRANCIS RICHARDSON.

A Gift from Black Bart

By Ruth M. Murgatroyd

ALL the world knows of California's gold mines and many are the tales of adventure linked with the names of John Marshall, General John Sutter, the Mother Lode country and its placer mines. Buried throughout Alta California are silver and quartz mines, less spectacular but nevertheless interesting to "sourdough" and "tenderfoot" alike, and famous are the tales of "The White Cap" and "Mirabel" mines. Robert Louis Stevenson knew the silver country and his story "The Silverado Squatters" is a tale of his honeymoon spent on the abandoned site of the Silverado mine, high on the side of Mount St. Helena, that lofty old peak which guards the valleys of the coast of Central California.

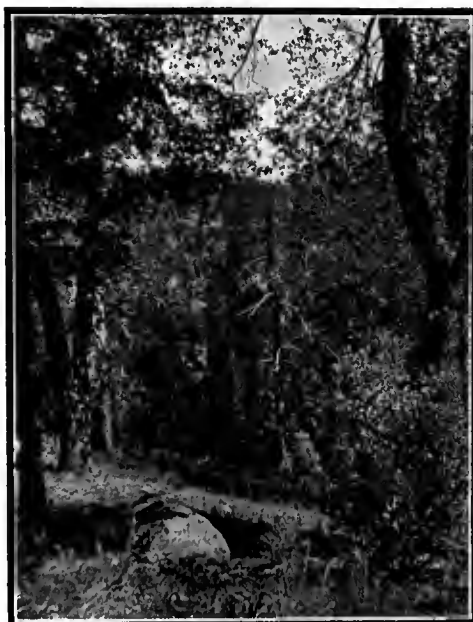
Fertile valleys of grain, fruit trees, homes and in the center—the diamond's place in any ring—Clear Lake, a beautiful shimmering body of water, known since the time of the Indians for the fishing in spring and summer and for the flocks of ducks that each winter make this tule bordered water their winter home.

In the '70s and '80s the district bordering the lake had two great crops, the grain in the fields and the silver in the rocky, red-brown chimese-covered hillsides. The farmers, when their wheat and barley was ripe, hauled it in great rumbling wagons to the mill on Kelsey Creek, there to be ground into flour and taken home to be made into bread and pastries by the cook, generally the wife, as Lake County had not as yet reached the Bartlett Pear degree of prosperity synonymous of this district today.

It was in the early '80s, one noon coming in November, that a rider came riding up to the ranch house of the mill to shout to the astonished men who quickly gathered round his rearing horse, "The Middletown stage was held up in Lower Lake Canyon this morning. 'The season's workings of the Mirabel were in the Wells-Fargo box. It looks like Black Bart's job; same kind he pulled off at Upper Lake a year ago—bunch of masks with hats on and sticks to look like guns poking out of the brush. It fooled the whole coach, made 'em think he had a whole brigade with him. Anyway, the Mirabel has offered five thousand dollars for the recovery of the silver and capture of the old boy himself." Even as he was talking the rider was starting towards the "Stokes Ranch," ten miles farther down the two wagon tracks that passed as a county road.

Five thousand dollars! Money came too slowly in this undeveloped country to miss a chance to get this small fortune. The mill was closed down and soon even the plow horses, bridled and with sacks across their backs, were quickly pressed into service. Great, indeed, must be the need when a human being other than a small boy will attempt a journey on a jogging old work horse.

Which way had the road agent gone? None could agree, and so like ants,



A Quiet Spot in the Mountains

when the peace and quiet of their hill is disturbed, they scattered in all directions. In the chimese country the start of an hour or two may mean a lead not to be overtaken. This stubborn, prickly, dull green brush grows to shoulder height and so dense as to make progress well nigh impossible. In the spring this hillside mattress is one mass of pink and magenta blossoms, fragrant and pleasing to the eye of the upland traveler. Horses cannot make their way through this growing barbed wire and will rear and turn against efforts to force them into this flesh tearing bush. Strange natural paths, several feet wide, close resembling man-made trails, appear in parts of this otherwise impenetrable barrier and it is along these that rapid progress can be made and cut-offs taken to various parts of the country; some leading south to Mt. St. Helena, others eastward and across Black Mountain to the Sacra-

mento Valley north to Potter Valley and westward to Hopland, Pieta and the coast.

How lonely was life at the mill for a child without companions of her own age. No one to talk to when cutting out paper dolls, no one to dress up in grown-up clothes with and play "make believe you are Papa and I am Mama." Billy, the deer, was too big to try to lead around with a ribbon now, besides he was never home except when some strange dogs fought him and then, when the fray was too one-sided he would give one great leap and run home. The kittens would not stay in the dolls' cradle and one had walked outside in the mud with the big doll's best nightgown on and now it was ruined. Even good old Vesuvius, the hound, was too busy to play, as her time was occupied with five puppies, as yet with eyes unopened. Of course, it was fun to watch them for a time as they made queer noises and bumped around in a box in the harness shop; but if one watched too long the mother dog would get nervous and perhaps move her little family.

How flat and lifeless everything seemed after the noise and bustle of a posse leaving from the ranch! How awful and yet how thrilling it must be to go on a man hunt. Little Ella, the ten-year-old daughter of the owner of the Mill ranch, fervently hoped that no one would be hurt; that the robber would not kill anyone or be killed. Of course it was wrong for him to take the silver that did not belong to him; but he had hurt no one in the holdup and all of the people in the stages that Black Bart had held up spoke of the courteous way in which he treated his victims and of the fact that he never took jewelry or money from women and children. If her dad could just get a good look at the road agent so that he could tell her what a real bandit looked like, and she in turn could tell it all to the children at the mountain school they attended, when sufficient pupils could be mustered together to warrant the hiring of a teacher.

In her desire to get the news of the search as quickly as any was received, Ella took a book that had recently been given her and sat down on the board walk near the gate. Time after time she would put down the book and, standing on the gate, swing back and forth, her eyes riveted on the road. A call from the rear of the house quickly brought her to that region. Her mother, busy preparing supper, told her to open

the corral gates as the cows were beginning to come in from the hillside pastures. Perched on a high post of the fence she managed to count the cows and still keep her vigil of the road. All of the cows came home except a young black and white heifer. As there was no one else to go after her, the child, knowing that a pack of coyotes was roaming the hills, prepared at once to go in search. Calling old Maude, once a beautiful sorrel mare, now a one-eyed, raw-boned bunch of hide and hair, fed and given shelter until her days should end, in appreciation of services rendered her master in her younger years; most of which had been spent in partial blindness due to a cow rustler's bullet meant for her master. As it was nearly dusk, her first thought was to call Vesuvius, but remembering the puppies she decided to go alone.

Over the second ridge, near a fenced-in water hole, the stray cow was found and started in the direction of the barn. Perhaps, thought Ella, as she drew her knees together and hung on to Maude's mane to keep from sliding over her head as they went down the slope, she could still be in time to hear all the news. Maude was so fidgety now that it was getting dark that Ella was not surprised to find herself sitting on the ground holding onto her ankle, that pained and throbbed from the fall. Now they never would get home! How could she ever get back on the horse? Now there was nothing to do but to limp painfully along, bearing her weight on the halter of the horse to steady her.

So preoccupied was she with her woes that it was not until Maude snorted and reared that she looked up, to see a man approaching from the south. The stranger was of medium height and neatly dressed. In his left hand he was carrying a dark colored bag. The color of his eyes and their expression she could not fathom as a large brimmed black hat shadowed them. Noticing the limp and seeing the child walking and leading the horse, the man, when he came within speaking distance, asked the trouble; at which, deciding that the stranger meant no harm, poured forth the tale of the one-eyed horse and her fear of the dark. The man, after looking at the ankle, said: "Just a nasty sprain that will keep you off your feet for several days. Suppose you let me help you on that gallant charger of yours," and with a lift Ella was again astride the horse.

As the man walked along beside the horse he asked questions concerning the countryside, saying that he was on his way to the West and did not know in

just what direction a cut-off that he had heard about lay. Ella was by this time perfectly at ease except for her foot, and explained and pointed the direction. As it was now past dinner time the child began to think of the lunch that she had been too excited to eat and of the supper she might miss. She asked the stranger, "Won't you be hungry walking so far without something hot to eat?" The stranger replied, "I have had so many other things on my mind that I have not thought about eating," which Ella thought a queer answer, indeed, for one on a long journey on foot. As hospitality is inbred in the mountain people, she said, "I am sure that my mother will be glad to get something." The man chuckled and said, "Yes, to tell the truth I am hungry and I greatly appreciate your mother and your kindness."

As they locked the cow in the corral the man said, "Why are you doing all of this work, aren't there any men here to take care of the cows?" To this Ella replied, "We have lots of men working here at the Mill, but the Middletown stage was held up today and they are all out hunting the robber." The man smiled and said, "Oh, they are, are they? Well, do you know if they have any clues as to who held up the stage?" The girl replied, "The rider from the mines said that it looked like Black Bart's job, but that is all they know. How I would like to see the robber. I would hate to see him hurt but I would be so excited and happy just to get a good look at him!" The man walked up closer to the girl, and placing his hand upon her shoulder said, "Oh! So it would make you happy to see Black Bart, would it?"

Nearing the house the girl said, "I will go ahead and tell mother you are here," and forgetting the ankle she quickly disappeared into the house. When she had told her mother all about the man outside, the woman filled a big plate of roast beef, potatoes and corn on the cob and asked the stranger to come in. He, however, refused, saying that he would not think of further intruding on them, so a place was set on a table on the porch. When the meal was finished and the man had praised Ella's mother's cooking, especially the apple pie, he asked to be allowed to pay for it. When this offer had been refused he said, "Now I must be getting on, but be assured that I shall never forget your kindness." The woman said, "Ella may go with you to the path leading to the cut-off and show you the direction of the trail to Pieta." Thanking her the two departed and in the yard the man lifted the small girl onto

Maude's back.

As they neared the forks of the trail the man said, "I shall never forget your kindness to me, a stranger, and I want to give you this little silver chain to show my appreciation in a small way. You said awhile ago that you would be happy if you could see Black Bart; well—you have had your wish, and tomorrow morning tell your little school friends that you have seen him. Good-bye, little friend of the mountain—I am Black Bart!"

How long the child sat there holding the silver chain in her hands she does not remember, but it was not until Maude, impatient at the delay, suddenly turned and started in the direction of home that, glancing back over her shoulder, she saw the silhouette of the man outlined against the afterglow of the evening sky, walking swiftly toward Pieta and the West.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—*Black Bart*, years after this incident, when visited at San Quentin prison by the "Ella" of this story, said, "Yes, I remember you, and I know that your mother knew whom I was."

COMMON SENSE IN BUYING

TWO YOUNG men clubbed together and raised \$50 with which to buy a dilapidated automobile. In a few days one of them was arrested for reckless driving. When arraigned in court, the youth of seventeen admitted that he and his co-owner were without jobs and had put all their money into the car. The car will be sold to pay the young man's fine.

Another case of reckless driving revealed the fact that the married owner of the car earned only \$18 a week. When the judge heard this, he let the offender off with a light fine and a heavy lecture on the foolishness of an \$18-a-week man trying to support a car.

Both of these cases came to light on the same day recently in the same city. They could be multiplied a thousand fold every day of the year.

The automobile was the turning point of the age. It has proved to be a blessing to millions. It has impoverished countless families and accomplished the financial and moral downfall of many.

Henry Ford recently said that the people of this country could not have too many cars or too many radios. Henry also sent a peace ship to Europe in 1915 to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas. To say that the public should keep on buying automobiles or radios to the limit, is the kind of advice that has led many a person into habits of ruinous extravagance.—*Thrifty Magazine*.

Page of Verse

In Those Days They Grew Men

IN those days they grew men.
The weaklings died,
Frail blossoms crushed beneath the heavy heel
Of stalking fate, remembered in the prayers
Of weary mothers, soon to bear again.
The ones that lived were harried by grim death,
By fevers, plagues, miasma of the swamps;
Baited by cold, scarred from the stern encounter
With forces, elemental, merciless.
They knew the rigors of a discipline
Cruel as the God whose punishments they saw
In every stroke of nature.

So they grew,
Body and soul alike warped, twisted, gnarled
Far from the rapturous, dreaming, high intent
Of nascent life. Hard breathing, beaten back,
Yet still upstanding, stripped of vain desires,
They ran the appointed race unto the end.
The strong survived.

In those days they grew men.

—SNOW LONGLEY.



Anachronistic

ALL day the house stands waiting. Moments pass,
And hours on the dial in the grass,
And no one comes.

The eager pine-trees whisper, lean and glance;
The live-oaks hold a magic-circle dance;
The water-lilies smile or look askance;
Still no one comes.

Why should the morning-glories overhead
Bower the guest-house, fuchsias purple and red
Bend to it lovingly, the crimson and rose-spread
Slender geraniums cluster and climb the walls,
If no one comes?

The buzzing bees visit the hollyhocks,
The heliotrope, the lilies and the phlox.
Down in a hollow place the ferns love well
Are rustic seats—a table—bowl of flowers:
Yet no one comes to fill the waiting hours,
No one to break the magic garden's spell.

What of the two who tend the little home,
Water the selfsame garden, sow the flowers,
Caress the cat, who sleeps away the hours
Or mews a whimper when they pass him by?

The mother's life is peace; her lot fulfilled
Leads her to quiet thought, no strivings more;
While eager Marion's tender heart is sore
For equal comradeship, for love and bloom.

Often the girl in the evening's subtle gloom,
Seeing the cat's grim silhouette made by the fire,
Shudders as though foredoomed in her desire
To life and garden vacant, unbeheld.
Where is her guardian angel? Where the mate
To search, discover, enter the garden gate?

In vain the blue delphinium sways her charm,
The Shasta daisy gleams, the marigolds
Nod their bright heads, orange or molten gold;
No modern suitor, like a knight of old,
Comes searching the sweet garden's treasure store.

The maiden seeds and waters, plucks a spray,
Makes all the garden beckon, makes it say,
"Won't you come in, my springtime love to share?"
* * *

No distant bugle—not one answering song—
Ah, God! must she be lonely her life long?

—ANN BULLARD.



Free From Love

YOU boast that you are free from love!
For now cool peacefulness has come
And brought to heartbreak sweet relief
From aching hours. Days are gone
With nights of disillusioned dreams,
When mornings only broke to wake again your grief!

You swear that you are free from love!
Since now the bitterness is fled
From even memories of farewell.
Beyond the wistfulness and dread
Of recollection, there is rest
For haunting visions of a disenchanted spell!

But you forget the fee of love!
That, when virility returns
To spent desire, hope will rise
Within your bosom, beat and burn!
The pipes of Pan will call encore
For those whose lips have tasted wine of Paradise!
—REX SMITH.



Noncommittal

IT is good to sit by the open grate,"
Said Tom. "Just hear that north wind moan.
The lazy flame up the chimney swirls—"
But I saw a head with golden curls
Wind-blown.

"Our fire has wonderful color tonight,"
Said Tom. "An artist's soul might fret
A weary while to paint it true."
But I saw eyes of dawn-sky blue
Tear-wet.

"You may dream about your tropic isles,"
Said Tom. "Give me the sap-log's hiss
Of a fire in the grate, and unpack my grips."
But I felt the glow of your laughing lips'
Warm kiss.

—PAMELIA PEARL JONES.

A Dream Come True

By Marion Ramon Wilson

SEATED in her workroom at the rear of the Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park, overlooking an adorable dell, Miss Alice Eastwood, the eminent botanist, felt it would be an ideal spot in which to have a garden of Shakespeare's flowers.

To this end she inspired the Spring Blossom and Wild Flower Association to work for three years to gain adequate funds. At last, in August of 1927, the club wrote for approval of their plans to the Board of Park Commissioners, who unanimously granted their request.

The spot was cleared of weeds and planted in grass to make a wonderful setting for the annuals and perennials grown in the park nursery from seeds sent to us from the bard's own garden at Stratford-upon-Avon, the generous gift of Mr. Sherman T. Blake and Sutton & Co. of England.

The pomegranate, orange and lemon trees, the myrtle, chestnut, holly, locust, black mulberry, yew, oak, birch, laurel, aspen, elder, willow, ash, walnut and elm trees, the shrubs, medicinal herbs and plants and vegetable garden are gifts of the members and their friends.

For fear many may forget the passing of time, a sundial, the gift of Mrs. Rob-

ert H. Collier, will mark the march of the sun; and for artistic delight and the joy of the birds, a lovely carrara marble fountain was given by Mrs. Charles R. Johnson.



Shakespeare Bust—Holy Trinity Church

As the garden is educational, as well as a beauty spot, Mr. Walter Bliss, the architect, designed at Mr. Phelan's request and as his gift a brick wall at the end of the garden to hold six bronze

panels of flower quotations from Shakespeare's works.

The six panels were the gifts of:

The American Association of University Women.

The Bohemian Club (in honor of the World Stage).

The English Speaking Union, California branch.

The P. E. N. (poets, essayists, novelists), San Francisco chapter.

The San Francisco Garden Club.

Mr. Albert Bender (in honor of the creative writers of California).

In the center of the wall stands a bronze copy of the Shakespeare bust made from the plaster bust executed by the sculptor George Bullock in 1814, from the Stratford church bust of Shakespeare.

The original monumental bust in Holy Trinity Church at Stratford-upon-Avon was made by Gerard Jonson, "Stone-cutter," from a mask taken a few hours after Shakespeare's death on April 23rd, 1616.

The copy is the joint gift of Mayor Archibald Flower of Stratford-upon-Avon and Senator Phelan of San Francisco.

The Tables Turned

(Continued from Page 316)

into his mouth, gazed up with large, wide-open eyes. The minister stopped in passing to stoop down and solemnly pat his cheek, with the result that the small face began to pucker and a howl seemed imminent. At the open door the visitor paused, and, doffing his hat, accosted his parishioner in slow, measured tones, "A fine day to you, Mrs. Simpson."

"A fine day it is indeed, sir," cheerily responded the little woman, pausing in her work, and looking up with a bright smile. "You will have enjoyed your quiet walk through the green lanes today. Pray be seated."

"Yes, it is pleasant in the sunshine, very pleasant. But my heart has been filled with sadness, Mistress Simpson, as I walked and mused by the way. It is an evil world. God's curse is upon it. I see the trail of the serpent on every side, and all things are ripening for destruction. How can I be merry when I think of the wrath to come?" (The minister, you will observe, was in

an extra theological mood. I know not what he had had for his dinner.)

This was too much for Mrs. Simpson, and she answered with some warmth, "Why *will* you always look on the dark side of things, sir? I'm sure God has given us plenty of blessings to think about. I'm sure he has made the world very beautiful. I can never look at the sunshine and the flowers without feeling how much He loves us. If *you* believe that He has cursed His creatures, I do not. I cannot help believing that He loves them all."

"Ah, Mistress Simpson," sighed the minister, "it grieves me much to hear you talk so. Your words savor of the carnal mind. Judge not after the sight of the eyes, lest you be led astray from sound doctrine. Are we not all by nature children of wrath, who, but for the election of grace, would be given over, even as others, to the unquenchable fire? The same divine decree whereby we, the elect, are saved from destruc-

tion, has predestined the rest of men to eternal damnation."

And in the warm sunshine without, the baby boy went on laughing and crowing, and the insects hummed, and the birds sang; and even poor drunken Jock, with his battered coat and dilapidated hat, who was leaning over the corner of the garden fence, seemed supremely contented, as with half-closed eyes he tried to count the ear-wigs that swarmed in the flowers of the hollyhock.

Having delivered himself of these sentiments, the good minister folded his hands and closed his eyes, like a man who felt he had done his duty.

Mrs. Simpson glanced up at him from under her long lashes with a strange light in her eyes. "How can you believe anything so horrible, sir? I cannot bear to think that God hates any of His creatures, and seeks to do them harm. Surely He must be a great deal better and more loving than we are.

(Continued on Page 333)

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

The Foreign Bond—Is It Safe?

By Trebor Selig

PRINCIPAL and Interest Guaranteed," says a bond circular recently mailed to investors, and lays considerable stress on this factor in the investment offered. They sound very assuring, those four words, especially that last word "Guaranteed," and they doubtless served their purpose and proved, to a great many people, the final convincing argument in the sale of the bonds offered. However, a careful analysis of the so-called "guaranty" raises a very disturbing doubt as to its value to the investor and inevitably leads to the suspicion that those four words constitute nothing more than a grandiloquent gesture designed solely to sell and not to safeguard the bonds.

There are many instances, of course, where "principal and interest guaranteed" mean all that they appear to mean; where a thoroughly responsible guarantor, able and willing, stands ready to meet any payments to investors which may not be wholly provided by revenues produced by the properties pledged as security for the bonds or notes or other evidence of debt constituting the investment. In such a case the guaranty is of value to the investor as a collateral security, but even then a thoughtful person must wonder why, if the pledged security is all that it should be, any guaranty is necessary.

In the case of the recently offered investment above referred to, it appears that the guarantor has practically his entire fortune invested in the enterprises pledged as security. There can be no reason to doubt his integrity and his confidence in the business and his willingness to make good any deficit in pledged revenues. His intentions are good, but he must not forget a well known saying that has to do with a certain highway that is reputed to be "paved with good intentions." If the security back of the investment is sound, the guaranty is unnecessary. If the security fails, the guarantor's ability to pay fades with it.

Investigation of a certain Eastern insurance concern which made a business of "guaranteeing" bond issues disclosed the fallacy of its protection. Its clients, by the payment of certain fees, were

given an insurance policy guaranteeing payment of principal and interest on bond issues. These fees, incidentally, were assessed against the investor in the shape of slightly increased purchase prices, for in such transactions as in all others, the ultimate consumer pays the costs. The bond buyer probably got his money's worth in the sense of security he felt in owning a "guaranteed bond."

But it was found that the insurance company had been more concerned about its volume of business and its collections of fees than it was in maintaining a conservative ratio between its total of risks assumed and the amount of tangible assets it held on which it could depend to meet demands under its guaranty. It had assumed risks that it should not have assumed at all and it had assumed a total of risks so far out of line with its ability to pay that the "insurance" it issued was practically worthless to the insured.

A bond issue or other security offered may be adequately protected by mortgaged property of ample value and of dependable earnings quite sufficient to meet all requirements of its indebtedness, yet the business or the property or the borrower may be unknown to the public to such a degree that the ready sale of its securities would be difficult. In such a case, the guaranty, if honestly made by a responsible and well known guarantor, would be of legitimate use to the underwriter in the sale of the security, and of dependable assurance to the investor. Many such guaranteed investments are offered to the public, but so, also, are many doubtful ones.

Readers of investment magazines and of the financial news pages, investors whose names are on the lists of many investment houses, observed a sudden popularity of this "guaranteed investment" idea a couple of years ago. It was not new, but it attained a notably wider vogue among dealers in certain types of investment at a time when one such concern failed after selling its clients many millions of dollars of bonds which, being underwritten by an inexperienced house and improperly safeguarded, soon fell into default. Several competitors of even unquestioned standing then adopted the guaranty as a means

of reassurance. It was at that time that the investigation of one of the insurance concerns employed proved that a guaranty does not always guarantee.

"Our bonds will not be offered on any such basis," was the decision of the head of the biggest of this group of underwriting houses, one which has a notable career for sound financing over a long period of years. "If a bond issue is sufficiently sound, of itself, to be a desirable investment on its own merits, we will sponsor it before our clientele and offer it with our assurance that it is sound. If it is not, no insurance policy will cure its fundamental defects, and we will have nothing to do with it." It is noteworthy that that house lost no clients because of this policy and its clients continued to trust more in the responsibility and integrity of the house than it did in the advertised "insured" and "guaranteed" features of the bonds offered by its competitors.

The investor must not be misled by those four alluring and persuasive words, "principal and interest guaranteed." Sometimes they mean just what it is intended the investor should believe them to mean, but sometimes they are used merely as a gaudy coating to an unsound piece of work. One cannot take such a statement at its face value. One must always look behind it at the actual pledged property back of the investment. Satisfied as to that, he should analyze the guaranty. It may or may not be an additional security, but his first and fundamental concern must be the pledged property and its revenues. And he must always consider, as of almost as great importance as the mortgaged security, the reputation and record of the investment house which sponsors the investment and recommends it to him as sound and desirable.

TO POETS

If interested in having your poems appear in a high class magazine—

THE POETS' SCROLL

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"The High Road and the Low"

Edith Elden Robinson

THERE is ever the "high road and the low road" in all things. None the less is there in literature. Much today is said regarding the forms of poetry. There is just one thing that critics agree upon, and that is, poetry at the present time is not stable. And there is proof of this statement.

The lovers of the old forms—the sonnet, that most dignified type of poetry, the worshipers of Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson endeavor to tell us that the present status of poetry is lamentable; that there are *no* poets; that unless a God of Poetry is born, poetry, the most elevated form of literature ever known, is doomed. We find finely phrased articles challenging the modern poets to the fray and, in one and the same breath, sounding their knell.

These articles, of course, are written by cranks, by prejudiced minds, by those "who have formed their own opinions," and once having done so, are open to *no new thought*; who, more often than not, have been handed the "key" by great universities that have expected those worthy of this honor would step into the world well-born and ready to receive with open arms and broadened minds, all new things of consequence, for it is the law of order, that "old forms must ever give way to new forms—and who are you, or who am I (because we wear the "key" and carry the "pad-lock" of this or that great institution, to say that this or that form of poetry is the better?

The so-called *vers libre* is NOT new, for in the days of Confucius, some of the most excellent poetry of this style was written—not handed down by word of mouth rather, written in the notebooks of the poets, for in those days the works of the writers were unpublished. You read their bits of prose or poetry from their own notebooks as you sit

and sip your tea in the tea houses. If you liked it you copied that particular verse or prose into your own—and gave the poet due credit. If today or tomorrow you saw another poet and liked his work, you did the same all over again, and he did likewise. Thus the verse of those days became the verse of present-day China and very creditable verse was written. But let me impress you, once more, not in form nor style varying much from the poetry the many choose to call "new form poetry" today.

Another instance, take this passage from Shakespeare, whom all agree is the master of his art:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice
blest;
. . . . We do not pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us
all to render
The deeds of mercy."

Do not accents fall in beauty of measure? Yet, it is blank verse. One may easily compare this with work of Amy Lowell or many another writer of the blank and free verse—and if Shakespeare, the Master, may use this style of poetry, why not the writer of modern verse, if he but know whereof he speaks, without all this furore of comment by the critics?

"Ah, but that is the very point," some remark. "Those who know not what they do give us free and blank verse and choose to call it poetry, and then they quote Carl Sandburg and many another of his form and style.

There are opinions and opinions upon poetry, as upon all other phases and forms of literature, but upon no other thing is there so great a diversified opinion as upon what makes good poetry.

One critic reads a particular poem and pronounces it, at once, bad—very bad, while another comes along and lauds the poet who wrote that bit of poetry to the skies. Who then, is to say what makes poetry?

There is the high and the low in poetry. There will ever be. But there is fast becoming the mean, as well, and it is my opinion and I believe that of many earnest students of the subject, that there will be a fusing and a blending of the poetry of yesterday and that of today, which will create a poetry of tomorrow far excelling anything we know thus far. And—why not? In all phases of art there is progression. Were I to believe that poetry of the long ago would be the poetry of the morrow, I must needs defy the laws of the universe, and I do not choose thus to do.

Much poetry that is written today had better never have seen the light of day; but there is, also, much poetry that is given the world that is very beautiful. One hundred years from now the tale will be told. Another Shakespeare or Rossetti or Shelley may have been born in your very midst and like the one great Master, gone on his way unsung and scorned by you.

So, in conclusion, I wish to convey to my readers that poetry is a beautiful form of art, appealing to the emotions, to the intellect and to the ear, and if it has done *this*, he who has written this poetry, whether it be blank, verse libre or adheres to the wornout forms or whether it blazes for itself a new pathway, should be welcomed as worthy the name poet, and his work, the name of *poetry*.

THE LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

There was held at Portland, Oregon, August 9th, 10th and 11th, the annual convention of the League of Western Writers. The president, Col. E. Hofer, of Salem, Oregon, and his associate officers prepared a program rich in value and holding in interest. During the three days' session there were notable addresses and discussions on varied themes and phases of work properly falling within the scope of the League's activities. A number of these papers will later find place in the columns of the Overland Monthly.

The League embraces territory of our 11 Western States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico and Hawaiian Islands. The League elected as its president Arthur H. Chamberlain. The 1929 convention will be held in San Francisco. The feeling was generally expressed that the League had reached the point in its development where the force and backing of a Western literary magazine was required, and the Overland Monthly was by common consent thought to be the only magazine to fill this requirement. In a later issue we shall speak more fully of plans for co-operation now under way.

"A Mercury of the Golden Era"

ACCOMPANYING "The Pathfinder," John C. Fremont, on several of his expeditions, was Captain Knight.

On the way home after the fourth expedition, the party passed through a beautiful foothill country.

When the discovery of gold lured all the world to California, Captain Knight joined the endless caravan, trekking westward. Reaching the San Joaquin River he heard tales of fabulous wealth in the hills above. Leaving Stockton with his outfit, he reached the country he had passed over with Fremont. His astutely figured that at a certain point along the Stanislaus River was an excellent place for a townsite, as it lay between Stockton and Sonora. "The Queen City of the Mines." At this point he built a ferry, an hotel, also opened a store. In a few weeks the ferry was a city, the gateway to rich bars, flats, ravines and gulches, where armies of gold seekers were tearing the red, gold-strewn soil. The captain's city prospered and grew. From the four corners of the world came the nugget seekers.

On a hot June day, John Rett, with his worldly belongings carried on his back, came to the ferry and "put up" at the Metropolitan Hotel. In the evening when the lumbering Concord stage arrived from Stockton, with its new quota of passengers, Bill Boyd, who deftly handled the ribbons, swung himself off the driver's seat. His glance fell upon John Rett. Spitting a quid of tobacco with unerring aim at a hole in a plank of the stoop, exclaimed: "How by Sam Hill did you manage to outrun my horses, down the pike, young feller?" "Well, I've always had a hankering for running, you see, and I ken run some," grinned the lean, lanky, sinewy John. "Boys, this here feller ken run, and youse all know that I ken tell a runner. My treat, come on, all of youse," and the crowd moved toward the bar to liquor up.

Rett was a Yankee, full of enterprise and glib of tongue. He soon became well known at the Ferry and by his ingenuity and energy made money. He often twitted Bill Boyd: "Hell, Bill, I could beat your old stage any day delivering mail."

Stage time was the event of the day. The whole population gathered at the postoffice, and on Saturday nights the miners came to the Ferry from miles around to get their mail. Even the

By Juliette Mourn Hood

Celestials came to "catchee him letter." Watching old Rattlesnake Joe wearily coming for his paper gave John Rett an idea. Why not carry the mail to all the bars and camps to these miners. He was strong, fleet of foot and would enjoy the daily adventure, also the scheme would pay well.

The next issue of the "Bee" had this card:

"Retts Lightening Express, Running to Two-Mile Bar, Six-Mile Bar, O'Byrnes Ferry, Crimea House, Scorpion Bar, Spanish Bar, French Bar and Green Springs, leaving Knights Ferry Wednesdays and Saturdays on arrival of stages from Stockton, returning Tuesdays and Fridays.

Collections made and commissions executed promptly.

Letters and packages carried and delivered with security."

John Rett.

The Ferry turned out en masse to witness the "Lightening Express" begin its initial trip.

Like the swift-winged messenger of the immortals, the god of speech and the genius of the roads, who with the wand of Apollo was irresistible in bringing concord and harmony, the Mercury of the ancients, John Rett, the Mercury of the Golden Era, packed the mail on his back, took his oddly twisted staff of manzanita and amid cheers began his journey.

Traveling swiftly, day and night, summer and winter, over hills, mountains, flats, gulches, ravines and deep canyons, he carried messages from the outland to the miners in camps and in isolated cabins and with facile speech cheered many a lonely heart with a word, a story, a jest, a bit of news or gossip.

Two-Mile Bar was his first stop. It was a rich mining settlement on the Stanislaus with hundreds of miners washing the golden sands. Two big Chinese companies had also hundreds of Chinese "cleaning up" the claims deserted by the white man. There were stores, hotels, saloons, with many tents and remadas. The husky miners evinced their inbred love for trees and plants by planting the native California palms before their cabin doors.

Six-Mile Bar, farther up the river, Scorpion, Willow, Spanish and French

Bars were roaring camps thronged with miners. Many a long weary mile did the "Lightening Express" travel to reach these bars on schedule.

From O'Byrnes Ferry through various mining camps in the flats and gulches, through Green Springs to the Crimea House, with "Pioneer souls, where highways never ran," eagerly waiting for the coming of mail, papers and packages, the "Express" was a real convenience.

For several years the Mercury of the Golden Era continued his "Lightening Express" service with great punctuality.

One day it did not arrive on time. Night came, but Rett did not come. The next day and still no "Express." On the third day news came that the "Lightening Express" service had ended, the Mercury of the Golden Era had become the messenger of the immortals. The faithful and beloved John Rett had been found drowned in one of the many deep shafts filled with water. Various theories were advanced as to the cause of his death, but as the mail was undisturbed, it was concluded that he had accidentally walked into his watery grave during the darkness, as he often traveled at night. John Rett had "crossed the Bar," and his passing was deeply regretted by many a warm hearted, red-shirted miner.

The Pony Express, Wells Fargo, with the cumbersome stage coaches, continued his work.

Time has wrought changes. The Bars are deserted, leaving the palms at Two-Mile Bar, as living legends of the past.

O'Byrnes Ferry lives in the reflected glow of Bret Harte's "Poker Flat."

The Crimea House, Green Springs, and countless hectic mining camps are now peacefully basking in the traditions of the golden past.

The charming fiction of the Greeks and Egyptians, that Mercury was the winged messenger of the gods, by whom they sent the fleet, inventive idea from heaven to earth, seems to contain a grain of truth as on November 6, 1927, the "Spirit of the Motherlode," the winged messenger, carried a bar of gold from the famous Demarest mine to the mint at San Francisco, over country where the Mercury of the Golden Era blazed paths, inaugurating the Gold Streak Air Express.

"The spirit of the old is father of the new."

Casting a Thought

By Mona London

THE day is glorious. It is a day following stormy days and nights, when the atmosphere is definitely clean. A few clouds sparse the sky, overshadowing some hill-tops "across-the-bay." From my window I vision clearly a bay,—our Bay of San Francisco, and its Golden Gate. The water is green and superficially tranquil, excepting along the rocky edges of shore where the underforce dashes mightily in a foamy froth of turmoil.

A few days ago, a mighty storm raged along the coast, destroying ships and taking its toll of lives. On the hills beyond the bay, and the few unresided spots on the flat below our hill, green grass carpets the earth like a canvas painted with a mighty brush.

And the question comes again, Why, oh why, can we not have this beauty without the storm's destruction? Is the logarithm of all life to be found in the word destruction?

Must we destroy the life of the tree to build us a home? Is it not true that the destruction of life in varied forms is necessary to perpetuate life in higher forms? We sow the wheat but to grind it in the mill. We care for the flowers but to pluck them. We nurture the lamb but to lead it to slaughter. We shelter the logs from the stormy weather but to carefully burn them at our pleasure and be annoyed with cleaning the ashes.

We must destroy but to conserve our

strength or our time, or afford ourselves pleasure. It is the order of life. The wheat must be threshed to give new life and better wheat. The forest must be hewn that the sunshine may warm the earth and make room for better shelter. Mankind is too advanced to live in the tree. If we did not kill the sheep they would starve to death and soon be specimens for a museum of the extinct, unless we allowed them to roam our gardens and destroy our vegetable food. Ground is too congested for the roaming wild.

These material things are only examples of "Morale." As babies we are given sentiments of pleasure, of pain, of trust, of fear, of impatience. And those things which as children afford us pleasure die naturally in significance as years steal on. What has given us pain scarcely troubles us. Even our trust in the judgment of our parents turns to better faith in ourselves. That which we feared as children causes us to laugh at its impotency. Our impatience is killed in our ability to make an effort.

We live to compete with forces while those other forces are competing with forces. It is an endless strife of the complex. The stronger utilizing the weaker, and the strength based entirely upon the intelligence, or belief in intelligence.

The intelligent man is the complex. His morale is supersensitive. Some are

able to show it less than others. But in the most apparently calm person there seeths a turmoil of emotions.

And these emotions are born to be destroyed. And if they are not conquered then the possessor is destroyed. The greatest emotions of character bring the most grief to their possessor. They are the strongest and most powerful elements of the soul; the chain that binds them is selfishness. When selfishness is crushed then all turmoil ceases. Life does not necessarily become languid. In fact, to the contrary, great poise is resultant, and where there is poise, energy does not run amuck, but concentrates.

Energy may concentrate on evil or on good. Crime is the outcome of abject concentration, but nevertheless of definite concentration. Crime requires poise in the last analysis. Crime is a characteristic of the insane, and in thought should be treated as such.

Energy must not be wasted on emotions. Emotions are destructive. They are a force to be destroyed—if one would play with contentment.

Love should be a fact, not an emotion. In its infancy it must pass through the emotional stage. In its maturity it must be an unselfish fact. When selfishness is dead—turmoil passes on. Love repeats itself with a myriad of emotions—principally suffering. The reason is selfishness. Selfishness and Love battle on, ever the same until one is destroyed.

The Children

By Edna Anderson

I WAS baking bread that day, and my temper was as hot as the oven. I drew out the crackling loaves with their sound, firm crust, and shoved in pans of milk biscuit. The children stood by a-shiver with apprehension at my vigor and haste.

"Haven't you anything to do?" I scolded them. "Take the dogs and go and keep those sheep from the alfalfa."

So they went away, two little boys in blue overalls, and two big yellow collies. The sheep trotted before them, and birds flew back and forth, passing one another, some silent, some with song. At noon my temper and the oven had cooled, and I wanted to give the shepherds something good to eat. They ate, their large eyes searching mine. But a little patter of glad talk between them-

selves ran on beneath their gravity.

"Did you get hungry?" I asked, ready to be kind now that my work was over. "Do you want to go back again?"

Then Ben nodded; but little John, with a curious hesitation:

"'U'd you like us to stay with you?"

I thought of the window washing I could do so well unhindered.

"Those sheep ought to be watched," I answered. "You'd better go, boys."

I wondered then at their joint smile, half glad and half sorry. But they went and stayed late. I saw them coming while I waited anxiously. The sun was setting; but the eastern sky against which their figures moved was as blue as in the morning. The grass had grown still,

and the dogs walked quietly, looking tall in the evening shadow.

"What made you so late?" I demanded—rather than asked.

They did not answer frankly, but smiled at each other in that joint strange fashion.

"We—the sheep got away," Ben said.

"Well, you should have watched," I answered. "That's what you're there for—"

The two collies bounded up, curvetting; and at their growling over a fresh, new bone, my children laughed, too.

I shut the sheep in the pen, and then I poured milk into two blue bowls, and sliced a loaf of bread.

"We'll herd again tomorrow," said Ben.

(Continued on Page 327)

Oregon's Own Highway—an Appreciation

By Beatrice B. Beebe

EVERY achievement is a dream long before it becomes a tangible reality. In the mind of every great benefactor of mankind exists an ideal which struggles for expression. Sometimes the struggle is a brief one, more often it is not. The telephone, the airplane, the radio, the moving picture, and the automobile were each subjected to the scornful ridicule of those who lacked the vision of the inventor.

Thus it has ever been. What cannot be seen with the human eye, touched with the human hand, and heard with the human ear is all too often made the object of contempt, and the man who holds an ideal beyond the ken of the immediate time in which he is living becomes marked as a fanatic, a crank. Call him that if you will, but at the same time thank God for the fanatic, the crank. Thank God for the Morse, the Bell, the Marconi, the Edison, the Wright, the Ford, all down the list of those who have contributed to the betterment of the world.

Even so far back as the earliest years of the Christian era the truism that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" was well recognized. It often takes an outsider to appreciate the merits of the person who, through long association, has become a commonplace figure.

Our own poet of the West, Joaquin Miller, was discredited in the district where he resided until he had won a place with the English public. Not that that was attained without a struggle, but the strife for a literary start was gained there after he had tried in vain to win the ear of his own people. That he never lost faith in his own is proved by the fact that he returned to them with a wholehearted forgiveness of their former slights. He knew that they just did not understand.

The poet's brother, George Melvin Miller, is of the same type. A man with a vision. A vision which has been his chief thought and disappointment and joy from the time when he was a boy of seventeen years. When he speaks of this vision, his eyes are uplifted and you feel with him the grandeur of the scene as he unfolds it before your mental eye. A scene of commerce, of transportation, of traffic; a road of safety and ease and beauty; a highway of progress, of activity, of life. Can you not see it with the eyes of a youth standing in awe on the summit of a mountain pass in the far-away year of 1870, when East was separated from her sister West by tower-

ing steeples clothed in almost eternal snow? When winter fastnesses hemmed men in with a barrier of glittering white. When the automobile was no more than an ideal in the life of some other youth. An ideal totally unknown and undreamed of by this lad, who, with reverently bared head, marveled at the beauty and wonder of God's handiwork, and so was privileged to drink from the majesty about him inspiration which is

WHO?

*JIMMY lived in a lumber camp
In a dark and quiet wood.
He talked to the trees and wild birds,
And fancied they understood.*

*The years sped on, and Jimmy grew
More lonely day by day;
The wood held only tall, straight trees,
So why should Jimmy stay?*

*One evening he sought a quiet talk
With his feathered friends—the birds;
He told them of his loneliness,
In a woodsman's simple words.*

*"I've stayed here years and years," he said,
"I'm tired and lonely and blue;
I shall get married to a girl
Who is comely, good and true."
An owl in a treetop answered him
With "Who, Who, Who?"*

SUZANNE MCKELVEY.

to meet its fulfillment fifty-seven years later. For when to the people of Oregon and of the United States is given the completed highway which, joining with the Lincoln Highway, will sever the last barrier between the two vast oceans that bound our land, then will the dream that had its inception in 1870 be a reality.

In these fifty-seven years there have been many disappointments; many times when less far-visioned ones would not even listen to his dream; but the dream was a joy that could not be turned into sorrow, and Mr. Miller never faltered in his efforts for its realization.

To many perhaps unacquainted with the history of what is to be known as the U. S. Highway No. 28, the following statement by George Melvin Miller may be of interest:

"I discovered the virtues of the McKenzie Pass in 1870, when I was only seventeen years old. My parents and brothers had crossed the plains in 1852 and had told me much about the country from the eastern boundary of Oregon to the Missouri, known as the Oregon Trail. In that same years, 1870, I met John T. Craig, who lost his life at the summit of the McKenzie Pass in 1878 while carrying the United States mail. He had worked steadily for fifteen years exploring and opening new grades over the Pass. He was the first man to traverse the Lost Creek Canyon, and devoted to it his whole time for ten years before the first wagon made the grade up Lost Creek. I knew Craig intimately from 1870 till his death, camped with him, and from his vision and devotion caught the thought that has lately developed into the transcontinental highway.

"Later, in 1882, I organized a party of four in Eugene who fought their way through the dense woods to the Florence Harbor, then having only a few settlers confined to the lands accessible by boat on tidewater. After discovering the low pass through the Coast Range between Eugene and the ocean, and remembering what my parents, John T. Craig, and others had told me about the country through Central Oregon and the Oregon Trail, I conceived the notion that some sort of transportation line was needed leading from ocean to ocean.

"My older brothers had been over much of the Inland Empire, one as county judge in Grant County when it comprised almost one-third of the state. In 1887 I had founded the town of Florence and developed an ambition for transportation to the interior. Of course, at that time a railroad was the ne plus ultra of transportation knowledge, and plans were laid for railroad construction.

"I had, 1890, started the promotion of Fairmont as a 400-acre addition to Eugene, and made a co-operative agreement for division of this property on completion of the railroad from Florence to this point. However, the financial panic of 1893 stopped construction before any rails were laid.

"In the meantime Lane County had opened the wagon road over the McKenzie Pass, and another between Eugene and the Coast, giving a continuous route of travel between Florence and New York city as early as 1890. Mail routes were established and stages made sched-

ule time during the dry and open seasons. Settlers were filling Lane County with new blood, and new plans developed for the promotion of railroad construction between Eugene and the Florence harbor, resulting in the formation of the Lane County Asset Company, composed entirely of local people who proposed to build an electric railroad from Eugene to Florence. They were successful in getting about four miles graded when, in 1910, the company sold its grade to the Southern Pacific Company. By 1912 the Southern Pacific had laid its rails over the county road and appropriated the only available land route.

"About this time the automobile began to attract attention, and the Lincoln Highway Association was organized. Realizing that the Southern Pacific would not give us adequate transportation to the East, I organized the Central Oregon Highway Association—merged later into the New York and Florence Highway—forming co-operation with the Lincoln Highway, and took up the matter of transcontinental service with the Bureau of Good Roads and Forest Department. By comparison of official maps it was soon learned that this is the shortest route between New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago to the Oregon shore of the Pacific, and this fact appealed to all unprejudiced minds as the most economical for service to the largest number of people.

"Then, as a military factor, in the event of foreign war, it appears to be a military necessity for defense of the Coast. The whole Coast of the state

is without military defense of any kind. This is why the United States engineers insist on an eighty-foot right of way through the mountain passes. If Oregon land was all prairie so that roads could be built anywhere, perhaps eighty feet for right of way would not be required, but as all traffic east and west will be confined to the narrow mountain passes, to avoid congestion, extra width must be provided. Also, where heavy cuts and fills are to be made, wider room is needed.

"The lack of enthusiasm in Lane County over this great highway can be due only to a lack of understanding of its potential value. Only comparatively few persons are able to vision things they cannot see with the natural eye, and only less than half a dozen of our people have traveled it between Florence and Boise, Idaho. This county should congratulate itself on the prospect of securing the Pacific terminal of so great a national highway. The latest chosen highway map allocating all national highways, shows U. S. Highway No. 30 leads from New York city, through Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Omaha to Ontario, Oregon; and U. S. Highway No. 28 leads from Ontario over the McKenzie Pass, through Eugene to Florence. This is the official routing. Of course, the present grade will be improved by straightening, widening, and shortening; as, for instance, the route from Eugene to Florence will leave Eugene on Eleventh avenue, follow the railroad closely to Noti over the Badger Grade, saving more than ten miles in distance and five hundred feet of hill climbing, over the present route of 1175 feet elevation.

"This highway connects every north and south highway of the continent, cutting tourist mileage to the minimum for all who want to see 'America first.' I would urge all Lane County people to become familiar with this highway by studying the official maps and by driving upon it. Every man, woman and child should drive it from the Pacific to the summit of the McKenzie Pass to get the full value of its scenic charms. I was on this McKenzie Pass in 1870, five years before any wagon had made the Lost Creek Grade, and I have been enjoying the memory of its magnificent scenery ever since."

In a very few more months the dream held sacred by a mere lad of seventeen, and to which he has clung for fifty-seven years, no matter how futile seemed his hope for its fulfillment, will be no longer just a dream. In the opening of this highway the message to all the world seems to be that so well expressed in the famous lines by the brother, the closing lines of "Columbus":

"He gained a world, he gave that world

Its grandest lesson: On! Sail on!"

So when you are enjoying the pleasure of travel over the road that shall be known as U. S. Highway No. 28, give a passing thought of gratitude that to the dreamers of this earth are vouchsafed visions which become the very life of their being, and which in their fulfillment bring joy to mankind. And never hereafter be guilty of labeling the ideal of another as folly of an overwrought brain. Rather, condemn yourself for inability to see through his eyes, and so shall the prophet not lack honor even "in his own country."

Laughing Eyes

(Continued from Page 313)

recalled. Then every wagging tongue in Viso, unloosened by the old scandal, would tell the story in every dirty house. The cannery women would know it, they would spend hours elaborating upon it. Once more a finger of scorn, with obvious delight, would be pointed at Alice. That she could endure, but she could not or would not allow Edward's name to be a subject for their noisy, confused, ceaseless chatter. Edward, who lay so still on the old iron bed, old Eddie with the laughing eyes, must be spared.

Alice recalled what Heber had said before he left. He had pointed out to her that there was plenty of water in the bowl and pitcher, in case "there

might be sparks in the underneath things."

The crowd below was growing larger, the confused babble of many voices louder. Yes, it might have been possible for sparks to have remained in the underneath blankets. With the lamp in one hand Alice examined the bedding. Standing directly in front of the window where the curiosity-hungry gathering could not watch her, she removed the wick from the kerosene lamp. Carefully she poured the liquid over the bedding. The chimney crashed on the floor, the lighted wick she tossed on the bed.

"Help! Fire!" she shouted, and ran from the room.

When Heber and the sheriff returned, they were too late. Red flames spired upward into a black sky. Grey, rotten walls tumbled into a heap of iron bedsteads, iron stoves, and the remains of a single tin bathtub.

Alice, watching, felt that Edward would have approved. No investigation would be made now, no coroner would ask if the window had been found closed or open. The cause of his death could not have been ignoble—for he had crossed a continent for a sight of the woman whom he loved, had given her his all, and in his death had freed her from the confines of the dull, grey walls she had so long despised.

The Children

(Continued from Page 324)

"Yes," said little, old-fashioned John, who wore his overalls so quaintly.

Their smile shared some secret.

"Don't you get lonely?" I asked, trying to appear indifferent.

"It's fun," said Ben.

And: "It's fun out there in the grass," said John. "We're close to the big hill."

They trotted away in the morning. The leader of the sheep, a slim brown goat, went ahead, while its bell called to the others. A day moon, very pale, was fading in the west. The children turned to say "Good-bye," but absent-mindedly. The dogs were saying, "Good-morning!" to the sheep. It was such a bright young company, faced toward the old hills!

I went back to the kitchen. I would churn while the boys were gone. I thought:

"Why don't they get lonely, all alone, out there? They seemed glad to go."

At noon I blew a horn, and again and again. They were very long in coming.

"My! You're slow!" I scolded. "What were you doing?"

Little John had strawberries in his hot, round fist.

"Here 're berries for you," he said.

I was petty enough to pay no attention.

"What were you doing out there so long?" I insisted.

"Herding," answered little John. His beautiful, mahogany-colored hair shook down over his face. "Let Ben an' me carry a lunch, Ma. Then you won't need to call us."

But I scolded him. I didn't let him know that I would be lonely all day long. I didn't let him know that.

"Yes! You think I've time to put up lunches for you! I'm slaving all day long."

They were quiet, while the dogs lay down in the shade. The heat was yellow on the land when they went back again, the dumb things hurrying, trusting, glad; and the little half-dumb things with their wistful faces. I watched them, feeling a smarting at my eyes. I knew that it was not weariness of this slavish life, nor physical weariness; nor was it the callouses on palms once pink and soft. It was just because of that little company, going farther and farther away toward the grass and the moving shadows. It was because my heart was over-rested and my body over-tired.

But I washed out the churn and drained the butter, and went out to feed

the hens. Suddenly I knelt down and tried to pat one Plymouth Rock on her cap of a rose-red comb. But she was afraid and ran plumply away, cackling the while.

"Well, my work's done," I thought. "My work's done for today. I'll go out and visit the children. That's what I'll do! They're near the big hill."

I ran in and washed my face and hands and combed my hair. I put on a clean gingham dress, and looked at myself in the glass. Then I went hurrying toward the big hill, glad in the autumn weather. The plain went on and on till it changed to soft air.

By and by I began to call:

"Ben! Little John!"

I heard the bell of the leader, and a rustle of tall grass. I came on the boys, up to their knees in blue larkspur. After all, *they* did not answer. A tall girl stepped out of the weeds and answered for them. She spoke like an interpreter for all children.

"I heard you calling. We've been playing hide-and-seek." Then *she* called, and at the sound of her voice, the children did not linger. They came running; and the golden dogs began to frisk. The girl stood gravely looking at me. She went on:

"I'm from the Floweree Ranch. I'm herding today. The men are busy all this week."

Ben and little John ran up to her.

"You're it!" they shouted; and they tumbled over on the dogs that dodged and curvetted among the sunflowers.

She hesitated and looked at me. I remembered when I had run, years ago. The delight of my children, who were so sober and quaint at home, made me reckless.

"Let's go on playing," I said.

My children were shy of me. They did not think that I could run. They tagged after the girl, who was never out of breath. The dogs, the field, even the gaunt gray sheep, seemed following *her*. Yet her joy, her almost wild delight, were made more memorable by the gentleness of her voice. I tried to talk as she talked; I tried to be terse, and whimsical, and wise. I saw Ben and little John full of thoughts of fairies. Yet try as I might, my speed and my words lagged behind her—she who was barefoot,—a stray herding-girl.

We ate lunch by an old, old drift on the sandstone hill. The sheep lay down; and even the leader, a goat, was quiet,

and we could not hear the bell.

The children made a wreath for her; she turned and made a wreath for me. I was foolish, and could not help but be bitter. All the time her profile shone against the autumn world; all the time her slow words came, my mind was running itself into a dark crack and hurting itself for no good. How much she knew! Everything worth knowing, of the lovely world which is the only real world; of clouds that move with the wind, never against it; of colts, born with the heritage of perfect paces; of curlews pretending to be hurt, that yet soar and soar when their nest is safe.

The children fell asleep, one on either side of her. So we were alone; and I thought of a "piece" in my school reader—Why don't readers have more in them about women whose faces launch white ships?

So I thought; and I said to her:

"You aren't really from the Floweree Ranch. You know that! You're strange to this country."

Her young face below that simple, heroic wreath shone against the old hill; I wanted to tell her:

"You're some resurrected woman, stepped into the childhood that you wear. You've lived many war-rewarded centuries. You stand on the thrones of people who have given you the knowledge that *they* knew."

But I could not say that—I could only say, watching her:

"You're not from the Floweree Ranch"; and she could only contradict, gently: "Yes, I *am* from the Floweree Ranch."

"Why am I *this* way?" I wondered. "Why is she *that* way?—she, barefoot, a stray herding-girl, seeing three worlds all the time. Not just one world; there are two others, water and sky—both blue."

The dogs barked; and there came up the hill, panting, flushed, Mrs. Floweree. She had thrown her gingham apron over her head for a sunbonnet.

"That's just the way I look," I thought.

"Prentiss!" she called.

If there had been one cloud in the sky, I would have said that its shadow rested on the girl.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered.

"How-do?" spoke Mrs. Floweree to me, still flushed and panting. "My! This is an awful climb! Prentiss, you

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The League of Western Writers: Constitution and By - Laws

The Constitution and By-Laws of the League of Western Writers as revised and adopted at the annual meeting of the League in Portland, Oregon, August 9th, 10th and 11th, are given herewith. A Committee on Revision, headed by Mr. Ben Field, of Los Angeles, had been at work during the year past. This revised document is based on the experiences of the League since its organization and upon the experiences of associations of like ideals and purposes. It will be noted that provision is made for branch leagues wherever five or more members are so situated geographically as to form such branch. It is the purpose also of the League to act as a central clearing house and to provide for federation of those clubs, societies and organizations and scattered through the western territory that have letters as their primary interest.

LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

WHEREAS at this time there exists in the Western portion of the American Continent no inclusive association of writers; and whereas the organization of such an association would stimulate authorship and assist in the publication of such writing as might prove worthy.

Now, therefore, in order to advance the interests of the writers residing in the territory above described, an association is hereby formed with the hope and design and purpose that the same will prove of mutual help and benefit, and will stand as an encouragement to praiseworthy literary effort.

CONSTITUTION

Article I NAME

Section 1. The name of this organization shall be The League of Western Writers.

Article II OBJECTS

Section 1. The object of this League shall be to improve the literary product of the Western portion of the United States and Canada, and of Alaska, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands; to foster and encourage high ideals and the noblest forms of literature among writers residing therein; to bring such writers into closer association for the purpose of mutual advancement and enlightenment and, through organization and united effort, to secure to them better results from their writing, and to insure for those showing educational and literary talent of high order the greatest possible assistance.

Sec. 2. To procure adequate copyright legislation.

Sec. 3. To assist in protecting the literary property of its members, and to disseminate information as to their rights and interests as authors.

Sec. 4. To create a Bureau or Clearing House, and to this end appoint members of the League or secure assistance in helping members to dispose of their manuscripts; and to render other aid to members in the province of such Bureau.

Article III MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. Any person who resides in the United States, Canada, Alaska, Mexico or the Hawaiian Islands and is a writer, dramatist, scenario writer, musical composer, graphic artist, sculptor or other creator of copy-rightable material, and who occupies a recognized position in his or her profession, shall be eligible for membership in this organization.

Sec. 2. Other writers, artists, composers,

publishers, book-sellers, art dealers, musical and dramatic producers and performers, etc., who have sympathy with the objects of the League, but are unable to comply with the requirements of Section 1 of this Article, may be admitted as Associate members, and shall receive all reports and share in all the privileges of the League, except they shall not have a vote.

Sec. 3. The Advisory Board shall pass on all applications for membership.

Sec. 4. The application of a person desiring to join the League shall recite evidence of literary work published by him, or of other requisite creative art work, and shall be signed by two members in good standing in the League.

Article IV OFFICERS

Section 1. The officers of the League shall be a President, President Emeritus, Honorary President, First Vice President, Second Vice President, Third Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, a Critic, and a Librarian—provided that the offices of Secretary, Treasurer and Librarian, or any two of them, may be combined and vest in one person.

Sec. 2. There shall be an elective Executive Committee consisting of one member from each of the following: Canada, Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nevada, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands.

Sec. 3. The Officers of the League, excluding those that are appointive, and the Executive Committee shall be elected by majority vote of the delegates and members present and voting at the annual Convention of the League. The Officers and members of the Committee and Board shall hold office for one year, or until their successors are elected and qualified.

Sec. 4. A nominating committee shall be named by the President. Its duty shall be to submit names of nominees for offices for the ensuing year. Other nominations may be made from the floor, but for the fiscal year 1928 and 1929 the President shall appoint the Treasurer and Librarian of the League.

BRANCH LEAGUES

Sec. 5. Any number of branch leagues may be formed, with the approval of the Advisory Board, but not otherwise. There shall be five or more active members in a district where such a branch league is formed; or five or more people may meet and thereafter petition the League for membership. Such petition shall be subject to the approval of the Advisory Board.

Article V ADVISORY BOARD

Section 1. The President shall appoint an Advisory Board, consisting of seven members, four of whom shall reside within reasonable distance of the President, and three of whom may reside in any section or sections under jurisdiction of the League.

Article VI AMENDMENTS

Section 1. This Constitution may be amended by motions made in writing, to be submitted to and approved by a majority vote, of those present at any joint meeting of the Executive Committee and the Advisory Board, and subsequently adopted by majority vote of the members of the League, constituting a quorum, present at any Convention of the League; or such proposed amendments may be presented directly to any annual convention of the League, provided notice thereof is given one year in advance.

BY-LAWS Article I MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. An applicant for membership in the League shall make his application in writing to the Secretary, stating therein his name, residence, and the title of some writing or other work of creative art, of which he is the author, and the place and date of publication thereof, or of its appearance. Any such applicant may be nominated for membership in the League by written endorsement of two members thereof attached to the application.

Article II POWER TO SUSPEND

Section 1. The Advisory Board shall have power to suspend or expel any member of the League for sufficient cause by vote of two-thirds of the membership of the Board present at any regular or special meeting.

A member so suspended or expelled shall have the right to appeal from the order of the Advisory Board at the next annual Convention of the League.

Article III DUES

Section 1. The annual dues for the individual members of the League shall be three dollars, payable annually in advance on or before the 31st day of July of each year. When such dues are collected by a branch League, one dollar shall be retained by said branch for its treasury, the remaining two dollars to be forwarded promptly to the

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Books



Writers

AFTERWARD—*Poems by Ruth Mason Rice. Harold Vinal. 75 pages. Price \$1.50.*

THIS little volume of poems was collected and published after the death of their author, Ruth Mason Rice, long and favorably known as president of the New York branch, League of American Pen Women. She was also associated with Book and Craft and other poetry organizations, and was always considered a friend of the rising genius whether in prose or poetry.

The poems are notable for their delicacy and flights of fancy, but the one under the head of "Naples," and sub-headed "The Street of the Assassins," is a strong, virile bit of writing, and is to my mind the best single poem in the collection. Another fanciful thing is entitled "Men and Policemen." The writer treats the subject from the viewpoint of life and quaintly tells how the policemen who might be our inner consciousness guide the wayfarer across the Streets of Life. The second portion of the book is devoted to childhood and contains some very delightful bits of fancy. All of the work is well done.

—FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN.

COSMEN—Exiles—By John G. Jury. Williams Printing Company, San Francisco. 135 pages. Price \$3.00.

THIS ambitious and well thought of book of poetry deals with the subconscious edities of one's own mind, or with those imaginary inhabitants of outer space who under the head of "Cosmen" exercise a determined influence on the life of the individual or of the race. John G. Jury, the author, has long been a student of hidden laws of nature and man, and from his research has evolved an intriguing story which has all of the strength of a Bohemian Grove play.

In fact, the form of the poem is that of drama with all of the characters depicted and bearing names of the various phases of life expressed and visualized from the thought world. It would not be difficult to enact this poem as a beautiful fairy-like pageant, very like the miracle plays and rich in its suggestion

of the realities of life as experience has taught them to mankind.

The prologue begins with outer darkness and leads to the embarking of Espira, representing life, on the sea of beauty, where the color sprites are found hovering over primeval land and water. In the interlude much transpires on the Central Sea. From this common meeting place the torchbearers lead to the visioned mountains along the path of the tempest to the flowering firmament where, in the moon's white hour, Life itself takes on newer aspects and greater light.

The book is well gotten up with deckle edges and a simple binding. Its subtitle is that of a drama of life in Symbol and Fantasy. Many of the lines reach the heights of true poetry and the vision is ever that of an idealist and dreamer whose instinct and aspirations coincide with eternal truth.

—FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN.

TENNIS—By Helen Wills. Illustrated by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.50.

IN MORE than 200 pages of an intimate description of the game in which she has earned international fame and a world championship, Helen Wills has managed to say next to nothing about herself. Not since I reviewed "Marbacka," an autobiography by Selma Lagerlof, the great Swedish author, and Nobel prize winner, have I found such simplicity of style and such complete self-effacement.

Helen Wills has given in detail her experiences on the tennis courts of the world in direct, well-chosen words, fashioned into clean-cut sentences. There is no "fluff," no turning of a pretty phrase, no attempt at fine writing. This story grips by its sincerity and modesty. The author has been most generous to and appreciative of her opponents. She pays full tribute to their skill with ball and racquet while pointing out their individual technique and sporting spirit.

Every page of her book makes plain that Helen Wills loves her game—that she knows all of its intricacies, and that she is a good sport. Her admirers say that she is the best loser playing tennis today. She gives beginners many helpful suggestions and covers the subject of tennis quite thoroughly. Many points in the game are aptly illustrated in the full-page drawings made by the author to accompany the text.

The latest honors bestowed upon this young woman tennis champion is that she has a perfect Greek profile. Her pronounced beauty is of the classic type, even if she has been given the sobriquet of "Poker Face." That she is imperturbably calm and poised at all times bespeaks excellent self-control and is undoubtedly one of the reasons for her phenomenal success.

FRONA EUNICE WAIT COLBURN.

WHEN WEST WAS WEST—By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Company, 449 pages. Price \$2.50.

THE author of the VIRGINIAN and PHILOSOPHY FOUR is always read with pleasure. Mr. Wister knows the West, not only the West of yesterday, but the present day West, and he can write, therefore, with the background of the past and an appreciation of the present. WHEN WEST WAS WEST is an interesting collection of nine separate real Western tales that will prove enticing alike to those who revel in the spirit of the old '49 days, and the descendants of the Argonauts and, as well, to those who claim no relationship to the country or people on the Pacific side of the great mountains.

Owen Wister knows well the plains, the deserts, the canyons of the land of which he writes. In this collection he includes not only historical backgrounds, but romance as well. In his own popular manner he tells of the luck of Strawberries, the levities of Hugh, the lures of Prof. Salamantia, the loyalties of Randy, and describes the open, honorable manner of the Fathers of our Frontier.

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Bigger and Better States

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The foregoing would be an ideal and nearly perfect arrangement for Western America and give us four Pacific Coast states instead of three, as at present, while west of the Rockies there would be two states less. In all cases the capital city of each state would be located away from the congested centers, and in a fairly small city. Not that it would mean anything, but this arrangement would change somewhat the lineup of the states as regards land area. Texas would still be first, California now second would be third, while the new state of Southern California would be second. Oregon, now ninth, would be fourth. Montana, now third, would be fifth. Washington, now eighteenth, would be ninth.

Each and every state would have a good length of coast line, yet not too long, and each would have a vast, deep hinterland extending from 500 to 700 miles into the interior and upon which to draw for food and other supplies and as a market for the manufactured products. All main cities in each state would be connected by through east and west railroads, which correspond correctly with the natural flow of commerce from the coast cities into the interior and from the interior to the seaports.

There are only four sites on the Pacific Coast for great seaport cities: Seattle, Portland, San Francisco Bay and Los Angeles; each one is now the

main center of population in its respective territory and under this rearrangement each one would be in a separate state and each state would have one and only one such great harbor city. There would be no chance of friction between two about equally populated centers as is the case now and which always has and always will cause contention and trouble. A great deal of expense would be saved the taxpayers in doing away with two complete state governments.

These changes would be a simple task to American genius of co-operation. It would be child's play compared to the first union of the original thirteen states and many other United States' undertakings. There would be no occasion for the changing of any names, except a very few cases of minor towns, as practically every place of any importance has a distinctive name of its own.

Some small-minded people might imagine that this arrangement would be prejudicial to the interests of the West at Washington, D. C., because of a lesser number of senators. Such is not the case. There is no valid reason to fear any such discrimination. There is no desire in any one part of the Union today to legislate against any other. We are all one people and the mere matter of four less senators would make no difference anyhow. The West would be better represented in Congress with Senator Borah of Idaho alone, than with a host of mediocrities as otherwise at present, and as generally constituted. The advantage is not in number but in men.

According to the Constitution it is necessary to get the consent of the American Congress in order to make any changes in the state lines. This part of the matter should be easy as there could not possibly be any reason whatsoever on the part of anyone else for objecting to the making of this settlement. Some fearful 100% patriot might regret that then we would have only 46 states instead of the present 48. That would make no difference and it could be settled if desirable by admitting to the Union, as states, the present territories of Alaska and Hawaii. The only objection would come from job-holding politicians, petrified minds tied to hoary traditions, and popular historians who would have to rearrange some of their data; in other words, people who always consider their own petty interests first and those of the people and the future last; or not at all.

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE WHITE PEOPLE IN THE OLYMPIC PENINSULA OF WESTERN WASHINGTON

By ALBERT B. REAGAN

WEST of Seattle, Washington, is the fascinating Olympic Peninsula. Inland towers the stately northwestern forest, which must be seen to be appreciated; while still farther inland the picturesque Olympic mountains loom up with their glacial fields. Seaward the turbulent streams go out to be overcome by the billowy sea; and the ever boiling, seething surf pounds against the coast and the needle rocks offshore that have been hurled down from the "skies above." While the Chinook and other gods keep the sea waters ever foaming, frothing, surging.

Here in this beautiful region the Indians have lived from time immemorial. Here they loved and were loved. Here they married and were sold in marriage. Here they pursued the various vocations of savage life. Here they danced and feasted, doctored and died. And from here their souls journeyed to the blissful land where there are no owls, no fogs, no storms.

This region, which is about the size of Rhode Island, Delaware and Connecticut combined, was first discovered by the Spaniards. In 1775 Bruno Heceta, a Spanish captain, landed on the coast a little south of the mouth of the Hoh River, planted the cross and took formal possession of the country for Spain. Then at the foot of the cross he had thus set up he buried a bottle sealed with wax, in which was written the record of his work and the statement that he took possession of the land for Spain. While he was thus in the official act of taking possession of the country, the Indians visited his ship, the "Senora," under the lee of Destruction Island, in charge of Heceta's companion, Bodega Y Quadra. The Indians came in their canoes, held up bits of copper and iron, and with friendly signs sought to trade for more of the metals precious to them. Believing that everything was well, Quadra sent seven men ashore to trade with the Indians for wood and water. No sooner had they landed than 300 Indians rushed from ambush, killed the sailors, and tore the boat to pieces for the metal fastenings. Quadra was furious and wished to land thirty men to obtain revenge, but Heceta overruled him and sailed away, naming the island "Isla de Dolores," Isle of Sorrows. Later, in July, 1787, Captain Barclay, an English explorer, had a similar expe-

(Continued on Page 335)

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES

By WILL H. ROBINSON

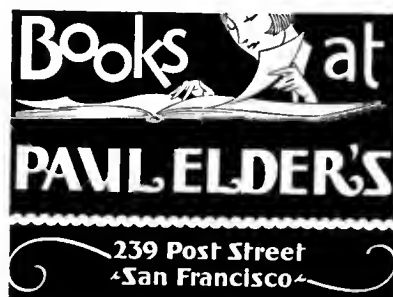
Arizona and New Mexico are unrolled in all their bright beauty in this new book by a native of the Southwest who knows his scene and how to depict it.

Illustrated, \$5.00

See Review, Page 331

THE MACMILLAN CO.

San Francisco



Books and Writers

(Continued from Page 329)

It is a long cry since 1884, when Mr. Wister first visited the then raw and untamed territory in Wyoming and Arizona. Every opportunity has been afforded him to study the life and character of the plainsman, the cowboy, and those romantic figures that have played such a part in the western drama of civilization. While the book adds one more to the increasing shelf of fiction, it contributes as well items and incidents of historical value.

CARL W. GROSS.

UNDER TURQUOISE SKIES—By Will H. Robinson. The Macmillan Company, 538 pages. Price \$5.00.

THE country of the Southwest is rich in history and tradition and glamour and color. Too often, however, those who pretend to write of this part of the United States have had scant opportunity to know intimately and at first hand of its geography and history and people, to say nothing of manners and customs. The present book by Mr. Robinson is a decided exception. In this volume there are traced the outstanding features of the story of America's Southwest, from the days of the ancient cliff-dwellers to modern times.

Says Mr. Robinson in the foreword: "We who have spent much of our lives in the 'Enchanted Land' wonder if in all the world there is another spot that has a greater scenic and historic lure. The Grand Canyon, the painted desert, the fallen petrified forests, the prehistoric cliff-dwellers, the great pyramidal community houses of the Pueblo Indians, the inscription rock of the Conquistadores, the Spanish missions—titles for a thousand stories—words to conjure with." Mr. Robinson came into the Southwest country as a boy and watched the old order grow into the new. He is familiar with the last Indian raids and had a part in the building of the first railroad into Arizona's capital. He pictures graphically the experiences of the early trappers and traders, the mining experiences, desert travel and the transforming of the primeval lands into modern farms.

One is impressed at once not alone with the historical value of the materials in the book, and with the interesting manner of portrayal, but also with the attractive manner in which the volume is printed. The type is large, the margins of the book and the general makeup show artistic design and many well executed halftones of scenes, native activities and the like, add much to the value of the volume. There are several

sections in the book covering aboriginal inhabitants, Spanish conquest and colonization, modern redmen, natural features of the country, the animals and flora, etc.

TIDE OF EMPIRE—By Peter B. Kyne. Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, 397 pages. Price \$2.00.

ANYTHING from the pen of Peter B. Kyne is eagerly devoured. This last title of his will take place alongside many of his other books—The Enchanted Hill, The Valley of the Giants and The Pride of Palomar — Kyne knows the West, and he knows how to picture graphically the scenes and circumstances of the earlier day. In the *TIDE OF EMPIRE* he traces the vicissitudes of a young Irish adventurer who finds his way across the mountains and into California in the days of the gold rush.

The story leads one on to stirring events and describes the interesting characters with whom Dermot D'Arcy comes in contact. These include a foreigner of importance and reputation, a renegade New England minister, and killers and thieves innumerable. Of course, there is the expected vein of sentiment running through in which the daughter of the old aristocrat, Don Jose, plays a leading part.

RAILROADS AID WESTERN WRITERS

EVERY industry, including agriculture, last year felt the benefits of railway expenditures for materials and supplies totaling nearly \$1,396,000,000, according to T. O. Edwards, general auditor for Southern Pacific.

In 1927 railroads purchased 25 per cent of the total bituminous coal produced in the United States, between 20 and 25 per cent of the fuel oil, 17 per cent of the total timber cut, about 19 per cent of the total iron and steel output, and considerable percentages of the production of other industries.

"Workers kept employed in these industries by railway orders," Edwards said, "as well as more than 1,734,000 railroad employes who last year received over \$2,900,000,000 in salaries and wages, are among the principal purchasers of western products."

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Wings of Progress

By James G. Woolley

COMES now the modern airplane to give to California the fastest and most luxurious means of transportation the world has ever known.

It marks the culmination of the dream of many ages, the fulfillment of the aspirations of humanity not only of centuries, but of thousands of centuries.

It unfolds anew the beauties of California, the lofty mountains, the fertile valleys, the winding streams, the glorious coast-line and the magnificence of our cities.

The land the Padres trod; the devious trails of the gold seeker; the jolting pathway of the pioneer wagon; the hidden retreats of the bandit and the adventurer—the land of romance is being seen in new glory because of man's conquering of the air.

The great stretches of highway that carry the multitudinous automobile; the parallel spans of steel that speed the giant locomotive; the protected bays that welcome the visiting steamer—all these have been brought into closer view and understanding by the coming of the airplane.

What California offers in beauty and accomplishment is being laid bare for the first time in panoramic view for all who wish to see, and the view is marvelous.

Aerial passenger transport has come to California to witness its greatest success in the history of our nation. The state has excelled in the handling of air mail. It has progressed with surprising rapidity in all aviation matters. Now it has taken unto itself the first model aerial passenger line to be established in the United States, operated by the Western Air Express, a distinctly California owned corporation, and with equipment supplied by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics, a distinctly eastern organization.

Always people have talked about flying, dreamed about it, occasionally tried to do it. They have always sought more rapid means of transportation and their efforts have brought the modern accomplishment—the airplane.

Marshall and Pico, Sutter, Vallejo and many others did their bit toward progress. Huntington and Strong brought steel rails into this promised land and where their belching locomotives went, development followed.

Progress has come to California, a progress so remarkable that it has

amazed the world, but no transportation achievement has ever gripped the State with such approval as has the establishing of an aerial transportation system between the two great California cities, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Once it took from ten days to two weeks by the hardest kind of traveling to go from one city to the other. The steam railroads cut the time to eighteen hours, finally to twelve hours. Now comes the airplane and the traveling time is reduced to three hours.

The two cities have become neighbors. The plodding burro, the cumbersome covered wagon, the faithful horse, the sturdy steam train and the steamship all have been surpassed. Aerial transport has come to California and is winging its way toward the fulfillment of California's promise.

The Western Air Express, which operates the air mail line between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City and the "mile high airway" handling air mail in Wyoming and Colorado, was chosen by the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics to establish the model aerial passenger line in California because of the remarkable success it had made in the handling of air mail.

During approximately two years of handling mail between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City the Western Air Express, of which Harris M. Hanshue is president, never wrecked a plane nor lost an ounce of mail. Judged from all angles it had an efficiency record of better than 99 per cent. It was the first air mail transport company in the United States to be placed on paying basis and to declare a dividend for its stockholders. It brought to Los Angeles the distinction of originating more air mail than any other city in the United States, or in the world. It may be added that more air mail was handled out of Los Angeles last December than originated in any European city during the entire year of 1927.

The California aerial passenger service has now been established with what is declared to be the finest passenger airplanes ever manufactured. They are of Fokker construction and were manufactured at Hasbrouck, N. J. Each plane is triple-motored and develops 1245 horsepower. The ships have a cruising speed of 120 miles an hour and this can be increased to 156 miles. The motors are of the Wasp pattern, as fine

(Continued on Page 334)

The Tables Turned

(Continued from Page 320)

"Why, sir, you see my baby there? Even though I tried, I could not bring myself to hate it and cause it any pain. And must not God love His children more fully and tenderly than I love mine?" And the mother bent down over her sleeping babe with a look of such deep, passionate tenderness that the minister was not a little puzzled.

The tables were being turned with a vengeance; and the preacher began to have an uncomfortable feeling that, instead of giving a lecture, he was receiving one. He was not, however, to be silenced by the foolish tongue of his wayward parishioner; and, pointing a long, trembling finger at the unconscious baby, he answered in more solemn tones than ever, "Even that infant is a child of the devil, a vessel of wrath; for in us, that is, in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing. Apart from grace, our whole nature is corrupt, fit only to be consumed in the fires of hell. Your own words surprise and pain me much, Mrs. Simpson."

The mother's anger flashed out in an instant. "A child of the devil, indeed! It is a child of God! If you and I, sir, were half as pure and stainless, half as fit for heaven, we might be thankful. And as for there being no good in human nature, I feel sure that there's something good in all men, something that God approves of. Why, even poor Jock there, drunken wreck that he is, isn't altogether bad; he has a kind heart, to say the least of it." The little woman was waxing quite eloquent in her wrath. The minister, who had scarcely expected such an outburst, held up his hands in horrified deprecation, and turned away his head, as if to save himself from being contaminated by such rank heresy.

He may, for aught I know, have been on the point of administering a severe rebuke; but just at that moment there was an unusual noise in the road outside, which led both minister and mother to glance through the open window, and brought their conversation to an abrupt close. They were both horror-struck by the sight that met them. The wee boy had toddled out into the middle of the road, and now stood there with both limpled hands stretched out, trying in vain to catch a stray sunbeam that had struggled through the thick foliage of a sycamore hard by. Only a few yards from him, Farmer Horn's black bull, which had somehow escaped from its field, was careening down the road, with its great head lowered and its bloodshot eyes gleaming with fury. Before they

had time to cry or move, Jock's tattered figure rushed forward, and catching the laughing child in his arms, dropped him safely on the other side of the fence. Before he could follow himself, the maddened creature was on him. There was a loud scream, a cloud of dust, and a heavy thud; and the bull went dashing on down the road with bloody horns, while poor drunken Jock lay in the gutter a gored and lifeless corpse.

I know not what the minister's thoughts were, as he walked home that evening through the cool, fragrant lanes; though I've been told that from that day forth his flock noticed a change in his preaching, and heard the word "love" fall oftener from his lips. But I do know that when Mrs. Simpson clasped her wee boy to her bosom that night, a text something like this kept running in her mind: "He saved others; himself he could not save"; and that she thanked God fervently that there was something of Christ's spirit even in poor drunken Jock.

HANLON HEADS COMMITTEE

AS WE go to press, we learn of the appointment of William H. Hanlon, County Superintendent of the schools of Contra Costa County, as successor to Mark Keppel as Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the California Association of School Superintendents. This is an excellent choice. Mr. Hanlon has served as a member of this committee and knows well its needs. He is one of the most progressive and aggressive public school officials in the state and is familiar with the conditions and requirements of our educational system. He is a recognized leader and will have the confidence not only of his fellow superintendents, but of the teaching body and of the lawmakers as well. Mr. Hanlon succeeds to a position made great by a great man.



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BY RETURN MAIL!

Wings of Progress

(Continued from Page 332)

a motor as has ever been designed for airplane use.

Beyond the element of speed, special attention has been paid to the comfort of passengers. Each plane is equipped to carry fifteen persons and 1000 pounds of mail or freight. There is a special steel compartment for the depositing of valuables. The passengers ride in heavily upholstered chairs giving the maximum of comfort. There are fully equipped dressing rooms, with running water at all times.

Under the schedule, a plane leaves either terminus, San Francisco or Los Angeles, at 10:30 o'clock in the morning and arrives at its destination at 1:30 o'clock in the afternoon, three hours later. Excellent steward service is provided; meals are served aboard ship; passengers are supplied with binoculars, stationery, reading matter, etc. They pay nothing for their meals or steward service.

The time schedule, it is announced, was particularly designed to accommodate business men and women. They may make the jump from one city to the other and lose only slightly more than an hour of the business day, not counting the time usually taken out for luncheon.

Prior to the establishing of the service, the Western Air Express sent Major C. C. Mosely, its vice-president and chief of operations, to Europe to study the operation of aerial passenger lines. It also had the assistance of Dr. C. G. Rossby, meteorological expert of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund, and of many other experts. Aviation data from all parts of the world were assembled, studied and where possible made use of.

The meteorological preparation illustrates the thoroughness with which plans were laid for this model air line. At the start a thorough study was made of weather conditions extending back over many years. Then two main meteorological stations were established, one at San Francisco and the other at Los Angeles. Three intermediate stations were then opened in the central part of the State, each operated by a trained weather observer, and arrangements concluded to receive immediate weather reports from ten other strategically located points.

The result is that the Western Air Express gets exact information at all times of weather conditions on the route between San Francisco and Los Angeles. It knows where the wind is blowing, where the fog rests, where it is raining

—it knows, in fact, every weather element that may interest the pilots of its planes.

Each plane is equipped with radio with a sending and receiving radius of 200 miles. The flying distance between San Francisco and Los Angeles is 360 miles and as a result the plane is at all times in communication with a ground radio station, either at San Francisco or Los Angeles, sometimes with both stations. The pilot knows at all times just what the weather conditions are, just what he has to meet. He receives weather reports every 15 minutes. He may change his course to avoid a fog, to escape a local rain storm, or to ride with a favorable wind.

The most experienced pilots available have been called to the service. They do not do stunts. They lift their plane off the home field at the scheduled moment and they arrive at their destination when they are due to arrive.

They are shooting these giant ships across the skies of California and giving to this State the fastest and most luxurious aerial passenger service the world has ever witnessed.

What is being accomplished in California is conceded to be the forerunner of what is going to be accomplished throughout the entire nation. The Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics gave its liberal support to the Western Air Express for the establishing of a model aerial passenger line with the full confidence that success here would prove an object lesson that would lead to similar success elsewhere.

The entire nation, it may be said, is rapidly becoming air-minded. To ride in the air is ceasing to be a novelty; it is becoming a necessity. We are sprouting wings and because of the speed the wings bring us the whole nation is being more closely welded together.

BACK NUMBERS WANTED

Notice has been given in these pages from time to time of our urgent need of certain back numbers of this magazine. Especially anxious are we to secure such back numbers as are needed by the Library of Congress at Washington to complete their files for binding. A good friend of the Overland of Portland, Oregon, Lillian J. Clarkson, has just sent us some of the needed numbers and we are highly appreciative of this courtesy. We need in addition copies of the issues of February to August inclusive, 1926, and will gladly pay for such copies.

THE CHILDREN

(Continued from Page 327)

run on home! The men have got to butcher this afternoon, an' they need you to round up the calves. You hurry, now! I'll bring back the sheep."

The girl arose, and turned as easily as the collies wheeled and turned. Yet her play had settled out of sight.

"Good-bye," she said to me. "Good-bye"—very low, to the children. And she ran on toward the ranch and the butchering.

Mrs. Floweree fanned herself with her apron.

"Boys gone to sleep, ain't they?" she asked pleasantly.

"Yes," I answered. And, looking after the girl: "Who is she? From your ranch?"

"Well, she's workin' for me," explained Mrs. Floweree loftily. "I got her from Troy, over in Monroe County. She's awful good help. I pay her two dollars a week."

I stared at Mrs. Floweree's liver-patched face.

"And board and room!" I went on mechanically.

"Oh, yes! Her keepin' an' two dollars a week. She's worth it. I will say that. She can do anythin' with them calves. My, but I'm hot!" and she be-

gan to fan herself with her apron.

Ben and little John woke gently, as children awake. They found the dogs and the sheep; and they found my eyes.

"Where's *she*?" asked little John.

FIRST DAYS OF THE WHITE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 330)

rience with these same Indians, in which he lost six men. He named the river of Hoh "Destruction River" as a result of this encounter. Late geographers have restored the Indian name "Hoh" to the river, but retain the name "Destruction" for the island that Quadra named "Isla de Dolores."

On August 1, 1790, Alferes Quimper, having been sent to explore the Strait of Juan de Fuca by the Spanish Captain Elisa, discovered Neah Bay and Bahada Point, two miles farther east. The former he named Bahía de Nunez Gaona.

At about the same time the Spanish captain, Don Francisco Elisa, discovered Port Angeles. He had been tossed about for many weary days by storms and furious waves when suddenly he came upon a long, snake-like spit extending far out into the strait, curving so as to protect a large bay on its southern side. In this bay he took refuge; and in

consequence of the safe and perfect harbor thus formed he named it Port Angeles—"The Port of the Angels."

In May, 1792, Lieut. Salvador Fidalgo established a military post at Neah Bay, with necessary buildings and fortifications, and remained there until September. The bricks of the old fort—bricks imported from Mexico on the "Princessa," can be found in the earth banks there today. Here the Spaniards came in contact with the British, under Vancouver. A conference was called, and Quadra failed to agree with the latter. Then the two commissioners agreed to send to their home governments for further instructions, as a result of which the Spaniards were compelled to abandon the country.

While Vancouver was maneuvering with Quadra for the possession of the North Pacific, our own Captain Gray was making his famous trip up the coast, staying the winter of 1791-'92 at the harbor that bears his name. As a result of this trip, and that of Lewis and Clark to the Columbia later, the country was jointly occupied by the British and the United States till the treaty of 1846 gave the Oregon territory to the United States. And later, in 1855-'59, Governor Stevens' treaties settled the Indian troubles.

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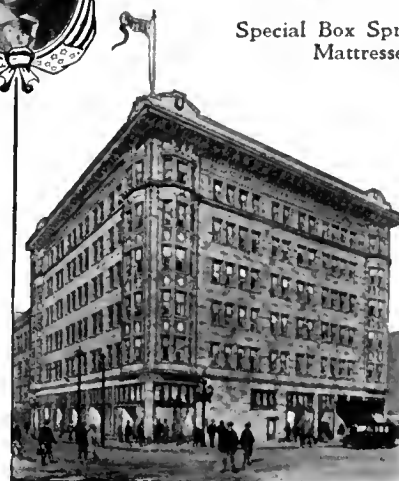
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League of Western Writers

(Continued from Page 328)

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Treasurer of the League of Western Writers. Where members are secured through publicity and campaign work by the central office of the League, one dollar of each three dollars of annual dues paid directly to the central office shall be applied to the expense of such work.

Article IV

ANNUAL CONVENTION

Section 1. The annual Convention of the League of Western Writers shall be held according to the provision of Article VI of the Constitution. In all elections the vote shall be by ballot, and the majority of all votes cast shall be necessary for a choice.

Sec. 2. A joint meeting of the Executive Committee and the Advisory Board shall be held immediately prior to each annual Convention of the League. The date and place for the annual Convention shall be fixed by the majority vote of the delegates, constituting a quorum, attending the preceding Convention; but the date and place may be changed by a majority vote of the Advisory Board, convened with the President at any meeting thereof; and if any annual Convention shall fail to determine the time and place for the succeeding Convention, then the same shall be seasonably determined by the President and Advisory Board.

Article V

VOTING

Section 1. Any member of the League in good standing, present at any annual Convention, may vote thereat for officers, or on any other questions which may come before the Convention.

Article VI

QUORUM

Section 1. At any annual Conventions of the League not less than fifty members shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

Sec. 2. The Advisory Board shall be appointed by the President and its members shall serve for one year and until their successors are appointed and qualified.

The President and Secretary and Treasurer of the League shall be ex-officio members of the Advisory Board and of the Executive Committee.

Three members of the Advisory Board shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business at any meeting thereof. Each member, however, shall be notified in writing of all Board meetings in ample time to come from his or her place of residence.

Article VII

DUTIES OF OFFICERS

Section 1. The President, or in his absence the First, Second or Third Vice President, in the order named, shall preside at all meetings of the League, and shall exercise the usual functions of the presiding officer. It shall be his duty to call a special meeting on petition of fifty members in good standing.

Sec. 2. The Secretary shall keep accurate

minutes of the Convention of the League, and shall perform such other duties as are generally required of the Secretary of a similar organization. At each regular Convention he shall make a detailed report of expenditures, signed by the President and the Treasurer.

Sec. 3. The Treasurer shall collect all dues and have the care of all funds of the League; he shall deposit the same in a bank satisfactory to the League, and to the credit of the League. The funds shall be drawn out of said bank for purpose of the League only, and the Treasurer shall accept no order to disburse unless signed by the President and Secretary, and he shall not disburse funds except upon receipt of such order. He shall keep a true account of his receipts and disbursements, which shall at all times be open to examination by the President, the Secretary, or the Advisory Board.

Sec. 4. The Secretary and/or Treasurer shall be allowed, jointly, an annual appropriation of thirty-three and one-third per cent of the annual gross receipts of the League, provided said amount does not exceed the sum of Three Hundred Dollars per annum.

Sec. 5. By "good standing" of a member is meant a member whose dues are paid in full to and including the date in question, and who has not violated any of the rules or regulations of the League.

Sec. 6. The Librarian shall have the care of any books, papers, pamphlets, ect., belonging to the League and shall keep the same carefully, subject to the order of the League.

Sec. 7. Each member of the Executive Committee shall keep ward over the work of the League in his own district.

Sec. 8. The Advisory Board shall pass on all applications for membership; fill all vacancies occurring in the Advisory Board and make all arrangements necessary for the presentation of an adequate program at each regular Convention.

Article VIII

TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS

Sec. 1. At the annual meeting of the League the following business shall be conducted:

1. Opening exercises.
2. Roll call.
3. Reading minutes of previous meetings.
4. Reports of Officers.
5. Reports of committees.
6. Applications for membership.
7. Unfinished business.
8. Election of Officers.
9. New business.
10. Adjournment.

The several programs, banquets, etc., shall take place at such times as the Advisory Board may decide.

Article IX

MANNER OF AMENDMENTS

Section 1. These Articles may be amended in manner provided in Article VII in the Constitution of the League.

First Novel Prize Contest



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is pleased to offer a prize of two hundred (\$200) dollars for the best novel—the work of any author who has not before published a novel. The author must be now a resident of California and have been such for a period of three years.

In length the novel should run from 40,000 to 70,000 words. A synopsis of approximately 6000 words must be submitted to the Overland Monthly. From the story-outlines submitted by entrants, the judges will select the six averaging the highest in the points judged.

Having selected the six best outlines, the judges will pass upon the six full length novels. Pen

names only will be signed to the manuscripts. The contestants must enclose postage for return of manuscript. In case of collaboration, such fact must be noted. All rights remain the sole property of the author.

In addition to the first prize of \$200, Overland offers a second prize consisting of publicity for the winner regarding the novel under consideration, the work of the author, etc. Honorable mention will be given the remaining four of the six selections made.

The points which the judges will observe are as follows:

Basic theme	1	point
Literary quality	3	points
Presentation and sustained interest	3½	points
Western background	½	point
Characterization	1	point
Club membership	1	point
<hr/>		
Total	10	points

While the contest is open to any California writer, it should be noted that one point is offered for membership in certain organizations as follows:

The California Writers' Club, a state-wide organization of men and women; any California branch of the League of American Penwomen; the Women's Press Club of Los Angeles; the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association; the Press Club of San Francisco; any California member of the League of Western Writers, which organization covers the 11 Western States, Western

Canada, Alaska, Mexico and Hawaiian Islands.

The stories may be laid in the United States, in Canada, in Mexico, or any other territory covered by the League of Western Writers. They may be on any subject, save sex and religion.

Manuscripts should be addressed: Overland Monthly, Pacific Building, San Francisco, care Novel Prize Contest. All synopses must be received at the Overland office by November 1st. The close of the novel contest proper will be January 1st, 1929.



Since that historic day

when the golden spike was driven to join by rail the East and the West, Southern Pacific has been inspired, both by the pioneering spirit of the West and by the promise of the West's abundant yields, to new endeavors, new development. Significant among these is the

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S O U T H E R N P A C I F I C L I N E S

OCT 4 1928

CHICAGO, ILL.

OVERLAND

MONTHLY

FOUNDED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868



Vol. 86

OCTOBER, 1928

No. 10

PRICE 25 CENTS
AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

VIRGINIA L. TAYLOR



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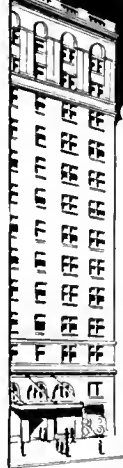
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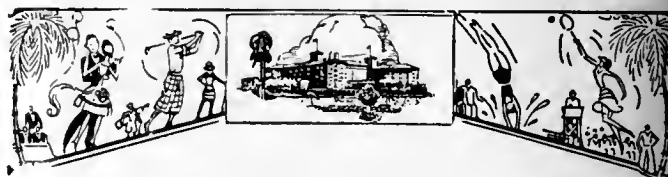
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AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OUTLINE OF MASONIC, HERMETIC, QABBALISTIC AND
ROSICRUCIAN SYMBOLICAL PHILOSOPHY

—by—

MANLY P. HALL

Effective September 15th, 1928



OVER 1200 volumes of this monumental work were sold, and the majority paid for, before the printing was completed.

With the task of delivery to various parts of the world nearly completed, our general marketing will start on September 15th, 1928. The price will then be advanced from the subscription figure of \$75.00, which is slightly above actual cost, to \$100.00 per copy. At the latter price, the book will be selling at less than 50 per cent of its estimated commercial valuation.

Twelve hundred people did not pay their money in advance for a book without a known value. They realized that in essence it represents the thoughts, in the deeper issues of life, of the great minds of the ages. The complete satisfaction on the part of the subscribers is attested by the fact that out of 1000 books already delivered, we have received only three requests for refund, and each of these due entirely to unexpected financial reverses, and not to any disappointment in the work itself. On the other hand, we have received numerous letters of praise and statements that the finished work has surpassed all expectations.

This is not an ordinary book. In the words of Mr. George Barron, Curator of the de Young Museum, San Francisco, "It is a living human document pulsating with the mental and spiritual vibrations of a profound thinker. It takes all knowledge for its province and reduces whole libraries to the compass of a single tome."

At any price, the work is an investment in a larger life, a broader theatre of action, and in an almost unimaginable expansion of conscientiousness—a treasure which is illimitable and cannot be lost or stolen.

Through Mr. Hall's monthly articles in this magazine we feel an acquaintanceship with Overland readers and wish to extend to them this final opportunity to secure a copy before the advance in price.

*Inquiries received prior to September 15th will be protected by reservation while correspondence is being exchanged.
Descriptive folder will be sent upon request by*

THE HALL PUBLISHING COMPANY

200 Trinity Auditorium

Los Angeles, California

San Francisco

By *Helena Munn Redeuill*

SPARKLING jewel, set in sapphire waters,
 Curving round her like a lover's arm,
 Erect, serene, beloved and smiling,
 Behold the lady of my dreams!
 White mists of fog leap high above her brow
 To bathe the moon and dim the lustre of the stars.
 Westward-flung, the mighty ocean
 Stretches at her side, a barrier strong
 Yet peaceful as a kingly consort.
 In the distance snowy Shasta,
 High Sierras of the haughty mien,
 Stand as sentinels on duty
 To protect the cherished queen.
 From Tahoe to the Golden Gate,
 From Lassen to Tehachapi,
 Snows from rocky mountain peak
 Wend their way by lake and stream—
 And clever paths of man—
 To make of earth a mantle rich
 For the fair mistress's delight.
 Costly cargoes from the Indies,
 Argosies from all the seas,
 Gliding through the gateway golden
 Lay their tribute at her feet.

TWAS ever meant to be.
 The gods decreed in ages past
 That ancient Tyre and Athens
 Must awaken to new life;
 That the cradle of the Aryans
 Should move around the world
 And rock at last beneath Calafia's touch.
 The psychic spirit of the redman
 Invoked the air with mystic foresight
 And assurance.
 Nordic Pilgrims, leaving homelands,
 Willed sincerity, steadfast purpose,
 And desire for freedom.
 Hardy Lincolns and brave Washingtons
 Bequeathed high courage, patriotic loyalty,
 To the last inheritress
 Of a westward-moving race.
 Cultured sons of Aragon,
 Castile, and proud Madrid,
 Brought chivalry and beauty to bedeck
 The sun-kissed verdant hillsides
 Lying fruitfully at hand.
 The pioneer, from pitiless stone and clay,

Unearthed a sweat-wrung, golden robe
 To lay upon the infant's shoulders.
 Prayers of pious Mission Fathers
 Sustained and cherished her unknowing
 Through temptations bold and subtle,
 From the threat of bribe and plunder,
 From the lure of yellow fingers
 Dripping deadly poppy-juice
 In swishing, murky waters
 At low tide.
 Purified by fire and earthquake,
 From taint and thoughtlessness redeemed,
 Head high, eyes visioning the future,
 She beckons with triumphant gesture,
 Eastward, westward, linking both.
 Against the sunset glow she stands,
 Radiant empress in her youth,
 A beacon light to her own countrymen.
 To the far-flung, sleeping East,
 Age-old, but wakening to rebirth,
 Her arms in youthful impulse open wide
 To give her all. With the setting sun
 She speeds her gospel—*progress*,
Unity, democracy—the meditating Orient
 As promise of a gorgeous dawn.

METROPOLIS, young mother,
 Sweetheart of the West and East,
 The centuries of Aryan blood
 Take a last stand in you.
 Your pulses beat, your limbs abound
 With surging blood, fresh, undefiled;
 Ideals rest upon you as a crown
 Of dignity and honor.
 Expansion reaches through your finger-tips
 To bind with cables and with steel—
 And loving helpfulness—
 Your sister-cities near.
 A century hence your same sun shall rise
 To glory realized.
 In your ultimate perfection—
 And expansion—all men see
 Hope for the world,
 Light to mankind,
 A destiny that wings its way
 Beyond the brilliance of the sun.

OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME 86

OCTOBER, 1928

NUMBER 10

OVERLAND MONTHLY is pleased to announce a series of articles by Torrey Connor on "Mexico—Yesterday and Today." This series will begin in the February issue under the following titles: 1. From Castle to Casa. 2. History Turns a Page. 3. Mexico in Holiday Mood. 4. Daughters of the Republic. 5. Mexico at Work and Play. 6. We Travel through Mexico.

These articles will be profusely illustrated by photographs taken by the author, who has spent much time in the southern republic, and who knows intimately its history, industries, scenery, manners and customs, and all that pertains to the Mexico of former days and of the present. This traveler and author has executed commissions for a number of the national magazines, including *Leslies Weekly*, and, on account of special work done in Mexico, was invited to become a member of the Authors' League of America. Our readers may look forward with anticipation to a series of articles interesting, instructive and authentic.

Contents of this issue and all back issues of Overland may be found in "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" at any library in the United States.

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Herbert Washford

(In Memoriam)

ABOUT our hearts the sorrow shadows creep,
 For you are gone. What is to be must be;
 We all are room-mates in eternity
 As time's unfeeling, ceaseless courses sweep
 We shall in loving, reverent memory keep
 Your lyric heart, to all a legacy
 In deeply nature-souled "Yosemite."
 Forgive us if beside your bier we weep.
 Yours was the guerdon of a full spent life
 Of peaceful labors, past the common strife.
 Your mind's large capital you freely spent
 To leave for us a heritage of grace
 In written thoughts—a work—a monument
 At which we yet may meet you face to face.
 Shall we then say that your departure lends
 A gloom like darkening clouds that gather high,
 Or round your stone-stern hills embracing lie?
 Shall we accuse the power that ever bends
 Both infinite and finite to its ends?
 While we may not its hidden aims defy,
 Nor can the grave the binding knot untie
 Tho kin be few, but all the world our friends.
 You would forbid us even to shed a tear;
 For to your deeper thought death held no fear.
 So, at the final call you did not crouch,
 But bowed, serene of soul. To us it seems
 That you but "wrapped the drapery of your couch
 About you to lie down to pleasant dreams."

N. J. HERBY.

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

DECATUR, ILL.

OCT 4 1928

DECATUR, ILL.

Literary Magazines of the Western World

From an Address Delivered by Mr. Field at the Second Annual Convention of the League of Western Writers, Portland, Oregon, August 11, 1928

By Ben Field

THERE is no other help for the modern man of affairs so sure as the observation and study of our Western World Magazines. We can live each day of this twentieth century life as if we were on the eve of a great experience and we can make this expectation come true.

During this present year we can anticipate in what shall be to us a mighty happening, a heartening success. We can achieve health, be blessed with joy and spiritual understanding, and derive from our great experience, inspiration and ennobling advancement.

Lincoln said: "He builds too low, who builds beneath the stars." And we know that the things most pregnant with portent, the most dramatic thing in our life of creative art is the founding, the conduct and the life of a great publication.

Here indeed is silent drama.

The drama in the crying and wailing of a little babe, the insistence to be heard—what is it but that which shows leadership in school and college for the young man or young woman. What is it but the commercial, the industrial, or perhaps the spiritual dominance of the individual, the inspired expressions of the editor, the dynamic kingship of the writer.

The poor boy who secures a position in a publishing office and rises to the editorship of a great magazine is a better example of the dramatist than many an actor on the stage.

The crippled and gassed overseas man who starts a poetry magazine, almost without funds, but with a sublime faith in creative art that is a gift from God, is a nobler illustration of pure life drama than he who builds a skyscraper. I have known both—the returned soldier who founded a literary magazine, and the builder of a tall building, and I say to

you that he who pitted his faltering strength, his belief in art, his unwavering determination to go over the top in art as he did in Flanders Fields of the World War, is a bigger and finer man than the industrial millionaire.

Henry the IV, king of England, suppressed wasters, rhymers and other vagabonds, and some people today are

Many magazines, literary and otherwise, have, during the past three-quarters of a century, seen the light in our Western country. In common with publications that have been started in other parts of the country, most of them have fallen by the wayside. Mr. Field tells graphically something of the life history of these Western periodicals and shows that few remain. One of these, the Overland Monthly, has just celebrated its 60th Anniversary. It was established in 1868, with Bret Harte as editor.

failing to make literature so eager are they to make books. But neither ignorant force nor degenerate haste can stem the mighty tide of fine magazine publication in our Western World.

The magazine history of the American West began soon after 1850 in California. The Golden Era of San Francisco was the first of these magazines. It dealt much with the mining industry, but printed some notable articles like James Hutchings' "The Heart of the Sierras" and "The Miner's Ten Commandments."

The second venture was Hutchings' California Magazine, which featured Yosemite Valley. San Francisco was

the El Dorado of most of these early publications.

Then came the Pioneer Magazine, founded in 1854 by Ferdinand Ewer. It was notable for its fine literary quality. Edward Pollock, the poet, and Hittell, contemporary of Bancroft, both of whom afterward became famous as historians, made the magazine a leader.

The San Francisco News Letter, founded in 1856, and the mouthpiece of Mr. Marriott, its noted editor, has held a foremost place among Western publications.

BUT it was in that famous Civil War year of 1868 that the Overland Monthly was founded with Francis Bret Harte as the inspiring genius and first editor. Almost on its inception it attracted the favorable attention of the best critics in the east and abroad. Probably Bret Harte's story, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," had more to do with this popularity than any other one thing. The Overland has had continuous publication and celebrated its Sixtieth Birthday this July of 1928 with an anniversary number of the first edition. It contains the classic story of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" word for word as it appeared just 60 years ago. Bret Harte selected a snarling grizzly bear as the vignette of Overland's cover; but his friends and advisors thought it insignificant and requested him to remove it. What did Bret Harte do? With lightning strokes with his pen he made a few lines under the bear. If you do not recall what they are, look and see! He made a sketch of a small section of transcontinental railroad track. And behold, the snarling bear stood there in opposition to the Overland Locomotive which represented and still represents the modern, the spirit of advancement. More, it stands for drama, the epitome

of eternal change. Overland Magazine established a characteristic Western Literature. Its early issues are invaluable.

The Argonaut, founded in San Francisco in 1876 by Frank M. Pixley and associates, has printed many gems of literature that have been widely copied.

In 1881, Harr Wagner, the present editor of the Western Journal of Education, revived the Golden Era Magazine, consolidating with it Vanity Fair Magazine. Let me pause to pay a tribute here. Mr. Wagner and his late brilliant wife, Madge Morris Wagner, are linked inseparably with the literary activities of the West. For many years they resided in San Francisco. Some of the poems of Madge Morris are known about the world—I refer particularly to her, "The Desert," "The Liberty Bell," and "Rocking the Baby."

I hear her rocking the baby.

Her room is just next to mine.

And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms

That round her neck entwine,

As she rocks and rocks the baby

In the room just next to mine.

Then we have the California Illustrated magazine, the San Franciscan, the Wave, Picturesque California by John Muir, Sunset Magazine and several others.

Out West of Los Angeles, by Charles F. Lummis, editor, was consolidated with Overland Monthly, and is so issued today.

And that fine publication, The Pacific Monthly Magazine, of the Rose City of Portland, later joined its fortunes with those of Sunset Magazine of San Francisco.

A long list of wonderful magazine writers challenges our admiration—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Ina Donna Coolbrith, Joseph T. Goodman, who penned as fine a Lincoln poem as we know of; Charles Warren Stoddard, John Muir, Joaquin Miller, Edward Rowland Sill, Edwin Markham, Ambrose Bierce, Gertrude Atherton, John Vance Cheney, Kathleen Norris, Wallace Irwin, Jack London, Ella Sterling Cummins, Peter B. Kyne, David Starr Jordan, George Sterling—I would not have the time to name them all.

There is no finer nor nobler institution on earth than the magazine of high standard. Millions read the magazine; few realize its power and significance.

Mr. Edward Bok, through the medium of his Ladies Home Journal, revolutionized the architecture of American homes, thus accomplishing a great service for humanity. And this is but an illustration of what hundreds of magazine editors have done for the world.

THERE are three great subdivisions in magazines—the informative magazine, the entertaining magazine, and the special or trade journal. And these grew out of the first crude attempts of Addison and Steele in the seventeenth century. They really created and organized the published article in the Spectator Magazine of London, England.

Some 1,600 magazines are published in America today. Yet, but about 150 of them are devoted in whole, or in part, to literature. The 1,450 trade and professional journals we may dismiss as not particularly germane to this Parliament of Letters. But what of the 150 that are related to literature? A strict appraiser would say that most of these are valueless.

And yet—I find a distinct and appropriate place for the magazine of illusion, the story magazine, the magazine, if you please of Western Stories. We are not to be keyed to intense mental activity all the time, or even most of the time. The writer, the creative artist, as well as the reader, needs relaxation—hence the story magazine. Even the magazine of detective and Western stories has its legitimate place in literature. True, I would that the vulgar and indecent might be eliminated from some of the other magazines. Why is it that a few of us feel that we must effect the erotic and degenerate when there is so very much in life that is sane, uplifting, and enjoyable? I will leave the answer to that question to Professor Glenn Hughes of the University of Washington. Professor Hughes has informed the world, or such portions of it as heard him, that the writers of Oregon and other states of the west have created no good poetry. Perhaps he means these states have given the world no poetry sufficiently erotic to suit Professor Hughes. Or does he mean, for instance, that Edwin Markham, born in Oregon City, Ore., has written no good poetry? Does he mean that Robert Frost, born in San Francisco; George Sterling, Mary Carolyn Davies, A. M. Stephen of Vancouver, and other writers of note are not worthy of his favorable consideration?

Changes in printing methods and in methods of distribution and changes in population have affected magazines and will affect them in the future. The radio is today, exerting its influence as the silver screen has done. Television must be considered. And were telepathy to be practically demonstrated, no man can say what vital and tremendous effect it would have on magazine publication. But as surely as the ego of man knows aspiration and inspiration, as surely as ambition is the key to advancement, new methods in education will vitally affect

the magazine of the future. The indecent, the salacious, are to be banished to a state of near nothingness and an understanding of the mental and spiritual will be emphasized more and more.

The most interesting things in the world, outside of spiritual understanding, are the ways in which human beings conduct themselves. Here is drama! Here you can find the key to success in drama, short story, poetry, and essay. And in a grasp of this lies the consideration that determines the place that magazines occupy in the esteem of the public.

As to what a magazine can do for a city, let me relate a little story. A few years ago a successful writer and his wife left a large Eastern city and journeyed to Portland, Ore., where they purchased an automobile and motored as far south as San Diego in search of their ideal city in which to build their home. To make a long story short they built a lovely home on Mission Hill in San Diego. I said to the author: "What were the inducements that made you select the Southern city?" He answered: "One of the inducements was the fact that in San Diego a poetry magazine was published which told us of culture and appreciation of creative art."

Will you take notice, you bankers and industrial leaders, you members of Chambers of Commerce, and you real estate agents. How many billions of dollars in America do you suppose follow the beck and call of sentiment and creative art?

AS for the magazines that are truly great, you can count them on the fingers of the hands. It was in the last half of the nineteenth century that the typical American magazine became approximately what it is today—a real part of American Literature. And when I say American Literature, I mean just that—American. However much we may love and cherish Mother England, we are in fact weaned, weaned nationally, industrially, financially, and artistically. True, we may and we do reverse the older and greater art of England; but nevertheless America has its literature, its music, its grand opera and its characteristic genius. The mouthpiece of American art and genius is the American Magazine. And America, if you please, extends from northernmost Canada to the Panama Canal.

To the Atlantic Monthly and to Harpers Magazine we are indebted for our magazine institution. The Bookman, the Yale Review, the American Mercury, the National Geographic Magazine, the Scientific American, are

(Continued on page 357)

The Immortal Impression

By Rose Giles

THE ambrotype of my great uncle McLaughlin fascinated me. The word intrigued me too, the more when mother explained to me that it was from the Greek, meaning an immortal impression. Such, ever after, it was to me. Child, girl and woman I tried to look on the face that gazed back at me with smiling eyes and tender lips, a young face, high-spirited, courageous, finely ascetic, framed in blond hair which hung, as was the fashion then, to meet his collar with the road black stock tied under his firmly moulded chin.

My mother remembered him well, although she was but a child when he left the States to join the great gold rush of '49. He was the flower of the family, she said, with a big, generous heart always open to any one in distress. No claim was too humble for his attention.

The unbounded West swallowed him. He wrote home twice. Once from Peter Lassen's ranch at Deer Creek, called Benton City, the end of the famed Lassen Trail. It divided there, he wrote, going to the Southern Mines at Coloma, the seat of Marshall's discovery in the mill tail at Sumner's New Helvetic, and to the Northern Mines at Reading Springs, a hundred miles further up the state, where Pearson B. Reading had made a similar rich strike in the same year.

The second letter came two years later from Reading Springs, or Shasta as it had been rechristened. Here, he assured my grandmother, was the original Midas land. Gold was everywhere, and men were daily finding fortunes on the turn of a spade. When he made his "lucky strike," he was coming home after them all. That was like him, my mother said, to want to share his good fortune when it came.

Perhaps it never came. There were no more letters. He did not return and my grandmother's eyes grew dim with watching. Her last words were a message to him, although it had been 30 years. I remember hearing her say that if she could only have known what fate had befallen him, she would not have grieved so deeply.

Undoubtedly that was the face of

thousands who followed the mirage of gold in those hectic days, to drop out of the world unremembered and unremembered, save by weary watchers in distant homes. Thinking of this afterward, when I looked at the portrait, I resolved if I ever went West I would seek out the mining town; and perhaps I should find my great uncle in his green old age and deliver to him his mother's message.



UNLIKELY as it had seemed, a part of my fantastic dream came true. I stood in the one long street of Shasta and looked about me. My hopes and expectations dropped to nothing, appeared ridiculous.

The lovely, curving road over which I had come through green hills, had dropped me into this bowl ringed round by pine-topped steeples; it went on over the mountain rim and lost itself in the turquoise sky.

On each side of me were ruins—crumbling brick walls with rusty iron doors sagging on twisted hinges. Grass grew in the dim interiors and wild things made their holes. A white bull stood silent and motionless, like a plaster statue on the green common; and the bright spring sunshine fell golden on the dead city.

Driving my car off the highway I got out, thrilling as I stood on the historic soil where uncounted feet had trod leaving no track. The terraced hill-sides which rose steeply to the left had once been worn by the eager feet of men with red-blooded hopes and fears, loves and hates. Time had swept away all trace, and webbed the green slopes with rabbit trails.

Taking the nearest path that led me through the open portal of a standing wall, I followed up to the heights, and for an hour I wandered through deserted gardens, terraced with native rock and sweet with the breath of castilian roses, shadowed by tall trees and choked with wild grasses. I peered into empty rooms and clambered over crumbling walls, disturbing the ant's industry and startling the lizards from their sunny perch. I descended into dark chambers whose iron walls could have been nothing else than the walls of a bastille. The doors with huge bolts raged to let me in. Mute, their impotent strength struck chill to the deepest nerve-cell of my being. What sort of men had been imprisoned there? Haggard eyes seemed to peer from the dim corners, hoarse whispers slid about the impervious walls. A clattering noise over the iron roof sent me in a panic out into the sunshine again, where two squirrels played tag over the fallen bricks. The plaster bull moved slowly past a wall, with a low moaning as of an uneasy lemur. Truly it was as the guide book had said, a ghost city.

"Enough of ruin and decay!" I left them, and made way to a squat building jutting out of the hillside into the street, which I rightly surmised carried a small store of merchandise and the ever-necessary gas and oil for the motorist. It was more than this, however, as the smiling proprietor soon convinced me. "No, Shasta was not all ruins, nor was it quite off the map," he assured me, indicating several neat dwelling houses and one or two solid brick structures. But it was true—Shasta was long past her prime, though she had been a bustling city of 10,000 inhabitants.

"It's hard to believe it now," he said; "but these streets used to be crowded with freight wagons drawn by as many as 16 yoke of oxen to the wagon. There were packed donkeys; miners, white, yellow and black. My mother says it was impossible for a woman to cross the street alone. She was a girl here in early days."

I nodded. Obviously the man was too young for such recollections.

"Those were great days, lady. If

you're interested, come and see my pioneer relics."

I was interested, and I liked to hear the man talk. He had been born here, and the spirit of the place had soaked into his very blood and bones. I said: "I've been walking through the ruins."

"I saw you. They say the old buildings are haunted. Did you see any bogies?"

I humored his smiling assertion. "None directly accosted me, though I felt presences all about me. I'm sure they are there."

"Well, I think they are friendly ghosts, or at most just lonesome," he reassured me. "Are you a Californian? Did your folks come here in early day?"

"In a way." I told him of my uncle and what had brought me here.

"McLaughlin?" He shook his head regretfully. It was plain he wished, with the large kindness of the West, to help me; but the clue was too slight. I said. I felt that it was. Yet my uncle McLaughlin had walked these streets—

"It's rather a futile quest, I'm afraid," that I knew.

"Like hunting a needle in a haystack, lady. So many years, and so many people. Yet—Wait!"

He turned back to his modest museum, took down a big leather-backed ledger and turned the leaves. "It goes over a period of years," he said.

I looked over his shoulder as he thumbed the pages, scanning intently the dimly traced entries from '52 to '58. There was no McLaughlin. Yet at the very end, a newspaper clipping fluttered out—evidently something copied from a former print.

My host's face lighted as he read where one Kid Shannon from the Argentine, following an old grudge, had found one McLaughlin in Shasta and stabbed him in the back; the bare fact.

"That is all?" I asked.

"That's all, lady. I never heard of it before."

"No Christian name?"

He handed me the clipping. "You might look in the graveyard, lady. It's there almost to the top of the hill, to the right. I'm sorry I can't help you more."

THANKING him, I took the road leading to the turquoise sky. At the crest of the first low hill I found the enclosure and passed in over the tangled grasses. Here, too, were ruin and decay, brightened by the wings of golden butterflies hovering above buttercups and wild hyacinths; and silence, broken by the swift flight of birds.

It was the familiar country graveyard. The same retrogression to nature,

the quiet, the repose, the ineffable peace of those who lay there listening to the tread of the quiet foot, reading with supernatural power the thoughts that floated vaporously through the living mind. Almost I could see them patient, still. If, unknowingly, I looked into my uncle McLaughlin's grave I felt sure that he would salute me. Yet as I wandered, searching, reading the letters worked in stone where wind and rain had not chiseled them away, not one of the sleepers lifted a hand and proclaimed himself McLaughlin.

Unwilling to go, for the spot held me with a mesmeric spell, I sat on a green slope and looked down over the hill-girt valley. The ghost town slept tranquilly in the April sun. Above her was lifted the pine-spired canyon rim; the gray ribbon of the road ran between the ruined walls; the white specter of the bull haunted the common.

Already the blue shades of evening were creeping into the ravines between the hills, whose edges were blurring with pearly mists from above. The hot sun beat drowsily on my head. The sweet, dreamy scent of wilting grasses rose like an incense.

I SWEAR I did not sleep, for I heard distinctly the sound of galloping hoofs beating down the hill—muffled hoofs thudding softly as along a bridle path—and the ring of an iron shoe against a rock. I could not see the rider clearly for he rode hard and fast, speeding down the steep like a Paul Revere into the mist that rolled in and obscured him.

Wondering, I rose. The valley filled with fog. The town was below me, blotted out. I drew my hand across my eyes. Slowly the fog dispersed, wafting away in long white shreds, leaving behind it in that pine-girt canyon a city of houses and tents, with thronged streets where men and beasts jostled one another.

Through them my rider went like a whirlwind, reining his sweating horse before a rude building. Rough men crowded about him. Almost it seemed they pulled him from his saddle and drew him on, inside the door. He brought news of serious import. I could hear their curses, the talk of "red-skins," could see them lay hands on their armed belts.

I followed after with feet that seemed to fly through space. In a strange room they gathered around a bar—drinking, rough, bearded men; yet I did not feel afraid. From a corner I watched the gallant figure of my rider. As he raised his glass, the light fell on his beautiful, ascetic face.

My heart leaped up, and stood still,

the face in the ambrotype. My uncle McLaughlin! Thrilled, I called aloud to him but he did not notice me. No one heard me. A man pushed through the swinging door, paused, set his back to the wall and surveyed the room with burning, hostile eyes. He was slender and lithe; and like a play actor, he wore a fantastic velvet jerkin with a collar of lace, and a scarlet sash about his slim waist.

* He meant evil. I knew it. I cried out, but they went on talking and drinking. My uncle McLaughlin placed his empty glass on the bar and stepped back, smiling. Like a swift, wild panther the man leaped on him, thrusting a lean, dark face into his.

"Kid Shannon's found you!"

Swift as the words, keen as light, a glint of steel rose and fell, plunged deep into McLaughlin's side.

The smile set. He staggered, snatched at his belt and crumpled to the floor. A red stream gushed along the boards and trickled into a crack.

The stranger leaped to the door, but pausing there, he lifted his hand in insolent salute.

"Adios, señors!"

Was it his arrogant voice or my shriek that startled the dazed room to action? They were fifty to one. I could see only a struggling mass of desperate men—until I saw him again, standing straight and scornful among his captors, with steel gyves on his wrists, his coal-dark eyes like flame.

An old man danced up and down, snapping his bony claws, gibbering: "There's Hangman's tree where Higgins hung. Gawd! I 'member how he kicked. A hard dier, Higgins—"

A rough hand clapped over his drooling mouth as a woman entered through an opposite door, and stood there in tranquil beauty, her long, rosy draperies undulating in the current of air. She had not spoken. She had not yet seen.

The captured man saw her. His pride fell from him like a cloak. He held out his manacled hands toward her with a tortured cry of "You! You!" The cry seemed to echo to the hills.

In a flash she saw it all: The prone body, the creeping tide, his convulsed face and fettered hands with a stain of blood on his palm.

With a scream of mad laughter she flung up her white arms, retreated through the door and closed it after her, leaving behind her blank walls echoing with terrible mirth that broke into violent angles of sound and color and light and shadow, like a Cubist's dream. It wrapped me 'round and smothered me. I fought the terror of it—long. From its chaos at last I emerged—alone.

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Some Western Portrait Sculpture I Have Known

By J. M. Holloway

THE general public, so-called, has always harbored something of an aversion to portrait sculpture, anyway a lack of response. For many, a portrait bust savors of death and mausoleum marbles. Of course ardent citizens like to immortalize their leading men in huge, bigger-than-life busts, which incidentally add dignity to public buildings and parks. Still, only the dead are customarily cast in bronze. As for portrait busts of people very much alive, gracing private homes, that's quite another story. It makes some shudder. I can remember a family servant we once had—it was in the days when there were family servants—and she always shied away from a bronze head of my little sister Edie, a youngster always in boisterous evidence. "If I was you," she would say confidentially, time and again to my mother, in the hopes, I suppose, of warding off sudden death or disaster, "I wouldn't have that there thing around. It looks too much like Edie." It made her think of Edie as dead. The perfect likeness made it uncanny for her, decidedly, unforgivably so. However, public prejudice is enjoying a healthy change. People with no trained eye for art are beginning to realize what a wonderful thing a portrait bust may mean to them if rightly conceived and executed. As a result, more and more sculptors are turning to portrait sculpture on both sides of the Atlantic.

Here on the coast we find a new sculptor devoting himself to portraiture, Austin James of Carmel-by-the-Sea, whose work, both in the round and in relief, shows him particularly equipped for this branch of sculpture. He took his training at the California School of Fine Arts, San Francisco, worked with the well-known California sculptor, Jo Mora, at Pebble Beach, and exhibited last winter for the first time in Pasadena, where he has a winter studio.

That he is an admirer of the tranquilly classic is evident from the decorative simplicity and reticence of his work, its serene rhythm of line. A feeling for design pervades everything he touches. There is an occasional hint of something Florentine. Yet he is modern in liking to experiment. His is the modelling of sensitive, mobile fingers backed by a calm, virile hand—obviously a man's tooling. He carves with masculine directness and integrity of conception and workmanship. His way is meticulously, infinitely careful, yet broad and flexible. Outlines are revealingly subtle, a

pleasure to the discerning eye. Without being in the least anatomical, his portraits give a reassuring truthful sense of some construction—not merely of flesh



Ernest de Koven Leffingwell
Arctic Explorer and Scientist

BY AUSTIN JAMES

that happily resembles. From the way a neck sits in the shoulders of his portrait busts, he forcibly suggests the stance of the whole body. He has a quick, discriminating emphasis for the uniquely characteristics feature, its casual droop, or assymetry. As likenesses, his portraits are sure and unequivocal. Even relatives find no flaws and this is saying much as these well-meaning ones often think they see more clearly than the sculptor.

Of course some relatives are exceptional. James recently completed a portrait head of Ernest de Koven Leffingwell, the arctic explorer and scientist. Mr. Leffingwell's father, the distinguished Episcopal clergyman, Dr. C. W. Leffingwell, so long head of St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Ill., came to pass judgment on the head. And Dr. Leffingwell had a trained eye for such judg-

ing as his own portrait had been done by Taft, the Chicago sculptor. After all kinds of scrutiny from near and far, Dr. Leffingwell announced enthusiastically that he had absolutely no criticism to make, so right was his son's portrait in every way. And all the 10 relatives who had accompanied him on the tour of inspection agreed with him. Remarkable! But with each new portrait advances another group of critical, interested relatives. James, now modeling at Carmel the head of the Honorable Thomas Taylor, Jr., judge of the Chicago Appellate Court, has soon to face another jury of verdict-giving relatives.

In one way relatives should be the first to be satisfied. The sculptor's primary duty is to present you as the man in the street is accustomed to seeing you in the office, on the links, presiding over the family meal, compass, gavel or fishline in hand. Now all this more or less necessary background, the novelist, short story writer, or playwright, rings in as antecedent material. He has every opportunity for doing so. The portrait painter may insinuate it deftly as setting, by means of color combinations, tricks of lighting, posture, emphasis, and employment of hands. But the sculptor is distinctly handicapped. He has to do it all by light and shade playing hop scotch over planes forming the small area of the human face. What is more, after he has successfully evolved the every-day you, he cannot stop. He has yet to cope with that other very important part of you, the universal self, the alter ego, or whatever the popular term of the hour is for that eternal racial soul of us.

Was it Hunecker quoting Maurice Barres who said: "For an accomplished spirit there is but one dialogue, that between our two egos—the momentary ego that we are, the ideal ego towards which we strive? It is something of this the sculptor must suggest; he has two egos on, or rather in, his hands. He must make your other, predetermining self, as unmistakable as your humdrum, daily self which is so well-known, perhaps too well known to your neighbor. Otherwise he succeeds only in getting a mere photographic likeness or else an ideal head which only faintly and provocatively resembles the person people know.

After he has inveigled you to turn the pockets of yourself inside out he takes account of all the minutiae thus

exposed—every scrap of golf or bridge score, every little screw eye, pencil stub, empty cartridge, hose washer, radio nut or what not. But he cannot build with these alone. He has now to grasp the major difficulty of laying hands on the *you* beyond you, not only suggesting the you that you are, but the you that you might have been and still yet may become. A gigantic feat of understanding really, this trapping of that fourth dimensional self.

However, he cannot hope to do this until the lifeless, fat or lean clay, that he so recently slung onto his armature with a carelessness that is not carelessness, has begun to breathe from every pore. He must give the undeniable assurance of life from every observable angle else his portrait will be a meaningless grotesque. It's a three dimensional problem before it can aspire to being a fourth dimensional one.

It has always seemed to me in watching modeling that clay comes to life at a precise detectable moment. Suddenly not gradually something happens to the clay. A crisis comes after which nothing is the same with the clay as a moment previously. A sculptor once told me in this connection about a negro garbage man who took the most naive delight in his modeling—the "statuary" as he called it. One day when a portrait in clay had rounded the corner I speak of, to flesh and blood, the negro came into the studio, rather fragrantly (although it was called "Table Refuse" on his vehicle). Reverently he doffed his hole-perforated shapeless hat. Then suddenly he began to circle excitedly, barbarically around the clay head. It was like the palpitating excitement of a puppy circling around something he suddenly

discovers to be alive instead of the piece of bark he had mistaken it for—in fact, a beetle trying to scuttle to safety. The puppy is enormously stimulated by its unsuspected livingness. So with the negro, the immediate impression of life residing in the clay almost terrified his primitive imagination. "Why! You



Child's Head

done made a man!" And the sculptor felt it quite rightly a tribute.

Beside this feeling of life, a portrait head must tell us right away everything there is to know as to race, class, era of development as well as give us a peep at the "motive behind the given motive" of a life. The type of personality must be as self-evident as that a fawn's head is obviously a fawn's head even if it is not labelled "Head of a Satyr." We must know instantly whether it is peasant, patrician, pauper or provincial. We must be told whether it is a case of strength or weakness, intolerance or

benevolence, secretiveness or expansiveness, resignation or belligerence, success or failure.

Now if there is one thing that gallery trotters do pause to gaze at, if they have any time left from staring at microscopic writing or drawings in tiny frames on gallery walls, decaying fans in glass cases or coin collections, it is portrait busts of successful power-girded men in bronze, preferably the self-made variety who began bravely as newsboys. Push, ambition, "possession, dominance, assurance," to mention the three goal posts towards which all men strive, according to H. G. Welles, have a certain compulsion even in a portrait. People like to stop and warm their hands at the glow radiating from such glamorous busts. Perhaps they like to scan the self-assured worldly features for traces of the mechanism by which so much was accomplished—possibly in order to learn how to hold their own faces in the semblance of success as a first step. To them it's like a correspondence course on how to become famous, a course that develops personality as you read and advises the closest inspection of the faces of the great. But portrait heads where mispent, thwarted intentions look wistfully out at you are passed by, quizzical faces over which failure has drawn a deadening, mocking hand, faces of dreamers that mask lives split by a division of interests, backslidings, waywardness. These to the observant so often yield a paradoxical feeling of more treasurable success in their very failure. It is something the way that a big truncated redwood tree topped either through storm, lightning or weakness from resident disease can give the impression of greater stature and dignity than had it grown successfully to its normal height, like its commonplace flourishing brother tree.

But to return to the duties of a portrait bust, one glance must give you the key to the prime dominating emotion dominating that life, the particular emotion or conflict of emotions on which all decision and action habitually pivot. We must know whether a man is one who gives or one who takes, whether he is a yes or a no sayer; jealous, crafty, noble, abstemious or pleasure loving. It should not need a dress suit with fluted shirt and formal collar to inform us a man is a reveller, an after dinner speaker, a lover of opulence. The features must inform us of all this as with the old Roman sculptured heads. The Roman sculptors used the plain folds of the toga alike as drapery for the weak-willed excess indulging roué and the simple man

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Original Design, Over Mantel in Pasadena

Authorship and Creative Literature

Contact Points With Critic, Journalist, Editor, Publisher

ADDRESS BEFORE LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS, AUGUST 10, 1928

By Arthur H. Chamberlain

OURS is a mechanical age. The commercial spirit seems to be everywhere and to pervade everything. The faces of our people are set toward the vision of the almighty dollar. Science, mechanics, industrial development, commercial greatness far outstrip social progress, education, literary values and those qualities commonly characterized as cultural and humanitarian. How can I profit is a question asked more frequently than how can I serve? National ideals, so much to the fore during the period of the Great War, seem to be suffering a relapse.

In the realm of letters, there is manifest a feeling of decided unrest. According to one contemporary writer, what he speaks of as "jingo" embodies the national spirit today. Claim is made by some that our modern writers are indulging in literary "jazz." Our present day literature is, so say critics, far below the standard of a half century ago and manifestly inferior to that of a time comparing roughly with the colonization of our own country. Nor do we begin, they contend, to measure up in letters to the "glory that was Greece" in this regard.

Where, say our critics, have we today the poets to compare with Virgil or Homer or Dante; with Chaucer or Shakespeare or Shelley; with Milton or Goethe or Schiller; with Keats or Browning or Longfellow?

Where today are the novelists and producers of fiction to measure up to Victor Hugo or Scott or Dumas or Dickens or Cooper or Poe or George Eliot or Hawthorne?

Where are essayists in this first quarter of the twentieth century the equal of Bacon or Carlyle or Lamb or Ruskin or Irving or Emerson?

Where can we point to short story writers and portrayers of character as versatile as Stevenson or Mark Twain or Bret Harte?

Where are such delineators of nature and descriptive writing as Thoreau or John Burroughs or Muir or Clarence King?

Where as historians have we the like of Gibbon or Guizot or Macaulay or Thackeray or Prescott or Motley or Bancroft?

And where today are those masters of philosophy and social politics who can cross swords with Aristotle or Plato or Spencer or John Fiske?

In a word, is it true that we today have no stars in the realm of letters,

The writers and publishers of this country have a duty to perform. They have thrust upon them a responsibility. It is not enough to say that the newspapers and periodicals and books of the day are giving the public what it demands. This is only a half truth. Popular opinion does not spring from the mass. It finds its beginning in the leaders and flows outward to the group, and spreads to the mass. Public opinion and taste may be shaped and molded in no small degree by those who today are the writers and publishers.

the magnitude of those of former times.

Passing for a moment a reply to these criticisms, it may be said in truth that today, whether in the realm of letters or elsewhere, quantity rather than quality all too often plays a ruling part. Our modern life is extremely complex. There are stratifications and cross currents unknown in times past. This is an age of specialization to be sure. It is at the same time an age of universal education. In former times, with the system of apprenticeship in force, and under a plan whereby the mantle of the father fell upon the elder son, it was easy to follow the beaten path. The son of the artisan became the artisan. The son of the shop-keeper followed in the footsteps of the father. The clerk, the literary man, the merchant, the farmer, the musician, the lawyer, the cleric—each was, on the law of averages, descended from a similar line.

Today all is different. Activities are diversified. It is the prerogative of every citizen to "make a try" at anything his ambition or tendencies or abilities may suggest. All of this results in raising

the general level, both of intelligence and of aggregate output. At the same time it tends to obscure the mountain peaks. With our tremendous gains in population it gives us a much larger number of persons than ever before who are able to make an appreciable contribution in their respective fields. And this, by the same law, tends toward a comparative reduction of those eminent leaders so noticeable in times past. Indeed, in the earlier day, it was only the leaders who were heard from. The others suffered in silence.

If this principle holds in American life generally, it is especially noticeable in the field of letters. During these past few decades the schools have placed great stress on English and literary studies in all phases—composition, theme writing, essays, and even short story and verse, to say nothing of general descriptive writing. This, of itself, has given impetus to writing and has started many a novice on the road to a literary career. Sir Gilbert Parker has criticized severely the work done in the schools. He says, "A sort of Mandarin learning tends to settle on literature. Pupils accumulate a worthless store of small facts and illusions with nothing of value for their trouble. Worse still, they settle the exact relationship of every writer to every other writer, his indebtedness to every influence and exactly what the student ought to think of him." There is, unfortunately, much of truth in Gilbert Parker's criticisms, so far as the less progressive schools are concerned. However, what he says would more aptly be applied to the schools of some decades past. Most of our educational institutions have gone a long way toward modernizing literary studies.

There are today many diversified fields lending themselves to the writer's art. And what with the number of newspapers—daily and weekly; the magazines and periodicals of general circulation, and the multitude of publications of special or class nature, there is increasing demand or at least incentive for men and women to write, write, write. The newspaper is read by practically our entire population. The aggregate circulation of daily papers in the United

States is upward of 32,700,000 copies every 24 hours. There are of Sunday editions 20,000,000 copies more every Sunday. Adding to these all periodicals—daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly and at other stated intervals, there are printed and circulated in this country 15,475,145,102 copies a year or about 141 copies for every man, woman and child within our borders. The development of libraries, public and private, has had a tremendous effect on increasing the reading habit. It may more truly be said today than ever before, "Of making many books there is no end."

All of this seems to indicate a decided trend upward. It is a healthy sign when the people generally read and when men and women in ever increasing numbers are earning their living by the pen, or, through the art of writing, are making their contributions to the literature of the day. To those, however, who make journalism or authorship a vocation, and particularly to those who are charged with duties of the critic, editor or publisher, there comes sometimes a spirit of pessimism or depression at the mass of mediocre material turned out. The prayer is for less copy and better stuff.

Many seek to enter the field of literature or journalism because they enjoy writing. They begin it as an avocation. Did they continue it as an avocation all would be well. Some believe that writing offers an easy and delightful channel through which to earn a living. Others are obsessed with the idea that they have something for which the reading public is hungry. They feel the urge to write. Others again must see their names in print. They hunger for publicity. The world loses many an excellent mechanic, that there may be added one more to the already too large army of those who have nothing to say with the pen and who are saying it with all the faith and fervor of adolescent youth.

THE adjustment of human material so that each individual finds the particular niche for which he is fitted is indeed an exact science. And as yet, the problem is not fully solved. During the war period and following, we talked literally with hundreds of young soldiers, men and officers, of our overseas forces in France and Germany. It was pathetic, the number who felt they were misplaced and who desired on return to America to take up some occupation, trade, profession or calling other than the one they had been following. It is the same everywhere in civil life. Many of those who now make a living merely, could no doubt, if in some other field gain real success.

More often the discontented one would be tremendously disappointed in the new field should he change his vocation. The grass is greener in the pasture of the other fellow. In any event, it is the permanent satisfactions in life that count. One should take enjoyment in his work. Success must be measured in terms of service.

"We live in deeds, not years;
in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

There came recently under our observation a young man serving in the business department of an organization. Apparently he was using the business side as a stepping stone only; he appeared unhappy in his work and talked constantly to his associates of his desire to write. The young man told me that in high school and college he had specialized in English and literary lines and had done work on the college paper. He had an overwhelming desire to write. Had he written anything? Oh yes, he had written a great deal; but as yet had published nothing; thought best not to make undue haste to publish. (And he was all of 20 years of age.) What particular kind of writing did he indulge in? Short stories involving discussions of such simple themes as an analysis of Plato's philosophy of life and kindred subjects. And the length of these "short stories"? They seldom exceeded 20,000 words in length.

The case was well nigh hopeless. He couldn't write. How could he? Plato was entirely beyond him. And he had no conceptions of the elements involved in the short story. He, of course, needed background and experience and training and criticism to determine what particular direction, if any, his future activities in writing should take. And so it goes. Scores of manuscripts reach our desk during a given month. There are poems, short stories, novels, serials, biographical sketches, features of all kinds. These must be given attention. Many a verse or sketch, crude and unshapen, shows in embryo the artistic touch. The writer is an author in the making. Unfortunate indeed, if confidence cannot be given such person. Kindly and timely suggestion and criticism may start upon the right road a future literary light.

Too often, however, the product that should receive severe criticism and entire reshaping, is, if submitted to a friend, given only compliment and approval. This is the most doubtful kind of friendship. A worthless, weak or inadequate production should not be

allowed to pass as one of literary merit. Where such is the case a great injustice is done the author, and the public will later be imposed upon.

There is a common fallacy abroad that most writers are born; that they come by the gift of letters naturally. Others again assume that any one can learn to write. They believe that lessons in English literature will cultivate good taste; that careful study of the major poets will lead to ability in verse making; that a course in short story writing is the thing needful to develop facility in this line; that out of schools of Journalism emerge great editors. Of course many men and women possess inherited traits and abilities that later show themselves in excellent literature. And it is a fact beyond dispute that selected curricula and courses of study and classes taught by specialists on literary appreciation, have great value as training. These are all good and needful. More than all else, however, *we learn to write by writing*. Long experience and continuous practice, these with application and persistence, constant criticism and weighing of values, will result in style and quality and charm.

THE realm of poetry seems to offer a particularly fertile field for many young enthusiasts whose ability, to say the least, lies elsewhere. Not content with prose or with simple descriptive verse, or the short sonnet or lyric, the ambitious writer launches forth to produce a ballad covering pages. It sometimes happens that such an author is capable of producing a real gem of a few lines. Others, to be sure, find they express themselves best through the musical meter of the poem of considerable length. Of all forms of writing, poetry is, in some measure, the most difficult to execute successfully. One should not force himself to produce verse. If it comes with great effort it will not be poetry. The first draft may, of course, be refined and polished and enriched in many subsequent writings. It is said of Gray that eight years were required to produce the final draft of the *Elegy*. But most good poetry is not written on contract. It is based on the call of a great cause; it is brought forth as an answer to some inward urge; it is a challenge to be met, or an acknowledgment of some phenomenon of nature.

Another phase of writing dreadfully abused is the short story. Most of the *short stories* are in fact *long stories*. You have, no doubt, had on occasion the experience of being asked to make

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Herbert Bashford, Poet

By Harr Wagner
Editor Western Journal of Education

HERBERT BASHFORD loved the sweet, elusive, deep-toned mysteries of Nature. He is now a part of the mysteries of life. The vast forests, the boundless seas, the majestic mountains, were a kin to his hours of solitude and silence and to his finest expression in "Wolves of the Sea," "Yosemite" and "The Forest Ranger." It has not been many days since we stood beside him at his beautiful home in the Piedmont hills and watched the sun go down through the Golden Gate.

In his piercing and beautiful eyes was again the creative spirit that compelled him to write

*"Like some huge bird that sinks to rest
The sun goes down—a weary thing—
And o'er the waters placid breast
It laps a scarlet outstretched wing."*

"Oh, wonderful woods of the West!" he expresses himself, as neighbor to the whole out-of-doors, and he truly found ecstasy in his life in the expression of

*"What keen, sweet raptures must have thrilled
The heart of Nature when she heard
The first glad lyric of a bird
When the impassioned music spilled
From out the deeps of dawn at me,
'Twas then God fashioned ecstasy."*

He had a poem for every mood of Nature and his kinship with the elemental majesty of the oceans and the mountains was more than blood relationship.

In the spirit of "The Wolves of the Sea" was his spirit. In melody he exemplifies that fellowship with Nature that was such an intimate part of his life. He attained the highest poetic expression in "Yosemite." I quote but two verses:

*"Born of the heights where rhyming brooks
rejoice,
A wild stream, wilder far than wintry seas,
Shakes loose the epic thunder of his voice
And hurls it down the Centuries.
"Deep with the perfect peace the dark
enfolds—
That hush no prowling night wind
mars,
One little valley lake, enraptured holds
Unwearied all its weight of stars."*

His poems have been published in a volume entitled "At the Shrine of Song" and a booklet, "Yosemite." He had completed, but a short time before his death, a complete manuscript of all of his poems for publication. His first volume was called "Songs From Puget Sound." Edmond Clarence Stedman, in his American Anthology, included a number of his poems as typical of the

highest type of Western literature. His last poem appeared in the Sunset Magazine for September, 1928. His prose work was of unusual merit. His most noted contribution was a careful survey of California literature for "The Atlantic Monthly." He contributed signed articles and editorials for the Saturday Evening Post, Munsey's, Cosmopolitan, Woman's Home Companion, Western Journal of Education and many others. He was for thirteen years, from 1909 to 1922, book review editor for the Evening Bulletin, San Francisco.

His dramatic work consisted of "Running for Governor," "Heritage of the Red," "The Defiance of Dora," "The Woman He Married," produced by Virginia Harned, "The Voice Within," "Taken In," "A Light in the Dark." The latter play opened the Bishop Theatre, Oakland, California, now the Fulton Theatre. All of his plays have been produced and a number of them were produced many times by stock companies throughout the country.

His permanent and perhaps greatest literary achievement was "A Man Unafraid," the story of John Charles Fremont, written in conjunction with Harr Wagner. This book, written from a new viewpoint of the life and work of Fremont, is not only in literary style, but historical placement, a book of more than ordinary value. The last book, which is just off the press, is among the best sellers of California books. It is called "Stories of Western Pioneers." Other prose volumes are "Northwest Nature Stories" and "The Tenting of the Tillicums."

His work on the lecture platform was unique and interesting. He had a winning personality. His voice was melodious and whether he was talking on "The Lock-Step in Education," "The Literature of the Drama," or reading "Back to Petelumy" or "Boland's Boy," he held his audience enraptured.

The teachers of California and the Northwest will always remember his quaint and fascinating, humorous style.

He began his career as public librarian of the city of Tacoma and as state librarian of Washington, but he preferred to live the life of a poet to that of a routine, professional career.

He was born in Sioux City, Iowa, March 4th, 1871, the son of Frank Walker and Alice (Beals) Bashford.

Educated in public and private schools. Married Kinnie, daughter of Senator J. A. Cole of Tacoma, Washington, in 1891. His daughter, Alice Mary Blote, and his widow live in Piedmont, above Oakland.

Herbert Bashford numbered among his intimate friends Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith, Madge Morris, George Sterling, Edwin Markham, George Wharton James, Bailey Millard, John G. Jury, Thomas Nunan, Jack London, Ella Sterling Mighels, Harry Noyes Pratt, James D. Phelan and many others.

He represented in life and work the highest ideals of the poet, the critic and the dramatist.

A CLOSE CALL

By ELEANOR FRANCES LIND

The following true story by Miss Lind, a San Francisco girl of 17, appears in the September issue of St. Nicholas Magazine. Miss Lind has been awarded a prize for this story. This is the second cash prize she has won in the St. Nicholas League. She has also won the silver and gold medal in 1927 and 1928. As the competition is keen and participated in by young writers the country over, we congratulate Miss Lind upon her splendid work.
—EDITOR.

IN the spring of 1898, when the Klondike rush to Dawson, Canada, began, people flocked from everywhere to mine out the gold. Every profession except mining seemed to be represented, for there were bankers, grocymen, bookkeepers and clerks, who had left their positions upon hearing of the gold discovery. Everything was new and unexplored; every one was inexperienced; no one knew how to mine safely nor how to go about working the mines so that the workers would be protected. Therefore, much had to be learned by experience. No mine inspection had been enforced by the government as yet.

My father had a gold claim and was mining on Sulphur Creek, forty miles from Dawson. Gold was being dug out of the earth at a depth of forty feet. The ground was composed of clay and gravel which had frozen through. In order to go about mining the gold, a shaft was sunk; when the depth was reached, the ground was thawed out by steam pipes, and the dirt containing the gold was dug out and hoisted up the shaft in buckets. Working the mines at this time was extremely dangerous, for

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The Whirling Dervishes

Illustrated with two sketches by Howard Wookey

By Manly P. Hall

FIVE hundred and seventy years after the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem, Mohammed, Prophet of Islam, "the desired of all nations," was born in Mecca. In the eighth year after the Hegira, Mohammed, seated upon his great camel and bearing the black standard made from his wife's veil, rode into the city of his birth at the head of a vast army of the faithful. Here in Mecca was founded a faith which Mohammed originally conceived of simply as a code for the spiritual guidance of Arabia, but which under the zealous proselytism of the Four Caliphs became one of the great world religions. Today the Mohammedan faith is second only to Christianity in the rapidity of its growth.

Today the Moslem devotees are numbered by the hundreds of millions and from the four corners of earth rises the chant of Islam: "There is no God but Allah. Mohammed is his prophet." Five times each day the followers of the Prophet cease their labors and, turning their faces toward Mecca for a few moments, give thanks that God in His mercy sent Ahmed to reveal to them the way of salvation. Still each year in the month of Ramadan the pilgrims travel the desert sands of Arabia to gaze upon the sacred *Caaba*, which marks the spot on earth which is said to be directly beneath the temple of God in heaven. Here also is the aerolite of Abraham, or the famous black stone of Mecca. The faith of Islam is a strong faith and upon returning from his pilgrimage to the holy city, each faithful son of the Prophet winds a fresh turn of green voile around his fez to commemorate the journey.

Although the Koran is regarded as the inspired book of Islam, containing between its covers the complete body of the law, we find—in common with all other faiths—that the book is simply the outer covering of the Islamic code and that the words of the Prophet are susceptible of an interpretation far more

profound than that apparent to the masses. Hence, within the body of the faithful there exists a number of saints and illumined mystics whose wisdom is so transcendent that their souls are said to draw near to the veiled face of truth.

These initiates of the secret cults



which have existed since the very death of the Prophet are called Dervishes. Two general types of holy men are to be found in Islam. The first is the scholarly and consecrated Dervish whose life is devoted to the study of the secret spiritual forces of the universe. The second is the fakir, who is simply a religious beggar and who for one reason or another has renounced worldliness and lives by the generosity of the faithful. Certain orders of Dervishes are also differentiated by the color and form of their garments and the number of folds in their turbans. Nearly all Dervishes are profi-

cient in what the western world terms *magic* and are profound students also of such occult subjects as *astrology*, *neuro-mancy*, *talismanic magic*, *Qabbalism*, and *incantation*. The peculiar powers of the Dervishes have been attested by many Europeans and even the fakirs are world famous for their skill at *conjuración*. Some of the Dervish sects are inclined to fraternize with the Freemasons and the Druses of Syria.

The outer or visible body of the Dervishes penetrates the entire structure of the Islamic world and consists of numerous organizations or groups of disciples who study the mysteries of life from aged and venerable teachers, for in Islam (as in India) saints and sages still walk the earth and concern themselves with the affairs of men. These wise beings are called *Mersheds* and their word is law. Behind the visible structure of Dervish mysticism, however, is a secret, superphysical institution composed of fire and illumined masters who only upon rare occasions contact the lives of the disciples of a lower rank. This inner body of god-men possesses the fullness of divine knowledge and membership in it comes as the reward for outstanding achievement in the lower grades of the brotherhood.

L. M. J. Garnett writes of the Dervishes

thus: "According to the mystical canon, there are always on earth a certain number of holy men who are admitted to intimate communion with the Deity." J. P. Brown refers to these spiritual ones as the "Master Souls." They are still in the physical body and wander about the earth, but are only recognizable by the elect. The Dervish is taught that any person whom he meets—even the poorest beggar—may be one of these master souls.

At the head of the hierarchy composing the inner or mystical Dervish order is a great and august soul who is called

the "Axis" or "Pole" of the universe. His identity is unknown even to the highest members of the order and he often wanders the earth in the garb of a novice. He is a master of the powers of magic, can make himself invisible at will, and traverses vast distances with the speed of thought. The only possible chance to see this exalted one and be certain of his identity is to visit Mecca. The favorite seat of the "Axis" is on the roof of the Caaba, where he is occasionally visible, but if an attempt is made to reach him, he immediately disappears. On either side of the "Axis" are two other great souls, subordinate only to himself, who are called the "Intermediate Ones." Subordinate to this quartette are the five "Lights" and the seven "Very Good." The body of the order is made up of the forty "Absent Ones," sometimes referred to as the "Martyrs." When the time comes for the "Axis" to quit his physical body and ascend into the spheres of life, then the "Faithful One" on his right is advanced to the dignity of "Axis" and all the other members of the order correspondingly advanced one degree to fill the vacancies created. This great body of spiritual mystics, collectively called the "Lords of Souls" and "Directors," is an invisible government controlling all the temporal institutions of men and far surpasses in power any earthly potentate.

With an outer organization consisting of many thousands of Dervishes of varying degrees of holiness and an inner body composed of god-men so highly advanced and superior to ordinary humanity that they seem more mythical than real, it is thus evident that the Dervishes form a very powerful order. Each Dervish, it is said, is founded in the faith through having passed successfully a thousand and one days and nights of temptation. Renouncing everything pertaining to the flesh, these men have devoted their lives to the perfection of consciousness.

One of the most interesting sects of the Dervishes is the Order of Mevlevi, more commonly known as the dancing or whirling Dervishes, and popularly

supposed to have been founded by the great Persian Sufic poet and philosopher, Jelal-ud-din. The ability of the whirling Dervish to spin with tremendous velocity on toe and heel with a sort of dancing motion for a considerable time and then suddenly to stop and lean over and pick up a pin is decidedly uncanny. No amount of motion or rapidity of speed apparently can make them dizzy. From what can be gleaned in the fragmentary extracts from their doctrines which have come into the hands of the



profane, the purpose of the whirling is to attune the rhythm of the body to the circular motion of the celestial bodies.

Like many religious orders in various parts of the world, the Dervishes have many strange practices intended to produce ecstatic conditions. In some cases they even resort to the use of hasheesh to bring about a temporary clairvoyance, but this practice can hardly be considered representative of the true ideals of the Dervish Order.

The Mevlevi wear tall but not pointed caps and their garments are tight above the waist but flare out below like an extremely full skirt to the ankles. At the commencement of the whirling dance

these skirts stand out straight from the body in a great circle, making the Dervish resemble a spinning top. The various groups of Dervishes wear different styles of caps, all of which are more or less significant. One type of headgear is vase-shaped and symbolizes the urn of spiritual light in which God kept the soul of Mohammed before the birth of the Prophet.

There is another interesting point brought out in Dervish philosophy. Obeying the ancient customs of the brotherhood, the various members of the order always travel in certain directions of the compass and at certain angles. Consequently, if it is desired to meet a certain Dervish saint, it is first necessary to learn the angle upon which he travels and then if the seeker will place himself at some point along the line of this angle and await the Dervish, the latter will ultimately appear.

The Dervishes possess a secret doctrine concerning human regeneration which is presumably founded upon the mysticism of the Brahmins of India. The philosophy of the Dervishes may be summed up in the Oriental doctrine of realization. By learning to renounce all human consciousness and rise above all limitations of the sense perceptions and intellect, the Dervish attains to the level of absolute, transcendent understanding in which he feels himself absorbed into the nature of the Universal. His doctrine thus leads him to the same

goal which the Buddhist terms Nirvana. While professedly a Mohammedan, the Dervish is in reality a philosophic atheist. It is an interesting fact worthy of more than passing consideration that the more profound aspects of every religion almost invariably incline toward atheism in that they reject the concept of Deity as a personality and establish Deity as a principle or condition.

The quest of the soul for God has been the common goal of humanity since the dawn of time. Man has ever striven to awaken within himself certain phenomenal and overwhelming feelings, believing that when he felt himself thus

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Page of Verse

MORNING

TO me alone
Discovering its strange, strong beauty,
The sea unrolled its green-cold curves
Upon a bounding sand,—
Its surface seething in the sun,
Its steam rising high to the morning,—
And—like the mad movements of man—
Sang for me of strength
And sceptic beauty.

W. W. ROBINSON.

INTRIGUING NIGHT

THE Night is a coquette with jeweled fan
As clouds go rolling by in opal space.
She draws a veil across her winsome face;
Evasively she hides her clever plan.
The Moon in lunar rainbow gleam began
His suit in ages past, and I can trace
His lei of stars that he has brought Her Grace;
But Night will lead him on through life's whole span.

Tonight the ginger bloom and jessamine
Are fragrant as we stroll the beach; a thrush
In the croton hedge calls to his mate; a tune
On steel guitar is heard. My heroine,
The Night, has thrown the Moon a kiss. You blush—
Oh, be my Night and I your faithful Moon!

MEDDIE MAZE LEBOLD.

GREETING

WE who are actors on the stage today,
Call out to you across the silent years—
Across the sorrows that have passed away—
The joyful songs and laughter and the tears.
When you were planning for the time to come—
For generations that were yet to be—
You built for future thought a sheltering home
Beside the wide, responsive, western sea.
And all the wonders of this modern age—
The outward symbols of man's active mind—
Have been reflected there on many a page
For eager eyes and intellects to find.
You blazed a trail past many doubts and fears
And we salute you now as pioneers.

BELLE WILLEY GUE.

WHITE SAILS

WHITE sails upon the bay pass quietly,
Proud sails, unfurled before the morning sun.
They glide along o'er blue waves rapidly,
Out toward the sea-paths where adventures run.

White sails! I ever watch them wistfully,
As through the Golden Gate they speed away
To race with winds and waves triumphantly
Until they anchor in some tropic bay.

White sails! O words of magic potency!
Green isles, strange voices, purple-tinted vales,
Mountains alight with flaming brilliancy;
All claim my fancy when I see white sails.

OLGA VALERIA RUEDY.

HILLS

I HAVE found peace,
Walking the quiet hills;
Quick release
From truculent ways of men.
When life's feverish hurry
Returns, and fills
My breast, I shall walk them again,
And again and again.

Before I have striven
My heart abandoned strife;
Now I have given
Over effort and pain;
Why should a dusty desk
Command my life
When God is offering hills
Washed clean with the rain?

GRACE STONE COATES.

NOCTURNE

HER stars, the sky in radiance hides,
Before Day's face,
But Night unveils the jeweled space
Where God abides.

Thy soul's clear void no shadow mars,
All empty light.
Pain sudden turns a day to night
And lo!—the stars.

EMMA L. SIMPSON.

WISDOM IS A WEARY THING

AH, wisdom is a weary thing!
Could I, like wondering folk of yore,
But find at dawn a fairy ring
Traced on a meadow's grassy floor—
Or hear frail music and far bells
Blown, with a ravishing sweet sound,
From elfin haunts in dewy dells
Or crystal caverns underground!

O truth has watered life's rich wine!
Lorn ghosts no longer rustle leaves
Where ancient lovers walked, or wine.
And whimper under crumbling eaves.
No black witch, linked with hellish law,
Skims on a cloud across the skies:
Earth shows no print of demon claw
Or cloven foot to mortal eyes.

Man's league is lost with secret powers:
No more do mandrake, wolf's-bane, yew,
Point out a path for unborn hours
When bubbled in unholy brew!
No more do night-winds whisper runes—
Does heaven spread a mystic slate
Where suns and stars and boding moons
Inscribe the cabala of fate!

LORI PETRI.

The League of Western Writers

Third Annual Convention, Portland, Oregon, August, 9, 10, 11, 1928

THE recent meeting of the League of Western Writers, which assembled at the Multnomah Hotel, for the 1928 session, had been properly founded in the meeting of a year ago at Seattle. At the 1927 session, a preliminary set of by-laws had been drawn. These were carefully studied during the year and, as a result, there was adopted at Portland, a thorough-going constitution and by-laws. This instrument was published in full in the September number of the Overland Monthly.

As a Parliament of Letters, the Portland meeting was eminently successful. The programs were well balanced and the speakers were thoroughly prepared. There were general sessions each forenoon with section meetings in the afternoon where special attention was given to drama, fiction and poetry. We regret that opportunity does not present for publishing entire the various papers and addresses. Merest mention may be made of a number; others will be found in this issue of the magazine.

Col. E. Hofer as president of the organization and largely responsible for bringing it into existence, gave a splendid resumé of the work of the league and showed the necessity for such an organization in the West. Throughout the sessions, the colonel demonstrated his ability as an organizer and leader. In calling upon Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts of Toronto, Canada, as the main speaker upon the first program, the president gave him high praise as an author, both in the field of poetry and of prose.

Dr. Roberts, who is president of the Canadian Authors' Association, is an F. R. C. S. and holder of academic and honorary degrees, delighted the members, not alone with his fine productions, but with his splendid renditions. He also spoke most entertainingly upon authorship at another general session and gave readings at the annual banquet. It was with great satisfaction that the league named him as its honorary president. Canada may well be proud of the work of Dr. Roberts.

Edith Elden Robinson of Whittier, Calif., was unable to appear at the general session as planned, as was also Ida Eckart Lawrence of Hollywood. The former was to have given readings; the latter to have spoken on our famous songs. Dr. D. N. Lehmer, editor of

the University of California Chronicle and former president of the California Writers Club, gave a most informative address under the title, "The Apotheosis of the Ugly," and closed by reading an original poem published in an English

*I'm ready for the Mt. Hood climb
And, you bet, I can do it;
If you don't wish to take my word,
Just try to beat me to it.*



Beverly Benson, of Portland, Oregon. The youngest member of the League of Western Writers. Beverly made a distinct contribution in song and recitation at the recent Portland convention.

magazine, and entitled, "The Golden Apples of Andaman." This poem was characterized by Dr. Roberts as surpassing in excellence Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. The league is fortunate in having Dr. Lehmer as one of its leading members. He will add much strength in the office of critic, to which he was elected.

Irene Welch Grisson, poet laureate of Idaho, read "The Passing of the Desert." L. D. Mahone of Portland spoke upon the copyright situation. This address was of great value to the writers. Mr. Mahone gave his entire attention during the week to the interests of the league and deserves great credit. Arthur

H. Chamberlain, chairman of the Advisory Board, Overland Monthly, spoke upon the topic, "Background in Authorship and Creative Literature: Some Contact Points With Critic, Journalist, Editor, Publisher." Mr. Chamberlain was elected president of the league.

The drama section, under leadership of L. Bullock-Webster gave an interesting program. Mr. Webster is head of the B. C. Dramatic School at Victoria, and holds the titles: A. R. C. M.; L. T. C. L. He is a most versatile Canadian actor and a leader in his field. His program at Portland included an address by Rowena Field of Los Angeles, "Christ in the Drama of Today." Mrs. Field could not be present. Mabel Holmes Parsons of the University of Washington, spoke on the "Writers and the Little Theater." Mr. Webster responded graciously at the opening session to the mayor's address of welcome and was upon the program of the annual banquet on the last evening.

Under the chairmanship of Dr. William L. Hall, there was a most attractive session on poetry presided over by Professor Lawrence Pratt, Forest Grove University, Oregon. This program included numbers by Elsie Pomeroy of Toronto on "Poetic Appreciation." Eunice Mitchell Lehmer, "Vacation Days in Amber." Mrs. Lehmer is ex-president of the Berkeley Pen Women. The topic, "The Poetry Editor," was discussed by Grace Stone Coates, assistant editor of the Frontier, Missoula, Mont. "A Challenge to the Poets of This Age" was the topic of Charles Hilton of Tacoma. Ben Field of Los Angeles spoke upon "Changes in Poetry in the Last Two Decades," and A. Ermentinger Fraser of Vancouver gave a study entitled, "Influences and Tendencies in Modern Canadian Poetry."

The Fiction Section, under chairmanship of Howard Perry of Portland, presented a number of timely themes. Emmy Matt Rush of Hollywood, an authority upon Indian Lore and all that pertains to Indian life and customs, spoke upon "Mythology of the American Indian." Unfortunately, Vincent Jones of Los Angeles was prevented from attending. His paper entitled, "New Fields for Writers," was read by Mr. Field and will appear in the November Overland. Fiction writing was ably presented by A. J. Mokler, Caspar,

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Stewart's View of Bret Harte

By Henry Meade Bland

AT ONE time he taught school; at another he was a drug clerk; again he mined for gold. Then he was an express guard with a sawed-off shotgun to make short work of the bandit; and last, he was on the border of his life-work as a newspaper man. So is usually summed up the life of Bret Harte in pre-*Overland Monthly* days.

Now comes George R. Stewart, Jr., in the recent July *University of California Chronicle*, and with one inky dash of his pen puts the lie on what he calls the "Bret Harte Legend," the story of Harte's service as a Wells-Fargo guard.

This reversal of the story is in the face of Harte's own statement that he so served as guard; is against the evidence of Harte's closest California literary friend, Charles Warren Stoddard, and I may add what is new evidence to Mr. Stewart, that of Joaquin Miller, who knew Harte's life and times, and who says of the novelist concerning the guard-adventure, "He bore a charmed life."

But Mr. Stewart overlooks what is really more convincing than even external evidence—the internal evidence.

If Bret Harte had been in truth only the soft, dandified personality Stewart makes him, he would not have come to the wild and adventurous West with that mighty stream of young hard-grained humanity in search of gold and the new dream of freedom.

In New York, where he was born, both home surroundings and instinct shaped him for a man of letters. He was born of an adventurous strain. His mother and her daughters had already come before him, and naturally he soon followed them.

And the literary trait was strong in him. He wrote poetry as a youth, discouraged in the art, though he was by his closest friends. But the real bent of his life would "out." He hungered for human experience, and the magic West was his opportunity. He needed to touch life at many points; so, like every author, he worked at many times both for the necessities of making enough

to live on and to know life really and emotionally.

Hence external experience reached into him. He did, for a fact, mine some, and he did live in mining camps, some, and these things gave him the color he needed. In addition, the drug clerk business; the touches of childish nature gained in the Indian Spring school; the various looks into the old San Francisco Chinatown, the haunts of business men and government officials around the San Francisco Mint; the variety of human nature revealed in newspaper work; the study of developing human nature in that interesting human process of mate-finding (for Harte believed himself a thorough-going feminine heartsmasher, and that he was henpecked was only the irony of his fate); the one experience at the faro gambling table; and, last of all, the brief much-less-than-a-year's excitement of defending from robbers the treasure-carrying mountain state, were the divine seeds of experience making his background as an author.

That he was known to many as a soft, slick dapper dresser shows only one side of the man. That he was small in stature is not especially significant. That he was temperamental came only from his artist nature.

The wildest cowboy I ever knew, quickest with the lariat and pistol, surest in the saddle; the loudest swearer at a cantankerous steer; the quickest in quarrel to defend his rights, was during the few times I met him as quiet-voiced as a good school-teacher, as gentle in manner as a woman.

Mr. Stewart has not looked into the inner nature of his writer-man.

Even that opportunity to send buckshot from his double-barreled gun after the fleeing robber was the event needed to enable him to surely understand the nature of a man who was ready to shoot and could shoot on sight.

Mr. Stewart, while asserting there were no stages on the primitive grades of the northern section of California

where he did duty, yet also admitting the pack-train was in use, forgets that the bullion-carrying mule was often in the pack-train with Wells-Fargo treasure and demanded a guard as well as the state. Besides, the guard-experience could have been in the Sierras east of Sacramento.

As to the evidence of Merwin as a biographer, he was not exact. He makes, for example, the birth-year of Harte 1836. Yet a careful reading of his own chapters will show this incorrect. Perberton's "1839" is accurate. But Merwin may be set aside, and still the schooling, printers-deviling, express-agenting, drug-dispensing, adventure-hunting Harte remains a fact. That he assisted in collecting county taxes (not in San Francisco) is more than probable, for he was trustworthy; and no regular gold seeker, who was reliable, had time for such work. That he might have been an Indian fighter in the North is also probable. Officers of the law, and posses, even to recent years, have organized and run down Indian marauders. When an Indian raid was on in the early Northern California days, there was no marching to battle. It was everybody grab a gun and join the group, go carefully into the solitudes and capture the wrong-doer.

And also one may hardly fail to believe that an associate of Thomas Starr King, and of a Governor of California who could write the stinging poem, "The Copperhead," and read it at a great patriotic assemblage in the interest of the Cause of the Union, would fail to list himself as a reservist to fight for the Union Cause.

Finally I say: Authors go for their experience and their work. All Mr. Stewart's talk about second-hand information from newspapers, and miners, and wanderers through the mines, is a totally inadequate explanation of Harte's sources of material. He went about among a great variety of men of blood and iron to get his story-background, and this was the material he mixed with his inherited insights into human nature. He put the whole into reading products, using the ink of immortal art.

Henry Meade Bland is well qualified to make reply to Professor Stewart, as indicated in the above article. Mr. Stewart writes convincingly and, no doubt, is justified in his contention that Bret Harte was not in the California mines for a protracted period, nor, in all probability, was he for any great length of time engaged as express messenger. However, it is just as easy to make claim that Bret Harte attained his western contacts by proxy as to say Bacon wrote Shakespeare, and to charge Dickens with parsimony, foppishness, vanity and hypocrisy, as a recent biographer has done. We have evidence that Walter Scott wrote the novel "Ivanhoe" before he had seen Kenilworth Castle. We are sure that Bret Harte was endowed with a strong imagination. We do not desire to cloud history with glamour. There is, however, every evidence to believe that he had first hand contacts and many of them with all the scenes and circumstances that went into the makeup of a day's work in the early California period with which he was associated.—EDITOR.

"Look Well to Your Ballot"

By Thomas P. Brown

OUR thirty-sixth quadrennial election is near at hand. On Tuesday, November 6, 1928, the citizen who has taken care to register before midnight of October 6, and who practices what he preaches, namely, that voting is a duty as well as a right, will go to the polls to ballot on both men and measures. It is with measures that this article is primarily concerned, the purpose being to give the readers of *Overland Monthly* a brief, non-partisan, informative summary which they may amplify for themselves in the next few weeks.

The November ballot in California will be somewhat long, although not so long as it has been in some years. There will be the thirteen presidential electors nominated by each of the four parties—Republican, Democratic, Prohibition and Socialist. One United States Senator, 11 Representatives in the lower House of Congress, 20 State Senators from the odd-numbered districts, and 80 Assemblymen are to be elected. There may be some independent candidates. In accordance with the law most of the non-partisan contests were decided at the recent State Primary election.

There will be 21 propositions on the ballot: Two acts of the Legislature submitted by referendum, two acts proposed by the initiative process, and 17 Senate or Assembly or Constitutional Amendments adopted by a two-thirds vote of the Legislature and accordingly submitted to the electorate for ratification.

Interest in the forthcoming election is indicated by the unprecedented registration which will probably range between 2,300,000 and 2,500,000, according to the estimate made by Mr. Charles J. Hagerty, Deputy Secretary of State, in charge of election statistics.

The State of California, by a wise provision, makes an earnest effort to inform the voters as to the propositions on the ballot and Mr. Carroll H. Smith, State Printer, has had the presses at Sacramento running night and day on an issue of 2,550,000 copies of the 1928 "Voters' Pamphlet," compiled by State Legislative Counsel Fred B. Wood. These copies, which contain the text of the propositions and the so-called official arguments, pro and con, will be distributed to the voters by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan through the county clerks or the county registrars of the 58 counties of California.

There now follows a summary of each proposition including in each case,

except in that of the two initiatives, the vote by which the propositions were carried in the Legislature. On the face of it, seven of the propositions (Numbers 1, 5, 6, 8, 13, 17 and 21) are controversial, inasmuch as opposing arguments appear in the Voters' Pamphlet. The reader is not to infer from the absence of opposing arguments that such propositions are to be supported without scrutiny and study. In fact, records of previous elections show that about 30 per cent of propositions which are unopposed in the "Voters' Pamphlet" fail to carry.

In the summary, recourse has been had in the case of the more involved or technical propositions to quotations from explanations given in the arguments in order to give the reader a better idea of what the legal language means. The propositions may be and will be reduced to a single sentence or two before the election is held, but to do that in this instance would be to exercise an editorial discrimination, both as to the effect and features of the propositions and that is not the purpose of this article. The summary follows:

1. **REAPPORTIONMENT OF LEGISLATIVE DISTRICTS.** *Act of Legislature submitted to electors by referendum.* This is the so-called "Boggs Reapportionment Act" which was enacted by the Legislature in 1927 in accordance with the amendment to the State Constitution adopted at the 1926 general election (Ballot Proposition No. 28) to apply the "Federal Plan of Representation" to the State Legislature. The "Boggs Reapportionment Act" does not change the number of representatives in the Assembly, which is 80, nor the number of State Senators, which is 40. Assembly Districts are determined on the basis of population as hitherto, but with the figures given by the United States census of 1920, thereby resulting in certain changes. In determining Senatorial Districts, however, the new principle is applied that no county, or city and county, shall contain more than one senatorial district and that counties of small population shall be grouped in districts not to exceed three counties. (As Senate Bill 490, the vote was: Senate, Ayes 37; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 65; Noes, 0. However, 19 State Senators and 1 Assemblyman accompanied their vote [see Senate and Assembly Journals] with the explanation that they so voted only because of the mandate of

the people at the election of 1926 that a reapportionment act along these lines be enacted.)

2. **APPROVING CALIFORNIA OLYMPIAD BOND ACT**—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 24.* Approves the California Olympiad Bond Act of 1927 and authorizes the sale of \$1,000,000 State bonds, proceeds to be used for staging the Tenth Olympiad (World Olympic games) in 1932 at Los Angeles. Senate, Ayes, 31; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 55; Noes, 9).

3. **TAXATION**—*Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 1.* Submitted by the Legislature at the special session of September 4-5, 1928, to provide, in view of the recent decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court, "a valid bank tax for the future, to equalize corporation taxes and to permit taxes on intangibles." It substitutes for state bank share and corporation franchise taxes a tax on banks and other financial, mercantile, manufacturing and business corporations equalling four per cent of their net income, allowing them, except banks, a personal property tax offset up to nine-tenths of the state tax. Authorizes legislative change in the method of taxing banks and such corporations without constitutional amendment. Taxes intangibles three mills per dollar on their actual value for benefit of local subdivisions. Permits Legislature to change such offset or any rate by two-thirds vote, limiting rate on intangibles to four mills. (Senate, Ayes, 36; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 72; Noes, 0. Explanation of vote given by one Senator in Journal.)

4. **APPROVING CALIFORNIA STATE PARK BONDS ACT**—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 33.* Approves and validates California State Park Bonds Act of 1927 and authorizes issuance and sale of \$6,000,000 State bonds and use of proceeds thereof to preserve the best of the beaches and the redwoods and other areas of outstanding interest throughout the State, in a comprehensive system of natural parks. (Senate, Ayes, 33; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 61; Noes, 1.)

5. **BOXING AND WRESTLING CONTESTS**—*Initiative Act.* Repeals the initiative act approved by the electorate at the general election of 1924 which authorized boxing and wrestling contests for prizes or purses, or where admission fee is charged, limiting such boxing contests to twelve rounds, created an athletic commission empowered to

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League of Western Writers

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Wyo., while Sheba Hargrave offered much of value in her contribution entitled, "Source Material for Northwestern Writers." Frank Richardson Pierce, who is well known as one of the popular short-story writers of today, spoke entertainingly of his experience in the field of letters. Ben Field of Los Angeles gave an admirable address upon the general theme of Western Literary Magazines and showed evidences of thorough research. This paper will be found in the present number of this magazine.

The concert given the first evening was of exceptionally high order. Arthur Johnson, Portland, who had charge of the program, is himself an artist of ability. Appearing with him was Mme. Leah Leaska, who as a dramatic soprano, so charmed and delighted that she was recalled again and again. These were ably assisted by Rudolph Howard, pianist and William Robinson Boone, and May Van Dyke, accompanists. The plays given on the second evening by the Art Theatre Players of Portland, under the direction of Mildred Allen Butler, did ample credit to the ability of the performers.

The doors of the Portland Press Club were opened for an informal reception to the members of the League on one afternoon. A most delightful feature of the convention was a Poet's Breakfast under general charge of Dr. Hall, at which a number of men and women responded with original contributions. The final evening was given over to the annual banquet with the president-elect as toastmaster. Those who responded included Colonel Hofer, Dr. Roberts, Mr. L. Bullock-Webster, Grace Stone Coates, Frank Richardson Pierce, Ben Field, Pamela Pearl Jones, Elsie Pomeroy, and others.

At the business session, in addition to the adoption of constitution and by-laws, there was the report of the Nominating Committee, consisting of Frank Richardson Pierce, chairman, Grace Stone Coates, Howard J. Perry, Lillian Lindley. The committee report was adopted with Colonel E. Hofer elected President Emeritus, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Honorary President; Arthur H. Chamberlain, President; Vernon McKenzie, of Seattle, First Vice-president; Mabel Holmes Parsons, Portland, Second Vice-president; H. G. Merriam, Missoula, Montana, Third Vice-president; Virginia Sullivan, San Francisco, Secretary; and three members of the Advisory Board—J. Murray Gibbon, Montreal;

Dr. M. Lyle Spencer, Seattle; Howard J. Perry, Portland. The resolutions were presented and adopted, the committee consisting of: Emmy Matt Rush, Dr. William L. Hall and Arthur H. Chamberlain, chairman. Decision was reached to hold the next annual convention in San Francisco.

Appended to this resumé are additional reports by Past President Colonel E. Hofer; Dr. William L. Hall, chairman



Colonel E. Hofer

of the Poetry Section; L. Bullock-Webster, Chairman of the Dramatic Section. The resolutions will also be found.

The League of Western Writers

By Col. E. Hofer, President Emeritus of the League and Founder of the "Lariat"

A GROUP of writers at the Portland Convention of the League of Western Writers went far to establish a permanent organization for the promotion of poetry, fiction and drama. The League adopted a Constitution and By-laws and enlisted the earnest efforts of leaders of literary thought in carrying on the work leading up to the next convention at San Francisco in 1929.

Is it worth while to form a league to promote poetry? Ask yourself, can we continue to do without the greatest forms of poetry, as we are now doing, such as were cultivated in the days of Milton, of Browning, Tennyson, Burns, Longfellow? Where are our writers of

hymns? We are as barren of hymns as though there were not a Christian church in our country. Regard, study and cherish the mobile, classic beauty of the four-verse poem in all the great hymnals, written by John Greenleaf Whittier, entitled "Colchester." From the standpoint of real creative literature, does this hymn mean anything to you?

"COLCHESTER"

Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ending sea.

Our outward lips confess the name,
All other names above;
But Love alone knows whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
The mists of earth away!
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
How wide and far we stray!

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit overbrooding all,
Eternal Love remains.

Is a Western League to study, write, create and market poetry, fiction, drama and history in its best literary form, worth while outside the schools and colleges, outside all mere business, journalism, the periodical press, the theatre and commercialism? Hundreds of writers have attended the Seattle and Portland Conventions of the League from an altruistic standpoint. Hundreds more will attend the San Francisco Parliament of Letters next year. The greater organization to promote the writing art has passed its "Rubicon" of existence and will not easily be halted in the future.

The Convention of the League of Western Writers held at Portland, August 9th, 10th and 11th, was a tremendous success. All departments were well represented by prominent writers. There was a musical program under the direction of local leaders. Mme. Leah Leaska, soprano; Randolph Howard, pianist; Arthur Johnson, tenor, and also a leading pianist from the Northwest, had original compositions, vocal and instrumental, that created a furore and ovation to Mme. Leaska, who honored the League with vocal efforts and fired the souls of all music lovers. The performers were invited to join the audience in a cordial reception giving Mme. Leaska a literary eulogy and was a masterpiece, at the hands of Colonel Hofer, President Emeritus. William Robinson Boone was at the piano for the prima,

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Literary Magazines of the West

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some of the others that give us pride in this institution, but they are not by any means all of them.

In the entertaining field, we may mention the Saturday Evening Post, the Ladies Home Journal, the American, the Cosmopolitan, and the Western Story magazines as a few of the number. Judge and Life and the Goblin of Toronto, and College Humor of Chicago, induce us to relax and to laugh. Laughter is close to spirituality. And man is the only creature who laughs. Other created beings do not laugh. In his great play, "Lazarus Laughed," O'Neill stresses the eternal laughter and joyousness of God. This is the theme of the play. He who can make men laugh is greater than he who can do fine writing. So it is we bow to the magazines that make us laugh.

During the last two decades, probably a hundred magazines of verse have sprung up in the Western World. Most of them have fallen by the wayside. Poetry of Chicago, Harriett Monroe, editor, is regarded as the pioneer; although Poet Lore of Boston antedated it. Then came Contemporary Verse of Philadelphia, Charles Wharton Stork founder, and after it, Lyric West of Los Angeles. I shall always be glad that I assisted Grace Atherton Dennen in the founding and publishing of the Lyric West. This magazine grew out of The Verse Writers' Club of Southern California, of which organization I was president for a time.

The Lariat, founded and for five years edited and published by Col. E. Hofer, is one of the literary and poetry magazines of the West. It stands for a clean literature and has helped many young writers. Palms Poetry Magazine of Aberdeen, Wash., was married away from Guadalajara, Mexico, where Idella Purnell published it for many years. Mr. Weatherwax of Aberdeen has been responsible for bringing this fine publication from Mexico to Aberdeen by marrying its editor. And here is food for thought for more of our virile, young Americans.

California Southland Magazine of Pasadena and Los Angeles; The Graphic of Los Angeles; Hollywood, the Motion Picture Magazine of Hollywood; and Critique of Los Angeles, are a few of the Southern California publications.

Visions, Dr. D. Maitland Bushby, Humboldt, Ariz., is one of the ultra-modern new magazines.

McLeans Magazine and The Canadian Magazine of Toronto, Canada, are the literary voices of the Great Dominion. The Mid-Pacific Magazine and The Paradise of the Pacific show the literary aspect of the Hawaiian Islands. The Alaskan Magazine of Juneau stands for the far north, while Mexico is represented by some fine literary efforts in the City of Mexico, and in other large cities of the Republic.

Material progress comes as a matter of choice with the swing of the cycle; but creative artists are gifts from the Gods. Men such as Harvey Scott and Henry L. Pittock, who guided the destinies of the Portland Oregonian for a long series of years, one of the journals that has swayed the fortunes of the great Northwest and of America itself—to such men we yield respect and admiration.

We praise and revere the leaders in American's magazine work — Dr. Charles W. Eliot, Edward W. Bok, George Patullo, Canadian; Isaac F. Marcossin, whose gift was one of beauty and naturalness in style; Irvin S. Cobb, story teller and laughter maker; Kathleen Norris, who flashes her genius like a glorious gem; Booth Tarkington, Bruce Barton, Lyman Abbott, Dr. Frank Crane, the joy maker; Sinclair Lewis, Judge Ben Lindsay, the companionate champion; Mary Roberts Rinehart, Dr. Charles F. Lummis and that old war-horse, Henry Waterson. These are some of the foremost.

But last, and in closing, let us give reference to two of the great magazine-writing presidents of America: Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt.

Portrait Sculpture

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who was anticipating Emerson's doctrine regarding austere living and thinking. The drapery was in no way informative.

Portrait heads must be more than vague types, even those of children which are so difficult to individualize. I have seen portrait heads in a gallery arrest people for a little moment simply because they started a line of associative ideas. Either the bronze face reminded them of some one they knew once or else perhaps it was the same or similar figure they had seen in another city. Women sometimes pause to run brooding personal fingers over soft clustery bronze curls or to caress the delicious if somewhat hackneyed curve of a baby's

marble neck—retrospectively or hopefully maternal. The piece of sculpture is merely the jumping off place, point of departure.

So many difficulties beset portrait sculpture. Lighting is one and a very hateful factor too. A piece of work may be pronounced and accepted as something superior. Then it is placed wrongly in a light which was never intended for it. Life fades out. It again becomes mere metal or stone. As Jo Mora once pointed out, more than one sculptor of acknowledged ability for portraiture hangs back and chooses other forms of sculpture just because of the heartache involved. Therefore we are pleased that here in California we have at least one man who is giving his entire time to portraiture.

In sculpture as in painting not every artist, no matter how impressive his talent, is fitted for portraiture. Architectural sculpture, the rendering of imaginative figures symbolic and realistic, afford fascinating opportunity for working out unforgettably ideas and ideals. But imaginative work does not require the same infallibility of drawing as does portraiture—that probity of drawing in the round which is portrait modelling. In painting, landscape work with all its marvel and perennial appeal, has not the universal reach that has portrait painting. What is even more true, portrait sculpture as compared with portrait painting, pre-supposes and demands a deeper comprehension of art.

The Whirling Dervishes

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picked up by an excess of religious emotion he was brought closer to the nature of God. Accordingly, the ancient Viking heard the voice of God in the roar of the sea; the Druid felt the presence of Deity in the hushed depths of the forest; the early Teuton heard the great hunt of the AEsir in the thunder storm; the holy Brahmin on the banks of the sacred Ganges finds Brahma in his meditations; and the Dervish, as he howls in the night with a wail like the cry of humanity for its redeemer, finds the Self in his chants and cosmic consciousness in his whirling.

Where Politicians Failed

Both parties have covered everything in their platforms excepting the weather, observed Cash Miller, cigar store philosopher. The Democrats forgot to blame the Republicans for all our rainy Sundays and the Republicans neglected to take credit for the temperature and sunshine being such a help to the crops. —*Thrifty Magazine.*

Authorship and Creative Literature

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on short notice, an address of ten minutes' duration. You have declined, saying that the time for preparation was not sufficient for a ten-minute address. You could perhaps prepare for a thirty-minute speech. The same rule holds in writing. It frequently requires more time and thought to write a short story than is required to produce a longer one.

Most short stories could be materially strengthened by briefing. The author may not stop on reaching the natural place to close. This is similar to a salesman who sells you a bill of goods and then before you sign the order, continues to talk until he buys them back. Some authors are incensed if you propose a briefing of story or article. It must be published as is or not at all. It frequently happens that the author is so near his production that his perspective is warped. In consequence, the critic and editor may be able to do a much better job of cutting and editing than can the author himself. The short story should be boiled down telegram fashion. "Some people," says Arthur Newcomb, "are born with the ability to string words together; others simply can't do it. It would be fine if you could take the wordsmith at the face value of all his declarations. But you can't."

More than all else, however, whether it be short story writing, the historical novel, or biography, the prevailing fault lies in the organization of material. Portions of the story are out of place. Sometimes whole chapters should be reversed and transposed; or again, there are duplications. All of this means the necessity for careful editing, rewriting and polishing. But in this rewriting care must be exercised lest in so doing the life and vitality be squeezed out. Frequently the best touches are found in a first draft.

Some writers do not understand that the rejection of a production does not necessarily imply it is wholly or even at all unworthy. Every publication should be well balanced. A product well suited to one medium may be entirely out of place in another or may not fit in with plans for a particular issue, or series of issues. A magazine or book must be built months ahead of publication. An author should not be discouraged when, on submitting his manuscript, it is returned with a rejection slip. Shopping from publisher to publisher is not unknown to writers of eminence. Some of the most outstanding pieces of

literature now between covers have gone from desk to desk before acceptance. It is significant also that publishers are not entirely free from errors in judgment. Many a manuscript refused as unworthy by a multitude of critics, has on final publication, so captured the popular mind as to have brought merited approval to its author, with commensurate financial return.

Moreover it is not safe to assume that every output of a really great writer is uniformly meritorious. Most standard authors at times, execute comparatively poor work. This is especially true when the writer ceases to heed the call of inspiration and answers the lure of the commercial. Letters as a vocation, are in general not over lucrative. About eight books only in every one hundred are financially profitable. Many writers are at times, in order to maintain an existence, forced to resort to those phases of work they do not especially enjoy or in which they are less than proficient. We frequently hear it said that such and such a book as the first work of an author, is the best of all his contributions. In numerous instances such is the fact. And it not uncommonly happens that when a writer reaches the point where his publishers press him for copy or the contract price per line runs into real money, his writing loses vitality and he shrinks in popularity. Good literature can rarely be turned out wholesale.

Experience with a book or article frequently reveals that the text should be revised. Too often an announced "revised edition" is little more than the original with a new preface and cover. It not uncommonly requires as much time to properly revise as was given to create the original. Some books that in their original form could not be moved from the book-sellers' shelves, have, on revision, been so popularized as to pass through edition after edition.

Speaking of revisions, an interesting illustration is in point as showing how ideas change as conditions change. A certain writer on economic problems produced, some years ago, a book that proved authoritative. After 30 years of use the publishers requested the author to revise the work as they desired to bring out a new edition. It was suggested to the author that he go through the book checking up here and there, adding a little new material perhaps, and writing a new introduction, thus to bring the volume to date. In due time our

author wrote the publishers that he had for the first time in 30 years, re-read his book; that he was more persuaded than in the beginning of the value of his work. He admitted it was a noteworthy contribution. The only point, however, he desired to make, was that he now agreed with practically nothing he had said originally in his book. His viewpoint was now changed. It would be necessary to write a considerable introduction. The revision appeared, therefore, with a 150-page introduction to accompany the original 300-page book.

It would be a blessing, could all writers realize fully that a product need not be involved to possess excellence. In most types of authorship it is the simple, direct method that counts. Only in rare instances, such as a mystery story, for example, is there excuse for a page to be less than clearly understood. Many essays or poems are chosen for critical study or class use because they are found to be difficult to analyze and to understand. Much valuable time is devoted and even wasted, in trying to determine what an author meant. Seldom is there occasion to pause and query as to the meaning that Shakespeare sought to convey. His sentences are direct and crisp. The speeches of Abraham Lincoln illustrate well the point. He said much in a few words. His Gettysburg address is a fine example of real literature that will live—simple, direct, forceful, with well-rounded periods.

NO ONE who makes pretension as a writer should fail to be familiar with scripture. The Bible offers the best illustration we have of powerful and penetrating literature, briefly and succinctly set forth. A page or a sentence sometimes contains in substance what some of our writers would require chapters to convey. In rhythm, in diction, in style, in directness and in lofty aspiration, there may be chosen from the Bible selections that will for all time stand out as literature of the highest quality.

There is character, charm and delight in the reading of a book well written—one not too wordy, verbiage and circumlocution noticeably missing—simple and direct and in a style to please, to hold the attention and to instruct.

To be able to choose wisely and well, to write a clean-cut sentence and to paint word pictures such that the reader will see through the eyes of the writer—this is an art indeed. Every writer should cultivate a style and diction of high, artistic quality. This need not be slavishly patterned after another. Too obvious copy work is to be avoided. Of far more value is it to possess individ-

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

Trained Bond Salesmen

By Trebor Selig

MR. AVERAGE CITIZEN is today better informed on the details of investment, is better educated in the science of investment, than was the average bond salesman of a decade ago." This is the significant statement made recently by the manager of one of San Francisco's leading investment houses. He said: "A few years ago any well dressed lad of good social connections and a record of college athletics could walk into a broker's office or an investment banking house and be put on the selling staff almost at once, regardless of his ignorance of finance and investment.

Times have changed. The securities salesman of today has to be a skilled investment counselor, capable of rendering valuable and helpful service to his clients, if he is to succeed. The field is so full, moreover, that unless he succeeds at once he does not last long. And prompt success means a conscientious and adequate preliminary training. There are more than seven hundred so-called securities salesmen in San Francisco, no one knows how many in Los Angeles, and half that number would be sufficient. That is another reason for intensive training of those who are permitted to offer investments to the public.

"Every investment concern of consequence today maintains a school in which its salesmen are carefully trained, not principally in the art of salesmanship and but superficially in finance, as was once the case, but fundamentally and thoroughly in the science of investment. The efficient and successful bond man of today is not a high-power salesman and he is not a mere order taker. To get and hold the confidence of his customer and the customer's business, he must be a capable investment analyst, familiar with the fullest details of the security he offers and, as well, with the facts attaching to the scores of other securities offered in competition or already held by his client.

"The underlying reason for this is twofold: First, the widespread and very general familiarity with investment lore on the part of Mr. Average Citizen;

second, the element of actual service rendered, which is today emphasized and demanded as never before in every commercial, industrial and financial transaction in which the public is involved. Mr. Average Citizen, to use street slang, knows his onions, and the securities salesman who succeeds in 1928 must know more about his business than his client does and be able to use that knowledge to his client's advantage and benefit."

If it is true that a man's interest follows his money, then one can readily believe that our American public is well versed in investment facts, probably better informed than the bond salesman of a former day. There has never been a period when the roster of investors in publicly offered securities was so long as now. There has never been a time when the volume of day-by-day investment was so great. This speaks well, indeed, for the current general prosperity of this United States and it speaks well for the thrift consciousness of the people.

In 1916 there were about 350,000 people of this country who were reckoned as bond owners; today there are more than 9,000,000. A decade ago the vast majority of bond buyers constituted a relatively small group of capitalists, chiefly centered in the larger cities, who made a business of investment. Today bond buyers cover the land from coast to coast and are found in every city and hamlet and in every social group. Last year this vast army of investors absorbed public offerings of various types of bonds—corporation bonds, real estate mortgage bonds, foreign, federal, state and municipal bonds—totaling more than \$8,113,000,000. During the first seven months of this year this total has reached more than \$4,383,000,000.

It is evident that Mr. Average Citizen is very heavily interested financially in the many phases of commercial, industrial and financial activity of this country, and of other lands. He has absorbed an enormous amount of the securities issued for the financing of these activities. He has loaned enormous sums of money for such purposes. Ob-

viously, he will have informed himself regarding the concerns to which this money is loaned, so far as his opportunities permit. Certainly he will have convinced himself, by his own research or by reliable information, that his investments are well secured.

The capitalist who makes a business of investment can investigate for himself the merits of any bond issue offered him. But comparatively few of the nine million people who last year bought more than eight billion dollars' worth of bonds can determine by their own individual investigations the soundness and the desirability of the securities they buy. Mr. Average Citizen must depend wholly or to a very large extent upon the technical knowledge of the bond salesman handling his business and his ability to analyze and assay investments, and upon the integrity and responsibility of the investment house with which he deals.

How much of the \$4,383,000,000 of bonds absorbed by the investors of the United States this year is sound investment, amply secured and yielding adequate return on the funds involved, is a question no one can answer. Doubtless some of these issues will prove disappointing to their buyers. Although our corporation commissions are exercising due vigilance in protecting the investor and are very generally successful in preventing fraud, they cannot insure against bad management of a borrowing corporation nor against bad judgment on the part of an underwriting house.

One cannot too strongly emphasize the importance to an investor of confining his investment transactions to those concerns which enjoy well established reputations for sound judgment in their underwritings, have long records of successful service to their clients, and are known for the proven integrity of their operations. And one cannot too strongly urge the investor, whatever his individual fund of information may be, to deal only with a salesman representing a house of known prestige and reputation and who is himself sufficiently equipped with technical knowledge to render a helpful service.

"Look Well to Your Ballot"

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license such contests and participants, therein, etc.

6. EDUCATION—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 26*. Provides for a State Board of Education of ten members with ten-year terms, appointed by the Governor with concurrence of the Senate, the Superintendent of Public Instruction to be executive secretary. In effect it changes the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction from an elective to an appointive office inasmuch as the Legislature is empowered to suspend that office and to create instead the office of Director of Education (appointive) with salary fixed by the Legislature. Legislature may restore office of Superintendent of Public Instruction. State Board of Education to continue to provide, under legislative regulations, textbooks for elementary schools. Regulations are authorized whereby holders of State credentials may teach without county certificates. (Senate, Ayes, 27; Noes, 9, Assembly, Ayes, 56; Noes, 1.)

7. WATER—*Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 27*. Substitutes for the old English doctrine of riparian rights, which provided that the owner of land bordering on a stream could insist upon all the waters of that stream being allowed to flow undiminished past his land to the sea, the principle that general welfare requires water resources to be beneficially used, and waste or unreasonable use, or unreasonable method of use be prevented. Requires conservation for public welfare. Declares right in stream or water course limited to water reasonably required for beneficial use, riparian rights attaching to flow required therefor, and shall not extend to waste or unreasonable method of use or of diversion. Appropriator or riparian owner lawfully entitled to water is not to be deprived thereof. (Senate, Ayes, 36; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 68; Noes, 8.)

8. MOTOR VEHICLE REGISTRATION FEES—*Act of Legislature submitted to electors by referendum*. This act, commonly known as the "Wagy Bill," enacted in 1927, aimed as a method of taxing trucks, increases the amount of the registration fee to be paid for electric motor vehicles, and vehicles (including trailers and semi-trailers) equipped wholly with pneumatic tires and designed, used or maintained primarily for transporting passengers for hire or for transporting property. Graduates such fees on a

weight basis and doubles those fees for vehicles, other than electric, not so equipped. (As Senate Bill No. 709, the vote was: Senate, Ayes, 29; Noes, 5. Assembly, Ayes, 51; Noes, 22.)

9. ACQUISITION OF RIGHTS OF WAY BY STATE—*Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 21*. Confers upon the State the same sovereign power now possessed by municipal corporations and counties to appropriate a right of way without full compensation therefor being first made in money or ascertained and paid into court for the owner, but requires that in any action to acquire such right of way security shall be given for immediate payment to the owner of just compensation for the property so taken as soon as the amount thereof can be ascertained according to law. (Senate, Ayes, 31; Noes, 1. Assembly, Ayes, 65; Noes, 0.)

10. ACQUISITION OF LAND FOR PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 16*. Authorizes state, county or city to acquire land by gift, purchase or condemnation, for memorial grounds, streets, squares, parkways and reservations, limited to parcels within 150 feet of closest boundary of such improvement. When parcels lie partially within such limit only portions thereof within 200 feet of such boundary may be acquired. After improvement is completed, land not necessary therefor may be conveyed with reservations concerning future use so as to protect the improvements. (Senate, Ayes, 34; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 60; Noes, 0.)

11. COURTS—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 12*. Primary purpose of this amendment, submitted to the Legislature by the Judicial Council, is "to remove some of the constitutional limitations on the power of the Legislature to the end that provision may be made for relief from the existing congestion in the courts of the State." Changes provisions for electing Supreme Court Justices and filling vacancies therein; changes jurisdiction of Supreme Court, District Court of Appeal and Superior Court; empowers Legislature to create more such District Courts and divisions thereof, redivide the State into Appellate Districts, establish appellate departments of Superior Court in counties having a municipal court, determine number and jurisdiction of municipal and inferior courts, and judges thereof, their qualifications and compensation;

ratifies legislation fixing municipal court's exclusive jurisdiction at law. (Senate, Ayes, 33; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 59; Noes, 0.)

12. AUTHORIZING STATE AID TO NEEDY PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED PERSONS—*Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 31*. Reinforces the Crippled Children's Act of 1927 by empowering the Legislature to grant aid to needy physically handicapped persons not inmates of an institution under supervision of the State Department of Institutions and supported wholly or partly by the State or by an institution supported wholly or partly by a political subdivision thereof. Also declares that a county or municipality providing support of such persons shall receive the same pro rata appropriation granted other such institutions under church or other control. (Senate, Ayes, 29; Noes, 0. Assembly, Ayes, 55; Noes, 0.)

13. AUTHORIZING STATE AND POLITICAL SUBDIVISIONS TO HOLD STOCK IN MUTUAL WATER CORPORATIONS—*Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 26*. Inserts proviso in Section 31, Art. IV of the Constitution authorizing the State, or any political subdivision thereof, municipality, or other public corporation to be a stockholder in any mutual water corporation when stock is acquired or held for supplying water for public purposes or for the use of inhabitants thereof. Declares such holder shall have the rights, powers, privileges, obligations and liabilities, of other stockholders in the mutual water corporation in which stock is so held. (Senate, Ayes, 29; Noes, 0; Assembly, Ayes, 68; Noes, 0.)

14. AUTHORIZING QUASI-PUBLIC CORPORATIONS TO EXTEND TERM OF EXISTENCE—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 22*. Authorizes corporations engaged in public utility business to extend their term of existence for a period not exceeding 50 years by a vote or written consent of the holders of two-thirds of their capital stock, or of two-thirds of the members thereof, the written consent of the State Railroad Commission being pre-requisite to such extension. Expressly provides that the extension of the term of existence of any corporation shall not be construed as extending any franchise held by it. (Senate, Ayes, 29; Noes, 1. Assembly, Ayes, 67; Noes, 0.)

15. JURORS' FEES—*Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 27*. Amends Section 5 of Art. XI of the Constitution by eliminating the provision fixing a

(Continued on page 362)

Books



Writers

PITFALLS IN ENGLISH AND HOW TO AVOID THEM—By *Sophie Hadida*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 381 pages. Price \$1.90.

THERE is no end to the number of books for the teaching of English. The present volume is, however, distinctly valuable. While in a sense furnishing "short-cuts" and while short-cuts are many times of questionable value, "Pitfalls in English" is a handbook that will prove useful alike to the student, the teacher, the business, or the professional man. The average individual is constantly falling into errors not only in his writing, but in his speech. The book points out clearly many of the common pitfalls and offers suggestion for correction and for the use of the right forms.

It is especially true today, following the Great War, that there are in common usage many words and phrases that add nothing to the richness of our language; rather they detract from it. These slangy or improper expressions are many times used in lieu of the right form through carelessness or ignorance. "Pitfalls in English" furnishes the substitute for these improper forms. And through words, phrases and sentences, sets the student on the right track. There are numerous exercises and illustrations. The examples of both incorrect and correct English are so clearly presented as to leave no room for doubt as to the preferable form. We are glad indeed to be an advocate of the value of "Pitfalls in English."

MISS TIVERTON GOES OUT—*Anonymous*. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Price \$2.50.

THE author establishes himself at once in a strategic position by this challenging title. It is a rather *compelling* title—tempting us to get the book, and then keeping us reading to see Miss Tiverton go out. Is it anything to any one whether she does or does not go out? Why, yes, it is. Juliet watches when not ordered to bed or to breakfast! And, others watch less faithfully, month after month, into the years. We wonder, as we read, who of all concerned will be on hand at the dramatic moment.

But is the book worth-while? Assuredly, if you like a "look-in" into a child's mind, and in some adult minds. I would call the book something of a psychological study without the technical terms.

At the very end of the story we have an O. Henry-like surprise—as in this author's "The House Made With Hands"—and that's something to look forward to.

M. IDA WILLIAMS.

THE FLAMING BUSH. Songs of the Desert Book One—By *Ruby De Corsaw Culver*. Published by *Sherman Hill*, Los Angeles. 112 pages. Price \$2.

A BOOK of poems with the desert as the actuating motif, with special emphasis upon the desert of California, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada and southwestern Utah. The author has inhaled the atmosphere of the desert. She knows not merely its dread, but its beauty and charm, and reflects this with her imaginative pen. The poems show vivid powers of description and will be received with great pleasure by all lovers of the desert or of verse.

Four lines from her poem entitled "Silence" will illustrate how thoroughly the author has inhaled the spirit of the desert:

And heed the voice of the desert things,
And the silent drift of the sand;
Place your ear against that Joshua Tree,
The seer of this silent land.

A little poem entitled "Alone" furnishes a good example of the author's work:

Afraid on the desert? No, not I.
Alone with the sands and the stars and the sky.
No voice to call save the wind in glee
As he pushes and pulls and teases me.
Why should I fear the sun-drenched sands?
Are they not the fairest of Nature's lands?
Prophets and saints these sands have trod.
There is nothing to fear, for I walk with God.

The book is attractively printed and bound. There are a number of full-page and smaller illustrations from photographs by the author. These are in tones of sepia and blue and add much to the attractiveness of the volume.

THE MASTER NATION AND OTHER POEMS—By *Arthur Orison Dillon*. Dillon Book Company, Ontario, California. 153 pages.

THIS book of verse by Mr. Dillon is not the first publication by this author. He will be known from the title, "The Ancestry of Arthur Orison Dillon and Poems," and, also, his "Abraham Lincoln." The present volume contains the complete poetical writings of Mr. Dillon. The following as one of the verses from his poem, "The Master Nation," will illustrate the quality of his work:

O land, keep faith with him, but ever watch
The trend of common things, the warning sign
And prophesy, which augurs peace or war.
The time not yet is ripe for peace; too much
Old error sways the rulers, lords and kings;
Too little they regard what's just and right.
Before sweet peace can be assur'd some race,
Some nation, why not thee shall hold in awe
The armed host, the world's usurping force?

Further lines from a poem entitled "Abraham Lincoln" are suggestive:

O rulers of this mighty land!
O selfish leaders, great and small!
Let Lincoln teach you how to rule;
He is the model for us all.
Our faith in him
Shall ne'er grow dim;
Within our hearts he is enshrined.
He lived and died
A nation's pride:
In both he lifted up mankind.

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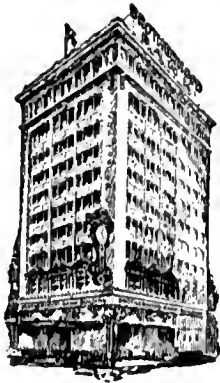
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"Look Well to Your Ballot"

(Continued from page 360)

maximum compensation for jurors of \$3 per day and mileage, thus enabling the Legislature to regulate the compensation of trial and grand jurors in the same manner, and to the same effect, as the Legislature now sets the compensation of other county officials. (Senate: Ayes, 33; Noes, 0. Assembly: Ayes, 63; Noes, 0.)

16. STOCKHOLDERS' LIABILITY — *Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 5.* Declares constitutional provision imposing stockholders' liability for debts of corporation or joint-stock association, and director's or trustee's liability to creditors and stockholders for moneys embezzled or misappropriated by officers, shall not apply to an exposition company organized to conduct fairs, sports, games or exhibitions authorized by law, nor to California corporations using "Limited" or "Ltd." as last word of corporate name. Subjects holders of latter to such liabilities as the Legislature may provide. Declares section inapplicable to liabilities already incurred against stockholders in a corporation created before adoption of the amendment. Object is to enable the Legislature of 1929 "to adopt such measures as will remove discrimination in, and the abuses of, the California Incorporation Law now in force." (Senate: Ayes, 31; Noes, 0. Assembly: Ayes, 58; Noes, 1.)

17. GRADE SEPARATION BONDS — *Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 18.* Authorizes issuance and sale of \$10,000,000 State bonds, proceeds to be expended by the California Highway Commission to pay such portion of cost of acquisition or rights of way for railway grade separations and acquisition, construction and improvement of railroad grade separations upon State highways within the State highway system as may be apportioned to the State by the State Railroad Commission, the cost of the crossing elimination being divided between the State and the railroad involved. Defines railroad grade separation as any crossing and approaches thereof, between State highway and tracks of a commercial interurban or other railway by whatsoever power operated. (Senate: Ayes, 32; Noes, 0. Assembly: Ayes, 57; Noes, 15.)

18. ABSENT VOTERS — *Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 35.* Extends to those voters engaged in the civil or congressional service of the United States or of the State the same privileges

now possessed by those engaged in the military or naval service, of casting their votes, at any primary or general election, at any place under such provisions as the Legislature may provide. (Senate: Ayes, 35; Noes, 0. Assembly: Ayes, 57; Noes, 0.)

19. AUTHORIZING STATE AID TO NEEDY BLIND PERSONS — *Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 21.* Empowers the Legislature to grant aid to needy blind persons not inmates of any institution supported wholly or partly by the State or by any political subdivision thereof, and declares that any county or municipality providing for the support of such needy blind persons shall be entitled to receive the same pro rata appropriations as may be granted to such institutions under church or other control. (Senate: Ayes, 29; Noes, 0. Assembly: Ayes, 57; Noes, 0.)

20. WAIVING JURY TRIAL IN CRIMINAL CASES — *Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 9.* Declares that a trial by jury may be waived in all criminal cases, by consent of both parties, expressed in open court by the defendant and his counsel. (Senate: Ayes, 31; Noes, 3. Assembly: Ayes, 58; Noes, 2.)

21. PROHIBITING CERTAIN ACTS WITH ANIMALS AND USE OF CERTAIN INSTRUMENTS TO CONTROL THEM — *Initiative Act.* Aimed at the abolition of certain "features of rodeos, Wild West shows and other similar exhibitions, and not at the shows themselves." Defines bull-dogging, bull-riding, bull-dodging, wild animal racing and other acts which are prohibited. Also prohibits use of spurs to make an animal buck, or terrifying or exciting it by any means for sport, exhibition or amusement. Declares such prohibition inapplicable to farming or dairying or to branding or breaking animals in raising cattle, horses or mules. Also other prohibitions. Penalties prescribed for violations.

WITH reference to voting on propositions in general, it may be of interest to note that the number of propositions which have been submitted to the voters in California at the eleven State elections, general and special, which have been held since 1910, is 219. Of this number, 114 have carried and 105 have been defeated. This covers propositions of all kinds—bond issues, initiatives referendums, and Senate and As-

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League of Western Writers

(Continued from page 356)

while May Van Dyke played for Mr. Johnson, who sang from "His Cycle of the Seasons," which appeared in the *Lariat*. The Portland program was nearly all original compositions.

The convention program itself carried numbers by literary and dramatic celebrities such as: Charles G. D. Roberts, President, Canadian Author's Association; L. Bullock-Webster, a producing manager and head of the B. C. School of Dramatic Art; Dr. William Lafoy Hall, Seattle, chairman of the Poetry Section; Professor L. L. Pratt, literary dean at Forest Grove University, Oregon; Grace Stone Coates of Missoula, Montana; Ben Field of Los Angeles, who gave his masterful review of Western Literary Magazines; Arthur H. Chamberlain, chairman of the Advisory Board of the *Overland Monthly*, who, as author and editor, discussed literary values and the development of letters.

"Apotheosis of the Ugly" was the title of an address by Dr. D. N. Lehmer, editor of the University of California Chronicle. He read a wonderful original narrative poem called the "Golden Apples of Andaman," said to surpass in its class the *Ancient Mariner*.

The Art Theatre Players of Portland presented three one-act plays at the Little Theatre, winning much deserved applause. There was a poets' breakfast, attended by several hundred, and a program of poems and songs. Saturday afternoon six important half-hour addresses by writers in various fields of letters were delivered. The evening closed with a banquet. Arthur H. Chamberlain presided and showed his entire fitness to be the new President of the League of Western Writers, which will properly hold its next annual convention at San Francisco.

The Poetry Section

William Lafoy Hall, Chairman

THE Poetry Division of the League of Western Writers has for its keynote: "Keep your output clean!" Since nature has given so much that is elevating and pure, and our vocabulary has such myriad words to describe them, record must be made of no word or phrase that would bring a blush of shame to any cheek. Particular care must be taken to look only on the happy, bright, comforting side of life. We seek sunshine—not shadow! No reader must be left unhappy or discouraged.

When we write of a swamp we must

see the flowers and hear the singing of the birds—forgetting the slime and ooze of lower things. We may polish our product until it is bright as sunshine, but there must be no taking away the soul for the sake of coloring or sound. If a thought can be expressed in simple words, do not use high-sounding, bombastic lines that may bring only confusion or disgust.

Simplicity is the hall-mark of greatness. The true poet holds closest to nature. There must be no coalition with deception or vulgarity. Call no man master, but work out your own thought in your own chosen way. Failure may be the kindest friend. Be not too eager to "arrive." Life may be humdrum when there are no more heights to attain. Just over the top of the next mountain may lie higher crags and deeper valleys to lead thought into newer exaltation.

Unchaste words, once written, fly on forever. He who would be immortal must build first his own immortal foundation. Ugliness may have served when visual display was first in the thoughts of men, but beauty is now on her throne, and under that banner must we live and love and labor.

Poets would make the sands of the desert to sing; the crags of the mountains leap for joy; the winds breathe soft messages of quietness; the falling rain bring soothing to tired nerves; the sunrise show a halo of anticipation, the sunset woo to restful waiting; the flowers beckon to deeper draughts of feeling; the falling waters lull to longed-for consummation.

Over all floats the ensign of Love! It is love that makes rough pathways smooth, hard places bearable, uncertainty to gleam as the stars; that changes sighs to smiles, despair to hope, waywardness to a willingness to serve, weeping to singing. And so, to the members of the Poetry Division of the League of Western Writers is set a task as vast as all eternity—the bringing together into proper shape the best thoughts of this wonderful empire, the New, New West!

The Drama Section

L. Bullock-Webster, Chairman

THE Drama Section of the League has been active from its inception. When it was first decided to hold the first convention in Seattle, the writer was invited to take the chairmanship of this branch and, if possible, arrange to have two evenings of drama.

(Continued on page 367)



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Authorship and Creative Literature

(Continued from page 358)

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uality in one's work. It is the fault of some literary critics that they condemn a product not written as they themselves would produce it. They would substitute words and phrases of their own choice and preference simply because such words and phrases are their own choice. Much of the beauty of the story lies in an individuality of treatment. Ability in the choice of words is a rare gift. A writer should be possessed of a well chosen vocabulary. Such vocabulary need not necessarily be over-extensive. But the writer should have on call a comprehensive background for his work and a fund of words on which to draw to give color and shade of meaning. It is a dreary tale and monotonous, where the same words and phrases are used again and again. A mode of expression out of the ordinary and less than stilted may lend a charm secured in no other way. All of this means the value to the author of wide reading and this, too, outside the field to which he gives chief attention. Science and art and music and finance and industry and invention and philosophy and history and politics and travel—all should be drawn upon for experience, for information and for inspiration.

We must draw upon the rich stores of the past. There are well established and acknowledged principles and standards not to be ignored. Individual tastes are satisfied in different ways. In literature, as in art and music, one's likes are to be consulted in determining what is good. Tastes and standards cannot be created by compulsion. But tastes and standards can be created and elevated through contact with the fine and inspiring.

Let it not be understood that the masters of English, so called, write always the most readable paper. Not infrequently one who has given a lifetime to language and literature and has command and fluency in expression, receives nevertheless scant reading. He may think in terms of form rather than of content. With him technique may take precedence over appreciation. His writing is so refined as to lose vitality. We have come far on the road since those early times when the Johnsonian type of English was the law and the gospel. Indeed, there are today many new words and expressions brought in through common usage. The daily newspapers, the popular magazines and periodicals and the Great War did much to popularize the language and to enrich it. Our

English forms are shaped, in no small degree, by common usage and it is this acceptance and usage that furnishes us our standards, whether we will or not, the purists, the classicists, the formalists to the contrary notwithstanding. Care, of course, must be exercised lest we permit to creep into our vocabulary such words and forms of expression as tend to degrade the language, and rob it of its accuracy and charm.

In a recent convention at Toronto, Canada, there were gathered leaders from 28 countries of the world. All delegates, save one, spoke in the English language. The exception was a Canadian. He chose to speak in the French tongue as his problem was with the large French population of Quebec. To my amazement, the most satisfying English offered in my hearing during the entire week, was that used by two Chinese. Their diction, their style, their choice of words, their articulation and enunciation, their phrasing and well-rounded sentences, all highly acceptable, showed how fully they were masters of our language which, in its unphonetic character, is one of the most difficult to grasp. It has been remarked that the English language was made for people who are very well educated.

One of the most contemptible expedients to which a writer may descend, is that of plagiarism. This is a crime more to be condemned than stealing. "Who steals my purse, steals trash." That which an author produces becomes part of him. Writers, in common with other members of society, are but human and we may not be surprised if, now and again, one is found who, without qualm or conscience appropriates to himself the work of another. This, we are glad to believe, is not a common circumstance. Much less rare is it to find sentences, paragraphs or pages even, borrowed without credit; lifted out bodily and set down without quotation marks. Sometimes there is the merest change of a word here and there.

It not infrequently happens that an editor or literary critic may give approval and pass to print a poem or story in whole or in part, produced by another than he who submits it. This may be done by the publisher in good faith. No one, however well read, can be expected to have on call in memory all that has come under his eye or with which at one time he was familiar. Furthermore, there are vast stores of

literature in its various forms that a given individual has never seen.

It is the duty of every lover of good literature and believer in justice on noticing in print what purports to be original matter but is manifestly borrowed from another without credit, to at once inform the publication or write the author. We have, unfortunately, a few men and women in our profession today who are a menace in that they gladly appropriate to themselves the work of another. These should be drummed out of our ranks.

IN a day and generation where so many seek to engage in literary pursuits we shall, of necessity, have a flood of alleged literature—cheap, colorless, sometimes trashy or vile, without legitimate aim or purpose. Standards are to be achieved, not primarily through *condemning the bad* but in *emphasizing the good*. That which is strong and uplifting and purposeful should be given commendation and approval. *Do something to compare with this*, is a better admonition than, *Don't do any more of that!* The dramatist, the feature writer, the creator of the short story, the journalist, the poet, the producer of fiction, the historical novelist, all should have held up to them the finest and best as models.

The writers and publishers of this country have a duty to perform. They have thrust upon them a responsibility. It is not enough to say that the newspapers and periodicals and books of the day are giving the public what it demands. This is only a half truth. Popular opinion does not spring from the mass. It finds its beginning in the leaders and flows outward to the group and spreads to the mass. Public opinion and taste may be shaped and molded in no small degree by those who today are the writers and publishers.

A young author, in the interest of larger income says:

"Think carefully, therefore, you writer-salesman before you unduly restrict your production for 'quality' reasons. Those little 'finishing touches' that you so fondly linger over and that 'final revision' that you deem so necessary, may give you a higher ratio of sales to submissions; but they may so restrict your submissions that you would be far better off financially on a much lower percentage of a higher production. In other words, a weaker production of 6,000 words sold at a cent a word will buy more groceries than 3,000 words sold at 1½c."

Letters, as a vocation, must bring financial returns, but there is danger

of carrying this theory too far. If quality is set aside for quantity in whatever field of human endeavor, catastrophe is the result. The cheap and sensational constantly displayed before the upcoming generation will naturally lead these young and immature minds to look for more of the same kind. The best and most enlightening and uplifting creates a taste for more of that variety. Here is where the writer, the author, the critic, the editor, the publisher, must act together to the end that we shall have in America—in the territory covered by the League of Western Writers—a literature finer in form and completer in content than that of any previous period of the world's history.

A Close Call

(Continued from page 349)

the reason that after the dirt had been dug out in the mine for quite a space there was possibility that the frozen dirt would give way, for it sometimes settled at a slow rate. Of course, no chance of escape would be possible should it start breaking through where the miners were working, for it would fall suddenly, without warning. Nevertheless, the miners kept working their way through, and let the dirt fall where all the gold had been dug out.

One day my father was setting up a pump in the shaft. He went up the shaft to the machine house for a clamp, and went down the shaft with the next bucket. What was his surprise, upon reaching the bottom of the shaft, to see the place where he had been working, his tools and all had been buried. Many tons of dirt had caved in, burying everything, and none of his tools were ever found again.

Suppose he could have finished working without need of that clamp? A close call it was—the closest he ever had!



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IMMORTAL IMPRESSION

(Continued from page 344)

THE woman, Castilian Rose, the courtesan, boast and pride of the Northern gold fields, came and took me by the hand. Tranquil again, her fingers were warm as love; but grief in her eyes was too deep for tears.

"You had something to tell McLaughlin?"

I don't know how she knew.

"Too late!" I said. "Do you know why all this happened?"

"Because some men are fine and true and others are cowardly and base," she answered without emotion. "Shannon was my husband. When he tried to kill me, McLaughlin saved me. He then swore that he would kill McLaughlin. He knew that I loved McLaughlin."

"Did McLaughlin love you?" I asked.

"No." The pain in her eyes stabbed me through. "No. It was just his big heart—that would defend the helpless. McLaughlin was a brave gentleman. Come! You must give him your message."

When I saw my uncle lying deep in his narrow bed, his face was white; but he looked up and smiled at me with the eyes of the immortal impression.

I whispered his mother's last words.

A beautiful light played over his ascetic face like the radiance about a star. Then his eyes closed, and I saw him fade—slowly, slowly, until the shutter of good brown earth passed once more between us, with the grasses and the vagrant cups of gold.

I was not asleep; an ant crept over my face.

Brushing it away, I saw again the pine-spired line of the canyon rim, the blue, creeping into the ravines, the gray ribbon of the road between the ruined walls, the white ghost of the bull on the common, moving slowly, his nose deep in the scented grass.

In the "Good Old Days"

It is not as easy today as it was 20 years ago to walk right in and ask the president of a bank what time it is or what he thinks of the weather. Heads of corporations are today entrenched behind a squad of bright-eyed secretaries whose greatest ambition in life seems to be to ask useless questions. In the old days, the president of a railroad or the head of a steel company could sit in the front office in his shirt sleeves and smoke a clay pipe and nothing would be thought of it.—*Harry Daniel in Thrift Magazine.*

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Occupation.....

League of Western Writers (Continued from page 363)

One evening was reserved for some well-known Seattle players and the other for a group from Canada. Unforeseen events prevented the Seattle group from giving their program, but I was fortunate in being able to bring a company from British Columbia, the members of which met with the kindest hospitality as guests of the League, and by the courtesy of Miss Nellie Cornish we gave four dramatic incidents at the Cornish School Theatre, September 20th, 1927. The program consisted of "The Fountain of Youth," Act I, translated from the Spanish of Alvarez-Quintero. Next, Louis N. Parker's "The Man in the Street; thirdly, the Wood scene from Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and lastly, G. P. Huntley's "Buying a Gun." The first and third were given in costume with simple scenery; the second and fourth were given behind closed curtains out of sight of the audience, to illustrate the power of the trained voice to create an illusion. Speaking, this year, of these plays, Colonel E. Hofer said that the members of the audience had visualized the scenes as clearly as if they were taking place before their eyes. Three of the performers were members

of the League of Western Writers.

During the year several members have been engaged in dramaturgy. One play at least has been entered for a contest in Europe, the result of which will not be known until October. Mari Reuf Hofer's classical plays are increasing in popularity with scholastic and other institutions. Mrs. D. L. Ross of Moose Jaw has written a play entitled "A Dud of Cupid's," which is being given its first production at the Crystal Gardens Theatre, Victoria, B. C., in September.

A farce by Ada H. Hedges of Portland will probably have a Canadian production shortly. The biggest work being undertaken by a member of the League at the present time is probably the Pageant adapted by Mary Randolph Reynolds from her book, Pilgrims' Problems. This, when ready, will be given in the beautiful Grotto grounds of the Servite Fathers at Portland, which many

(Continued on page 368)

"Look Well to Your Ballot"

(Continued from page 362)

sembly constitutional amendments. The odds in favor of a proposition carrying, reckoned statistically, are 52 to 48, taking the period 1911-1926, as a whole.

These figures bring up to date one of

the features of an analysis of election statistics and trends in voting on election propositions which the writer made during the 1926 campaign for the ratification of the Short Line Steam Railroads Tax Equalization Amendment (Number 7 on the ballot). From this study and from experience in the field, the writer makes these assertions:

1. Greater interest than ever before is being manifested by the voters in election propositions. There is an eagerness on all sides to obtain information as to what the propositions mean. The voter wants this information so that he may make up his own mind, but he is guided to a noteworthy extent by endorsements by organizations and especially by the editorial recommendations made by the newspapers.

2. In addition to what may be termed an "automatic no vote," which runs about 20 per cent on propositions by and large, the tendency of the voters is, more than ever, to vote down propositions which are not clearly understood, or which have not been specifically called to their attention.

In conclusion, it is the writer's belief that the people will vote fairly on any meritorious proposition which is clearly and frankly presented to them.

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League of Western Writers

(Continued from page 367)

members were privileged to see during this year's convention.

In the afternoon of August 9th, following the meeting just closed of the League, the Drama Section assembled to hear two speakers. Rowena Field (Mrs. Ben Field) of Los Angeles was to have spoken on "Christ in the Drama of To-day," but to the keen regret of the audience she was unable to attend the convention. Mabel Holmes Parsons of Portland Centre, University of Oregon, however, gave a most interesting talk on "The Writers and the Little Theatre," which was much appreciated. The evening of August 10th was devoted to a program of drama given by the courtesy of Mrs. Florence Bristol, president of the Art Theatre Group of Portland, in the Studio Building Theatre. This included "The Valliant," by Middlemas Hall; "Spring," by Corin Clements, and "White Elephants," a farce by Kenyon Nicholson. The plays were produced by Mildred Allen Butler, and very well acted by a talented cast.

It is hoped that at the next convention in San Francisco it may be possible to put on a play written, directed and acted by members of the League.

Resolutions

Adopted August 11th, 1928

THE League of Western Writers, in annual convention assembled at Portland, Oregon, August 9th, 10th and 11th, 1928, extends to the following full and hearty thanks for painstaking efforts resulting in a convention successful in all respects:

The Local Committee, the members of which worked early and late for the comfort and entertainment of the visitors and members of the League, and gave of their time in the interest of those who attended the annual convention—Rose M. Newman, Carrie Benson, Mrs. Petra Aune, Lovedey Burkholder, Mrs. Charles E. Burnett, Professor L. L. Pratt, Mr. L. D. Mahone and others.

The City of Portland, Hotel Multnomah, and those organizations and individuals who contributed to the success of the meeting, including the Press Club of Portland and those artists and dramatists who provided entertainment of such charm and delight as to linger long in memory: Mme. Leaska, Arthur Johnson, Rudolph Howard, William Robinson Boone, May Van Dyke, Miss Eleanor Allen, Mildred Allen Butler, and others who assisted in preparing and

presenting plays at the Little Theatre, to the chairmen of the various sections—Drama, Poetry, Fiction—Mr. L. Bullock-Webster, Dr. William L. Hall, Mr. Howard Perry, and those who contributed time and talent to a rich and profitable program through papers, addresses and discussions such as to produce a symposium practical and inspiring. Mention should also be given Dr. D. N. Lehmer of the University of California, Emmey Matt Rush of Hollywood, Mr. Ben Field of Los Angeles and others for their splendid assistance.

Special appreciation is expressed to the retiring President, Colonel E. Hofer, whose unselfish devotion to the cause, determined effort and wise leadership is recognized by all; to Miss Pamela Pearl Jones of the Advisory Committee, who has been untiring in her work on the program; to Secretary Frank Gates; Murriel L. Wannamaker, and other members of the Advisory Committee—Mrs. Otis Floyd Lamson, Frank Richardson Pierce, Adelina Carolo Appleton, V. V. Tarbill and others. We express appreciation to those who came long distances at no little expense of time and money to attend and participate in the meetings; especially to those distinguished friends and members from across the Canadian border—Miss Pomeroy, Miss Frazier, L. Bullock-Webster and Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, whose work is well known and received in Canada and the United States.

We recognize the need for an organization such as the League of Western Writers. We appreciate the splendid work thus far accomplished. We believe, however, that to realize fully the results from our organization there must be a uniting of all those engaged in letters in whatever form, and in drama, music and art throughout Western America. To this end we urge not only the formation of branches, but the affiliation with the League of groups of writers—clubs, societies, and organizations scattered throughout the territory. We look forward to increased interest and momentum through membership and co-operative effort, and ask that all unite in promoting the objects of the League and in making the San Francisco meeting next year a session long to be remembered.

Signed:

WILLIAM L. HALL.
EMMEY MATT RUSH.
ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.
 Chairman.

First Novel Prize Contest



THE OVERLAND MONTHLY is pleased to offer a prize of two hundred (\$200) dollars for the best novel—the work of any author who has not before published a novel. The author must be now a resident of California and have been such for a period of three years.

In length the novel should run from 40,000 to 70,000 words. A synopsis of approximately 6000 words must be submitted to the Overland Monthly. From the story-outlines submitted by entrants, the judges will select the six averaging the highest in the points judged.

Having selected the six best outlines, the judges will pass upon the six full length novels. Pen

names only will be signed to the manuscripts. The contestants must enclose postage for return of manuscript. In case of collaboration, such fact must be noted. All rights remain the sole property of the author.

In addition to the first prize of \$200, Overland offers a second prize consisting of publicity for the winner regarding the novel under consideration, the work of the author, etc. Honorable mention will be given the remaining four of the six selections made.

The points which the judges will observe are as follows:

Basic theme	1	point
Literary quality	3	points
Presentation and sustained interest	3½	points
Western background	½	point
Characterization	1	point
Club membership	1	point
		—
Total	10	points

While the contest is open to any California writer, it should be noted that one point is offered for membership in certain organizations as follows:

The California Writers' Club, a state-wide organization of men and women; any California branch of the League of American Penwomen; the Women's Press Club of Los Angeles; the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association; the Press Club of San Francisco; any California member of the League of Western Writers, which organization covers the 11 Western States, Western

Canada, Alaska, Mexico and Hawaiian Islands.

The stories may be laid in the United States, in Canada, in Mexico, or any other territory covered by the League of Western Writers. They may be on any subject, save sex and religion.

Manuscripts should be addressed: Overland Monthly, Pacific Building, San Francisco, care Novel Prize Contest. All synopses must be received at the Overland office by November 1st. The close of the novel contest proper will be January 1st, 1929.



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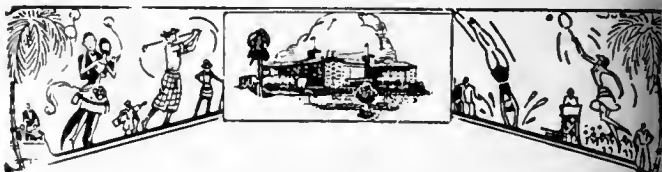
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OVERLAND MONTHLY



AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

OVERLAND MONTHLY ESTABLISHED BY BRET HARTE IN 1868

VOLUME 86

NOVEMBER, 1928

NUMBER 11

SERIES ON CANADA

READERS of Overland Monthly may look forward with anticipation to a series of articles dealing with Canada. These articles will begin in an early issue. They are from the pen of Professor James Franklin Chamberlain, nationally known geographer and writer. Mr. Chamberlain who knows Canada well has recently made an extensive investigation in the Dominion, bringing his observations to date. These articles will deal with the resources, industries, agricultural products, transportations, scenic attractions, etc. These articles will be authentic and of much interest to those who are to visit Canada, or to become permanently identified with the country.

Contents of this issue and all back issues of Overland may be found in "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature" at any library in the United States.

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George Sterling's Favorite Short Poem

Died November 16, 1926

By John S. Mayfield

In answer to my question, Sterling wrote as follows:

"IT IS a pleasure to be untrammelled by hesitation in answering your question, 'What is your favorite short

GEORGE STERLING

BY N. J. HERBY

*NO Muse-born vision lifted pinion higher
In Ilian epic or Miltonian lay,
Nor shown from "Paradiso" clearer ray
To warm the earth with pure poetic fire
Than Sterling's own. He scorned the viper's ire
And lashed the wrong. But dusk devoured his day
Before the worul could ample honors pay
For harmonies that drifted from his lyre.*

*From Helicon he fetched the poet's staff,
Yet Fate with niggard finger shaped his lot
Who sowed the wheat of fancy, burned the chaff.
But lest his labor's richness be forgot,
We grave upon his tomb this epitaph:
"He walked among us, and we knew him not."*

ALTHOUGH I never came face to face with George Sterling, it was my privilege to receive some 50 odd letters from him during the last two and a half years of his life. From the very first to the last of these he maintained a sincerity and friendliness quite uncommon between two who had never met. It was through this channel that I was able to draw my estimate of the man. Even at that it was with no small degree of envy that I read in the *Overland Monthly* the articles by those who had praises and memories of personal contact with him who came to such an untimely death two years ago this month. It is only now that I realize how much the difference would have been by knowing intimately such a personality.

His letters, with all their beautiful combination of thoughts and phrases, reflect a man who was not without a certain genius and who had many admirable qualities not least of which was the burning faith in the truth of whatever he happened to be believing. They show that his convictions were never assailed and weakened by doubt. But a detailed description of them must be saved for another day.

During our correspondence, I asked Sterling, "What is your favorite short poem?" and this piece of hitherto unpublished prose came from that colorful figure of San Francisco, esteemed and respected by all who knew him and admired universally for his unusual classic style. The original manuscript of it is now framed and graces the walls of my study. Close by are hanging the manuscripts of his "The Last Island," "The Transfusion," and that bitter piece, "To Leopold of Belgium."

poem?" for I can reply, without qualification, Keats' 'Eve of St. Agnes.' Had you asked me concerning a second or third choice, I should be pausing yet among such trophies of Time as Coleridge's 'Kubla Khan' and 'The Ancient Mariner', Poe's 'Ulalume', Browning's 'The Bishop Orders His Tomb At St. Prexed's', Kipling's 'The Last Chantey', Rossetti's 'The Blessed Damosel', Miss Branch's tremendous 'Nimrod', Shelley's 'Skylark' and Keats perfect 'La Belle Dame sans Merci'. But one cannot bind the heart, and my own turns most easily to the masterpiece I first mention. There are, I grant, poems of greater ethical impact or spiritual compass, but none, in my estimation, of

sheer imagination nor more radiantly washed by the light that never was on sea or land. In this thoroughly delightful poem one has pure romance, the wilder and keener for the adroit contrast between burning youth and fumbling age and piety. That palace of the imagination is rich with the 'stains and splendid dyes' of the first murder, and one who had once roamed it can never forget the magic of its midnight. Always the lovers will go out across the storm, with indifferent bloodhound and sleeping Beadsman at their backs. And other musics must yearn 'like a god in pain.'

"I could never see why one should resort to poetry for anything except poetry. But we are a wayward folk, and poetry, at that, is indefinable. It would be hard, however, to imagine anyone but a Futurist or Imaginist denying that the 'Eve of St. Agnes' is poetry—great poetry at that. Almost every one of its stanzas has the inimitable touch of a genius; some have a quality that was foreign to English long until the boy Keats set pen to paper. One rises from a reading of it a little dazed with the beauty-ache, and more than a little impatient (so unimaginative ingrates are we) with what one's own place and time have to offer of the externals of romance. Even an elopement in an aeroplane would seem to anticlimax; and I for one would rather than have been Porphyro than be William Jennings Bryan.

"But all this is, of course, only my 'I like' against another's, and many another's 'I like'. Perhaps it is essential merely that we go on liking quite the same things. Were such a custom not diverting to the gods, there'd have been an end of it long ago."

The Eve of St. Agnes

I.

By

XLII.

JOHN KEATS

*St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censor old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven without a death
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.*

*And they are gone; aye, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meager face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.*

OVERLAND MONTHLY

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Our Big Ditch

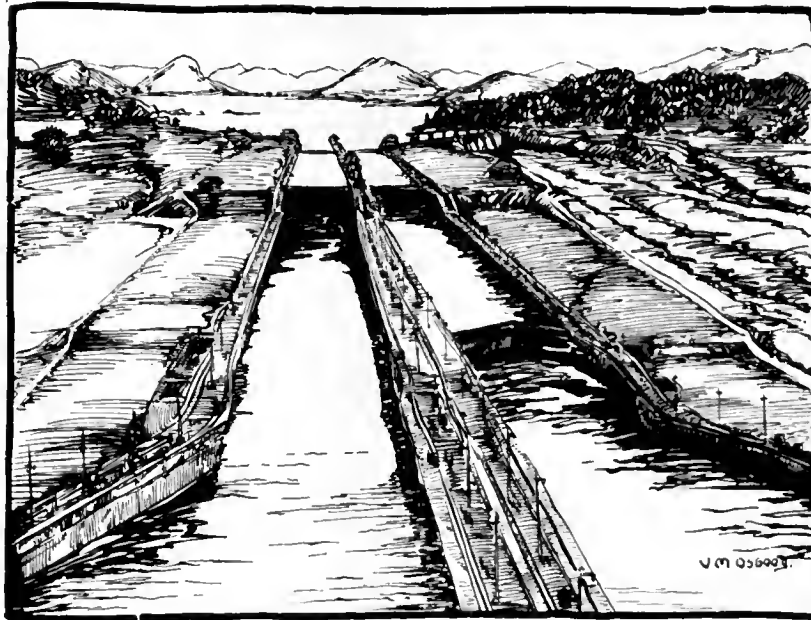
Illustrated from sketches made by the author

By V. M. Osgood

AFTER his discovery of America, which he did not of course know to be a new continent, Columbus believed there was a passage through the lands, by which he might still reach India. The Indians had told him of a "narrow place between two seas." This he thought meant a waterway, while the Indians were really referring to the narrow Isthmus. On his last voyage, 1502-03, he searched diligently up and down the east coast, hunting for the strait, and entered Limon Bay, the harbor of Colon and also the mouth of the Chagres River, but could find no natural waterway. This did not make him lose faith in its existence however. He died, 1506, still believing it would some day be found.

After Columbus came Balboa. He, too, heard and believed the tales of the Indians. But they also told him of a great sea which lay beyond the mountains, and of rivers and lands abounding in gold. So Balboa organized an expedition of some hundred-ninety Spaniards, a number of Indians and several bloodhounds, which were of use in fighting savages, and on September 1, 1513, set out from Santa Maria de la Antigua. He sailed north along the coast for about sixty miles, then landed and started across the Isthmus. The journey was most difficult, but on the morning of October 5, 1513, he reached the top of a mountain from which he saw the new sea. Four days later he reached the South Sea, as he called it, and took possession of it for the King of Spain. Thus Balboa became the first white man to cross the

Isthmus. Upon his return to the colony Balboa received permission from the governor, Pedrarias, to fit out an expedition to explore the South Sea. Since there



Miraflores Locks—Looking Toward Gatun Lake

were no ships or means of building ships, on the Pacific side, Balboa had all materials for his ships cut into the proper lengths and carried across the Isthmus. He succeeded in launching the boats on the South Sea and sailed for a distance along the coast. On his return to Acla, on the east side, he was unjustly tried, condemned as a traitor and beheaded by Pedrarias.

The South Sea did not receive the name Pacific until some ten years later, when Magellan, having passed through the Strait now named after him, reached this sea and called it "Pacific" because of its calm appearance.

But while men still dreamed of a waterway through the land it appeared

that it was but a dream. So, in 1523, Hernando Cortez, having been sent by Charles V of Spain to find the fabled passage and having failed to do so, suggested that they dig one. His plans were defeated by his treacherous followers, but his cousin, Alvaro de Saavedra Ceron, carried on the idea and finally drew up plans of four possible routes. These routes were the ones that were given the most attention later on — Darien, Nicaragua, Tehuantepec and Panama. Saavedra Ceron died before he had a chance to develop his ideas. In 1534 Charles V directed a survey between the Chagres River and the Pacific, to decide if it were possible to build a canal. The governor made a survey and reported that it would be impossible, so Charles continued to urge explorers to find a natural water route.

After the ascension of Philip II to the throne, and upon a bad report from Antonelli, whom he had sent to survey the Nicaraguan route, the king asked his Dominican friars for advice. They said it was clearly forbidden by the Bible. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." This decision, combined with the unfavorable report, made the king decide it would be sacrilegious to build a canal, so all plans were abandoned.

BUT while the Spaniards were busily searching for a natural water route and toying with the idea of making one, they had built up an overland route for trade. Nombre de Dios became the Atlantic, and the old city of Panama, the

Pacific, terminus. A road was constructed with much labor, between these two places, which was paved and wide enough for two carts. After a few years a change was made in the route, vessels sailing from Nombre de Dios along the coast, up the Chagres to Cruces. Then the journey was continued by road. Still later, in 1597, Nombre de Dios was deserted and Porto Bello took its place. Over these routes most of the treasure from the west coast of the New World poured on its way to Spain.

Porto Bello and Panama became cities loaded with treasure, to be had for the fighting. During the years which followed they became the legitimate prey of the English sea rovers, Drake, Morgan and the like. In 1688 Henry Morgan captured Porto Bello and found much treasure there, so decided, three years later, to cross the Isthmus and capture Panama by surprise. In 1671 he started up the Chagres River with 1600 men. From there they set out over land to Panama. They got within sight of Panama some nine days later, very weak from hunger and the terrific hardships of the journey. The Spaniards however, instead of annihilating them at once, delayed and gave them time to regain their strength. They attacked the city and it fell after a desperate defense. The English found no gold, though, as it had been loaded on a ship while they were crossing the Isthmus. In revenge they massacred the people and razed Panama to the ground.

Panama was rebuilt on a new site, a promontory of volcanic rock in the Bay of Panama, not far from the original city. Though it was once more captured by pirates in 1680, it has remained on this site to the present time.

DURING the next century and a half Spain held the Isthmus, and other lands in North, Central and South America, while the English freebooters gained a few footholds on the east coast, from which places they continually harassed and annoyed the Spanish colonies. Spain protested to England, and finally, in 1670, a treaty was signed which defined the rights of each nation and the English stopped the depredations.

There was also, during this time, an attempt in 1698 by an Englishman named William Paterson, to found a Scotch colony in the province of Darien. The Indians were friendly but the climate and disease weakened the colonists. They were given little help by their government, so the Spaniards easily drove them out.

Near the end of the eighteenth century some ancient cannon from Manila

were found in Vera Cruz. This awakened interest as to how they had gotten there, as the old trade routes over the Isthmus for the Philippine trade had long been abandoned. The viceroy of Mexico started an investigation as to routes and ways and also sent two engineers to explore from the Coatzacoalcos to Tehuantepec to see if a canal from ocean to ocean would be feasible. The report was adverse, but it roused inter-



COL. G. W. GOETHALS
Builder of the Canal

est, and in 1779 the king ordered an investigation of the possibility of joining sea and the Nicaraguan lakes. Manuel Galisteo, in charge of the work, sent in an unfavorable report. In spite of this a company was formed to carry on the work, but nothing came of it.

Some Englishmen had accompanied Galisteo's expedition and upon their return reported to the English government that the plan was feasible and not too great an undertaking. The next year war broke out between England and Spain and the English tried to get hold of the Nicaraguan country. In 1780 a force, with Nelson in command, was organized at Jamaica for the purpose. The English defeated the Spaniards, but they in return were defeated by the climate.

By the beginning of the nineteenth century Spain was in possession of all the country over which inter-ocean commerce could take place, but she had made

no progress toward any practical measures. She had even allowed the old overland routes to fall into disuse and most of the trade of the day was by way of Cape Horn or Cape of Good Hope.

ABOUT this time Alexander von Humboldt visited the country and his views, not founded on any knowledge of the physical geography of the country, that there were at least eight or nine routes where a canal might be built, interested the entire world and so far roused the Spaniards that the Spanish Cortes in April, 1814, passed a decree calling for the construction of a canal which should be capacious enough for the largest vessels to pass through. The decree provided for the formation of a company to carry out the work, but nothing was done.

Five years later, in 1821, Panama revolted from Spain and by 1823 all of Spain's colonies in the New World were lost to her and had become independent. In this same year, 1823, the Federal Republic of Central America was formed, and consisted of Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and Costa Rica. From this time on, due to the political changes and the growth of world commerce, etc., the question of a canal came to the fore and the great commercial nations, or more properly, their nationals, did not let the matter drop until the United States finally built a canal.

With the formation of the new republics in Central and South America the United States became interested and took its first official notice of the plans for a canal. In 1825 the Republic of Central America reported to Henry Clay, then Secretary of State, that a company of New York merchants was willing to construct a canal, which upon approval of the United States, would be started. It also expressed its friendly feeling for the United States and a desire for "the co-operation of the American people in the construction of a canal of communication through Nicaragua, so that they might share, not only in the merit of the enterprise, but also in the great advantages which it would produce." Clay, being favorably impressed, replied that the United States would investigate the proposed route. Nothing was done, however, and in 1826 the Republic of Central America, tired of waiting, entered into a contract with Aaron Palmer of New York for the construction of a canal. The canal was to be capable of accommodating the largest vessels then afloat and work on it was to be started within a year. The contract was to remain in force for as long a time as would be necessary for

the investors to get back the amount of money invested, plus 10 per cent per annum. For seven years after this the company was to receive one-half the net profits and at the end of that time the canal was to be transferred to the Republic.

Palmer tried for nearly a year to interest capitalists in the matter, both in England and America, but was unable to do so and was forced to abandon the scheme.

In 1830 the Republic of Central America made another agreement, this time with a Dutch company, but this also failed.

In March, 1835, the Republic of Central America again addressed the United States and offered to grant it the right to construct a canal, or to grant the right to its citizens, if suitable treaties might be made. The Senate of the United States recommended that the President consider the advisability of opening negotiations.

Accordingly Jackson sent Charles Bidle to both Nicaragua and Panama to examine the different routes and gather information and documents needed.

On June 9, 1827 the President sent a message to the Senate which declared it was not expedient, at the time, for the United States to enter into negotiations. The real reason was that the Government was not sufficiently sure of the stability of the new republic and feared to undertake a plan which might involve it in political disputes.

WHILE the United States was thus taking a dilatory interest in the matter the nationals of other countries had become interested. In 1826 an English corporation sent John Baily to Nicaragua to secure a concession. Palmer, the American, received the concession, however, but Baily stayed in the country and a few years later was employed by President Morazán to determine the best location for digging a canal.

In his report he recommended a route from Greytown to Lake Nicaragua, thence to the Lajas and on to San Juan del Sur on the Pacific.

During this time surveys were also being made of the routes to the south. In 1827 President Bolívar appointed

J. A. Lloyd to survey the Isthmus of Panama with regard to rail and water routes. Lloyd made a careful survey from Panama to a point near the mouth of the Chagres. In his report he said he considered plans for a canal rather premature but that a combination rail and water route from east to west was feasible.

In November, 1831, the Republic of Colombia was dismembered and formed into three separate republics,—Venezuela, Ecuador and New Granada. The

to Mateo Kline, on behalf of a French Syndicate, but it was allowed to lapse. In 1849 three Americans, W. H. Aspinwall, J. L. Stephens and H. Chauncy, of New York, obtained a concession for a railroad across the Isthmus of Panama, with the provision that no canal could be constructed there without the company's consent. The grant was to run for 49 years after completion, which must not be longer than six years after the date of the grant. This was later changed to a period of 99 years from

August 16, 1867, at the end of which time the road was to revert to the Government.

Soon after the granting of a charter to the Panama Railroad Company by the New York Legislature, the work was started. The line was located from Colon to Panama. The country over which the railroad was built was an absolute wilderness, rank in all sorts of tropical diseases, insects, snakes and animals. By the end of two years, despite ample resources and an unending fight by the builders, the road was but half complete.

It was finally completed in 1855 and on January 28 of that year the first trains reached Panama from Colon. The road cost \$7,407,553 or about \$158,000 a mile, and the lives of about 6000 persons.

Before it was finished came the gold rush to California which made it a most valuable property and all during those mad times the parts of the road which were completed were used. Where the road was not completed the travelers made the trip on muleback or any way they could. Hence the road paid from the start and ten years after completion it was considered the best paying property of the sort in the world. Its success suffered with the completion of the Overland railroad in 1869, and showed a steady decline from time on. It was purchased by a French company in 1881 in order to obtain the concession to build a canal; and later the United States acquired it as an aid in constructing the canal.

IN 1846 the United States made a treaty with Colombia, which then held this part of the Isthmus, Panama being a province of Colombia, which provided

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Upper Locks—Gatun

Panama route was within the territory of New Granada and in 1838 that republic granted a concession to Messrs. Solomon and Company of France to construct highways, railways or canals across the Isthmus from any point on the Atlantic coast to Panama. This company got out some rather enthusiastic reports in which it claimed a route had been found where a depression in the mountain range would allow passage at not over 37 feet above Pacific level. In 1834 Guizot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, sent Napoleon Garella to investigate the statements and his report disproved the company's claims and led to its failure.

But the United States had not let the matter drop entirely and in 1839 President Van Buren sent J. L. Stephens to investigate the different routes. He reported for the Nicaraguan route and estimated the cost of a canal at about \$25,000,000, but said that it was not the proper time for construction on account of the revolutionary condition of the country.

IN 1847 a grant for the construction of a railroad was made by New Granada

Public School and Junior Red Cross Objectives

By Harry B. Wilson

Director American Junior Red Cross

IT HAS been well said that any undertaking is well launched when those responsible for it know, intimately and concretely, just what it should accomplish. The most fundamental and controlling thing about public education is what it is to do, what it is expected to accomplish. Whenever the school is rationally conceived and developed, it is a product of expert thinking about what it is necessary to do in order to realize the aims of society in establishing and maintaining it. Any changes in the school, with the object of improving it, must always find their fundamental justification in the fact that they are needed to enable the school more fully and economically to realize its objectives.

Because of its controlling influence in education, the school's purposes or objectives are both the first and last concern of the educator. What the school should do, what it should teach, the methods it should use, how it should be organized, the standards by which its work should go forward and be judged—in fact every detail of the school should be fundamentally regulated by the results education is to secure. Purpose guides every detail of the launching and developing of the school. In the end, after the school has done its work, it will be found actually satisfactory just to the extent that it realizes in pupils the results that it was established to accomplish.

In order to secure what results, or to realize what aims, are public schools established and maintained? There are many views in reference to the answer to this question. These views would be voiced by many influential citizens, if you were to canvass any community. There are often those in important, official positions who believe that the aim of education is to equip children so that each should be able to earn his own bread and butter, and so not be a charge or responsibility of the community. Many people who are strongly intellectual themselves, believe sincerely that it is the business of the school to devote itself to equipping the child with the world's knowledge, making of each child a little walking encyclopaedia. Another group sincerely believes that the school's excuse for being is that the child may be cultured. They would select, out of the world's store of information, that which in their judgment would bring to the child who acquired it, culture and refinement.

There is yet another group. It is perhaps larger and more influential, also

more deeply entrenched than either of the foregoing three groups, who believes that it is the purpose of the public schools to confer discipline and bring general training to the pupils of the public school. This conception of the aim of education took deep hold following the report of the great "Committee of Ten," during the last decade of the preceding century. Text books in education and pedagogy were written to show the fundamental validity of the



HARRY B. WILSON

disciplinary conception of education. Textbooks were published embodying the types of materials in various subjects, which, it was believed, would discipline the child in the process of their mastery. Many of those who are oldest in the educational field today, as teachers and administrators, took their training in Teachers' colleges and universities during the period when this conception of the aim of education was in the ascendancy. Many people in influential, controlling relations to the country were in training at that time and evidence the effects in their writing, of the disciplinary view as to the aim of education, whenever they have occasion to discuss the school and its work, its methods and its curriculum.

Within the last three decades, however, another conception of the aim of education, broader, more liberal and more inclusive, has established itself. This concept holds that it is the aim of

the school to train each child as completely as possible for all of the duties and responsibilities which he will be called upon to meet satisfactorily when he goes from the school into the work of the world. An individual so trained is said to be efficient socially, and it is held that it is the function of the school thus to educate each child.

What are the equipments and the abilities which function in any persons who may be considered efficient socially? Evidently he is equipped to enter a vocation and to do acceptably and well something that is so important that it needs to be done. In the second place, each person must be trained for citizenship that he may know his citizenship duties and be disposed to discharge them. The community in which he lives, the county where he resides, the state and the country in which he lives, and the world, all call upon him to live acceptably as a citizen in relation to his fellows. In the third place, the amount of leisure time is increasing. Each person must be equipped and qualified to use his free, leisure, play time rightly, wholesomely, acceptably and, if possible, inspirationally. The long day that used to obtain when we were a rural people, has grown shorter and shorter until it is now literally true that hundreds of thousands of our people are not engaged in work longer than eight hours daily. In the fourth place it is evident that if one is to be efficient in work and citizenship, and in the use of his leisure, he must be well trained and properly developed in body. He must be in good health, not only must he be fully developed, but his body should be filled with good red blood and its energies controlled and vitalized for action by steady nerves. These equipments for work, citizenship, the right use of leisure and good health, should, in the fifth place, rest upon and spring out of a life that is right, righteous, clean and pure, controlled by proper ideals such as we may expect to exist with certainty only in the individual with a right ethical character.

THIS is the task of the public schools, to train each individual and promote his growth in these five ways. This it does by adding daily, through the work of the school, to his mastery of the world's useful information, to his equipment with those habits and skills that are requisite to the successful discharge of his daily tasks, and to his endowment with those attitudes and

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New Fields for Authors

IN ONE SENSE, there can be no new fields for authors. All man can knowingly write about is the activities of man, on the only planet of his acquaintance, and his reaction to his surroundings in nature. This includes all science, religion, art, philosophy, invention, everything man does and thinks.

But in a more restricted sense, new fields are continually being opened to man's mental tilling, as he penetrates and masters regions hitherto alien or unknown, as he adds new sciences and expands the old, as he pushes the boundaries of knowledge and achievement ever outward, in constantly widening circles, and as he extends his own consciousness onto planes previously but dimly sensed.

Man's physical life fills the bulk of the picture for the most of mankind. His bodily comforts and satisfactions, his achievements, even his loves and hates, are 90 per cent physical—only faintly directed, modified or colored by rational thought processes. Hence, it is to be expected that, for long ages yet to come, a large percentage of his writing will, at least savor, more of the physical and material than of the mental and spiritual.

As a man climbing a mountain begins at the foothills, so let us start with those physical foothills that loom out of the plain of the commonplace and will, inevitably, engage the major portion of the attention of those writers who seek to compel large audiences.

At the very outset of our survey, we are astounded at the extent to which we are passing from a nature-controlled world to a man-controlled nature. Can we possibly sense even a faint shadow of the tremendous import of this—man no longer the prey of giant forces but their master? The world is being remade under our very eyes. The past five years have shown more progress in science and invention than the previous 50. It is not possible to pick up any morning's paper without finding more announcements of epoch-making discoveries and revolutionary changes that we can keep track of in the rush of things. Each one is held up to us as THE one that will most profoundly affect our future, but who, now, can tell?

Consider, first, the determined attack, all over the world, upon the atom. At the University of California, at California Technological Institute, at the United States Bureau of Standards.

By Vincent Jones

Author of *Archery and Avocados*, Etc.

Doctor Meggers of that bureau said on July 7, in the Los Angeles Examiner:

"This is a story you cannot exaggerate. Here and abroad men of science are learning to understand and control the changes of the atom. When we master full control we will aid the chemist in combining atoms at will to produce forms of matter having any desired properties. In fact, we could not safely deny any possibility ultimately linked with the full knowledge of atomic control."

In summing up the interview, the correspondent concludes: "Success thus

The accompanying article by Vincent Jones is most thought provoking. The author shows a wide familiarity with present-day movements and developments. This paper, in Mr. Jones' absence, was presented before the meeting of the League of Western Writers at Portland, Oregon, by Mr. Ben Field.

means, in the opinion of scientists, that man's conquest of nature will be complete. It means domination of matter. Elements may be transmuted, disease banished, death defied. Regulation of world weather may be accomplished. All energy may be controlled, concentrated and employed to suit human requirements."

Who will dare to prophesy the astounding changes—nay, complete upheavals, that will stir and re-mold human society to its depths and outermost circumference, as a result of such achievements, or the million ways it will modify every detail of our lives? Can we write the same literature under these new conditions? How can we when every thought process and mental attitude will have been re-cast in a new mold? Can you not see on the way a veritable army of scientific novelists to write the fiction for the future science-minded population?

Archibald Henderson says of the Einstein theory: "Within the brief space of little more than a decade, relativity has already revolutionized physics, modified mathematics, given a new slant to astronomy, and insinuated itself into all philosophy." Not one single thinking mind will deny the vastness of these influences upon our future writing.

TAKE aviation: A recent writer said: "We have been masters of land and sea. We are now to be masters of the air—what poets call the 'ocean of light.' It seems reasonably certain that future generations, looking back at our times, will find nothing else equal to aviation, in so far as influence on man's life and behavior is concerned."

Just another prophecy, you may say. All right! But I will utter unto you this prediction—that the Jules Vernes of the future will be too busy keeping pace with the progress of science to pile up prophecies for future fulfillment.

Imagine the thrillers to be written around future Zeppelin disasters, when pilots take a dare from some lovely feminine passenger and run too close to Jupiter! Or the poems that will be written about some future fair one who climaxes her unhappy heart affair with a voluntary exile to Aldebaran in her sky-cleaver!

Captain Rickenbacker tells us that there will be fifty million motor cars owned in this country by 1950. B. C. Forbes says: "The fulfilment of such expansion would vitally affect business and employment all over the country." Whatever vitally affects business and employment, to that extent modifies our lives and our thinking, consequently our literature.

Man's increasing knowledge of the plant and animal kingdoms is bringing about such changes in his life and occupations as to color every day and every activity. Consider the change from fur trapping in the wilderness to fur farming in the vicinity of great centers of population. The old picturesque trapper, about whom tons of stories have been written, is almost extinct. Will there be romance in the life of his successor, the fur farmer? Who can doubt it, with criminals sneaking up to his line fence in the night time with a new-fangled death ray and putting him out of pelts and out of business before the cock crows?

Then, there is the new science of aquaculture—the study and improvement of the products of the waters. It is the aim and hope of this new science, the outgrowth of the development of the microscope, to raise as much protein food value on water as on land, acre for acre.

What poet will write of "the plowman homeward plodding his weary way" from an aqueous furrow? What masters of fiction will poignantly depict

to us the pioneers of the future water farms?

I mentioned the microscope—everywhere, the instruments of precision are giving man new mastery. Look at the amazing discoveries of Bose, the Hindu scientist and botanist, who has demonstrated that plants breathe, feel and suffer, even as human beings. Is there nothing at all in this for the new crop of nature poets? A recent survey I have made of eight poetry magazines, shows from 13 per cent to 33 per cent of all the poems to be nature poems. If, then, these are to be colored by the discoveries of Bose and of our own Burbank, will we not have a ravishingly new nature poetry?

How much of our literature of the past has dealt with the life of the farmer and his lonely, overworked wife, their bitter struggles and disappointments and the courage of pioneers. Contrast this with the picture painted, at the recent gathering of the American Chemical Society Institute, of corn as the cornerstone of a new America. To quote the press reports: "It is now proposed to solve the difficulties of poor old agriculture by a chemical marriage to the rich widow of industrialism."

It is stated that there is now going to waste on our farms the equivalent of twice our annual tonnage of soft coal, which science can utilize for the manufacture of 3,000 known industrial products. That is Henry Ford's idea—a factory on every farm. Days of concentrated thought could but dimly vision the overwhelming changes such a condition would bring. Can the literature of the farm ever again be the same?

Not only are we learning more about our plant and animal resources, but we are growing into a great love for our outdoors and the trend is distinctly away from the dollar mark when it comes to such matters as conservation of our natural resources, pollution of our streams, destruction of invaluable recreation and beauty spots. The editor of the leading outdoor magazine said recently: "There is not a national issue in America today of such surpassing importance to the women and mothers of America as the outdoor cause. Health, happiness, strength, the best in manhood and womanhood is built up through contact with some phase of the outdoors."

Will not this growing love for and appreciation and understanding of nature color all poetry and all prose and reveal unguessed avenues of exploration for new beauties and richer delights?

Much more than this. Will it not greatly increase the longevity of man?

Already man has advanced from an average lifetime, in Shakespeare's day, of 21 years, to 58 at the present time. As man is conquering nature, so he is conquering disease and sickness and learning more about himself. It is freely predicted that man will soon be living to 100 years as a matter of course. What will man do with these extra years? What use will he make of the extra leisure afforded him by the transition to the five-day week, which leading industrialists tell us is surely coming? Shall you and I be writing more and better books for him to read and study in that coming leisure? It's a certainty that he will demand them, that he will challenge our output and dare us to new endeavor.

THEN, if war be abolished, through the new treaties that are about to be signed! Ah! That seems too Utopian to be true. We scarcely dare hope—and yet, it never looked so rosy and sure of fulfilment as now. Think what a cataclysmic change that will bring to literature! No more war-novels—an end of war-poetry—unless the author delves even deeper and deeper into the past. I suppose we shall always have the historical novel, but think how much we will have to replace with something infinitely better than the prose and poetry of battle and carnage!

Now, hold your breath! The League of Nations is tinkering with the radio! Their experimental broadcasting from Geneva may very possibly prove to be the entering wedge that will finally conquer the chaos of Europe, banish their jealousies and end in a mutual understanding and appreciation. Could anything more profoundly affect all mankind? Would it open up vast new fields for authors and revolutionize their styles of expression? You answer.

Coming back to our own land, for a moment, before we leave the physical for the mental and spiritual realms, on whose frontiers we have been already treading, Dr. Silberling of the economics department of the University of California said the other day: "At no period of history has progress been made equal to that of the present time. Readjustments in the relation of man to man have been pronounced—home ownership has increased; the volume of life insurance written has grown from year to year and savings bank and building and loan deposits show substantial additions."

Can any one estimate the change in our thought trends when so many people are becoming owners of securities—small-scale capitalists? Poverty gradually being conquered. Comfort and ease

on their way to be the daily hand-maidens of increasing millions. Does this open new and strange fields for authors? I rather think so.

And out of that opulence, as an accompaniment of his lengthening days, and a hand-maiden to his increased leisure, man is learning to rejuvenate himself. There is no longer any worth while scientific contradiction of the facts, but there is an arising inquiry into the psychic effects of that rejuvenation. Grave warnings are being uttered, and if the feared results come to pass, pathetically rich indeed will be the field of the psychological writer of the future. **I**N skimming, even thus meagerly, the material and physical field, we have necessarily infringed, through the avenues of science, upon the intellectual. As a people, we are rapidly becoming science-minded and mechanically expert. The disappearance of distance, the movies and the radio, have increased our knowledge of the world and our neighbors and broadened our sympathies. Institutions of learning are multiplying and bulging with applicants. Everywhere the boundaries of the known are being pushed relentlessly farther and farther into the unknown. Beyond all computation, is the vastness of the extent of the new fields being opened to the qualified writer.

But, for the utterly daring writer, who has courage and the will to know, it is even intimated that there exists a vast reservoir of intelligence. Suppose that a few men learn to penetrate it partially, would it be possible to place a limit to the things they might there learn—and bring back to us?

Some years ago, Dr. Buck wrote a book called "COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS." It attempted to show that flashes of such consciousness were becoming more and more common down through the ages, and were not at all uncommon in this age. I think no informed student of spiritual matters would doubt that statement today. The evidences of it are too many and too pronounced. A lesser phase of this phenomenon is the fact that more and more people are becoming intuitive—are developing psychic faculties. Does not this extension of consciousness in the individual afford a field that is new and rich indeed? The writer who can master it will be earning the laurels of the future.

And now, on the spiritual side—on the mountain peak of our subject, what can we make of this anomaly? On the one side, a great religious writer telling us about the increasing connection between religion and the joyous side of life

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Use and Conservation of Our Timber Supply

THE greatest civilization wastes least of the resources which nature gives to it.

The United States, youngest of nations, rich in natural resources and first in many fields of human endeavor, is concentrating her efforts to eliminate waste of her natural resources.

Chief of these resources is wood. Paper and pencils, houses and hoops, desks and doors, soap and shoes, rafters and railroads, baseball bats and boats—all these things and hundreds more have woven their use into the life of America and all of them come from our forests.

Forests, once upon a time considered objects of worship, are today man's wood gardens. Bread is the "staff of life," and the products of the forest are equally the "staff" of industry. We would be greatly alarmed if we were told that there was no wheat crop this year and that there would be no more bread after a certain date. Yet, our forests are diminishing about four times as fast as they are being replenished. This is due to cutting for our own needs and to destruction by forest fires, insect pests and disease. Our constant increase in population increases the demands for what the forests yield us.

When the Indian roamed this country there were some eight hundred and twenty-two million acres of forest land. It is estimated that we now have one hundred and thirty-eight million acres of untouched forest and two hundred and fifty million acres of what is called second growth timber of commercial value. About eighty-one million acres of land fit for nothing but growing trees are now idle. These acres must be put to work so that we may have a continued timber crop every year.

Estimates show that we use in this country about twenty-three billion cubic feet of wood every year. To secure that amount we cut each year about two hundred fifty million trees of average size. This means that we cut down annually a forest whose area is equal to all of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey. Forest fires, decay and insects destroy annually about two billion feet more. Fire is the worst destroyer.

In one year we had 92,000 forest fires in the United States. This was at the rate of 250 fires every day of that year. These fires burned forests whose total area was almost as large as New

By F. S. McGinnis

Passenger Traffic Manager, Southern Pacific Company

York State. A large percentage of these fires were caused by carelessness of the millions of tourists and campers who go into our state and national forests. These millions must make forest fire prevention their first concern. It must become the habit of Americans that the fire of the match, cigarette, pipe and cigar be put out before they are thrown away. And the campfire must be watched while in use and extinguished as soon as it has served its purpose.

The prevention of waste by fire can



F. S. MCGINNIS

only be carried on by constant vigilance. While our scientists and engineers are devising and finding new ways to utilize wood with least waste in cutting of dimension stock, the rank and file of our citizens must assist in preventing forest fires. Thousands of boys and girls enlisted in the various youth organizations of the nation have become active protectors of the forests they have learned to love. They realize their value and know their beauty. Many of them have fought real forest fires and know how little it costs to prevent forest fires by practicing care with fire.

In addition to waste through fire there is large waste in the manufacture and use of wood.

Railroads use about 130,000,000 new wood ties every year. There are 3,000 ties under every mile of track. Each tie ordinarily lasts an average of eight years. We also have to cut 5,000,000 trees every year to maintain telephone and telegraph wires whose use is as indispensable to railroads as it is to the public in general.

The railroads of the country are co-operating extensively in the conservation of forests. They have invested millions of dollars in equipment used to treat ties and bridge timbers with creosote and other preservatives. Southern Pacific has large tie treating plants at various points on its lines. It also maintains a fire lookout station in the Sierra Nevada Mountains and with the co-operation of the state and federal forest services has organized its forest section-crews into emergency forest fire fighting units. It has equipped some of its locomotives and tank cars for fire fighting service.

The work of the railroads in assisting in the forest fire protection and the efficient use of wood is only part of the work of the entire industrial world of America to conserve natural resources and reduce waste of nature-made products.

One of the outstanding features of our industrial workers is that of standardization. Because of the large variety of types and sizes of products which we need in our daily lives, we have been compelled in many instances to discard or rebuild equipment only because one worn out part of the equipment could not be replaced by a similar part. This condition has led engineering societies, industrial and commercial organizations in a common effort to standardize many products. It is estimated that about \$300,000,000 is being saved annually by the application of practices of simplification and standardization. Chief of the articles standardized is construction material. Wood is a large part of the material used in construction. The Department of Commerce has secured approximately 71 per cent reduction in the number of types of construction commodities.

The Forest Products Laboratory at Madison, Wisconsin, is co-operating extensively with the Department of Commerce in the work of standardization of dimension stock and lengthening the useful life of wood. This laboratory, staffed by members of the U. S. Forest

Service, is making continuous study of ways and means to standardize dimensions of wood pieces used in construction and also develop methods to increase the utility of wood. The elimination of needless variety of sizes, dimensions and types of wood commodities means a more intelligent utilization of our forest resources.

We of the Pacific Coast should be particularly interested in the conservation of our forests through the elimination of forest fires and the efficient use of the trees that are cut. The entire nation secures wood from the remaining forest stands of the Pacific Coast. Space does not permit detail concerning the riches given to the Pacific Coast people by the waters which find their source in the forests. Much of our water power and most of our irrigation water would soon vanish if we lost our forests through poor management, fire and wasteful utilization of wood. The mountain watersheds will ever remain part of our economic riches so long as we protect the forests which

grow on them.

Finally we must ever remember that we are children of nature and that there is nothing that can be substituted for the blessings of the great out-of-doors.



Mount Washington from Big Lake, Oregon.

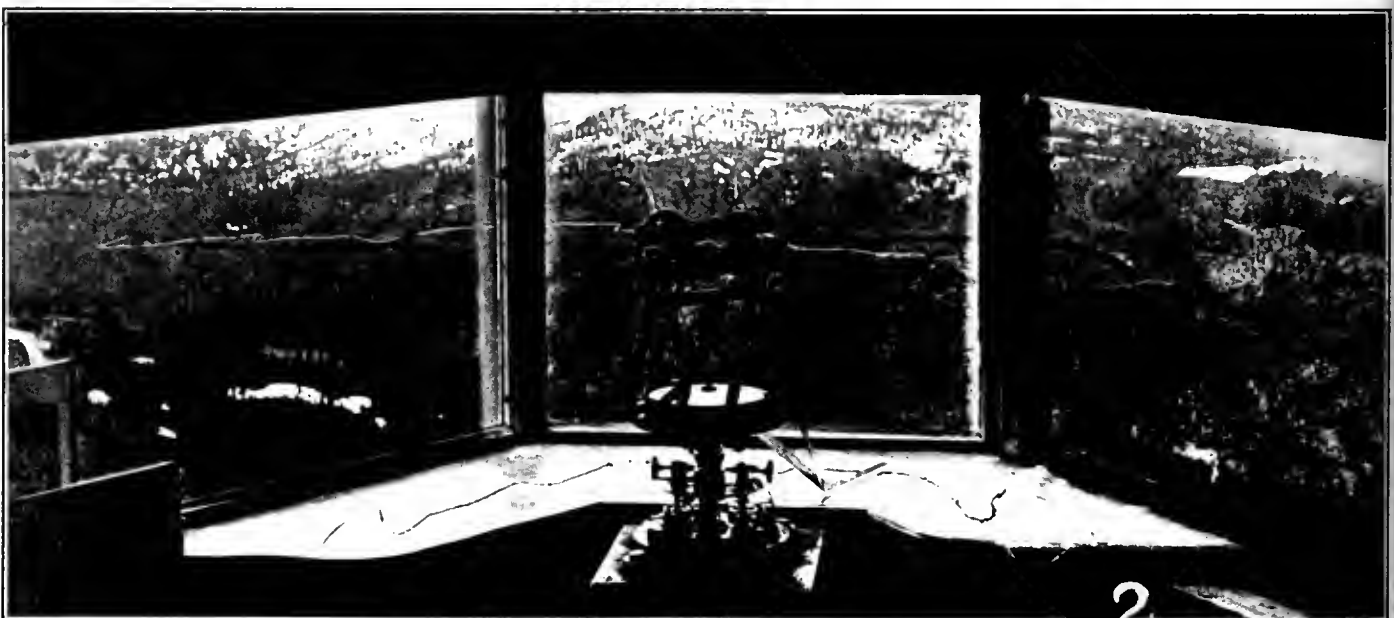
We have developed our social system to such extent that nearly all of us can find some time during the year to spend leisure hours in the hills and forests far from our daily routine. The recreation resources which the forests can give us are many fold and they will ever be the

source of peace and rest necessary to healthy and happy living.

California, which alone contains one-fourth of the timber on the Pacific Coast, consumes more timber than does any other state in the Union. Her lumber consumption is, roughly, twice her production and she must import from other states. This condition indicates the economic importance of the forests in the Golden State, and it remains our problem to protect our forests from fires and wasteful utilization so that we shall always retain a necessary supply of wood, water for power production and irrigation and, lastly, spots of retreat for the recreation of our spirits.

Conservation is an old word, almost heavy footed, but as time goes by and our population demands grow, we find that it is only a word used to designate a way of using intelligently the resources which nature has given us.

(For other illustrations to this article see page 386.)



Panoramic View Through the Windows of the Southern Pacific Fire Lookout Station at Red Mountain, Calif., on the Overland Route.

"Mother of Thanksgiving"

By Augustus W. Dougherty

THE week of festivities, or season of recreation and rejoicing and giving thanks, generally known as the "First Thanksgiving In the New World," was held at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in the autumn of 1621, by the Pilgrim settlers, after their first harvest had been garnered. But our annual religious festival that we call "Thanksgiving Day," and which is now fixed by proclamation of the President, the Governors of the States and Mayors of the principal towns and cities throughout this broad land, owes its introduction and establishment to a woman, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale, who was for some 40 years editress of a Philadelphia periodical.

This early advocate of a national Thanksgiving Day saw her untiring efforts crowned with success on November 26, 1863, when President Lincoln proclaimed that day as a general Thanksgiving Day.

The periodical observance of some sort of thanksgiving, or movable feast day, appears to have long been a custom among all the nations of the earth. The spirit of thankfulness has from the beginning been implanted in the human heart. The Pilgrims first emigrated from England to the Netherlands, and during their ten years' residence in their adopted home they naturally fell into the custom of their Dutch friends in observing thanksgiving on October third. On that date, in 1575, a great celebration was held at Leyden, on the old Rhyne River. This was the first anniversary of the Dutch from the Spanish siege when, by order of the Prince of Orange, the dikes were cut and the Hollanders saved. The notable date was long afterward kept as both a religious and social holiday.

After a stormy voyage of 67 days, when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock in the winter of 1620, this custom was no doubt still fresh in their minds, for they were liberty-loving people, and

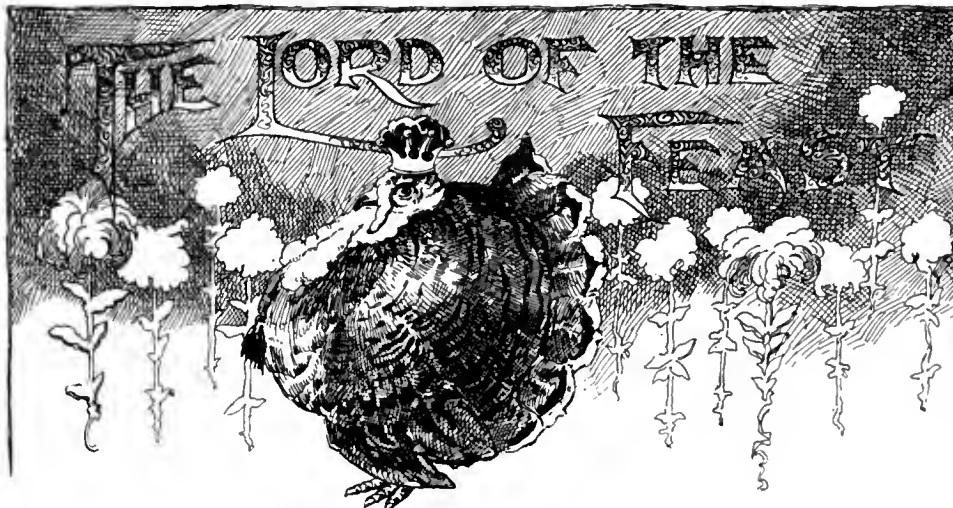
were separated only so far as conscience demanded from the habitual practices of their native land. In April, 1621, when the Mayflower sailed away for the Mother Country, the few settlers on the shores of Massachusetts set busily about sowing their seed for the coming crop. Their small fields and gardens were carefully tilled and anxiously watched, for well did they realize that upon their first harvest depended the prosperity of the colony and even the lives of the white dwellers in the Western World.

When the hardy Pilgrims had been

ducks, geese, turkeys and quail, ample to supply the company for a whole week. Meantime the great Chief Massasoit, the Pilgrims' friend and ally, with 90 friendly Wampanoag Indians, appeared on the scene, and upon being cordially invited to join in the festivities, contributed five nice fat deer to their white friends.

Then the women of Plymouth Colony set themselves busily to prepare the food. In the wide fireplaces over glowing wood coals, gridirons, kettles, ovens, skillets, hooks and spikes were all worked overtime in cooking the tender venison, the wild fowls, various vegetables and fruits, and the bounteous supply of barley loaves and cornmeal cakes. The cloth-covered tables supplied with the required wood dishes and pewter plates, knives and spoons, fairly groaned under the heavy dishes of rich, smoking viands.

A huge box of salt, covered with a white cloth, ornamented the center of each table, the diners sitting on long benches without



in the new country scarcely a year, although the original band of 100 souls had dwindled to but little more than half that number, they were yet thankful for the bountiful harvest which they had just garnered, the goodly supply of furs gathered to send to England, and the valuable timber they had cut for new buildings and for export. Wild game was abundant in that vast wilderness, the streams teemed with fish and the woodlands with wild fowls and deer; besides grapes, berries and plums, other fruits were to be had for the gathering.

In order that they might feast and rejoice together in a fitting manner, after the liberal store from their year's labor had been gathered, Governor Bradford directed that four marksmen go on a tour through the neighboring forests to secure sufficient game for a public entertainment. After a day's travel the hunters returned with wild

backs, while the children stood, at mealtime.

Thus for three days the 340 persons, including 90 Indians, were lavishly entertained, while the permanent residents feasted on the leavings for an entire week. And that festival occasion is ordinarily called the "first Thanksgiving," a day which even now ranks first among holidays in New England. Prior to this great feast, religious services were held. Reverend Brewster preached the Thanksgiving sermon, and those divine services and that goodly supply of fowl and venison shared by the little band of Pilgrims with their guests was the beginning of what is now our National Thanksgiving Day.

THE Colonists of New England observed Thanksgiving somewhat irregularly for a number of years after-

(Continued on Page 399)

The Sorcery of Tibet

By Manly P. Hall

With Illustrations by the Author

ABOUT 600 A. D., Sron Tsan Gampo ascended the throne of the consolidated clans of Central Tibet. Being only about sixteen years of age, the young king was easily influenced by his two young and attractive wives—one a Chinese princess and the other a daughter of the King of Nepal—who were both firm adherents of the Buddhist faith. In this manner was Buddhism introduced into Tibet. Thonmi Sambhota was dispatched to India, where he remained studying with the Buddhist monks. A number of years later he returned to Tibet, bringing back with him the Tibetan alphabet and certain fundamental books of the Buddhist scriptures. Sron Tsan Gampo, undoubtedly the greatest king of Tibet, was canonized after death and regarded as an incarnation of the great Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, known to the Chinese as Kwan-Yin. His two wives were also canonized as female aspects of this divine power, becoming the white and the green Tara.

Previous to the advent of Buddhism, Tibet was an inaccessible land peopled with savage and even cannibalistic tribes engaged in constant civil war. Occasionally these clans would consolidate for the purpose of invading Chinese territory. The Tibetan religion was a species of Shamanism, called the *Bon*, consisting chiefly of ritualistic dances and offerings to appease the hosts of demons who were presumed to take continual offense at the actions of men. Prior to the coming of the Buddhist monks, the Tibetans possessed no history or written language and their arts and crafts were aboriginal in comparison to those of their Hindu and Chinese neighbors.

Lamaism was founded in Tibet about 750 A. D., by St. Padma - sambhava, generally called the *Guru*, or *Teacher*. This great Buddhist magician marched through Tibet, converting the demons and destroying with his thunderbolt those devils who refused to accept the gospel of Sakya Muni

(Gautama Buddha). Under the patronage of the Tibetan king, Padma-sambhava built the first monastery, or lama-

tudes, was reformed and the reformation in turn reformed, until the religion lost all semblance to the simple philosophic atheism of Hindu Buddhism. Gradually the Shamanistic leanings of the Tibetan people was responsible for the revival under the guise of Lamaism of certain aspects reminiscent of the original devil worship of the country. The number of deities multiplied with astonishing rapidity until Lamaism now classifies some eighty thousand divinities of major and minor importance, an overwhelming majority being demons of varying degrees of malignancy.

That Lamaism in its original form produced a very constructive effect is undeniable. All that Tibet possesses of civilization it owes to the efforts of these early Buddhist monks operating under the protection of various benevolently minded kings. Wood block printing was brought into the country and the Buddhist scriptures circulated throughout even the most distant provinces. Gradually the great Tibetan Bible was organized, a work which numbers over a hundred volumes of major text and countless volumes of commentary. Nearly all the large lamaseries now scattered throughout Tibet contain extensive libraries of the Hindu scriptures in which certain revisions have been made to make them conform to the present systems of Lamaism. Education was encouraged by the Buddhist monks and the arts and crafts flourished under their supervision. The country gradually took on an organized appearance and the high plateaus resounded with the mantra of the pious. Through the centuries the prayer flags waved, the prayer wheels turned, and the mind of Tibet concerned itself with the problems of its eternal salvation.

While Buddhism was budding and flowering in these high fastnesses of the Himalayas, it was waning in the land of its birth. The Mohammedan was marching across the face of India, bearing aloft



Lama Priest in Ceremonial Robes. Figure in the Doorway Is Celebrated Spanish Author, Senor Blasco Ibanez.

sery, to be erected in Tibet and founded the order of the Lamas, or Superior Ones. Lamaism passed through many vicissi-

the triumphant crescent and leveling with mace and scimitar the topes and dagobas of the Lotus Lord. The countless images of Buddha were torn from their shrines and ground under the feet of conquering Islam. The saffron-robed monks were murdered at their devotions and non-resisting Buddhism was practically exterminated in the land of its inception. A few intrepid saints and sages fled to distant corners of Hindustan and the Island of Ceylon, where they sought to preserve the body of the sacred lore. As the aftermath of this wholesale destruction of Hindu Buddhism, the center of the faith gradually shifted to Burma, Tibet, China and Japan, with a few scattered remnants in Ceylon and Java.

Buddhism can now be divided figuratively into two major sects, one of which may be likened to the Protestant churches of Christendom and the other to the High Episcopal or Catholic Church with its ponderous ecclesiastical organization. The Buddhism of Japan is an example of the Protestant form, while the Lamaism of Tibet finds its parallelism in the spiritual oligarchy of the High Church. With one notable exception, there is a definite resemblance between the ritualism and sacerdotalism of Lamaism and Catholicism. While the Grand Lama of Lhasa (generally termed the Dalai Lama) is regarded as the Buddhist Pope and, seated upon his throne of five cushions in the Potala, gazes down upon his multitudinous following from his station of inconceivable sanctity, he shares honors to a certain degree with the Grand Lama of Tashi-lhunpo (more commonly called the Tashi Lama). The latter, being uncontaminated by worldly affairs and less concerned with the politics of Lamaism than his exalted confrère at Lhasa, is sometimes regarded as a much more spiritual man than the Dalai Lama.

The Dalai Lama is presumed to be

an incarnation of the living Buddha, or Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara, and the hierarchy of the Tibetan church is headed by a group of men termed the reincarnate Lamas. In other words, as soon as death takes one of them, his soul immediately passes into the body of an infant born at that moment. This child is discovered by certain sacred tests and thus the line of succession is said to remain continually in the hands of one spiritual entity who passes from one body to another throughout the centuries. The Buddhist Vatican is the famous Potala of Lhasa, a great building clinging to

Lama and the seats of the reincarnated Lamas in the order of their importance. The Potala contains a vast treasure of early Buddhist relics in the form of sacred books and priceless objects of art.

Tibet has continually resisted the coming of outside races into its national life. It desires to maintain isolated independence, feeling itself sufficient for itself. Located on high plateaus from twelve to fifteen thousand feet above sea level and separated from the outer world by almost impassable mountain ranges, it has remained a land of fascination and romance and its people the most remarkable

on the face of the earth. Tibet knows all too well that in the wake of the white man there follows desolation and ruin; hence the struggle to prevent its national treasures from being dissipated and its religion from being overthrown by the vandalism of foreign nations. Tibet is a land of immense natural resources as yet untouched, which the Tibetans are re-

solved shall not be stolen or exploited by a money-mad world, but which shall inure to the sole benefit of Tibet and her people.

The average traveler contacts Tibet at two points. The only official representative of the Tibetan government outside of Tibet is the Grand Lama of Peking. The temple of the Lama at Peking is notable among other art treasures for the great figure of the Lord Mitraya, presumably formed from a single piece of wood. The statue is nearly seventy feet in height and is covered throughout with gold bronze lacquer. The traveler again contacts the Lama in the northern India hill city of Darjeeling, which is but a few miles from the Tibetan border. Here those who are interested can witness many Tibetan ceremonials, including the famous devil dancers wearing grotesque masks made from simple native commodities. The Tibetan dancers perform the weird

(Continued on Page 400)



Tibetan Devil Dancers Photographed at Darjeeling.

the side of a steep hill. The palace resembles a fort more than a temple. Inside are preserved a number of sacred relics, including an image of Buddha dating back to the actual lifetime of the Great Emancipator. Entrance to the Potala is had by ascending a long flight of steps, and the courtyard is decorated with tall banner poles, their upper ends ornamented by the tails of yaks. Within the last two years many modern improvements have been made and the entire Potala is now illuminated by electric lights. There is a popular belief that all the main roads of Tibet meet at the Potala. The present building, which occupies the site of an early shrine, was restored in the seventeenth century. The main hall or chapel of the Potala is ornamented with rows of columns and was originally lighted by an opening in the ceiling. At one end of the hall is a shrine containing the image of the Lord Buddha, and in front of it are the thrones of the Dalai Lama and Tashi

From "A Day With the Pilgrims"

By Hugh J. Hughes

"The Watchword," November 20, 1927

DOWN in the village of Plymouth, only a step from the Rock, stands Pilgrim Hall. Here, if you have what the Scotch call the "gift," you may reincarnate the past as your eyes see and your fingers touch lanthorn and loom and cradle that their hands grew weary in using, so many years ago!

How vividly these things tell the story of what the Pilgrims were! There were scholars among them—and others who could not read. And each man and woman carried his or her most cherished possessions onto that little boat. For the most part, they carried the tools of civilization.

But there were other treasures to which I turned with keener interest. Here was the remnant of a hoe that had blistered the hands of some Pilgrim mother, and there was a chest in which another had packed away her dresses when the hour for sailing came. In this case was a hatchel for the combing of the wool, and over there was a loom with which women's fingers spun the threads for the cloth that was so necessary and so hard to obtain. In these cases are pieces of china, delicate, fragile, beautiful. Over yonder is a coffee pot, and near by a spoon that belonged to "Mary." Slippers and rings and combs, and in one corner the cradle in which was rocked the first baby born this side of the sea.

Having once seen these things, I cannot believe too implicitly the legends of Pilgrim grimness. I think, rather that they were a good, wholesome, clean-minded, duty-carrying, fun-loving folk who had within themselves a capacity for enjoyment as well as work. The pioneer has to have it, if he is to make a success of his venture, and few of the Pilgrims—not one, as I recall—turned his hand back from the plow.

I climbed the hill from the Rock to the fountain, where of old the spring ran clear and sweet, even as it does today. And I thought of the numberless backs bent under the pail-yokes, and of the gossipings, and of the lovers' meetings beneath the trees.

Those Californians and guests who were present at the "California Breakfast" at Boston last February, during the annual convention of the Department of Superintendence, will long remember the event. Mark Keppel presided in a manner to bring all present into harmony with the occasion. Mr. Keppel was especially impressed with the historic atmosphere of Boston and surrounding country. He was essentially a religious man and patriotic to the last degree. His visit to old Plymouth so impressed him that when he read the accompanying article at the breakfast his feelings and fervor carried over to all his hearers. A short time before his passing Mr. Keppel, at our request, sent the article to us. It will rededicate us to the spirit of Thanksgiving, and bring gratitude to our souls for the life and work of Mark Keppel.

ARTHUR H. CHAMBERLAIN.

Then I climbed the hill where the forefathers and foremothers sleep, all their vexations over, all their pettiness swept into the sea of oblivion, only the good that they did alive and marching on. I heard the boom of the surf on the beach. I read the things that it is the fashion of men everywhere and in all ages to say in chiseled stone above their dead. And somehow the years

dropped away and I saw Standish in his shining armor going forth to battle, and little children playing in the brook, and men delving for clams in the sands of the shore, and women hanging out white lines of clothes.

I saw the Pilgrims, one after another, grow gray and lie down to the dreamless sleep. The thunder of the surf became the thunder of the guns of battle, and out of it a new nation was born. Then the wind in the trees became the trampings of a people, and the great immigration to the West was on. I saw the forests coming down and the prairies blossoming with grain. And wherever the Pilgrim heel dented the earth men built a church and a school, and women taught the love of God and of country.

The currents of a nation are like the tides of a great river! This after-the-war squall of shallow thinking, of mental and spiritual and political jazz is only the breath of wind on the surface, while the destiny-bound waters underneath move on to the sea. We are of the same stuff as the men and women of the sixties, of the time of the Great Crossing, of the Revolution and of the Mayflower! And of the future we need not be afraid.

As I said, a while back, there will be big doings at our house this Thanksgiving. The young folks will laugh and sing, while we older ones will go back into the Do-You-Remembers for at least part of our fun. And so we will sit down, just one of about twenty-five million American families, to the turkey and the cranberries and the mince pie, and a voice that we love will raise the prayer of our Thanksgiving that "He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep."

TO AND FRO

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

LIKE the swing of a pendulum to and fro,
Is the beat of the days between joy and woe.
Joy once gotten
Is soon forgotten.
Gotten! Forgotten!
Forgotten! Gotten!
To and fro,
To and fro.

Like the lap of waves on a silver beach,
A forward urging, a backward reach,
Joy cometh sweetly,
Woe flies as fleetly.
Gotten! Forgotten!
Forgotten! Gotten!

To and fro,
To and fro.
Like the leaf on the tree, now bending down,
Now whirling up to the tossing crown,
So comes joy ever,
So woe doth sever.
Gotten! Forgotten!
Forgotten! Gotten!
To and fro,
To and fro.

So let woe come, so let joy go,
As sways the pendulum, swift or slow.
The clock stays never,
It beats forever.
Gotten! Forgotten!
Forgotten! Gotten!
To and fro,
To and fro.

What Next in California?

By Wm. John Cooper

Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Sacramento, California

AMONG the recent visitors to the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction was a high-minded, patriotic citizen who called to interest me in the American Legion's program for training in citizenship. I was interested at once. Had I not been receiving scores of letters and newspaper clippings since the horrible child murder in Los Angeles, telling me the young folks were going to the dogs?

Perhaps the man with the remedy was at hand. He had a most promising program, indeed. Among the things it involved closing the public schools of this State on Monday, November 12. It was evident that the Legislature has intended the schools to close on this day, but had not made clear the procedure to be followed should the day fall on Sunday.

His objection and mine coincided and I believed his plan worth a trial. Accordingly, in the next bulletin to Superintendents, I recommended both the schoolmaster's favorite plan of school exercises consecrating the day and the Legionnaire's plan of closing. Why not have every school, I ventured to suggest, hold patriotic exercises on Friday, November 9, and close on Monday, November 12? Would it not be worth while for every child to participate with his local Legion Post in such celebration of the tenth anniversary, as would indelibly impress upon children's minds the significance of an event which happened before most of them were born?

In my mail a few days later is a letter from an able and conscientious County Superintendent who wishes to keep school open on the twelfth and desires that the local Legion Posts send speakers to the schools to inspire pupils. She, the Legionnaire, and I, all have one end in view, but we seem to have three different approaches to it. What is the best way of teaching citizenship? Is there any royal road?

What has been here said about citizenship applies almost equally well to other objectives of education, namely, healthful living, training for the right

use of leisure time and perhaps in a somewhat lesser degree to training for vocational efficiency. All of these objectives are conceded; the means of attaining them are even less clear than



WM. JOHN COOPER

they are in the case of citizenship. What kinds of courses of study shall best achieve the objectives of education? Here again there seems to be no agreement, although a good deal of experimentation has gone on.

I recently visited three high schools in a given county in California. School "A" occupied a comparatively new building, well equipped, taught by some eight teachers all well prepared. In general it gave me the impression of offering a reasonable variety of courses to its pupils. Some ten miles away I came to School "B." It was small, with a

faculty of four, one of whom served as principal. Naturally it could not offer as many courses to the population which it served. Some ten miles farther along a good paved highway, I came to School "C," also small. The principal was required to teach some of the classes and its course of study offered very little to the children of the community. In both schools "B" and "C" I noticed that a

year in stenography was taught.

I was told in both cases that there were not enough pupils enrolled to justify the time of a teacher and the equipment for a second year of study. I am still wondering of what use to a girl is a single year of stenography. There seemed also to be other courses in which the size of the school or the demands of the pupils did not warrant enough advanced work to give a thorough foundation. What might be the results or better opportunities for students, as well as reduced costs, if the student bodies in the "B" and "C" should combine?

Recently I read an article in the California Tax Payers' Digest, showing the greatly increased teacher costs in the small school districts over that in the large school districts.

With all these facts in mind I began to wonder whether we were not maintaining a school administration and organization in the year 1928 with our excellent highways and lengthened school terms, which was designed over a half century ago under conditions of poor roads and short school terms. Accordingly, I recommended to the Governor the appointment of nine lay citizens with sufficient funds and authority to enable such commission to make a complete study of the California school system.

Letters are arriving in every mail commending the idea and insofar as the press has spoken, it also has favored the plan. I believe the first step in the direction of improving our schools lies in the reorganization of the State Department at Sacramento. This reorganization will be possible if an amendment now before the people, Number 6 on the ballot, is approved.

West Oakland Creosoting Plant—"Hot" Ties Being Taken Out of Retort After Treatment.

(Continued from Page 380)

EVERY mile of railroad track has 3000 wooden ties under it. Unlike farm machinery which can be placed under cover, the railroad track ever remains under the open sky where it is exposed to all the elements. This condition causes rapid decay and consequent necessary replacement with new ties. To conserve the ties and reduce the cost of track maintenance, Southern Pacific now treats its ties with creosote. The ties are put in sealed retorts which are then filled with hot creosote. They are held until the surface of the ties has been penetrated by the creosote. This treatment preserves the usefulness of the tie by preventing wood decay.



Southern Pacific Forest Fire Fighting Locomotive and Crew in Action.



Among railway employes "fire prevention" takes second place only to "safety first." Southern Pacific whose lines serve valuable forest regions of the Pacific Coast, co-operates extensively with the Forest Service in preventing and fighting forest fires. In the forest sections special locomotives and tank cars are equipped to fight forest fires along the railroad right of way. Section crews are also equipped to fight fires. The railroad's telegraphic system is placed at the disposal of the Forest Service in the time of emergency arising from huge forest fires. The railroad also has a fire lookout station at Red Mountain, Calif., where it maintains a watch during the dry season.

Below: Southern Pacific Fire Lookout Station at Red Mountain, California, on the Overland Route.



Early Education In California

THE discovery made by James Marshall, on that January morn- in the year 1848, will always remain one of the leading events in the history of our state. The cry of "gold" set on foot one of the most picturesque migrations known to man. When gold was discovered, the white population of California numbered about 12,000; one year later the number had increased to about 100,000. In covered wagons and in white-winged ships the Argonauts continued to pour in for several years. Cities developed as if by magic as new strikes were reported, and in some cases disappeared almost as rapidly. Because of the discovery of gold, California early assumed importance industrially and in other ways.

But the history of our state does not begin with the discovery of gold. For three centuries prior to this event, earnest and intelligent people inhabited what is now California. Some of these lived on great ranches, surrounded by flocks and herds; others labored solely to Christianize the Indians. Such education as there was in those days was largely for the benefit of the Indian children. In the year 1793, by royal order, a school was established in each pueblo. Let us, in imagination, visit one of these educational institutions and observe the work.

At one end of a bare and uninviting room, on a raised platform, sits the master, a stout ferule in his hand. This is freely used when a boy blots his copy, or disobeys a rule. The lessons are studied aloud, and quill pens are used in writing. All of the paper supplied to the pupils is saved, to be later used in wadding guns. Muzzle loading guns were in use in those days.

The teachers in these schools were usually soldiers. They taught religion and a smattering of reading, writing and arithmetic. The meagre equipment in such schools is revealed by an inventory made by a teacher in Los Angeles in 1844. He reported "thirty spelling books, eleven second readers, fourteen catechisms, one table without cover, a writing desk, six benches and one black-board." At the Missions the boys were taught agriculture, horticulture and various forms of hand work.

Previous to the discovery of gold there was a small American population in California, and attempts were made to furnish at least the rudiments of an education to their children. In 1847 a Mr.

By James Franklin Chamberlain
Associate Editor

Marston opened a private school in San Francisco, and the following year one was opened by Thomas Douglas, a Yale graduate. The gold excitement rapidly depleted this school, and as a result Mr. Douglas closed the door and started for the "diggins." In 1849 J. C. Pelton landed in San Francisco, equipped with desks and books, and opened a tuition school. On April 8, 1850, San Francisco passed an ordinance establishing the first free public school in the state. The first American school in Santa Clara was

Portions of address by Professor Chamberlain before the Shakespeare Club of Pasadena. Mr. Chamberlain is a recognized authority on educational problems, having served as head of the Department of Geography at the University of California in Los Angeles, and President of the State Teachers College of New Mexico. He is the author of numerous works on Education, Geography, Travel.—EDITOR.

taught by Mrs. Oliver M. Isabell in the Mission. The floor was of earth, boxes served as seats, and a hole in the roof permitted the escape of smoke when a fire was necessary.

The first teacher to sign a contract in Los Angeles after American rule was established, agreed "to teach the children to read and count, and in so far as he was capable, to teach them orthography and good morals." In 1854 Stephen C. Foster, then Mayor of Los Angeles, said: "There is a school fund of \$3,000 on hand; there are 500 children of school age, and there is no school house for them." The next year the first public school house in Los Angeles was erected at Second and Spring Streets at a cost of \$6,000.

At the Constitutional Convention held in Monterey in September, 1849, were laid the foundations of the public school system of California. Congress had granted to the state 500,000 acres of land, the proceeds from the sale of which could be used for internal improvement. The members of the Convention wisely decided to appropriate the proceeds to a perpetual Public School Fund. The plan was ably championed by a Mr. Semple of Sonoma. So farsighted was this man that he proposed

that surplus funds collected in a given area should not be used within that area only, but that the entire fund should be apportioned to the state according to school population. This was defeated, and was but a few years ago enacted into law.

TO JOHN SWETT the people of California owe a debt of gratitude for his untiring efforts in the cause of education. Mr. Swett was born in Pittsfield, New Hampshire, in 1830, and began teaching at the age of fifteen. The discovery of gold brought him to California, and after working as a miner for a short time he began teaching in San Francisco in 1853. For many years he was the recognized leader in the state in the field of education and his ability was known and appreciated throughout the United States.

From 1863 to 1868 Mr. Swett served as State superintendent of Public Instruction, constantly raising the standard of the schools of the state during that time. He declared that the true wealth of the state consisted of its educated men and women, and that liberality in education is the real economy of states. During his administration the first high school, the first normal school, and the first school library were established in California. Superintendent Swett succeeded in having placed upon our statute books laws which have given the state a leading place in education. It is a source of satisfaction to note that the University of California conferred upon John Swett its first honorary degree.

It was not alone in the field of elementary education that the early Californians made progress. In 1858 there was opened in San Francisco the first public high school in the state. By way of comparison it may be stated that the first public high school in the United States was opened in Boston in 1821. California now has some 500 high schools, in which there are enrolled more than 270,000 students. In the per cent of student population attending high school, California ranks first among the states of the Union.

In 1907 our Legislature enacted a law permitting any four-year secondary school to add two years to its course for the purpose of affording two years of college work in such schools. The first of these junior colleges was opened in

(Continued on Page 392)

California State Park Bonds Act

Vote Yes, November 6

By Arthur H. Chamberlain



Governor C. C. Young, an ardent supporter of the State Park Program, believes the best scenic areas of California should be preserved for posterity.



XTENDED argument should not be needed to convince every public-spirited citizen in California of the necessity of voting YES on Constitutional Amendment No. 43 in the coming election.

This Amendment (No. 4 on the ballot of November 6) authorizes and directs the issuance and sale of State Bonds to the amount of \$6,000,000.

The proceeds thereof will provide a fund for purchase of State lands for State Park purposes. These bonds are to be retired in 30 years.

An especially attractive feature of the proposal is that bond monies can be spent only as an equal amount of money is received by private donation or from sources outside the state. This means that instead of \$6,000,000 to be spent, there will be a total of \$12,000,000 ultimately available.

California is rich in natural scenery. Its groves of redwood trees, its valleys, its streams and rivers, its lakes, its mountains, and its sea shore, all contribute to making California a natural playground for the world.

Many of these beauty spots, however, especially the redwood

groves and the coast line and ocean beaches are privately owned. Soon there will be little opportunity for people today, or those in coming generations to enjoy the great out-of-doors.

It is proposed to take over through this State Park Bond Act, the finest of these beauty spots and preserve them for all time for the enjoyment and satisfaction of our people.

Through the efforts of the Save-the-Redwoods League numerous beautiful groves of the oldest living things in the world are now the property of the State. Likewise, there should be aggressive work done to take over those stretches of coast line that should be publicly owned. Out of 1,000 miles of coast line there is at this time only 35 miles not controlled by private interests.

There are, too, in the State, many historic landmarks and objects of public interest that serve not only as a source of pleasure to our people, but are attractions to the millions of tourists who visit this State, many of whom remain.

Considerable money has already been promised by private individuals to match like sums from the State. Here is an opportunity to make a worth-while investment. Our population is increasing well upward of a quarter million people each year. The cost of preserving natural wonders through this bond issue will amount to but 4 cents per person annually.

The present generation owes it to posterity to see that there is preserved our scenic features and historic landmarks. Under a closely supervised system of State Parks, damages from fire will be eliminated. Our wild game, too, so rapidly disappearing, will multiply; and such a system of State Parks will add to the beauty and glory of the State.



Erosional rock formation in Red Rock Canyon, Kern County. This unique desert area of curious desert flora and exquisitely tinted rocks is one of the many beautiful areas being urged as State Parks.



THE EDGE OF THE FOREST—Towering Redwoods like these in Humboldt State Redwood Park are only one of the many natural wonders of California which advocates of the State Park Program hope to see included in a State-wide chain of recreation spots.

Page of Verse

FLUIDITY

I VISION high red uplands
Flowing in the fragrant air,
Undulant acres and balsamic pines.

I picture molten masses moving desert-ward,
Tawny life and velvet skin.

I call up hills like yellow-bodied beasts
That run in golden glaze to blue far heights.

I see the pregnant, fruitful forms
That follow in ripe rows to feed all men.

. . . Fluent hills of California.

—W. W. ROBINSON.



TO ST. ANTHONY IN THE DESERT

HERMIT saint, I know why you fled the world.
Beauty to you was temptress; garish, lewd,
She stood between you and your worship; nude,
Glittering with baubles, throat and white breasts
pearled,
Her soft arms sought you, sleeping, and you hurled
Passionate imprecations, bitter, brewed
Dregs of renunciation, dreamed you could
Fly Flesh and Beauty, Lust's bright banner furled.

Here in the desert where the gray sands blow
Soft draperies about her, on the ground
Kneeling in prayer, you lifted the chaste hood
Of Piety, gentle paramour, and found,
Sole anchorage the seeking heart may know,
Beauty, and through her veil the face of God.
—SNOW LONGLEY.



JUST A WINDING ROAD

I DO not need a house to keep,
A telephone or radio;
I do not need a shiny car
To take me where I want to go.

A winding road, the sky for roof;
A dipping sail on the blue, blue sea;
A silver cloud to hold my dreams;
Lilting notes from a wayside tree.

A breathless moment of ecstasy
When sumacs flame beside the way,
Or wild geese winging noisily
Through windy dusk of an autumn day.

Hills to tramp through winter hours
Down snowy trails where a partridge calls:
Sunset filling the heavens with song;
The first lone star when twilight falls.

The hand of a comrade now and then
With hail and farewell as we pass along;
I would sleep where starshine drifts through pines
And pay for my bread with song.

AUGUSTA M. EASTLAND.

NATURE'S PSALM

WHERE sings the hermit thrush at eventide,
And laughing waters join the happy song,
Where mighty trees their leafy arms entwine,
And whisper woodland secrets all day long,
This is the temple of the Lord,
Where nature sings her lyrics Heaven made,
This is God's music nature born,
That echoes sweetly through the sylvan glade.
W. H. HUTCHINSON.



YOUR GARDEN

(To E. W., June, 1928)

AFTER day's long toil and stress,
I find in your garden happiness:
So beautiful the circling hills—
So sweet the gypsy wind that fills
My heart with joy as, borne along,
Comes muted echoes of your song!

But dearer than the lyric breeze,
The friendliness of flowers and trees:
Boughs flinging shadows on the grass
And roses nodding as I pass,
With, over all, the summer sky
Where clouds—and dreams—drift slowly by.

And dearer still the paths that twine
Themselves through tangled brush and vine—
Your fragrant lips, your eyes, your hands,
Your loving heart that understands
Why, after day's long toil and stress,
Your garden brings me happiness.

NANCY BUCKLEY.



A SEA SONG

(Reprint from the *University of California Chronicle*,
July, 1926)

DIZZY with hurrying to and fro,
Weary with pushing still on and on,
Fearful of changes that swift or slow
Leave those who loiter behind and go
Steadily, stealthily on—

From the land where tomorrow holds tyrant sway,
I went to the kingdom of yesterday.

Over the sand still the sea-gull flew,
White on the headland still broke the foam,
Still on the reef clinging sea-weed grew;
Winds with the tang that Magellan knew
Carried the glistening foam;

And the sea-song of Homer was sounding yet
Where the time-scarred earth and the young sea met.

Gone was the weight of my hurried years,
Gone with my footprints that marked the sand;
Strong as the sea-bird that boldly steers
Into the rollers and silent hears

The song of the sea and the sand,
I sprang to the breakers that beckoned me,
And the youth of my heart was the youth of the sea!

—EUNICE MITCHELL LEHMER.

The Big Ditch

(Continued from Page 375)

for joint construction of a canal in Panama. A controversy then arose between the United States and England over the Nicaraguan route and culminated in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of 1850. This treaty had two objects. These were, first, immediate promotion of a canal, and second, restriction of British territorial dominion in Central America. In the treaty it was agreed that in the event of the construction of any canal in Central America, the United States and Great Britain jointly guaranteed its neutrality and use on equal terms to all the world. At the time of the ratification of this treaty there was some objection to the "joint protection" and by 1869 the objection had become so strong as to have become the American doctrine in regard to a canal.

The treaty was a mistake, as it was a tacit disavowal of the Monroe Doctrine and caused much controversy and embarrassment to the United States. The purpose for which it was made failed, mainly that of building a canal immediately with the help of British capital and the treaty alone remained as a source of trouble.

In 1901 the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was accomplished with the adoption of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. To quote from an address of President Roosevelt on this treaty:

"The first draft of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty did not vest full power in the United States over the canal. The first draft of the treaty provided, in effect, that the canal should be under the joint control, not only of the United States and Great Britain, but also of France and Germany. Imagine! Imagine the pleasure of administering a canal under such a combination during the past year (1914) . . . That proposed treaty denied our right to fortify the canal. I issued a statement saying that I earnestly hoped the treaty would be defeated, unless it were amended so that we would have a right of dominion over it, and defense of it. That treaty was defeated.

"The treaty that was adopted shortly after I became President contained the two provisions for which I had asked in that statement. We were given the right to fortify the canal. In the treaty itself it was made our duty to police and protect the canal, and by an interchange of notes immediately afterwards, the construction was explicitly put upon the treaty that we

were at liberty to fortify it, and England, France and Germany were all eliminated from control of the canal."

IN 1878 Colombia, tired of endless negotiations with the United States, turned to the French and an old concession previously granted to Gen. Turr and L. N. Wyse in 1876, was revived and given to the Count de Lesseps. According to its terms the company was allowed two years to organize and twelve years to build the canal. It was to hold the canal for 99 years after completion and Colombia was to receive \$250,000 annually after the 76th year of the life of the company. It was also stated that the company might sell to other private companies but not to any government.

After the grant the United States Government let it be known that it could not approve of the control of any Isthmian canal by any European nation. The French Government in reply stated that this was a private enterprise and the French Government had given and was giving, no support, either direct or indirect, to the company.

M. De Lesseps had already made a reputation for himself through his success with the Suez Canal and the stock for his new company was quickly oversubscribed.

De Lesseps arrived in Colon on December 30, 1897 and work was begun at Culebra on January 19, 1880. The route was from Colon up the valley of the Chagres for about 30 miles, then across the continental divide, through the valley of the Rio Grande and on to the Pacific to a point about three miles from Panama. The canal was to be of the sea level type and the difference in the tides at the two oceans was to be overcome by sloping the bottom of the canal on the Pacific side. The company continued work on this type of canal until 1887 when it was changed to the lock type so that the canal might be made ready for use as soon as possible. This did not mean that the sea level idea was abandoned, merely that it was postponed in the interests of earlier navigation. Work was continued on the lock type until the failure of the company.

From January, 1880 the work went on rapidly, the method being to give contracts for the different parts of the construction. But by 1885 the company had spent all its funds and a new bond issue was floated. This amount (\$160,-

000,000) followed the rest and in 1889, having spent some \$234,795,017 the company became bankrupt and the scheme was given up.

The reasons for failure were various. Graft and corruption held an important place, as did engineering difficulties and extravagances, while always there was death, disease and pestilence to fight. It is probable that any other private enterprise would have come to the same end. Undoubtedly the French effort made the American success easier. Their failures and partial successes stood to guide the way for the men who were to succeed at a later time. Much of their mechanical equipment was taken over and some of it is still in use in the Canal Zone.

After its failure the company passed into the hands of a receiver, M. Brunet, and by March, 1894 had passed to M. Gautron. The affairs of the old company were investigated and a new company, called the New Panama Canal Company, was organized October 21, 1894, with much the same relation to France as the first company. The new company proceeded to raise funds to try and complete the canal. It carried on plans and studies on the Isthmus and it is possible that it might eventually have completed it. But in the meantime the United States had awakened to the necessity of a canal. Several investigations were carried on by the United States as to the Nicaraguan route, etc., and the New Panama Canal Company, feeling that it possessed the only proper route, decided to try and interest the United States in it. Since the concession had denied the company the right to sell any government the idea was to incorporate as an American company, and complete the work with America's backing. The President of the United States had previously appointed a commission to investigate the proper route for a canal and the company, since Colombia now let it be known that, under certain conditions, she would allow the United States to purchase the canal rights, now entered into negotiations with the Commission. The price first asked was thought too great and the Commission reported for the Nicaraguan route. On hearing this the New Panama Canal Company agreed to sell for \$40,000,000 and the Commission gave a supplementary report, January 18, 1902, in which it decided for the Panama route.

WHILE these events were taking place, the House had passed the Hepburn Bill authorizing the acquisition and construction of a canal over

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Constitutional Amendment 26

(No. 6 on the November Ballot)

WE HAVE before us an inquiry as to Constitutional Amendment 26 (No. 6 on the November Ballot). What does the Amendment seek to do, we are asked? Is there need for a change in state school administration? And what is it all about, anyway?

No wonder such questions come to us constantly. There are 21 proposed amendments to the State Constitution to be voted on in November. The average voter, unfortunately, will give but the most casual attention to any of these, save perhaps, some particular amendment in which he is especially interested. But Amendment 26 relates to education and should interest every voter, every father and mother, every good citizen in the State.

Our reply is that the proposed amendment seeks, among other things, to modernize in some respects an archaic and outgrown plan. Since the beginning of our state school system, the superintendent of public instruction has been elected by the people. This method answered splendidly when the population was sparse and when the candidates could be known personally to every voter. No more democratic form of government could be devised than the New England town meeting of our fathers. Under such a plan all electors could come together in a group, could discuss measures and talk over the relative merit of the various candidates. With the growth of population and the complexity of society, such plan today is impossible. We must now have a representative form of government—must delegate authority and hold our officials for results.

Choosing Chief State School Officer

The method of choosing by popular vote the chief state school officer is obsolete in many of our more progressive states. Appointment has taken the place of election. To elect the state superintendent by popular vote does not necessarily give the voter a direct voice in the election. Such plan does not keep the schools "near the people" as is often contended. The latter method tends to keep the schools *in* politics instead of taking them *out* of politics. That California has been fortunate in the quality of executive thus far chosen by the votes of the people is beside the point. The voters do not know nor can they know their candidate. If the wrong type of man is elected the schools will suffer. As a matter of fact, under our system, the people do not directly select their

By Arthur H. Chamberlain
Secretary California Association for
Education in Thrift and Conservation.

candidate. They choose as between certain names suggested to them. In most instances they have no personal acquaintance with the candidates.

Under Amendment 26 the chief educational officer will be appointed by the State Board of Education. This is in line with the best thinking of the day. Time was when superintendents of city schools were elected by popular vote. Our most efficient schools are those where the superintendent is now appointed by the Board of Education. No progressive community working under this modern plan would consent to return to the old order of things.

A MENDMENT 26 seeks to do away with divided authority. It aims at the centering of responsibility. We now have a double-headed system of control—the State Board of Education on one hand and the superintendent of public instruction on the other. No dual system of control can be successful. Divided authority, whether in the realm of statecraft, business or the administration of a system of state schools will not bring satisfactory results. A double-headed control means poor administration; it is uneconomical and contrary to the genius of American institutions. The present plan in California permits of divided authority. Amendment 26 does away with this administrative absurdity.

Eliminating Double-Headed Control

Under our present law there is no way to guard against the evils that may at any time arise. That such evils have already arisen we have ample evidence. During the state administration immediately preceding the present one, there was constant disagreement, dissatisfaction, and friction; upon the one hand, by the State Board of Education appointed by the Governor, and upon the other, by the superintendent of public instruction elected by the people. Such discord was of decided detriment to the schools and to the children in the schools. The schools belong to the people. The financial outlay for education is great. Those who support the schools cannot secure returns upon their investment unless the schools are conducted economically and efficiently.

Some of us will not soon forget how, with authority divided between a Governor-appointed Board of Education and an elected superintendent of schools,

progress was halted. Standards were endangered. Children were deprived of adequate training, care and protection. Text books were not available when needed. When action was necessary, we marked time. Consternation reigned in the educational ranks throughout the State, and the entire nation was amazed because California, that for years led in educational progress, seemed threatened with educational disaster.

That there is at the present time no such disagreement or friction between the State Board of Education and the superintendent of public instruction is again beside the point. The possibilities for difficulty exist. These possibilities should be removed.

Appointment and Ratification of State Board

In order to secure harmony of action, Amendment 26 provides that the members of the State Board of Education (ten in number) shall be appointed by the Governor. Such appointments must be ratified by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. The members of the Senate are elected by the people—they represent the people. This plan should meet the demands of those who contend that the schools must be left "near the people."

The terms of the Board members are so fixed that "two vacancies regularly occur on March 1st of each odd-numbered calendar year." As a result, after the first appointments, no Governor would have six members as his appointees, unless such Governor should be elected for a second term of office.

Amendment 26 empowers the Legislature to create the office of director of education, and that they "shall have the power to transfer and vest in said director all the powers, duties," etc., now vested in the superintendent of public instruction. When this is done, the office of superintendent of public instruction shall be "vacated and suspended and shall continue to be vacated and suspended during the continuance and existence of such office of director of education."

If the people should at any time become dissatisfied with the new type of organization, it will be within the power of the Legislature to restore the office of the elective superintendent of public instruction by merely abolishing the office of director of education. No further Constitutional amendment is necessary.

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CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

New Bonds for Old

By Trebor Selig

THROUGH several years of steadfast adherence to a systematic investment plan a well-known Los Angeles physician succeeded in collecting a very sizeable package of bonds. He had purchased practically all of them from a certain investment banking house, foremost in its field of finance, known for decades for its sound judgment in selecting safe issues and for the various safeguards it has evolved for the protection of its clients' funds.

The methods of this concern are so effective that its name has become almost a synonym for safe investment. The bonds it has sold were never of a speculative character, involved no opportunity for unearned profits, and carried no notably high interest rates. But the interest coupons were always paid on presentation and the bonds themselves, were always paid off in cash promptly when due. The bonds this house sold were known to all as conservative and safe.

It was with this type of bonds that this physician had filled his safe deposit box, and many of them were seasoned bonds secured by properties that were well established and of proven worth and earnings. The most of his business with the house had been handled by a certain salesman in whom he had come to place great confidence. In fact, his relationship with the salesman became so closely confidential that he unconsciously lost sight of the fact that his business was in reality with the investment house and but incidentally with the salesman.

And then, one day, came the salesman to this man offering bonds of an issue brought out by a house newly established and with which the salesman had allied himself. It was an investment similar in character to those this same salesman had been selling to this same customer for several years. The "selling talk" was the same the physician had heard from the same lips often before, the facts and figures involved parallel features, the whole transaction was phrased in the same language. But it was, in fact, a wholly new proposition.

"This new issue," said the salesman, "carries a higher interest rate than several of the bonds you hold. It is the

same kind of an investment as the bonds I have been offering you before. It is just as safe and it will pay better returns. I can arrange to take in some of your lower yield bonds in part payment for bonds of this new issue. You will improve your investment list and increase your earnings."

Attracted by this glittering bait of a few dollars more in annual interest, the physician needed little urging from his salesman friend to make the exchange. The bonds he parted with are of unquestioned safety, those he acquired have yet to prove their investment soundness. His former holdings were underwritten by a concern which has had many years of experience, the new bonds are issued by a firm newly established and as yet untried. The old bonds were safeguarded by protective features the new concern could not employ. An extensive and experienced technical organization had passed on the old bonds, while the new firm has no such facilities.

The new underwriting house has doubtless done everything its limited abilities could offer to insure the integrity of its investment offering. So far as its restricted personnel can determine, it has probably done everything in its power to make its bonds safe investment. But with the best intentions imaginable it could not possibly bring to bear on such a problem the many important factors of analysis that had governed the production and the selection of the bonds underwritten by the older firm.

The bonds this man now has may be sound, may be amply protected and he may always receive his payments on the days due, but this is a thing yet to be proven. The small organization and inexperience of the new concern, however, are factors not to be overlooked. The bonds the physician formerly owned had been originated by an experienced and responsible house, and had, themselves, demonstrated their safety of investment and assurance of prompt payment. Obviously, this man has deliberately or unwittingly sacrificed the established certainty of a fair return for the unproven prospect of a few dollars more in interest on his money.

And a feature of the transaction that he must have overlooked is the disposi-

tion made of the bonds he parted with. If they brought him in the exchange what they were worth to him, and if the bonds he acquired were of relative value, then the salesman and the firm he represents have not profited by the deal, which does not seem probable. The new firm is obviously unfair to its own interests or to the interests of the client. This might not apply if the securities involved were of different types and classes, but they are not. Incentive for the exchange cannot here be shown on a basis of preference for other classes of securities.

A noteworthy feature of this case is that this man believes he is a conservative investor. He was, undoubtedly, just that, or he would not in the first place have invested his money in the bonds he formerly held. But he has, quite as certainly, abandoned this policy or he would not have made the exchange. He has, moreover, lost his perspective. He has forgotten that the salesman has been able to serve him successfully through several years because he was a cog in a large and successful and thoroughly tested machine, and that this salesman is now a cog in a new and untried and much smaller machine. He has overlooked the fact that it was the organization behind the bond issue and not that friendly salesman, that made the investment safe.

Early Education in California

(Continued from Page 387)

Fresno in 1911, and the following year junior colleges were established in both Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. California now has junior colleges in all parts of the state. The advantages of this plan are several. It reduces the congestion in the large universities. It affords students a greater personal contact with their instructors than is possible in the universities. It very materially reduces the cost of such education. It increases the number of those who secure part or all of a college course, and it keeps a large number of young people at home while they are not yet possessed of the mental balance necessary to the guidance of their daily lives.

Books



Writers

MUSICAL NONSENSE PRIMER—By Elizabeth L. Gallagher. Published by Elizabeth L. Gallagher, 150 W. 140th St., New York City. 40 pages. Price \$1.00.

This is an interesting little book. Its subtitle indicates that it is intended "For All Children Under Eighty." Its purpose is to assist in teaching young children the fundamentals of music and this in an interesting and amusing way. All who have had to do with music instruction or in handling children know how difficult it is to secure the proper interest on the part of immature minds in the matter of the mechanical side. The teaching is done by means of rhythms and cartoons, and thus the teaching proceeds as a game rather than as a study.

The illustrations are by Dio Loscalzo, and are themselves highly interesting to children. The author says at the beginning:

"This little book I dedicate
To you who like to laugh.
I do not mean to educate,
So hope you may read half."

Music rhymes will be received with pleasure by public school teachers in the lower grades, by music teachers generally, and in all homes where children are found. In speaking of the 23 full-page cartoons and the rhymes, John Martin's book says:

A very useful book I think,
All emphasized by drawing ink.

POEMS AND POEMS OF CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST—By Ben Field. Richard G. Badger. 90 pages.

Lovers of verse will recall that this little volume was first issued in 1904. Those who have the book on their shelves can well bring it out for a re-reading. Those who do not have it will be glad to seek a copy. Mr. Field has an underlying poetic genius. He sees things clearly and understands how to paint word-pictures and strike a sympathetic chord in the souls of his fellowmen. Take for example his poem entitled "Ocean":

Ocean, pray, how deep are you?
Ocean wide, how old?
Could I but wander, wander through
Your blue depths, silent—cold!

Not only is Mr. Field a student of nature, but he sees clearly into social and economic problems. His poems show a great diversification of thought and activity. Under the title, "Lights of the City," he writes:

O the lights of the throbbing city
That gleam over her pulsing ways!
Like the stars in the distant heavens
That glitter between the days.

Mr. Field shows in his work a great love for California and the West. He is much interested in the work of the League of Western Writers. And as an officer in that organization has done much to advance the cause of the league and of letters in the West.

PILGRIMS' PROBLEMS—By Mary Randolph Reynold. New Era Publishing Co., Portland, Oregon. 250 pages.

PILGRIMS' PROBLEMS is a volume somewhat out of the ordinary. It is in narrative form, setting forth incidents and circumstances that have come under the personal observation of the author and within her knowledge as a student of history and literature. Effort is made to harmonize patriotic and religious teachings.

As stated in the preface: "There is put forth a very interesting and exceedingly unique proposition that the immigrant who comes to this country because of the noble ideals of its founders compares favorably with native citizens; and more than favorably with native citizens wholly engrossed in material endeavors."

The events and episodes set forth in the book fully bear out the above thought. Unfortunately, many native-born Americans are less than truly Americans. An immigrant may indeed be a more loyal and patriotic citizen of this country than are many who are born here and whose ancestors were born here. Emphasis is given to the "Emerald Isle" and those who came from

there. "Irish scenes and recollections are brought in by the means of narration and the scene of events in America is laid on the Pacific Coast." The book makes an appeal for social and religious tolerance. The preface points out that in this connection the author has a happy background in that institutions representing the Masonic fraternity on the one hand, and Catholic beliefs upon the other, are situated side by side at Portland.

ANNIVERSARIES AND HOLIDAYS—By Mary Emogene Hazeltine, principal Library School and associate professor of Bibliography, University of Wisconsin. American Library Association, 288 pages plus XX. \$5.

This valuable volume is "A Calendar of Days and How to Observe Them." We have seen numerous books relating to the holidays and offering material on the various anniversaries but nothing has yet appeared as comprehensive as the present volume. In brief, the book is based on the calendar beginning with January 1, and carrying through, month by month and day by day, to December 31. The book lists the birthdays of many notable men and women. It gives the holidays and days of special occasions for every day in the year. In this way the reader may locate the chief names and events connected with any day. In the same way may be found the significant dates connected with any person or event.

The author has evidently given long and conscientious research as more than a thousand books examined for reference are indicated through code numbers. Those who are seeking authentic information on the origin and history of holidays will find valuable material in the book as well as suggestions for programs, entertainments, special day exercises, etc. Of especial interest is that portion of the book which gives the calling, occupations, or professions of the persons mentioned. No living person has been chosen for listing in the book among those prominent, but space is left for the insertion of such names by the reader if he so desires. Says the author:

(Continued on Page 400)

MASKS IN A PAGEANT

William Allen White

William Allen White in this wise and witty book draws the curtain from the vastly amusing spectacle of American Politics and presents the dominant figures in the pageant since President Harrison. Here are gorgeous portraits of Bryan, McKinley, Croker, Roosevelt, Coolidge, Big Bill Thompson and Al Smith. Illustrated. \$5.00.

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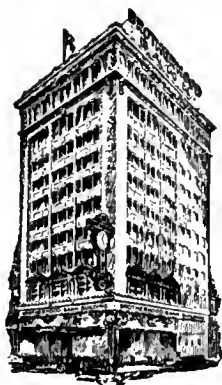
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The Big Ditch

(Continued from Page 390)

the Nicaraguan route, where in June, 1890 an American company had actually begun construction and continued it for three years before going bankrupt in August, 1893. The House appropriated the money necessary for a start. By the time the bill reached the Senate, however, on later reports and conditions, it was decided to acquire the Panama route. Accordingly, the Congress passed a bill authorizing the purchase of all rights and properties of the New Panama Canal Company, and by treaty, with Colombia, the perpetual control of the strip of land necessary, and appropriated the needed funds. This bill, in its final form, was passed in June 1902.

The Hay-Herron Treaty with Colombia was then negotiated. It provided that Colombia was to allow the French company to sell and was to give the United States a strip of land 30 miles wide, with police control over it, if Colombia failed to keep the peace. For this Colombia was to receive \$10,000,000 immediately and \$100,000 yearly after nine years. She was also to retain sovereignty over the 30 mile strip. This treaty was signed January 22, and ratified by the Senate March 17, 1903, but the Colombian Congress failed to ratify it. Negotiations were then at a standstill. Threats of revolt if the treaty were not ratified were made in Panama, and, as Colombia was in a most unstable condition at the time, in November 1903 Panama revolted. The revolt was bloodless and speedy, as care was taken through the action of the United States, that the railroad be kept "neutral." Hence no Colombian troops—or revolutionists—were carried to any point where they might cause trouble. Panama became a republic. Immediately the Hay-Bunau-Varilla Treaty with Panama was negotiated, on November 18. By February 26, 1904 it had received the ratification of both countries.

This treaty granted to the United States in perpetuity a strip of five miles on each side of the proposed canal, excepting the cities of Panama and Colon. Over this Canal Zone the United States was to have absolute control. All railway and canal rights of the Zone were ceded to the United States. All United States property in the Zone was exempt from taxation. The United States guaranteed the neutrality of the Zone, but retained the right to build fortifications and use military force there. The United States was to have sanitary control over Panama and Colon, as well as the Zone. It also had the right to maintain order

in the Republic of Panama, if the Republic was unable to do so.

In return the United States guaranteed to maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama and to pay her \$10,000,000 at once and \$250,000 yearly, beginning in 1913.

The financial obligations to both the New Panama Canal Company and the Republic of Panama were met, and the actual construction work begun.

ON FEBRUARY 9, 1904, the Isthmian Canal Commission, of seven members, headed by Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, was appointed by the President, and met for the first time March 22, 1904. This commission was given control over the Zone and construction of the canal, and General Davis, a member of the Commission, was appointed Governor. For ease in working there were six committees formed—engineering, executive, engineering plans, finance, legislation and sanitation. The management of the railroad, now acquired by the United States, also fell upon the Commission.

In May 1904 J. F. Wallace was appointed Chief Engineer and he arrived on June 28 to begin operations. With him came Col. Gorgas, who cleaned up the Zone, Panama and Colon and, through elimination of the mosquito, dirt and filth, made health conditions such that effective work could be done, and made disease no longer one of the forces to be overcome by the construction workers.

The old French machinery found in the Zone was put to use and new modern machinery was shipped in as fast as it could be. It was not decided at first whether to build a sea level or lock type canal, but dirt was excavated, as it was felt that it was necessary to make a showing.

The Commission management proved unwieldy and on March 29, 1905, the entire Commission was asked to resign and on April 1 President Roosevelt appointed the Second Canal Commission, with Theo. P. Shonts as chairman, E. C. Morgan as Governor and F. Wallace as Chief Engineer. There were seven members but the power was concentrated in this three. The Panama Railroad was also re-organized and put more directly under their control. Just as it seemed as if things were on a working basis came the yellow fever epidemic of April 1905. This was followed by the desertion of Mr. Wallace and his resignation. The enemies of the Administra-

tion and the Canal were now engaged in "knocking" but Mr. Roosevelt next appointed J. F. Stevens as Chief Engineer.

Mr. Stevens had to reorganize the workers, the railroad and the materials in the Zone. He also gave much time to preparation rather than to excavation. At the end of a year he had begun to get matters well in hand, as had Col. Gorgas in his department of Sanitation. But the type of canal had not yet been decided upon, though in June 1905, President Roosevelt had appointed an International Board of Advisory Engineers to recommend the proper type. However, in January 1906 they reported, the majority favoring the sea level type. The minority, including Chief Engineer Stevens, favored a lock type. The cost of the actual construction work on a sea level type was estimated at \$247,021,000; that of a lock type at \$139,705,200. Col. Goethals, who was later to complete the canal, estimated that the lock type would cost some \$300,000,000, as he believed provision had not been made for all difficulties, and this was used as an argument by those favoring the sea level type. However, the President decided in favor of the lock type and in June 1906 Congress passed a bill in favor of that type. In September excavations were started at the sites of Gatun Locks, Pedro Miguel Lock and the Gatun Dam Spillway. General conditions also steadily improved, but by the winter of 1906 new troubles had arisen. Mr. Shonts, Chairman of the Commission, believed that the Canal should be constructed by private contractors, and he had many who agreed with him. The President decided in this matter, also, and on March 4, 1907 Mr. Shonts resigned, to be followed on April 1 by Chief Engineer Stevens. President Roosevelt then placed the construction work entirely in the hands of government engineers.

ON APRIL 1, 1907 the President appointed the Third Commission, with Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Goethals as Chairman and Chief Engineer. The governor was reduced to Head of the Department of Civil Administrations, thus concentrating all necessary powers in the one man, Goethals, and avoiding former frictions.

At the time that Col. Goethals took hold much of the preparatory work had been done and about 80 per cent of the plant was already there or ordered. The preliminary work of relocating the Panama Railroad had been done as had the beginning of the excavations for the lock sites, but it was two years later, 1909, before these were ready for the

concrete. The six years from January 1, 1907 to January 1, 1913 were the main construction time of the canal and some of the most serious difficulties encountered during this time were the slides, of which that at Culebra Cut was the most serious, and the slip in the Gatun Dam, earthquakes, volcanic evidences in Culebra Cut, and various other things of this type.

During this period it was decided to enlarge the size of the locks, from 95 by 100 feet to 110 by 1000 feet, to permit the passage of the very largest of vessels, and the increase in size of boats has shown this to have been a very good change.

From 1907 the work was entirely dominated by the Army and Navy and by February 1, 1909 dredging at the Pacific entrance had gone on so that five miles of the canal were opened to navigation. The name of the Pacific terminus of the canal was changed from La Boca to Balboa in April, 1909, in honor of the Pacific's discoverer.

Work on canal fortifications was begun in 1911 at Flamenco Island on the Pacific side, and on Toro Point on the Atlantic. The locks on the Pacific are about ten miles inland; those on the Atlantic about seven, which makes them safe from bombardment by enemy ships.

The Panama Canal is about 34 miles long, with the water in the center varying from 45 to 87 feet deep and it is from 300 to 1000 feet wide at the bottom. It is divided into two sections, Gatun Lake and Culebra Cut. Vessels are raised by means of water elevators, or locks, six at each end. At the Atlantic end they are grouped above each other like a flight of three steps while on the Pacific end two pairs are at the bottom and are separated from the third by a lake about a mile and a half long.

On the Pacific side the dam and elevator gates at Pedro Miguel form the walls to hold the canal, while on the Atlantic the Gatun Dam and elevator do the same. To make this huge "ditch" it was necessary to cut through a mountain range near the Pacific and to make a smaller one at the other end, the Gatun Dam.

The canal crosses the Isthmus in a southeasterly direction and it is some 50 miles from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific.

AS TO the men who actually built the Canal. About 30,000 were working on it most of the time, sometimes more. About 4,000 of them were Americans, "gold employees," who did the higher types of work. They were called "gold employees" as they were paid in American dollars, and this helped avoid

(Continued on Page 397)

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Public School and Junior Red Cross

(Continued from Page 376)

ideals which will guide him aright and open to him the most acceptable relationships and opportunities for service.

A moment's consideration of the present conception of the aim of education shows that it is broader than any other aims discussed, indeed, that it is broader than all the other aims combined. The modern conception includes training for vocation. This cares for the equipment of all children to earn their bread and butter. The modern conception provides for knowledge that growth may take place in each of the five ways in which the children must be capable. This the entire objective of those who emphasize equipping the child with knowledge, as the main work of the school is provided for. Those who emphasize that culture or discipline is the main responsibility of the school, likewise have these objectives satisfactorily met, in that culture and discipline are composite results achieved by each child in the process of acquiring knowledge, habits and skills and attitudes necessary to growth in each of the five ways that are essential to efficiency. The latest conception, after having provided for realizing the objectives held by four other views of the school's aims, provides also for health, citizenship, avocation and character. It is much richer, it is more inclusive, it is much more adequate in stating the whole undertaking and responsibility of public education in relation to child growth.

HOW is the Junior Red Cross related, in what it stands for, to the objectives of the public schools? It is generally known that the Junior Red Cross is the Red Cross in the schools. It came during the War as the result of the combined thinking of educators and the Senior Red Cross membership. They united in seeking a way to enable the children of the country to aid in the War and to render the service which they saw was needed. The Junior Red Cross always was, and is now a supplemental agency to the public schools. Since it does its work in the schools, its purposes must be in agreement with those that actuate and guide the public schools.

What are the large aims of the Junior Red Cross, and how is their achievement calculated to supplement, motivate and broaden the achievements of the public schools? The aims of the Junior

Red Cross are to further the development of good health, to prevent and relieve suffering, and to render those kinds of service locally, nationally and internationally such as come from the good citizen. These two large ends call for and unify the various types of activity and the various kinds of undertakings for which the Junior Red Cross stands. It will be seen that the health objective of the Junior Red Cross is in agreement with the objective of the public schools—to train for good health. The Junior Red Cross conception is slightly broader than the public school's, because it concerns itself not only to avoid illness and to keep well and vigorous, but also to relieve suffering and distress wherever it may be found.

The Junior Red Cross conception of citizenship affords opportunity for the practical living of a life of service in citizenship on the part of the Juniors in the kinds of things they do and participate in locally, nationally and internationally. The greatest contribution of the Junior Red Cross in training for citizenship is in the emphasis that it gives to international acquaintance, appreciation and understanding. The emphasis in the teaching of history, geography, music, art, literature, science, to a degree that it never obtained before, stresses fairness in reference to the accomplishments and achievements of the peoples of all nations. The International School Correspondence that is going on between the 12,000,000 children of the Junior Red Cross in America and 40 other countries of the world, brings the children in contact with each other in a spirit of intimacy and friendliness. No other agency in the world is quite so valuable as the Junior Red Cross in bringing honest understanding and appreciation on the part of every nation of the people of other nations, and the contributions which they make. An expanding, growing world consciousness is an important element in the equipment of all children in the public schools who are participating actively and constructively in the correspondence of the Junior Red Cross.

While the main objectives of the Junior Red Cross are as stated above, it furthers the realization of the aims of the school to train for leisure and to establish ethical character. At every point, therefore, public school and Junior Red Cross objectives are in harmonious agreement.

Our Big Ditch

(Continued from Page 395)

any racial troubles, as the rest of the workers, "silver employees" were paid in Panama dollars. These "silver employees" comprised different races. Some were from southern Europe but the most were negroes from British possessions, Jamaica and Trinidad, and several hundreds of Hindus. The Hindus were mostly used on the fortifications. The salaries paid to all workers, both the laborers and the higher types, were very liberal, but even high wages failed to hold the men for very long periods of time, particularly the "gold employees," as many came for the experience, and, having saved a little money, went back north again. Since all controlling positions were with the military, the climate was so bad, the distance from home so great, etc., this is not strange.

On August 24, 1912, President Taft signed the Panama Canal Act which provided for the permanent government and operation of the Canal and made it, and the Zone, a military reservation. In this bill it was provided, as soon as the Canal was completed, to abolish the Commission and appoint a Governor at a salary of \$10,000 a year for four years. In time of war, however, an army officer can be put in his place and the Army take charge.

Only persons whom the Governor permits can be admitted to the Zone. American coast-wise ships are exempt from tolls. Ships owned by railroads could not pass through the Canal, and the Interstate Commerce Commission was given power to determine questions of competition. The judiciary system was continued as it was, with the right to appeal to the Federal Courts of the United States. Also the United States Government was to sell ship supplies and provide repairing stations at the terminals.

Government under this act was established on April 1, 1914, with Major-General G. W. Goethals, to whose ability the great work owed its completion, as the Governor.

In January, 1913, President Taft appointed a Commission, the fourth since 1905, to appraise and settle all damages to property in the Canal Zone caused by making it a military reservation, since this meant the removal of all inhabitants and their buildings, etc., except those of the civil and military forces concerned with the Canal upkeep.

In 1914, in August of which year the Canal was opened, with the work practically complete, President Wilson asked

Congress to repeal the clause in the Panama Canal Act which exempted American coast-wise vessels from tolls, as this clause was in violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. This was done, as America had from the beginning given the world the impression that the Canal would be open to the ships of all nations on equal terms, and had several times so stated. There was a good deal of discussion as to whether "all nations" meant the United States and all other nations, or meant all nations, including the United States, but it was finally agreed that both legally and morally the United States was bound to admit to the Canal the vessels of all nations, including itself, on the same terms.

The ships of all countries thus pay the same tolls, based on tonnage, the money thus collected being used for maintenance and operation of the Canal and Zone. It is estimated that something over \$20,000,000 per year is needed for this work.

The completion of the canal in 1914 reduced the distance from New York to San Francisco from 13,135 to 5,262 miles ((by sea), and the distance to ports in Asia proportionately. It in this way, greatly improved United States commerce and world trade also. But besides the great advantages gained commercially, it forms a most valuable aid in bringing eastern and western coasts nearer together in case of war. Whether or not it will be needed, it is there if it is; and since it has been built and is owned by the United States, the danger, however slight, of any other nation or its nationals, gaining control of this most important position, is done away with.

But quite as great as the commercial and potential wartime advantages that

(Continued on Page 399)



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New Fields for Authors

(Continued from Page 378)

and on the other, the New York preacher, who became a cab driver, telling us so tragically of the six million strangers who rub elbows and do not know what brotherhood means? Any writer, spiritually alive, can delve even a little way beneath the glittering surface, in any of our cities, and find things that will sear his pages all the rest of his writing days. It is his business to pour the oil of understanding and the warm fires of sympathy into these dismal swamps when he opens them to our inspection. As the body is freed from slavery, as the mind is released from past thralldoms, there is the more latitude for spiritual growth and response to spiritual ideas. I shall never forget the words of a wonderful, century-old Persian mystic. When asked why it was that suffering was necessary to soul growth, he responded that happiness was the natural food of the soul and that suffering was only necessary to whip the soul back into the right path when, through ignorance or carelessness, it strayed aside for a time. As increasing intelligence enables us to come nearer and nearer to knowing what is the right and the true way, there will be left only perverseness to keep man from always deserving and possessing happiness. What a mission awaits the writer here! More and more it will be his task to stand between the scientists and scholars who have discerned the great laws and secrets of nature and of God, and interpret them for those who need it and clothe them in the always necessary vehicles of fiction and popular essays, or the inspiring, glowing creations of the poet. It was Frank Putnam who said: "Poetry is the chant of the soul that sees new light."

If all of what has gone before profoundly affects our lives, what must it do to the loves of an ever more and more emancipated mankind? Emancipated from the thrall of the church and conventionality, and with wisdom showing ever new and better paths? The survey above mentioned, shows from 6 per cent to 17 per cent of poems dealing with love and its sufferings and disillusionment. The world is waiting for the new crop of love poems, bearing the distinguishing marks of this new freedom—will they be better or worse than the old?

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BY RETURN MAIL

Our Big Ditch

(Continued from Page 397)

the canal gives to the United States, is the national pride which we may take in the successful completion of so stupendous an undertaking. Much of the credit goes, of course, to the President whose vision was great enough to see the vital interest to the country and need for such a canal, but to the man "on the job," G. W. Goethals, who had to face the actual physical and engineering difficulties and whose genius was so clearly shown by his great success—to him must always go the gratitude and remembrance of the American people. His greatest monument is the Canal which he completed, and he must always stand among our nation's military heroes for service to his country, for the greatest military service is not always in war. In this, the year of his death, we can fully realize the extent of his ability and accept him as an American of the best type, a man of whom the Army and the country may rightfully be proud, a man who was a worthy example for, and of, his nation.

Mother of Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 381)

ward. In 1633, however, after an abundant harvest, an attempt was made to have an annual day of thanksgiving on October 16th each year. This arrangement kept up right well at first; but after about a dozen years the date for these harvest festivals seems to have been overlooked or else forgotten, and they had no regular thanksgiving.

In 1680 it was again recommended that it be made an annual occasion, and has been regularly kept in New England since that year, though there was no thanksgiving in any other part of the sparsely settled country until Revolutionary days. Certain days for thanksgiving annually during the Revolution were recommended by the Continental Congress, the one in 1784 being held in commemoration of the return of peace.

Washington was the first president to appoint a day of thanksgiving in 1789, after the adoption of the Constitution; but it was more of a political than a harvest festival. Similar proclamations had been made for a general thanksgiving

by the Continental army on December 18, 1777, and at Valley Forge, May 7th, 1778. President Madison in April, 1815, set apart such a day after the close of the second war with England; but until after the Civil War the celebration of the day seemed to be merely a state affair.

Mrs. Hale took up the editorship of the "Ladies' Magazine" in Boston in 1828, the first periodical published in America for women. This busy, energetic and progressive editress kept constantly at work during the next few years, organizing the Seaman's Aid Society and other institutions, all the time in her prosperous magazine advocating the higher education of women. In 1837 the magazine was moved to Philadelphia and its name was changed to "Ladies' Book," and later to "Godey's Lady Book." Mrs. Hale, then a widow with five children to support, still continued her connection with it as editor of the literary department, a position she held with distinction for many years thereafter. (Continued on Page 400)

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Books and Writers

(Continued from Page 393)

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Mother of Thanksgiving

(Continued from Page 399)

About the time the Bunker Hill monument was dedicated—the funds necessary for its completion being largely secured through her efforts—Mrs. Hale considered the time ripe and began to direct attention to the need of a Thanksgiving Day to be observed each year throughout the nation "on the last Thursday in November."

The project was constantly agitated in her magazine while she wrote personal letters to the governors of the various states, and for the next twenty years she carried on this campaign single-handed, urging the national celebration of Thanksgiving Day, until gradually she saw her efforts bearing fruit. One governor after another was brought in line and proclaimed the day of thanksgiving, until in 1859 twenty-five states, three territories and the District of Columbia observed Thanksgiving Day on the last Thursday in November.

There were yet a few states, however, in which the day was still unobserved. During the period of the Civil War the people in many of the middle and southern states found themselves too much occupied with the struggle for existence to give much thought to a "beautiful idea," though in all New England the day continued to be regularly observed.

This enterprising woman never ceased her persistent efforts to have a day nationally observed by proclamation or by act of Congress, and wrote to the President urging it. But the country being then in such a disturbed state, little further headway was gained. Finally in 1863 success crowned her long and untiring efforts. President Lincoln proclaimed the last Thursday in November of that year as a day of public thanksgiving, and the festival was joyfully observed on November 26th. And thus, after years of persistent effort, Mrs. Hale at last won the fitting title of the "Mother of Thanksgiving."

And though there seems to be no provision in any law of Congress or of any State Legislature, its appearance as a national holiday being only in the sense that it is proclaimed by the President of the United States, and the various governors, ever since 1863 Thanksgiving Day has been yearly observed as an American festival, a day to give thanks, and a holiday throughout the Union.

Thanksgiving Day is not really a national legal holiday except in the District of Columbia and the territories;

yet it is now commonly observed everywhere as a festival day, and a day of exemption from labor. And the very sound of the name Thanksgiving, to many of us, brings back memories of "back home," of the old farmhouse kitchen, the pantry laden with all manner of good things to eat, and the giving of thanks, as in the days of the Pilgrims, for the many blessings that are bestowed upon us.

Sorcery of Tibet

(Continued from Page 383)

ceremony of frightening away demons. Here also the traveler can see curious examples of modern Tibetan art, strange images with many heads, intriguing paintings of Buddhas and demons, the bronze helmets and lacquered hats of the reborn Buddhas, and silver prayer wheels inlaid with enameled Tibetan beans. More and more the influence of Tibetan art is being felt in the Occident and the West is coming to realize that the strange people of this unknown land are master artisans, whose art reflects the veneration bestowed by the pious Lama upon the images and paintings of his creation.

Constitutional Amendment No. 26

(Continued from Page 392)

WE ARE faced with a pair of alternatives: To retain the present plan which in certain respects is inadequate, archaic, cumbersome, and fraught with danger; or to substitute for the present plan one that will make impossible the recurrence of such conditions as those which recently prevailed. We have before us only one suggestion for change; namely, Amendment 26.

Amendment 26 is certainly a step in the direction of reform. Almost all true reforms are achieved deliberately and by degrees. If there are features in the proposed amendment less than satisfactory to some, it must be remembered that we are now confronted by a condition and not a theory. Either we must hold to the present system with its weakness and danger or we must adopt a plan that promises freedom and efficiency with opportunities for further progress in the future. We should vote "YES" on Amendment 26 (Number 6 on the November Ballot).

First Novel Prize Contest

Closing Date Moved Forward to February 1, 1929

AS announced in recent issues of Overland Monthly a prize of \$200 is offered for the best novel—the work of any author who has not before published a novel. The winner must reside in California and have been a resident for three years past.

Contstants must submit synopses of approximately 6,000 words. The length of the novel should be from 40,000 to 70,000 words. The synopses will be canvassed by the judges and the six best chosen for final judgment.

The date for closing on the synopses has been moved forward from November 1 to December 1. The close of the novel contest has been moved forward from January 1 to February 1. This change has seemed desirable owing to the number of authors who have written in that they cannot complete novels upon which they are working in time to enter the contest if the earlier dates are used.

Contestants should consult recent issues of the Overland Monthly for details. Manuscripts should be addressed:

OVERLAND MONTHLY

356 Pacific Building San Francisco, Calif.

Care of Novel Prize Contest

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUG. 24, 1912

Of Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, published monthly at San Francisco, Calif., for October 1, 1928.

State of California, County of San Francisco, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Frances Shultz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the secretary-treasurer of the Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine Consolidated, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco, Cal.

Associate Editor, Frona Eunice Wait Colburn, San Francisco, Cal.

Managing editor, none.

Business manager, Mabel Boggess-Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given).

Overland Monthly and Out West Magazine, Consolidated, San Francisco, Cal.

James F. Chamberlain, Pasadena, Cal.

Mabel Moffitt, San Francisco, Cal.

Arthur H. Chamberlain, San Francisco, Cal.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (this information is required from daily publications only).

FRANCES SHULTZ,

Assistant Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1928.

EDITH W. BURNHAM,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

(My commission expires February 25, 1930.)



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Vol. 86

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 12

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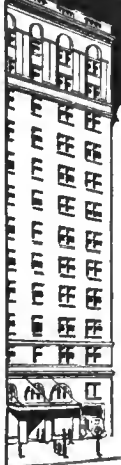
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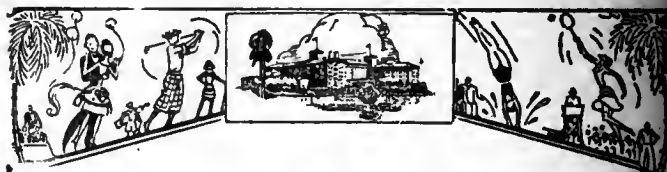
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The Lost Keys of Masonry

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MANLY P. HALL

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What motive leads the Masonic Candidate out of the world and up the winding stairway to the light? He alone can truly know, for in his heart is hidden the motive of his works. Is he seeking wisdom eternal? Does he bring his life and offer it upon the altar of the most high?

One of seven illustrations

The following is an excerpt from a review of the "Lost Keys of Masonry" appearing in the October number of the Canadian magazine, "The Masonic Sun."

"This book, consisting of 125 well printed pages, and bound in blue cloth is a very interesting one to Masons. It goes into the inner mysteries of the Craft, and the author explains these mysteries, as he understands them, in a way that can be easily understood by the reader.

"In his introduction he says 'Masonry is essentially a religious Order. Most of its legends and allegories are of a sacred nature' and then he goes on to amplify this assertion. This is followed by chapters on the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason, as well as the Qualifications of a true Mason. We would advise our readers to procure a copy of this book."

Should be read by every member of the De Molay.

THE HALL PUBLISHING CO.

843 South Grand Avenue

Los Angeles, California



Christmas Greeting; 1928

Arthur Henry Chamberlain

As friend long absent comes again
To knock upon your waiting door
And, in returning, brings you greeting;
So with the Christmas season.
Its radiant and joyous spirit
Casts upon all a glow of gladness;
Into the darkened places spread its beams,
Seeking the sad and desolate,
And shedding hope and happiness
Where lingered only grief and solitude.

Thus may the Christmas season be
As trusted friend returned to you,
Bearing in gracious smile and kindly word
Glad tidings of good fellowship;
Bringing sweet messages of joy and cheer
And greetings from the heart.
May bells of Christmas ring you gentle peace,
Kindle the failing trust and smouldering faith,
Renew the courage born of soul and sense,
And leave your spirit calm and unafraid.

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AND OUT WEST MAGAZINE

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The Christmas Trail

And On Earth, Peace

By Ethel J. Marshall

IT MAY BE that some day a serious student or philosopher may institute search for the underlying element or elements that hold our present civilization together in spite of the warring factions, the strivings and contentions that tend to pull it apart. If such should happen and the quest be diligent, it is not at all improbable that underlying many seemingly more important things will be found the fact that once a year the people of the land, rich and poor; cultured and non-cultured; faithful adherents of the Christian faith and those of no religious faith; all turn with one accord from the obsessed hurrying down their respective ways of time to the joyful, eager following of the Christmas trail.

Every year with renewed faith and eagerness they take up the following of that beckoning will-o-the-wisp of dream realization. In spite of the fact that year after year may bring disappointment or the occurrences of the day fall short of the dream-woven expectations, still, almost with one accord, early in December hearts begin turning to the old, old Christmas trail, stimulated and led on by treasured memories of youth and home.

It is out of common experience in this Christian land that verses rise like that of Ellen M. Welsh in "We Need Him,"

'Tis Christmas time, 'tis loving time,
In our dear land of Home.
'Tis dreaming time, 'Tis memory time
Wherever we may roam.

A perhaps more universal feeling is that of Charles Badger Clark, Jr.:

The coyote's winter howl cuts the dusk
behind the hill,
But the ranch's shinin' window I kin see,
And though I don't deserve it, and, I
reckon, never will,

There'll be room beside the fire kep'
for me.

Skimp my plate 'cause I'm late. Let me
hit the old kid gait,
For tonight I'm stumblin' tired of the
new;

And I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail
to you,

Old folks,
I'm ridin' up the Christmas trail to you.

Closely associated with this longing for home and the people of memory's land at Christmas time is the longing

for the sense of peace that is so inseparably a part of Christmas legend and actuality. Florence Van Fliet Lyman, in the American Poetry Magazine, has said:

The gift of peace of many things
God grants to those who care;
And seek and bide it to their hearts
In thought and word and prayer—

It may be found out in the world
Or in one's home abide;
Or at a service in the church
At noon or eventide.

It is a thing hearts covet so,
It makes for life's good cheer
For those who find and cherish it,
Wherever it appear.

Maybe it is a part of the plan of balance in the universe which makes possible the perpetuity of human society and the continuance of human effort and faith, that this longing for, and sense of, peace is so closely associated with the Christmas season, following the strivings, unrest and sense of melancholy so universally recognized as characteristic of the fall season. Particularly in the latter days of autumn it is difficult to throw off the impression of feeling in nature a sadness, and hearing in the autumn wins a sighing and moaning as of Rachael mourning for her children and refusing to be comforted. Like to the feeling expressed by Walter De La Mare in "Autumn":

Sad winds where your voice was,
Tears, tears where my heart was,
And, ever with me,
Child, ever with me,
Silence, where hope was.

Coupled with this in thought is the pungent pain of Emily Dickinson's "Sorrow":

They say that "Time assuages,"
Time never did assuage,
An actual suffering strengthens,
As sinews do, with age."

Because it is a true fact of human experience that time does not assuage genuine sorrow and suffering, it is all the more remarkable that the Christmas season does bring at least a temporary sense of comfort and peace. What

time fails to do the Christmas season accomplishes by bringing a comforting sense of nearness to and companionship with those who are "away." There is an old English belief,

The dead and the absent always stay,
With those they love on Christmas day.

FOR very many people the consolation and peace achieved by this sense of nearness means a regaining of balance and poise and a strengthening of desire and determination to take up again the battle of life with renewed energy in the coming year. This may not be a full explanation of what takes place but at any rate there is that evidenced which comes only at Christmas—a softening of countenances, a breaking down of barriers which makes the world more comfortable for us all. This is a fact of experience or observation common to mankind in Christian countries.

From the mixing and blending of dearest memories with sincerest hopes there arises a predominant feeling of charitable tolerance, sympathy and good will. This leads as naturally as from one step to another to the second inherent characteristic of Christmas—the impulse toward sharing and giving. This, indeed, may be counted as the characteristic without which there could be no Christmas. Long ago Byron told us, in Don Juan, "All who have a joy must share it. Happiness was born a twin."

It is this sharing which makes of Christmas the outstanding season of joy. For one day, or one week, men turn their minds from that philosophy which seeks for happiness only in the acquisition and control of material things like oil and coal and steel, back to the old, old fact that happiness is indubitably tied up with sharing and with the tenet of Good Will.

When men learn to carry this Christmas lesson over into the affairs of daily living, then we shall be ready to think and talk of the dawn of the Golden Era of Peace and Good Will. Psychologists have told us that this realization is almost impossible because of the prevalence in human hearts of that fear of "the essential malice of circumstances" which long experience has taught men does enter in to frustrate our most tenderly cherished plans and aspirations. Because of this fear we go about armoured

(Continued on Page 430)

OVERLAND MONTHLY

and

OUT WEST MAGAZINE

DEC 4 1928

DECATUR, ILL.

The Game

NOTE: A second expedition is about to set out for the mystery-island—here referred to as Yaco—of the far South Seas. In relating the story of the first expedition, the name by which the island is charted and its location, have been deleted. As the story proceeds, the reason for the secrecy is made plain.

By Torrey Connor

I TOOK the full measure of Quag on the morning of the quarrel with Muggins, the minerologist. A long ocean voyage, such as ours, is trying to the tempers of men. Our nerves were rasped raw by the petty annoyances that crop up in day-to-day intercourse.

I entered the cabin to find Doctor Alroyd hunched over the card table. He nodded without looking up as I told him that we were due to sight Yaco—the goal of our treasure-quest—in forty-eight hours. I crossed the cabin and seated myself at the desk; but I did not at once write my daily report. Came a sudden burst of melody, wild, barbaric. The fluted melody drew from distant to near.

Through the open port that let in golden winds, the dazzle-gleam of sunlight on flashing waves, I saw the Black. Quag had cased the flute in its water-proof covering, which he wore buckled flat against his shoulder; and now his strong voice took up the flute's wild theme.

Against the colorful background, his soot-black head stood out boldly. Full lips parted, white teeth a-smile in his dark face, Quag voiced a chant as old as his race. Chanted, and swung his lithe body to the movements of the lurching vessel.

Author of "The Debt," "Long Distance Interviews," Etc.

"Dr. Alroyd, tell me more about the Black", I urged.

Roused from his abstraction, the Doctor turned his near-sighted gaze on me.

"Quag is as you see him, Mr. Cam-

I left the sentence hanging, unfinished. Muggins lounged in. I think he had caught much of what I said. He blinked owlishly behind his round spectacles.

"Cameron, you flatter Quag. Once a Nigger, always a Nigger. Not even a free one, at that".

The chant was stilled. I heard the slap-slap of Quag's bare feet on the deck. Odd-enough, I found myself wondering why, within the week, the Black had discarded his shoes. Muggins kept on talking, his wide chin jutting at an angle that showed him in an ugly mood.

"You told me—didn't you, Alroyd?—that Quag's father gave him to you when he was ten years old, for puttin' down an epidemic in Yaco."

Dr. Alroyd gathered the cards and reached for the leather

case; but the cards spilled from his shaking fingers.

"The boy has lived under my roof; he is going home to be a teacher of his own people, Mr. Muggins. I gave him three years at the University of California—he was entering the fourth when this Yaco matter came up."

"Ya! A Nigger! All that learnin' wasted on him. Where'll foot-ballin' get him? 'Quag, the great halfback!' He can learn the other Niggers to play football, I reckon."



Under Soft Skies, Boats Rocked Lazily on the Blue Waters

eron—a problem as yet unsolved. He is not, by the way, a Black; bronze is his color—"

"Just our habit of speaking of him", I cut in. "My interest grows the longer I'm with him. Heredity, and the influence of environment pulling the lad in opposite directions, I should say. Wonder why Muggins heckles him so unmercifully? The difference in size, perhaps. A half-portion is apt to resent another man's stature. Quag is far above the average man—"

"If football has taught him nothing else, it has taught him the rules of the game—"

Quag, in a storm of words, surged into the cabin. Dix, one of the four who had launched our enterprise, followed, but leaned against the wall as if to make room for the Black's bulk, his vehemence, which seemed literally to fill the place. Doubled fists bulging the pockets of his white duck trousers, or flailing the air, Quag spoke—at first, incoherently, addressing no one in particular. But at last he got around to Muggins.

"You say that my father—gave me—to Dr. Alroyd—in payment—of a debt?" (He choked on the words; the choke unaccountably hurt me.) "His debt, eh? I who owed no man—I pay—my father's debt."

He turned, hands out, and appealed to Dix.

"Mr. Muggins would have you and Mr. Cameron think that I have been more of a liability than an asset, all these years. Dr. Alroyd knows better. He has a high reputation along certain lines. I am that reputation. He studied me, put me into scientific papers, into a book—"

Dr. Alroyd lifted his hand arrestingly; he might as well have tried to stay the flash of lightning that without warning rips the darkness.

"And you, Mr. Cameron—what did you do before you got your party together, before you formed your company and chartered the Tropic Bird from the San Francisco-Hawaiian Company?"

"I made sure that you would go, Quag," I answered, promptly.

"You bet you did! Dr. Alroyd knows that our people would not permit you to come for that which you seek unless my father or I gave the word that the God of the Volcano would not punish them." He turned on Muggins. "As for you—"

"Ya-a! Keep your tongue off me, Nigger!" Muggins snarled.

A chair scraped, was overturned, as Dr. Alroyd heaved up. I don't know which of us—Dr. Alroyd, the quietly observant Dix or myself—was the first to reach Quag. In one movement the Black had cleared space and seized the little red-headed man. He raised him high, made as if to dash him headlong; in those superbly muscled arms, bare to the elbows, Muggins looked a toy. Suddenly Quag shifted his hold to bring Muggins' face on a level with his own, a mask of hate. Would he break the man in two? He could do it—

"Quag!" The doctor's thin voice rose to a shriek. "No sportsman picks on a man half his size. Play the game!"

Quag lowered the struggling, cursing

Muggins carefully, stepped away from him. He thrust his fists into his trousers pockets, as if it were the safest place for them at the moment, and gazed at us; at Doctor Alroyd, white-lipped, shaking; at Dix, carefully nursing in his lean hand his pet pipe, rescued from the floor. His shifting glance rested last on me. He spoke; and it was as if



The Moon in Fleeting Glimpses Thinned the Darkness

he were explaining something which I alone would understand.

"I am my father's son—the son of a chief. But I do not go back to my island for the reason that you think. It may be that I am tired of your country—which can never be my country."

With that, he went on deck.

Dix drawled, between puffs at his pipe:

"I should—say—the worm has made a complete—circle. Better not start anything you can't finish, Mr. Muggins."

"Ya-a!" Muggins sputtered. "I've got that bird's number. Catch one of those college pets away from the campus, where his football rep ain't known, and his conceit 'll be pricked mighty quick."

That ended it for the time. But—as I said—I had taken Quag's measure. Some day Muggins would go too far, and tragedy would step in and end the warfare.

A day had passed since the set-to of Quag and Muggins. That morning I had come on Quag, stripped to the waist, head bent, prowling the deck. The animal stealth of his movements caught my attention.

"Hello, Quag!" I hailed—and fell back a step as he whirled on me. "Looking for something?"

He answered in a sort of sing-song lingo that he sometimes used: "I listen to the Speaking Winds. They tell me that no man's trail is longer than today." I swear, my flesh prickled!

And now night, faintly lighted by a young moon, was on us. I was talking Quag over with Dix as we lay in our berths. I brought up the incident.

"Trouble is, Quag's uprooted, so to speak—" thus Dix. "He lost his palm tree and his snickersnee; and then they gave him a football to play with. Now he has neither the one nor the other—he's trying to find himself. But he's learned the rules of the great American game. He'll play the game for the game's sake, and according to the rules."

"I'm not placing any bets on him, Dix."

"The rules of the game against the snickersnee," mumbled Dix, drowsily; and presently, I heard his raucous snore.

I slept, though restlessly. My dreams were somehow tangled with the notes of Quag's flute, that buzzed like a swarm of frenzied bees. A terrific shock threw me from my berth. Dazed, I heard shouts, the thumping of hurried feet on the deck.

"Are you hurt, old man?" Dix scrambled out of his berth and turned on the light. "I'm going on deck to see what's up."

"Breath—knocked out," I gasped, struggling to my feet. I reached for my clothes. When Dix returned I was dressed.

"Ship's struck a derelict on her port side," he told me, fussing as he talked with a bag into the maw of which he crammed his things and mine, as he came to them. "Stove a hole in her—and something's gone wrong with the steam pumps. We may have to take to the small boats. Just as well to be ready. Where's your glass? Might come in handy."

Dix passed out of the cabin ahead of me. A wet breeze slapped my face as I stumbled along the slippery deck that glistened in the half-light that brings the dawn. The wind was stiffening. Tropic Bird, with that wound in her, in a climbing sea—! Commands shouted from the bridge did not register on my landsman's mind; but I knew that seamen were hurrying to carry out Captain Riley's commands.

The deck slanted sharply. Dix and I, arms locked, braced each other. Quag led Doctor Alroyd on deck. The fellow had cased his flute. He had been playing—I had not dreamed it. A hatch cover banged in the rising wind. A sharp blast snapped the antennae of the wireless apparatus, and sent the strands flying like metal whipcords. We were not long on deck when orders were given to leave the ship.

Our boat, Second Officer Mallory in charge, was the first launched. Quag and Alroyd, Dix and I, Muggins—our crowd kept together. The seamen cast off the falls, took the oars, began to clear the ship. Muscles stood out on hairy arms. At last, after straining moments of suspense, when it seemed that we must be smashed against the ship's side, we were afloat on a rocking sea. The wind carried back stinging showers of salt spray as the boat breasted the waves. In a white yeast of water that foamed to the gunwale, the craft staggered along. "There's the second boat!" cried Dix, pointing.

We saw its light bobbing on the crest of a towering wave, but soon lost track of it.

Sunrise. We bore away from a chain of islets—"pinheads," on which there was no life—toward which the doomed ship was drifting. Quag, at the tiller, changed places with an oarsman; his superbly muscled arms worked, machine-like. Doctor Alroyd sat in a stupor, head on breast. In the throes of seasickness, Muggins sagged across a thwart. As day advanced, we searched the sea for signs of life—without result. Dix and I took turns at bailing the boat, which was awash.

So passed the day—and the next. I lost track of time. Thirst consumed us. Muggins, half delirious, moaned: "Water!" The sun, driving at us with lances of fire, pricked us raw; every inch of exposed surface was branded. The boat plunged into green valleys to climb green mountains, and plunge again.

"Water! Water!" the whimpering wail went on. Once, Quag gave the red-head a drink out of turn, denying the draught that he himself craved.

Quag was the first to see land—rather, he *sensed* it. He cried out in a strange tongue. Dix, sitting knee to knee with me, took my binoculars from the bag and sent questioning glances along the way Quag's had gone. Finally, as we topped a towering wave, we all saw it—a naked yellow peak from which streamed a pennant of smoke. Bent backs straightened. Questions clamored. Yaco!



Palms and Lesser Tropical Growth Thronged the Jungle

Within an hour, another island swam into view. The Doctor's heavy head lifted. "Nimollilo," he told us. "Cannibals." A low-lying island, this; crescent-shape outlined by ghost-white breakers, it lay directly in our course. A harbor guarded by reefs, over which the sea burst into fountains of spray, opened before us. In the failing light of sunset I could just make out a second, or cross-reef, forming an inner harbor. The channel giving entrance to it was not visible to me.

Cross-currents veered the craft shoreward; Officer Mallory shouted commands, and straining muscles warred with the rip. With a wild cry Quag heaved up. Naked to the waist, arms lifted, his bronze body swaying to the movements of the boat, he raised a chant—kept on chanting, though Mallory yelled to him to sit down. The sudden movement had thrown the sailors into confusion; the boat lost headway. Caught by a leaping roller, it drove toward the reef that pushed jagged points through the spume.

Dix's hand gripped mine. I caught sight of Alroyd's face, waxen as the face of the dead; Muggins' face, owl-like spec-

tacles gone, eyes staring vacantly. The boat, carried by the roller up and up, slewed sidewise. Someone shouted as we went over: "Jump!"

I hit the water like a diver, went down, down, down. I kicked my way to the surface, scraping my leg on a coral rock; gulped air; blinked the water from my eyes; caught at a splintered oar. The giant roller had swept us through a break in the coral barricade and into the lagoon. I saw bobbing heads; and supported by the oar—the leg was giving me trouble—struck out for the sandy strip that bordered the jungle. Quag was ahead of me, towing Dr. Alroyd. He dropped the unconscious man on the beach, pulled me out, oar and all, dashed into the water to reach a helping hand to other swimmers, Muggins among them. In the twilight, Quag rounded up the survivors on the shore of the lagoon.

"Two of our men are missing," he said, and fell to work on my injured leg.

The Doctor told him what to do. There was little that he could do. I barely felt the pain of the hurt because of the awful fear that overwhelmed all other senses.

Palms and lesser tropical growths thronged the jungle that pressed close to us. The stars had come out; their

light thinned the tropical darkness. Fireflies, like stars a-wing, flashed into sight and away. The surf roared on the reef. Forms, vague, shadowy, were hurrying. *The jungle was alive!*

We huddled on the sand, that had not lost the warmth of the mid-day sun. There wasn't much comfort in that, though; the chill of dread was in our very bones. I think that Doctor Alroyd was chiefly concerned with our morale. When the natives attacked us, we must die like *men*.

Into the stupor which finally crept upon me, a stupor which took no account of the groans, curses, complaints of Muggins, and others of my companions, a new sound penetrated. It floated bugle-clear on the air, bringing every man of us up taut. Some of us had heard it, back there where we came from—the U. C. football rally song, shrilled from Quag's flute. I remembered a few words of it: "... win the game today ... or know the reason why." The prisoning jungle walls, black against the dim night sky, the dead men out there in the churning surf that pulped them on the reef—a dream! A nightmare! Nothing

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The Letter

By Martha Bell

MRS. WARE, blonde, slightly plump, distinctly attractive despite her forty odd summers, paused on the wide carpeted stairs of her spacious country house, stilled at the sense of peace that rose incense-like from the quiet, oak-panelled hall.

The front door was ajar and the yellow October sunshine poured lazily in, gilding the dark wood, shining on the elegant bronze ornaments and glowing comfortably on the soft fawn rugs.

Pleasantly aware of the mellow picture before her, Mrs. Ware slowly descended. It was borne upon her in a wave of thankfulness that life was very sweet, that a benign though vague Providence had been very good to her; given her all this beauty around her; given her a devoted husband—her dear Dick—as solid a background as these old oak panels; given her a lovely, laughing daughter like the sunshine on the symmetric bronzes. She paused . . . Joan didn't laugh as she used to . . .

Light feet came running down the stairs. It was the parlour maid, rosy-cheeked and neat. At the sight of her mistress she checked her descent to a more decorous pace. Even as she did so a door opened on the landing above and a young, eager voice called out, "Mary—has the post come yet?"

"No, Miss Joan, not yet."

"Oh, all right—." The eagerness trailed into silence; then the shutting of a door.

Mary passed Mrs. Ware and disappeared across the hall into the kitchen.

Mrs. Ware had not moved from the foot of the stairs. A passing breeze blew the front door to and the sunshine was shut out. The hall seemed suddenly bare and a little chilly.

Joan, asking for the post, and she had hoped Joan was forgetting! The mother clasped her hands tightly, shaken at the thought of her beloved daughter's unhappiness.

It had happened like this.

Several months ago, Joan, the laughing, care-free child had been sent for a holiday to Madrid, staying with old friends of the Wares. Joan, the woman had returned.

His name, Mrs. Ware had gathered, was Ramon Laurier, a young Spanish-American. Further, he was married—to some vivid professional dancer who had inveigled him into marriage—in secret, of course, or his haughty family

would have stopped it before it was too late.

This much she knew from Joan, told lightly when Mrs. Ware had chanced upon his photograph; told with a fine display of impersonality, with a twist of the laughing mouth that had touched the mother's heart. Of what had passed between them she could but guess—

SOFT FROM MY GARDEN

BY MARTHA BELL

*SAD from my garden the summer sped,
Wearily flying;
Under the trees the leaves were shed,
Withered and dying;
Over the hills the south wind fled,
Faintly and sighing;
Deep in my heart young faith was dead,
Brokenly lying.*

*Over my garden the dawn is thrown,
Rosily breaking;
Green on the trees the leaves are shown,
Spring in the making;
Back from the hills the wind has flown,
Gay banners shaking;
Deep in my heart new faith is sown,
Tenderly waking.*

from the shadow in Joan's eyes, from the choked sobs at night and from the vain watching for a letter that never came.

But it was four months since Joan's return and to the anxious mother the shadow seemed to have lifted from the deep brown eyes and that bitter sobbing grew less until it appeared to cease altogether. Watching, listening furtively, Mrs. Ware had almost persuaded herself that Joan had even given up expecting that letter.

And now . . .

She moved across the hall and flung open the big door as if to chase away the chill and stood uneasily in the gentle warmth.

Her mind raced back on forgotten paths, bridging more than twenty years. For the hundredth time she pondered on the strange likeness of this affair of Joan's to her own first love.

Struggling with the veil of oblivion a vision rose out of the past. Stronger, clearer it grew, until Rex in all his arrogant youth stood before her, his black eyes and flashing smile catching

anew at her heart. Almost she could feel his crushing, masterful embrace, hear the deep, slow voice saying, "Julia, beloved, why should we have met too late?" Again she saw the hurt inscrutability of his eyes as they parted, so formally, on the ship that had borne her back to England.

Again she felt the torture of the following weeks; the nights of despair, the days of vain revolt. For Rex, of a poor and proud Italian family, had been married since a youth of nineteen to a rich girl of his own people.

This, then, was what Joan had been through.

Tears rose to Mrs. Ware's gentle eyes and her heart yearned towards her daughter, yesterday a child, today a woman passing through the fires.

Anger rose against this unknown Ramon who had stolen her Joan's heart, having nothing to give in return. Fiercely she told herself that Rex had not been like that. Yet, where lay the difference.

Mrs. Ware looked across the sunlit garden with its nodding roses to the soft green of the tennis lawn below.

Life had been very kind since then.

Urgently she returned to her thoughts of Joan. Would life be as kind to her? She could have sworn that during the past few weeks Joan had seemed to be forgetting—if only because of her gaiety, her passion for going out; dancing, motoring, riding—always out somewhere—friends coming and going in tropes.

The mother stirred restlessly. Could the child be trying to cover her pain? She shook off the thought. Joan could hide nothing from her. Her inquiry for the post might mean nothing more than eagerness to adjust her appointments for the day. Joan was learning to forget. Sighing with relief she turned towards the breakfast room.

HEAVY footsteps scrunched on the gravel path outside and the parlour maid flitted across the hall, eyes sparkling. To her the postman was more than the daily arrival of letters. A few murmured words, then the heavy feet departed and Mary turned towards her mistress, still looking back, a pile of letters in her hand.

Mrs. Ware took them without interest. There was seldom anything very exciting in the post.

go a long and rather painful training in preparation to administer certain blows with the desired deftness and force. One of the methods used to harden the hand is to strike its percussion edge a certain number of times a day against a panel of polished hardwood, gradually increasing the force with each blow struck. At first this bruises the hand and causes considerable pain, but later a hardened condition sets in which finally permits the jujutsuka to strike the wood with every ounce of strength he possesses without serious discomfort. It is readily apparent, therefore, how the hand when so trained can kill an opponent with a single blow. Here again will be noted another marked contrast between Occidental and Oriental methods: the Occidental gladiator strikes with a gloved and taped fist, whereas the Japanese judo expert attains far more powerful results with the open hand.

Having first developed the power of striking swiftly and accurately, the next step is to determine where the blow shall be applied in order to instantly place the attacker *hors de combat*.

Only those who have experienced

a blow of this character on the side of the neck or the Adam's apple, on the muscles of the upper arm and lower leg or in the arm-pit can possibly realize its demoralizing effects. It naturally follows that the student of ju-jutsu must become a master of the subject of anatomy, for not always being able to choose the spot he would like to strike, he must know what to do with whatever area of his opponent's body is within reach.

So much for the exoteric side of ju-jutsu. It is next in order to consider that phase of which very little is known save to a few select and highly trained masters of the art. Some years ago the author was privileged to see for a few minutes a curious chart in Japanese

showing the human body divided up into areas. Upon each area was noted a number of little points representing nerve centers where, through the application of pressure, various parts of the body or the entire body could be instantly paralyzed. This chart presumably was a genuine ju-jutsu chart belonging to the highest grades of the order. As there was no opportunity to copy the chart, all that could be done was to memorize some of the leading centers or points. One of the illustrations accompanying this article shows several of these areas of pressure appli-

way into some division of Western learning. Within the last year or two, however, several articles dealing with the subject have appeared and an ever-widening interest in the inner secrets of judo is manifest.

Many conflicting accounts are given concerning the true origin of ju-jutsu. While the more prosaic historian credits Shirobei (who lived during the sixteenth century) with its discovery and development, legend attributes to the gods the knowledge of its innermost secrets. It is believed that during the period when the

gods dwelt upon earth certain wicked divinities maliciously developed by their supernatural genius the secrets of ju-jutsu for the purpose of discomfiting their fellow immortals. For many centuries the secrets of the art were lost and in all probability the legendary ju-jutsu of the first samurai (if it actually had a historical existence) included many profound secrets which should now be included among the lost arts of the ancients.

At the present time it requires approximately three hundred lessons to equip the student with the knowledge

and use of the three hundred odd tricks of the science. Like every other form of advanced athletics, ju-jutsu requires not only the knowledge of its technique but also imposes a rigid physical discipline. Special attention is given to diet, also sleeping and breathing. Alertness is a quality of primary importance, for to synchronize his own actions with those of his opponent is a task which taxes the jujutsuka to the limit.

From the seventh century B. C., which is the legendary date of its inception, ju-jutsu remained a secret and almost sacred science and was preserved by the Samurai who, being chiefly concerned with the art of war, had the

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A Samurai Warrior of Old Japan. A Guardian Image at the Tombs of Shoguns Near Nikko.

cation utilized by the ju-jutsu expert to incapacitate his opponent.

These, however, are only a few of the least important secrets of the science of ju-jutsu. There is a persistent rumor to the effect that by certain manipulation of the cervical vertebrae a man killed or paralyzed through ju-jutsu methods can be resuscitated. There are also examples of where persons dead from shocks of various kinds and unrelated in any way whatsoever to ju-jutsu have been brought into the presence of an expert of the higher grades and restored to life within a few moments.

It seems almost incredible that such remarkable knowledge should exist in the Orient and yet not have found its

Digging Up Ancient America

How Our Artists and Archaeologists Are Solving the Strange Riddle of the Prehistoric Races of Central America, and Adapting Their Arts and Sciences to Modern Use.

By Edgar Lloyd Hampton

Author of "Art in Industry," Etc.

THOSE of us who still believe it was Columbus who discovered America are sadly behind the times. What that astute predecessor of Mr. Mussolini really did was to rediscover America, after it had been inhabited at least ten thousand years, during which period the races in question attained a degree of culture remarkable in the extreme, and then passed completely from view. It was a thousand years after this that Columbus arrived, and took possession in the name of a modern European queen and king. The people whom he discovered, and whom Cortez displaced, were the last of these great prehistoric races. Columbus never dreamed, and the Spaniards never learned of the existence of a yet more wonderful civilization, the remains of which were hid deep beneath a thousand year accumulation of earth and tropical forests. The discovery of this fact was left to our modern archaeologists who, the past decade, have achieved their task so eminently well that the world stands amazed at the results.

According to published reports there were three great races which, at three distinct periods, inhabited the countries now known as Honduras, Guatemala, Yucatan and Southern Mexico. Of these the Toltecs were the most ancient, their period of activity occurring thousands of years before the Christian era. They were followed by the Maya, who reached the pinnacle of their culture at about the time of Julius Caesar, and vanished in the fifth century, A. D. Their genealogical successors were the Aztecs, and they are the ones whom Columbus found inhabiting what is now the Republic of Mexico.

The extent of the culture which these mysterious people left behind is amazing almost beyond belief. Their temples and palaces, built before the age of iron and steel, were as massive and elaborate as those produced by the ancients of the Eastern hemisphere. Their pyramids—for they built pyramids—were even more extensive and wonderful than those

of the Egyptians. Their architecture rivaled that of Greece and Rome; their decorative designs—murals, panels, frescoes, sculpture, mosaics, ceramics, paintings, weavings and other examples of art—were bewildering in their variety, extent and perfection of craftsmanship, equalling anything that mankind had produced at the period of their efflorescence. "They were the Greeks of the New World" says Professor Sylvanus Griswold Morley, in charge of Excavations for the Carnegie Institution, "and

present-day America has begun to adapt the work of these great builders to our modern use.

THE first attempt ever made along this line—at least, the first that ever reached maturity—is found in a middle-sized building standing in Monrovia, a suburb of Los Angeles, California. This sixty-room structure, two stories in height, was conceived, designed, decorated and turned over to its owners in 1924 by a Los Angeles architect, Robert B. Stacy-Judd. The structure is entirely of Mayan motive. Its interior decorations adhere to the same principle.

Its murals embody the beautiful symbolism of that prehistoric race, its furniture continues the thought in a series of specially woven figures, while even its electrical fixtures are conceived and designed from the art of this very ancient people. This building is known to the world as the Aztec Hotel. It has been in operation three years, and it is the only structure standing on the earth to-day that embodies exclusively the art, architecture and decorative designs of our prehistoric past. In other words, it is the only building in the

United States that is 100 per cent American.

To conceive, construct and finally complete this Aztec Hotel must have taxed the courage and ingenuity of its creator almost to the limit. To draw a series of artistic conceptions out of the almost total darkness of a prehistoric past and convert them into modern workable ideas is not an easy task. Even to think of a practical idea often takes the world a thousand years, and it should be stated here that the creator of the Monrovia structure did devote a half decade or so to a study of all available data before he called in the carpenters.

In considering the Mayan architecture, he found it to be in character massive, heavily overloaded with the most exquisite symbolic figures and displaying clear evidence of remarkable skill in engineering. Because, like all ancient



Carnegie Institute, Washington, Photo

Section of the Monjas, Chechen Itza, Yucatan

one of the most magnificent civilizations ever developed on earth." While in the words of Professor Louis Spence, "Those gorgeous temples and statues, with all their bewildering detail of ornament, and an art which has not its equal in the world for subtlety of expression or involved richness, must have had behind them not centuries but thousands of years of effort in order to reach such summits of achievements.

Thus is our imagination stirred through vicarious contact with these remarkable people who were building their temples and palaces in America before the days of Babylon, before Ulysses was born or Moses led the Children of Israel out of Egyptian captivity. So much has been written regarding them that all the world now knows something of their amazing history. What the world does not know is that

architecture, it embodies exclusively the temple, the tomb and the palace, he was forced in his modernization efforts to use only the principles employed by these ancient people.

Hence, in preparing his studies he first drafted a composition which strictly adheres to the essentials of Mayan art; indeed he brazenly assumed the methods of a copyist. With this composition in hand he proceeded to discard wherever possible the Mayan outline, creating instead new motifs in conformity with present day requirements. In the interior decorations he likewise embodied the art motifs, history and symbolism of the ancient aborigines. The result was the Aztec Hotel, now famous throughout the world—though it should be stated here that the motif of this structure is not Aztec, but Mayan, the former name being used because it is better known.

Since the above-mentioned preliminary steps of three years ago much important history has been made. In addition to the articles in the architectural magazines, and various editorial discussions in the national press, the small two-story structure in Monrovia has attracted the attention of many foreign countries. The Review of Reviews, of Mexico, has featured the building in an extensive manner and has placed a complete set of the photographs in its government archives. A magazine published at Prague, in Zecho-Slovakia has, at the instance of its government officials who visited the Monrovia Hotel,

devoted an eighteen-page feature to the structure, and this nation, too, has placed a set of the photographs among its official documents; while The Royal Architectural Society, of London, has secured a complete set for its files, on the theory that the structure, being the first of its sort ever attempted in modern times, is of permanent value from an architectural and decorative standpoint.

That this pioneer movement should suggest and stimulate further activities along this and similar lines, of course was inevitable. The material available in the books of the archaeologists suggest an exhaustless number of possibilities, the designs run all the way from massive stone structures for the architect, to ceramics, mosaics, murals, panels, bas-reliefs, and statuary for decorative purposes, while each piece of this art recites some vital phase of the life history of an American prehistoric race.

Thus the creative minds of a nation have quickened to their task. The designing, building and decoration of Mayan structures is on foot today in many parts of the United States, while numerous companies, especially in California, have begun the manufacture of the product for various domestic purposes.

One of these creates Mayan tiles and mantels, exclusively, which it has installed with admirable results in many Western homes. Another company has originated what is termed Malibu Pottery. While this organization also manufactures tiles and mantels, an important

part of its effort is directed toward the production of ceramics, in which work the native Mexicans are being effectively employed. A company which for many years has produced statuary, book-ends and other accessories of the home, using hitherto such designs as might be best commercialized, has now concentrated upon the prehistoric motif, and henceforth will market a product adapted from the designs of the ancient Mayas and Toltecs.

Likewise are there plans on foot to produce furniture, tapestries and draperies, embodying these prehistoric art principles for general commercial use. The motion picture people, too, sensing the unusual opportunity, have begun to utilize the idea in many unique ways, while the versatile home owner, scorning the aid of architect and decorator, carefully studies the designs of the archaeologist, and proceeds to adapt directly from the original.

All this is precisely what one might expect, considering the material available and the variety and extent of its possibilities. For indeed what could be more beautiful and appropriate in a modern American home, than a mantel, a mural, screens, tapestries, panels and statuary, adapted from the exquisite creations of these prehistoric people who likewise were so essentially American?

The question of the future possibilities of this art, in America at least, seems scarcely problematical. While the finished products for the most part are still confined to the region of their

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The Aztec Hotel, Monrovia, California

origin, the movement as above stated, is spreading rapidly to other parts of the country. No week passes without furnishing significant proofs of this fact. In New York City, an eminent architect is planning to build American skyscrapers, founded upon this prehistoric principle. Another one in Washington, D. C. has similar plans on foot. In Kansas City a Mayan hotel has just now begun to serve the public. In Brooklyn a new Mayan theater was recently dedicated, while the Los Angeles Mayan theater, an elaborate and expensive structure, opened its doors with light opera, in August, 1927.

Also in Poughkeepsie, New York, a social club has just installed a series of Mayan murals. The Yacht and Beach Club, at La Jolla, California, includes a lobby 70x100 feet in size, designed and decorated entirely from the Mayan. The first complete adaptation of this ancient art in a modern private home is being undertaken in Los Angeles, while a social club in Vancouver, B. C., now in course of construction, designed by

the creator of the Aztec Hotel, will supply the most complete example of Mayan architecture and decorative principles, anywhere in existence. To these known instances one might add an hundred other dreams which no doubt are now approaching realization throughout the country, but have not yet been disclosed to view.

All of which represents a practically inevitable condition. For to those who have studied the situation the fact has become clearly apparent that a new creative art principle is just now on the point of being born in the United States. And while no one can foretell the final extent of its vogue, this much must be clear to all: That whatever its extent, it will represent an embodiment of ancient American culture, modernized by a present-day civilization, and entirely uninfluenced by European races. In other words it will be essentially American, and to create a culture essentially American must naturally form the chief impulse of each and all of our artists.

JU-JUTSU, A SECRET OF THE SAMURAI

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leisure necessary to develop its intricacies. The secrets of ju-jutsu remained in the custody of the samurai until the abolition of the feudal system in Japan in 1867. At that time it was temporarily neglected but was soon revived and the major part of its technique is now the common property of the Japanese people. Certain phases of ju-jutsu are part of the training of the Japanese army. The Japanese police are also given sufficient instruction in its sleights to effectively protect themselves from assault.

In recent years efforts have been made to instruct the police of various Occidental cities in the principles of ju-jutsu found to be of great value in the capture and disarming of violent criminals. To a limited degree these efforts have met with success. There is lacking in the Occidental temperament, however, a certain subtlety common to the Oriental. Ponderosity also is not readily adaptable to the technique of ju-jutsu.

Ju-jutsu, to the Western mind, is but another illustration of the Oriental method of doing everything backwards. Chinese customs in particular have been much criticised. For example, when a European or an American puts a feather in his hat he so arranges it that it stands erect; in China the feather is always worn lying down. While we consider black the proper color for a funeral, white is always worn in Japan. Incidentally, the Japanese bride rides to the house of her husband in a hearse. It remained for the Orient to discover that the speediest way to destroy an enemy was to assist him in his deed of violence. In this thought dwells a great philosophic truth: No one can injure anyone else as much as that person can injure himself and the most scurvy trick that can be played upon an ignorant or bombastic person is to afford him unlimited opportunity to bring about his own undoing.



Lounge in the Aztec Hotel

THE LEAGUE OF WESTERN WRITERS

A movement that promises much for the development of literary effort is that undertaken through the League of Western Writers. This organization embraces the territory of the eleven Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain States and includes Western Canada, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands and Mexico. Already many of the prominent writers are members—novelists, fictionists, short story writers, feature writers, poets, dramatists, journalists, editors and others interested in various phases of creative art. The roll of officers includes such well-known names as Dr. D. N. Lehmer, University of California, Kathleen Norris, Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts, Canada, Colonel E. Hofer, Harr Wagner, Edna Aiken and others. The membership fee is \$3.00. Make application and check payable to League of Western Writers, 356 Pacific Building, San Francisco. Next annual meeting in San Francisco.

Get the Gravy

By Vincent Jones

Author of "Archery and Avocadoes," Etc.

EVEN as a cradle graduate, Dan Smithers had a motto. Before he could begin to state it in lisping words, he felt it in every fibre of his assertive babyship.

His mother suspected it when a larger piece of cake on his elder brother's plate or a brighter rattle in his twin sister's hand invariably did a flip-flop in ownership. He would stage a terrific tantrum until he forced capitulation on his own terms.

The whole family had to acknowledge it, when, as a go-getting four-year-old, he kidded and bullied an older playmate into trading a fine sled for his dingy one.

He frankly stated it himself his very first day in the country school, when he terrified the timid teacher into giving him the seat he wanted by the window. "I want the best," he had called it then.

During his college days he had acted upon it often and vigorously, until he became the unchecked octopus of the campus. In its complete and extreme expression, it became an ingrained habit, in every day and situation of his life.

As he perfected his technique of going after that "best," no matter from whom or how he took it, and as he added to the vigor of his blows in its attainment, so he condensed and made picturesque his motto: "Get the gravy!"

His college days over, Dan had spurned the opportunities of his father's prosperous ranch and chucked after them his failing parent's plea that the load was becoming too heavy for his years. He hurried to Los Angeles, the nearest big city, to "get the gravy!"

A family friend advised merchandising as a career and secured him a place in one of the great department stores. Here, with his connections and his education, Dan had an excellent prospect of rapid advancement. But he was soon discharged for neglect and inattention to the poorer looking patrons. The other clerks could wait on the "dubs." He still wanted only "the gravy."

Dan's next venture was real estate. An alumnus from his college told him there was plenty of "gravy" there and took him into one of the foremost firms of sub-dividers, as salesman.

A part of the sales-manager's talk, at the first sales meeting he attended, was on ethics and co-operation between salesmen. Dan openly sneered at these ideas, before the other salesmen, after the meeting. The thing to do was to "get the gravy." Just so long as no

laws were broken, to thunder with those whose toes were stepped on. Frank Delavan, a mild-mannered, boyish-looking salesman, replied in quiet, even tones, that he would rather make two thousand a year and have the approval of

The Annual Growl

*'Twas the day before Christmas
and all through the land
Were people with unwelcomed
presents on hand.*

*The boy who expected the radio set
Got something he never imagined
he'd get;*

The girl who had looked for a solitaire ring

*Got a handkerchief case or a book,
poor thing!*

*The lover who longed for a token
of hope*

Got a new shaving outfit, including the soap.

*The husband who wanted a desk
for his den*

*Got a box of cigars or a cheap
fountain pen.*

The wife who wished for a Hudson seal coat

*Wept over the gift of a ten-dollar
note.*

*'Twas the day after Christmas,
alas and alack!*

*How many there were who'd have
liked to get back*

*The presents they'd given to folks
who had not*

*Returned anything but the presents
they'd got.*

—Boston Transcript.

his conscience and his fellows than to double it with these in the discard.

At the Eastern feet of the beautiful San Superbo range of mountains, by the rippling, sun-laved waters of Lake Malinore, the fleet of long gray palatial busses had come to a halt underneath the lacy and patriarchal pepper trees. The passengers were piling out and filing onto the breeze-colored pier, where lunch was awaiting them. At the water's edge stood the luxurious limousines of the firm's managers and high-powered salesmen. "Gosh what a bunch of gravy!" Dan Smithers muttered to himself, as he watched them greedily, on his first Sunday as a real estate salesman.

Suddenly, Dan became conscious of a complete fade-out of every member but one in that crowd. A vision of blond loveliness, too good to be true, helped an older lady from a bus and walked with her out onto the pier. So close to Dan did she pass that the intoxicating sweetness of her raced over and through him in a ravishing flood.

Quickly, the master of ceremonies sent his salesmen among the tables with pots of steaming coffee to wash down the waiting box-lunches. As a waiter Dan could see but one table. He pushed other salesmen aside and rudely elbowed the firm's guests to reach it. In its vicinity he hovered solicitously until its fair tenant had finished, flashed him a look of gratitude and departed for the lecture room.

Until this moment, Dan's reaction to this lovely creature had been purely biological—a red-blooded man thrilling in the presence of feminine loveliness. Then he saw two things that changed his whole expression to one of greed. A wonderful pigeon-blood ruby on the girl's finger and two bank books in the handbag of the older lady, whom the girl called "Mother." In an instant, his reaction ceased to be biological and became overwhelmingly financial. "There's my gravy!" Dan muttered to himself, greedily.

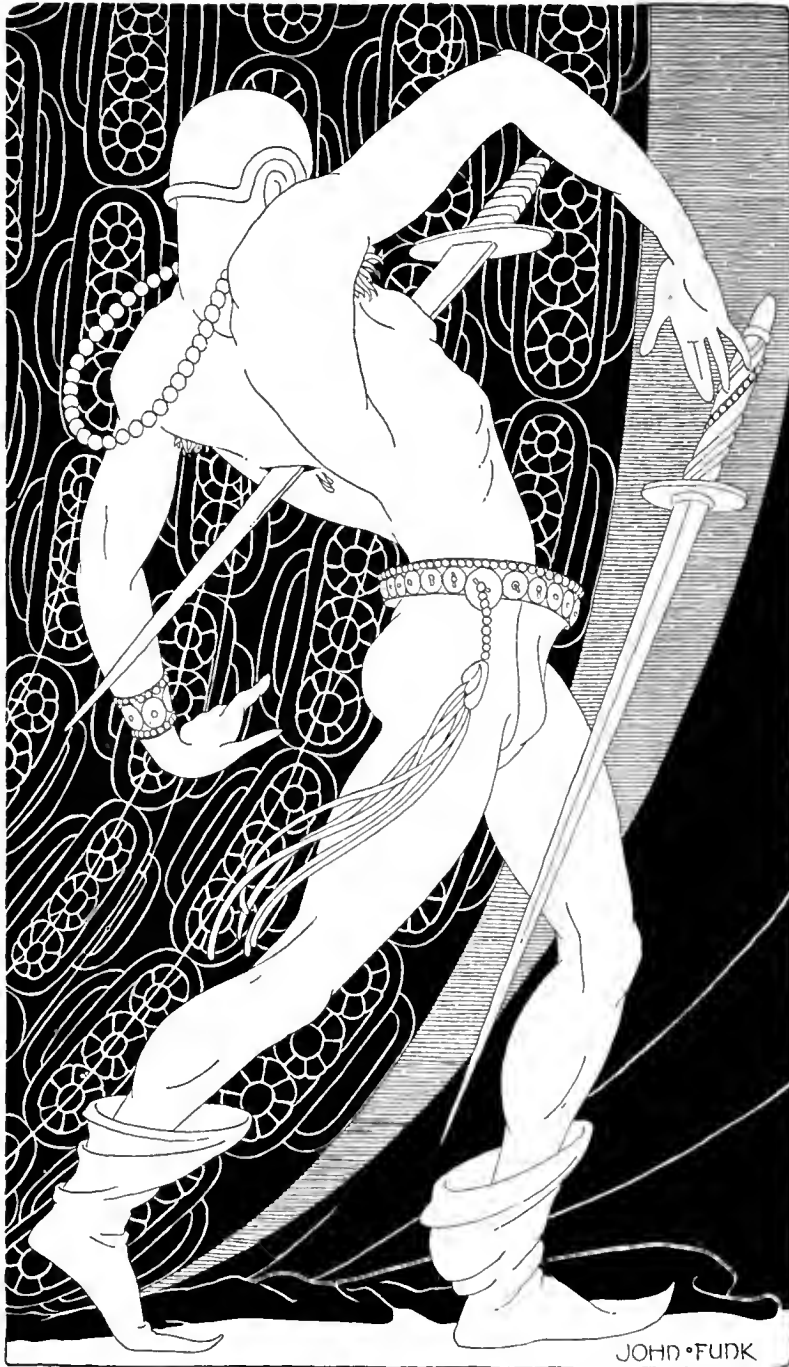
The inner man satisfied, the crowd transferred to the lecture room, where one of those *rara aves* of the universe, an emperor of spell-binders, a Southern California real estate lecturer, began to weave his spell. A joke, a story, a ripple of pleasantry, to put speaker and audience en rapport, and the main act of the big show was on. It was such a show as can be witnessed at few places in this interesting old world—the scientific retailing, on a huge scale, of old Mother Earth.

What History did not yield of its lessons and Biography of its shining examples could be written on a calling card with room to spare. What terrifying avalanches of prophesied failures in other fields of investment than real estate were not crashed down upon the shrinking ears of that audience in tones of direct doom, it were not in my power to paint. What warnings to beware the "bankers bunk of 4 per cent and safety," what gloomy forebodings of everlasting failure to make anything of their lives unless they invested in real estate then and there, were not hurled at the cowed and cringing guests, were scarce worthy of mention.

(Continued on Page 418)

Swords

By Ben Field



SWORDS

They flash and lunge and grimly thrust,
Their slithering sharpness pierces me—
But my resistance is like dust
Against the onslaught of the sea.

The sword of Damocles hangs low
And I look up with wondering air—
A Samurai could plunge it so
With damask touch across the hair.

The sword of Solomon defends
And bares my every thought to err—
Crusaders fight with Saracens
And draw for Holy Sepulchre.

Saint Peter's blade is bared for me
And only Christ discerns his thought;
Herodias would gladly see
My head upon a charger brought.

All these! and I have struck in turn
And cared no whit for Christ my Lord!—
Whose sword for blood doth redly yearn
Shall perish by the selfsame sword.

"Swords," by Ben Field, and "Roses," by Anne Hamilton, are the first two poems in the volume for 1928, edited by Henry Harrison. The volume number are illustrated, California being honored by Ben Field. Ben and Anne are members of The Verse Writers' Club.

During the meeting of the League of Western Poets at the Poets' Breakfast. The poem "Swords" was chosen by the judges in the recent contest for unpublished Lyrics, but was not published in the California Souvenir.

Roses

By Anne Hamilton

ROSES

I must be very quiet—so
Limp hands lie on my lap; and slow
And careful must my answer be
To those four words you spoke to me.
I must sit very still. The shriek
Of agony is for the weak.
No single sign shall let you see
What those four words have meant to me.

A butterfly upon a pin,
I feel my heartbeats fail within
This shell which echoes smilingly,
The four words of my agony.

ANXIETY

Dear God, if You should chance to find
A tiny angel, still quite new,
Would You mind being very kind?
This is her mother asking You.

If You will hold her precious hand
To keep her, Lord, from missing me,
Until she learns to understand,
You, too, will love her tenderly.

are reprinted from *The Grub Street Book of Verse*
es 167 poems by 76 authors. Eight of the entire
two of the eight. Both Miss Hamilton and Mr.
f Southern California.

Writers at Portland, Mr. Field read his
"Anxiety," by Miss Hamilton, here appear-
verland poetry contest as a prize winner,
alified by its premature printing in
ad.—(Editor)



Get the Gravy

(Continued from Page 415)

Then came the cashing-in climax! All that lady solicitors had rung door bells for during the week, all that clever advertising had fomented, all for whose sake the three hour hot bus ride had been endured and for which the lunch and lecture had paved the way, was now to be brought to a happy fruition by the firm's aggressive salesman in an hour or so of intensive work.

THIS was the hour for which Dan Smithers had waited all his life—the hour of his hopes and fondest dreams—the “Gravy” hour. All that his selfish aggression had brought to him thus far was mere pepper and salt. Here was the rich “gravy,” all cooked and waiting. His greed foamed within him.

The audience of prospects were led under the pepper trees for the orator's finishing touches of scenic rapsodies, and to give the waiting salesmen opportunity to encircle them. Each one selected the particular prospect whom, in his trained or untrained clairvoyance, he had spotted as most likely. Dan parked himself right behind the vision of blonde loveliness—I beg pardon, behind the pigeon-blood ruby.

When the eloquent speaker had flailed the air with a final Websterian gesture, and, in the solemn tones of an old-time exhorter bidding his flock to beware of the flames of Hell, had warned them ‘not to crucify the opportunity of today between the two thieves of yesterday and tomorrow,’ when he had mopped his glistening brow and said: “my men are among you,” Dan had planned to step between the pigeon-blood ruby and the two bank books and introduce himself.

Just as a horse-fly, practicing his daily dozen on an emperor's nose, may change the course of history, so, at that very instant, there happened an incident that was to change completely the course of two lives. The manager touched Dan on the elbow and handed him a corrected map of the property.

In the fatal moment that Dan turned toward him, the mild-mannered, boyish looking salesman, Frank Delavan, who stood alongside him, not being a mind reader, touched the older lady on the arm and lifted his hat.

One swift glance, to see if the manager was looking, and Dan rudely pushed Frank aside. “These are MY people,” he said, as he stepped between the ladies and raised his hat. The older one stepped back and flashed him a look of indignant rebuke. “How do you

get that way?” she snapped, “You are entirely too brash, sir!”

Then, turning to young Delavan, “I am Mrs. Holbrook, young man, and I know a gentleman when I see one. I’ll look at this property with you.”

Her vexation so stiffened her neck, that for a moment, as she walked away with Frank, she failed to notice that daughter and Dan were standing, looking into each other's eyes in blank surprise.

When flashing eyes of brown reveal their hurt from a broad-shouldered, six-foot height that has always been the ideal of tender eyes of blue, it's almost as much of a cinch as that wooden legs are made of wood, that some tender bond of sympathy has been established.

“Helen, are you coming?”

“Yes, Mother.” But she paused long enough to hear Dan say: “I’m awfully sorry; I guess I was too eager to be with you.”

The look Helen returned him would have made a real heart break all records for looping the loops, but it only made Dan console himself: “I haven’t lost the gravy yet.” Several times that afternoon he saw her looking in his direction and it strengthened his determination to tilt the lid of the pot and see how much “gravy” there might be for some one.

The sensation of the day was the purchase of a choice forty thousand dollar parcel of lots by Mrs. Holbrook, as a site for a sanatorium. Frank Delavan blushed with pleasure over the congratulations of his manager and his fellow salesmen. All except Dan. He was the original, perfect and unsullied, before-dictionaries definition of gloom, a walking, wildly-pacing exemplification of it for all the men to see. He hadn’t made a sale and stood, all gravyless and grouchy, watching the busses load. The “gravy” he had so confidently staked out as his, had seasoned another’s feast—would continue to season it for long months to come—and that other was the one who had rebuked him on the points of ethics. He was swallowing harder and harder, but it was gobs of poison instead of gulps of “gravy.”

Helen slipped up to him while her mother was struggling with her wrap. “I’m sorry YOU didn’t make the sale.” Her soft sincere eyes and her tender tones of sympathy blazed away at Dan’s wall of gloom without melting enough to grease a smile. “Never mind,” she glowed, with sudden inspiration, “I’ll invest some with you. I’m getting some

money from my Uncle’s estate in a few months.”

Never was utterances more fateful. Mother Holbrook overheard, and hustled Helen into the bus. Instantly, Dan was galvanized into action of machine-gun variety. Glancing into the bus, he saw Helen and her mother take the rear seat, next to one of the salesmen.

“Brown, Mr. Sheldon wants you,” he called. The other salesman got out and Dan took his place, next to Helen. The irate mother frowned and looked about for other seats. Every one was filled and the driver was closing the door. Dan and Helen exchanged a glad look and settled back to get acquainted.

Just as there are fast trains, slow trains and mere creepers, so there are all degrees of speed in opening wide the doors of an impressionable maiden’s heart. Dan added a new degree at the top of the scale and embellished it with a warm hand squeeze at the journey’s end. As an indignant mother, who had punctuated the evening with slams of sour silence, whisked her daughter over to a parking station, Dan Smithers stood gloating over a small card, containing a phone number, that had been pressed into his hand.

No need to tell a wise old world that stubborn mamas grow ever more set in their stubbornness. Dan being taboo at the Holbrook home, Helen dragged out that ancient subterfuge of meeting him at the home of a girl friend. Fate’s wrinkled fist surely had a hand in this arrangement.

GEORGIA WALTON was a dash-ing brunette widow, who was some go-getter herself. She owned a modest suburban bungalow, well plastered with a nice jazzy modern mortgage, and pined for a big strong mortgage lifter to come along and do his manly stuff. And it had never been Georgia’s way to overlook any worth-while bets. Whether or not it was thought transference, some of Dan’s “gravy” thoughts became so firmly imbedded in Georgia’s pretty head that she could see him in no other role than that of mortgage-lifter, with Helen as a mere spectator to his prowess. Being a fairly expert contriver, she soon saw to it that Mother Holbrook was fully informed.

Then occurred one of those strange coincidences that often set us to wondering and questioning, whether the affairs of men are not watched over by Spirits, perhaps often mischievous, who love to sieze the threads of fate and weave them into strange tangles, or, at another time, smooth them all out when the hellish knot seems most hopeless.

(Continued on Page 432)

Canada -- Land of Opportunity

By James Franklin Chamberlain

Author of "The Continents and Their People," "The Lure of Gold," Etc., Etc.

"Here fell two heroes; one to victory scarce realized; his rival in defeat scarce known. Peace from their glorious graves has schooled the ancient discord till our minstrelsy sings growth united in wars vacant seat."



James F. Chamberlain

LET us turn back the pages of human history. It is the autumn of 1535 and Jacques Cartier, after a voyage across the Atlantic, is sailing into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He passes Gaspé, where he had landed the previous year, and enters the mouth of the mighty river. For hundreds of miles inland he proceeds, but he is not yet beyond the reach of the tides. Surely this waterway is the long-sought route to China.

Still sailing onward, Cartier passes a large island and a little later where a cliff rises from the river, he finds an Indian village called in their language "Stadacona." Here later is to rise Quebec, the most historic city on the continent of North America. But of this Cartier does not dream.

Nearly 200 miles farther up stream the explorer finds the Indian village of "Hochelaga," at the foot of Mount Royal. Four centuries later the hilltop was to look down upon the city of Montreal, metropolis of the Dominion of Canada, a city of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants.

As is the custom with explorers, Cartier takes possession of this new land, the extent, character and potential value of which he knows nothing, in the name of his sovereign, calling the country "New France."

An attempt to colonize New France proves a failure, and for more than half a century the country is neglected by the people of Europe. In 1604 De Monts, a Frenchman of noble birth, fits out an expedition, the object of which is colonization in New France. A settlement is founded at Port Royal, now called Annapolis. Associated with De Monts is Samuel de Champlain, who is later to play an important part in the early history of Canada. In 1670 the Hudson's Bay Company, a powerful British organization, is formed, and Charles II, then King of England, grants to the company a large part of what is now Canada.

Decades pass and it is now the year 1759. On the plains of Abraham, above the heights of Quebec, in the early morning of a September day, France and England face one another in combat.

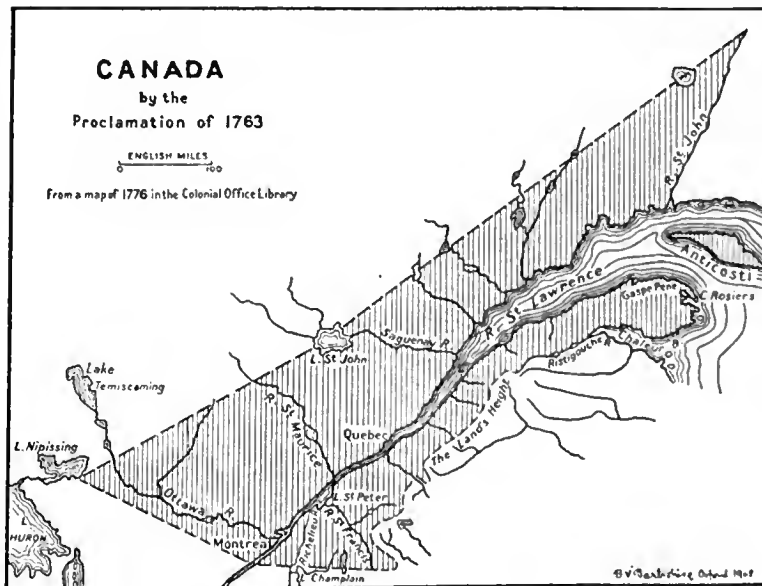
The prize for which they contend is none other than Canada, a land destined to become one of the richest in the world. Both Wolf and Montcalm, valiant leaders in their respective forces, fall in battle, and Canada passes into the control of the British.

On July 1, 1867, after nearly a century of discussion, confederation becomes a reality and the Dominion of Canada is organized, and on September 1, 1880, all of British North America, except Newfoundland and a strip of the Labrador coast, is annexed. As now constituted the Dominion consists of nine provinces and the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

COMPARATIVELY few people realize the vast extent of Canada. Its area is greater than that of the United States. Canada is larger than the entire continent of Europe, with its two score countries. A journey across the Dominion shows us that it is a land of large unoccupied spaces, especially in the central and western parts. Her total population is a little under 10,000,000. In other words she has fewer people than reside in New York State. Canada's average density of population is only about 2.25 per square mile. Prince Edward Island, the most densely populated of the provinces, has about 40 persons per square mile, a density approximately that of the United States as a whole. The most casual observation convinces one who travels across Canada that she needs many millions of people to develop her resources.

Not only in area; in the number and size of her lakes, in the length and value of her rivers, in the grandeur of her scenery, and in the variety, distribution and wealth of her natural resources, Canada holds a leading place among the nations of the earth. She is a land of opportunity to the farmer, the manufacturer, the merchant, the investor and the vacationist.

Canada consists, just as does the United States, of several natural or physiographic regions, and in both countries these regions have played an important part in human



affairs. In the northeastern part of the Dominion is the Appalachian Upland, a continuation of the same upland in the United States, but with diminished altitude. Here are the Maritime Provinces—New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island—and here the sea has played a large part in history. The wealth of the sea led to the extensive development of fishing, while the moderating influence of the water gave to southern Nova Scotia a climate more favorable than that of New Brunswick. As a result of the same benign influence the harbors of St. John and Halifax are never closed by ice, and they are therefore very important winter ports.

The St. Lawrence Lowland follows the St. Lawrence River and the Great Lakes from the city of Quebec to the eastern shore of Lake Ontario. The level land, fertile soil, abundant rainfall and easy means of transportation attracted settlers. Here are the cities of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hamilton and others. Many centuries ago, as a result of subsidence, the lower St. Lawrence River was "drowned," forming a deep and broad estuary, and shifting the mouth of the river far inland. The river, therefore, constitutes an open

doorway to the St. Lawrence Lowland. By following this lowland the early settlers were able to penetrate a considerable distance inland without being obliged to cross a mountain barrier.

The westward and southern movement of the population was, of course, checked when the boundary between the Dominion and the United States was reached. Turning to the northward the people found their way obstructed by a vast wilderness. This area was and is today largely forested. It is a region of low hills and innumerable lakes and streams and for the most part is not attractive to agriculture. In such a country the building of roads is not an easy matter, and as the Laurentian Upland or Canadian Shield, as this division is called, is about 1,000 miles in width, it for a long time retarded westward movement.

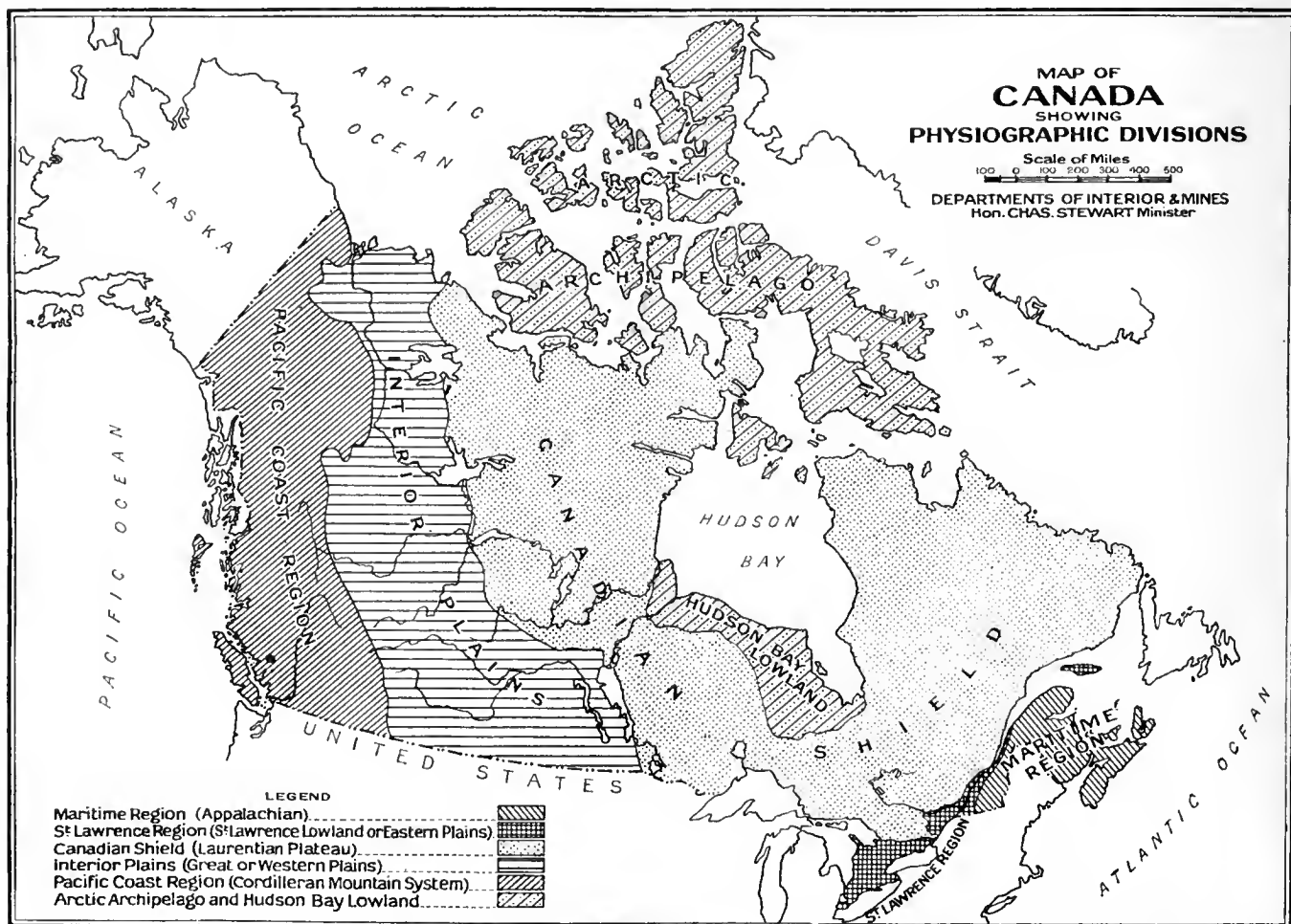
The Canadian Shield extends from Labrador southeast to the St. Lawrence Lowland and Georgian Bay, westward to Lake Winnipeg and then northward to the Arctic regions. Its area is practically 2,000,000 square miles. During recent years it has been discovered that the ancient crystalline rocks, which underlie much of the Laurentian Up-

land, are exceedingly rich in minerals. They now yield gold, silver, cobalt, nickel, copper, asbestos and other minerals. The region is attracting, in ever increasing numbers, a summer population of hunters, fishermen and campers.

WITH the completion of railroads across the Canadian Shield, settlers poured over the former barrier and took up farms on the Great Central Plain. Here a large area of fertile land awaited the coming of the farmer. He did not need to cut down trees in order to till the soil, it was easy to construct roads, and the newly opened Canadian Pacific Railway afforded a means of transporting his crops to the head of the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes waterway. Agriculture at once became, and is today, the dominant industry.

The most westerly section of Canada is known as the Great Mountains Area or the Pacific Highland. Of the three chief mountain ranges included in this region, the Rocky Mountains are the most lofty. West of these are the Selkirk and beyond the Selkirk the Coast Mountains. Owing to the moderating influence of the ocean, the climate of the

(Continued on Page 426)



Portrait of a Bum

THIS fellow was histrionic, but through preference he acted himself. He had no desire to be some one else. He was no megalomaniac. His name was Harry Brown, which doesn't mean a thing. It could have been anything else. Nick Scholotski, for instance. The point is this: he was nothing but a bum. Although he seemed to be a fatalist, he believed he might have been something else had he tried hard enough, but he did not see the sense in trying. He was American. He did not work for a living, and as already stated, he was a bum. Of course there are all kinds of Americans who do not work for a living who are not necessarily bums. But as a rule they have money.

He was not a young fellow, although he seemed to be joyously conscious of the worth while things in life. Literature and music; art and nature;; that is what I mean. Although somewhat over 50, could not be called an old man. Rather he was an old boy. Not that his mind was undeveloped. There should be no question about that. He wasn't foolish. He was as civilized as any one might hope to be. In fact, he was possibly a bit too civilized, and that, I believe, was the reason he was a bum instead of a business man, for instance.

His was a nature which preferred ease to anxiety, and idleness to labor. Idleness. Complete physical idleness. That was his joy. To sit and read a good book with nothing to worry about; with his mind dead to the world and its petty difficulties. To walk in the sun of a bright morning. To stand in front of a music shop and listen to a bit of jazz or opera. To lean against a corner lamp post and watch the troubled people hurrying about as if they were occupied with something actually important. To roll and smoke a cigarette to the tune of a dream. To listen to religious fanatics and socialists and to smile at their idiocies. To visit parks with their aquariums and museums. To sit on a bench and watch young people moving in rhythms of grace as they played tennis.

By William Saroyan

Author of "Preface to a Story Not Yet Written"

To walk through a cool fog to the beach. To climb a hill and look down on dreary Alcatraz Island covered with its Government Penitentiary and to realize what a wonderful thing it was not to be locked up in such a dismal place, with the ocean waves forever whispering of freedom and restless move-

Out of the Jade of the Sea

BY HELEN EMMA MARING

OUT of the jade of the sea they came
In nets that gleamed in the sun,
Gleamed with the waters of the deep—
Diamonds that shine and pearls that weep—
Out of the jade with a sea-born splash
And onto the decks in a silver flash—
Quivering fins and beating tails!

Out of the jade of the sea they came
Gasping in air like the hunted game
To dart no more in the green sea trails—
No more the lure of the racing tides. . .
Out of the jade they came to beat
A tum-tum knell to their life's retreat;
A shower of scales in a silvered slime
With tails that beat in rhythmic time,
Out of the jade they came to die
Below the wheeling sea-gull's cry—
Out of the deep and into the sun—
The fishermen cried, "The salmon run!
The salmon run, a million head—
With their bellies fat and their gills blood-red—
Go for the nets! We're rich as Hell!
(It's damn those fish and the way they smell!)"

Out of the jade of the sea they came
In nets that gleamed in the sun,
Onto the decks in a silver flame
(That an old tin can might bear their name)
Out of the jade of the sea they came
In nets that gleamed in the sun.

ment. To watch glorious freighters drag themselves towards the sea. To notice the elegant swervings of the gulls and to listen closely for the queer noises they made. To smell the ocean's mist as it mixed with the earth and grass and leaves. To notice the way the sun's bright rays made playful shadows of trees. To be idle, to do anything he liked. To be free to go anywhere he liked, any time he liked. To be nothing but a bum. That was Harry Brown.

BUT as I have said he was histrionic. Not only when he acted himself but when he acted others. When he said

something he made his point very clear with broad, sweeping gestures, amusing grins and grimaces, and perfect winks. There is such a thing as a perfect wink, just as there is such a thing as a perfect circle. I have seen many an imperfect wink and it is a silly thing. A perfect wink is a very difficult thing to achieve and it is a thing which seems as yet to have no satisfactory explanation. Most people live and die never learning to wink half-decently, but this fellow, this leisurely person, knew what he was about. For when he winked one wondered if he had really not accomplished enough to justify his remaining idle as long as he preferred. There seemed to be something about his wink to make one realize that even trivialities may be elevated to a height of considerable importance to one unaccustomed to going beneath the surface of things. To the unenquiring mind, a wink is nothing: a mere nervous twitching of the muscles of the eye, causing it to simultaneously shut and open. But there must be more. It must have a deeper significance. It seems to be an action which is as much mental as it is physical, if not more so. It has a meaning which has not, I believe, been properly interpreted. It is kin to the smile and yet it is even remote from that. It is vastly more civilized. It stands alone, an intellectual manifestation of comprehension. It is the laughter of the mind, a laughter which does in sound. It is the laughter

of motion. And some how or other when Harry Brown winked one caught the laughter of his intellect and one immediately decided it was loud and healthy and possibly derisive and the equivalent of at least a guffaw.

If Brown happened to be talking about a person who hobbled, he too hobbled and the effect was pleasant. But if another person had done the same thing I doubt if one would have been the least entertained. One enjoyed the actor, not the acting. It was a thing that had to be done by a certain type of person to be fully appreciated. It
(Continued on Page 424)

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENTS

The Financial Tout

By Trebor Selig

IN times of popular interest and general participation in stock market speculation, such as is prevalent today, the financial "tout" with his "tipster sheet" has little difficulty in reaping a golden harvest. The mails are flooded these days with "confidential letters" offering "expert advice" at nominal fees and quoting notable successes in the field of speculation achieved by discerning persons who have subscribed to the "investment service" offered.

There are many able and conscientious agencies in the country, well qualified to analyze financial conditions and render competent advice on investment and speculative topics. They are guided in their work by sound methods of scientific analysis based on extensive economic research. Such a concern gives dependable advice and its financial success, like that of the member of any other ethical professional group, is wholly dependent on its fees and the value of service rendered.

In every profession, however, there are "quacks" and "shysters," irresponsible and unethical hangers on, who clothe themselves in the garb of their craft and set themselves up as reputable practitioners. They are counterfeit and they are unreliable but they command all the vocabulary of the profession they follow and they are equipped with much of its paraphernalia. The things they do and the things they say are often such excellent imitations of the real things that they are not readily identified as other than what they pretend to be.

The "tipster" is the counterfeit investment counsellor. He writes his letters and his published articles in just the same style as does the one he imitates. His words are skilfully chosen to convey the impression that his advice is as soundly evolved as that of the most reputable and studious analyst in investment circles. Sometimes he actually is as well versed in the fundamentals of his trade as anyone else, and being so, is just that much more dangerous.

But the tipster has no professional ethics, has no regard for his client's welfare, and is concerned solely with the success of his efforts to make money for himself by deliberately misleading his trusting clients. He is not concerned

with fees nor with his reputation, for he seldom attempts to operate very long under the same name or with the same group of clients. His is a "confidence game" as ruthless and as dishonest and as disastrous to the victim as any "tapped wire" or "Spanish Prisoner" game that was ever invented.

One "racket" of this sort came to light on the Pacific Coast recently and was so effectively exposed by a Better Business Bureau officer, that comparatively little damage was done and it was in a fair way to make a handsome cleanup for its racketeer. It was launched through the columns of a publication of presumably fair repute and wide circulation. Though the publisher may not have known of the plot, the prestige of his paper was very certainly being used to promote a fraud.

The tipster in this case contributed to the publication several interesting and well written articles of such a character as to impress readers with his ability as an investment counsellor. In a subsequent issue he analyzed a certain stock and "demonstrated" its certainty of substantial increase in market price. He did not name the security but he intimated that its identity would be disclosed through correspondence. Many inquiries resulted and he had the nucleus for an entirely new "sucker list." Through other and similar tricks he procured the names and addresses of other would-be speculators ambitious to take advantage of this wise man's kindness.

To all his clients this energetic and resourceful tout confidentially urged immediate purchase of "Raw Bunk Corporation" common stock, repeating in various forms his "analysis" of the stock and the reasons for his confidence in its rapid rise. He wrote them, telegraphed, telephoned, urging prompt action. His predictions were excellent. The stock did increase in market quotations. He had succeeded in creating enough actual new buyers so that the promoters were able to run the price up to nearly six times the original quotation, and it was still rising day by day when disaster overtook the enterprise.

One of the men employed by a Better Business Bureau to investigate fraudulent advertising crossed the trail of "Raw Bunk Corporation" and smelled a smell. He found that the concern had little chance to pay dividends sufficient to justify the current selling price, soon or ever. He began a thorough investigation and in tracing the spectacular price advance he discovered the trail of the tipster.

He next learned that the tipster, and possibly the publisher, had a contract with the stock promoters of "Raw Bunk" to unload 400,000 shares and that he was being paid for his services in proportion to the increase in market price. An exposure of the plot was promptly issued to various governmental officials and to a long list of reputable and substantial investment houses, many of them advertisers in the publication involved. The threat of losing his advertisers brought a quick reformation on the part of the publisher.

The authorities are now investigating the case but those best informed are doubtful of the discovery of sufficient grounds for prosecution. This tipster-tout is an experienced and adroit operator and it is to be presumed that he was technically "within the law" in all that he has done. In fact, his operations are still going on, although he no longer has the able cooperation of the publication nor the cloak of its presumed respectability.

Obviously, the people on whom this man has imposed would not have taken his bait but for the well gilded lure of easy money, nor but for the fact that it was offered through the medium of a publication in which they had come to have confidence, nor would many of them have been influenced by propaganda of less authoritative tone. Those factors were in evidence and they believed they need go no farther.

But two essential things they did not do. They did not investigate the identity and reputation of their adviser, and they did not investigate "Raw Bunk Corporation." Any banker or executive of a responsible investment house would have told these people that the stock could

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The Foyer of the High Sierras

By Wisner Gillette Scott

President Western Division of the Roosevelt Midland Trail Association. Charter Member The Society of American Military Engineers. Chairman Division of National Parks, National Highways Association, Etc., Etc.

MANY wonderful things have been said of California and many more can be told.



W. G. Scott

If one were to say that California has an open air theater with a foyer 100 miles long, and a stage with a frontage of 70 miles and a depth fully one-half as great, and that included in its scenic properties were 145 mountain peaks, each over 11,000 feet high, he would likely be regarded even by a hardened globe trotter, either as a prohibition violator, as a subject for psychotherapeutic observation, or an ambitious aspirant seeking to wrest the laurels from that time honored challenger of credulity, Baron Munchausen.

Colossal as might sound the statement. Intense as might prove the strain upon the receptivity of an innocent listener.

It is believed that a liberal minded umpire, with power to grant poetic indulgence, after careful examination of facts, would hold the relator not only blameless, but justifiable.

* * *

The theater is the High Sierras.

The dictionary contains the following definition: Theater. A place where events of importance are enacted. That exactly describes the High Sierras. Nothing is more important than the works and the manifestations of Nature.

It is there that Nature, the director of the spectacle of Cosmos, provides never ending attractions for human intelligence.

The dictionary contains another definition.

Foyer. A lobby as in a theater.

That only partly describes Owens Valley and its relation to the High Sierras.

Because it is a combination of both auditorium and lobby, capable of accommodating many thousands of the admirers of Nature.

It is certain that in due time this theater and its foyer will awaken the interest of the world.

To make clearer to any inquiring mind what is here set forth, the following is suggested:

Take the four U. S. Geological Survey Quadrangles, the Mount Goddard, the Bishop, the Tehipite and the Mount Whitney.

Place the first two in the order named in a top row, and the last two in order named in a bottom row, and you have a ground plan of the theater, its auditorium and its foyer.

A plan which taking everything into consideration,— Accessibility. Diversity of allurements. The indescribable beauty of towering peaks mirrored in crystal lakes. Gorgeous, transcendent landscapes which defy the artistry of man to reproduce. The never ending melody which accompanies dancing mountain waters. The music when the wind holds concert in the forest. The splendor that lingers in the sky when day departs. The magnificence of the pageantry of dawn when it returns. The promise of mental and physical rejuvenation by a life-giving atmosphere, by nectar flowing from glacial fountains, by rest, recreation and unalloyed enjoyment. Taking all the foregoing into consideration, it is confidently asserted that this recreational theater is not surpassed by any other of like character on the western hemisphere.

* * *

Nothing has yet been told.

These four quadrangles will make one major quadrangle measuring 70 miles long by 56 miles wide extending from Mount Stanford (12,826 feet) on the north to Cottonwood Lakes on the south.

In this quadrangular area are 145 mountain peaks, each over 11,000 feet in height, of which 52 are over 12,000 feet in height, 40 are over 13,000 feet in height and 10 are each over 14,000 feet in height.

This is no random statement, the writer has the name and altitude of every peak.

There is a multitude of 10,000 feet elevations, but in this theater they are considered hills and are too numerous to mention.

Often, in a theater lobby, is installed an individual drinking fountain.

That feature has not been lost sight of in the colossal foyer we are discussing, to which attaches added interest because of its prodigious extent.

At a point about midway in the course of the Owens River through the Valley, has been placed a construction whereby not only one, but many more than one million persons can have their thirst assuaged simultaneously.

For this is the source of the water supply of the metropolis of the great Southwest.

From this point the water is conveyed through a combination of canals, mountain tunnels and pipe lines a distance of over 240 miles to Los Angeles.

An undertaking so vast that it is recognized as one of the outstanding engineering achievements of the century.

Just beyond and to the north of this part of the High Sierras, for which the better to convey impression of its supreme attributes, we have invoked the aid of cyclopean fantasy—the city of Los Angeles has secured from the Government a tract combining the entrancing charms of the highlands, the forests, the meadows, the lakes and mountain streams.

The sole object being to provide a recreational area for the benefit of its residents in quest of healthful diversion, with the advantages arising from municipal administration.

The name of the site selected is High Sierra Camp, and the fact that it is 240 miles from the city bespeaks a volume for the preternatural qualities of the place, and in no less degree for the spirit of civic enterprise which prompted such bold, yet such commendable measure, and which it is scarcely necessary to add has received in turn such unstinted public approval. It may be worth while to note that the delectable locality alluded to is 165 miles due east in air line from San Francisco Bay.

* * *

The Roosevelt Midland Trail is a transcontinental highway established in 1912, extending from Newport News, Virginia, by way of Washington, D. C., Kansas City and Denver in an exceptionally direct line to the Pacific Coast, entering California near Oasis and the

(Continued on Page 428)

Portrait of a Bum

(Continued from Page 421)

was Harry Brown who was humorous. He was the one who made an ordinary thing seem very funny. He possessed that particular brand of humor which is appearing in the better vaudeville of late. He was adroit, witty and even debonair, but never senseless enough to forget that he was only a bum and that a bum, if ever a man could be, was the emblem of personal honesty and truth. A person who allows himself to disregard those things he wants to disregard, but which his fellows dare not, must really be very honest with himself. Because he does not want to bother with such things as ambition, success, and advancement, he does not bother with them. That is why he is himself, and that is why almost all other people are megalomaniacs. A bank messenger hoping to be a J. P. Morgan. A young attorney dreaming of becoming a Darwin. A song and dance man worshipping Al Jolson. A department store clerk studying business administration by correspondence. A frog trying to be a bull.

AMBITION and success and advancement in the eyes of the world were vastly important things, but to the bum those were just the things that didn't count. He knew ambition to be a lie and that only a mediocre personality could acknowledge success of any degree. When a person found himself at last a huge success in the eyes of the world, why did it almost always strike him as not having been worth while? And the bum knew that when one advanced to please the world one invariably became degraded in his own honest estimation.

That was probably why Brown could not be bothered with such things. He said ambition could be possessed only by very uncultured people and that even if he was a bum he was not, by any means, uncultured. He said the mere fact that a man permitted himself to become a bum would prove beyond a doubt that he was not mediocre or uncivilized. It is a fact, he said, that only very small people are frightened by names which seem undesirable. If a man didn't work he was immediately called a bum (which didn't make a bit of difference one way or another), and the fact that he could think was completely overlooked by everybody. That was because idleness was considered as much a crime as robbery. And it probably was, in a way.

But if Harry Brown was a bum he was as much an individual. He had the

intellect of a man who was being himself and not a combination of 10 or 12 other people. He was neither a socialist nor a capitalist. Although he worshipped no God nor any man, he thought it poor taste for intelligent people to go poking their fingers into the eyes of the Deities. He did not believe in organizations or groups of any kind and was especially annoyed with organizations which were purely social and which did not employ themselves with wholesome study. He did not believe there could ever be a state of perfect friendship. He admitted that he knew very little about women and that what little he did know was quite enough for him.

He was not a success obviously, nor, on the other hand, was he a failure, unless of course one looked at it from a narrower point of view. He was as comical as he was witty and ironical. His speech was typically American and like an American he was not afraid to swear, and I believe he chose to sound vulgar. In fact, he swore so often I am inclined to the opinion that should he speak with a lady he might forget himself and include certain words in his speech which would cause him considerable embarrassment, depending of course upon the lady. I noticed very soon after meeting him that a number of the more vulgar words he used had more than one meaning and that he used them whenever he pleased.

WHEN I met him for the first time, he happened to be not only a little over 50 but a trifle short of money. That was why we met. His being short of money. He was very diplomatic about it. He did not tell the usual sad story but came right out and said he was out of work because he preferred not to work

A GROUP OF CINQUAINS

By EDITH ELDEN ROBINSON

Prayers

FEEBLE

Flutters of men's
Hearts, that voice in silence,
Secret hopes and piteous pleas
To God.

Dreams

OUR dreams

Are misty boats,
We pray may keep afloat
Upon Life's stormy sea—shadowed—
They sink!

and that he was out of money for that reason and that for the same reason he was hungry as well. And would I give him a dime for a cup of coffee and a snail?

I gave him a dime. That was all I could spare. That left me a dime, so together we walked into The Kentucky Bar on Third street, a sturdy survival of wet days, and had coffee and snails. We were very happy with our coffee and snails. I might say we were as happy as any man could have been with coffee and snails. We talked for a long time. The place did not do a rushing business and it was all right for us to sit at our table as long as we liked. We talked about Havelock Ellis at first. We rolled Bull Durham cigarettes and talked about Havelock Ellis and D. H. Lawrence and a great many other people and things. We talked about bunk, for instance, and Brown said there seemed to be a shade of bunk in all things, including art and science and literature and life and death and immortality.

Then we happened to drift into the unemployment situation throughout the nation. Mr. Brown (I believe he is entitled to the designation) was of the opinion that the great army of unemployed had been out of work since 1912 and that they wanted to be out of work or they would go to work and that they were a lot of spoiled men because of the freedom they enjoyed. He added (he could not help being completely honest with himself) that he was quite sure he, himself, was spoiled. He pointed out the advantages of being a bum and he mentioned all the things I have already written.

When we had talked of many things and had digested our breakfast, such as it had been (a bum is very particular about such a thing as digestion) and had smoked almost a dozen cigarettes apiece, we strolled out of the place and stepped into a morning sun that was really worth stepping into.

Mr. Brown observed the sun. It was splendid. "Do you blame some people for having worshipped the thing?" he asked.

We walked together up Third street until Market, where we parted. Brown was going down the street and I, up. But before we left, as a last word, he said, "Say kid, read Stephen Crane's Red Badge of Courage. You'll like it. Read anything of Crane's!" And he was gone.

I turned around to watch him walk away and I thought he must have been smiling to himself or possibly at himself and so I, too, smiled to myself or at myself, I can't say which.

Books Writers



THE LIFE OF CHRIST AND HIS MOTHER—By Florence Heywood. Methuen & Company.

WHEN Florence Heywood was graduated from Stanford, her classmates were very sure that she would accomplish something in literature or art. Her years as authorized lecturer of the Louvre Museum proves that her interest was not a passing fancy. During her visit to this Coast, she gave talks on rare pictures from the Louvre. She had some years previously published "Important Pictures of the Louvre."

Her new book, published in London by Methuen & Company, is "The Life of Christ, According to Jean Fouquet" (1452,) with twenty-four reproductions in color from the original illuminations.

When Gareth in Tennyson's "Idylls" speaks to his mother of

"such a palm

"As glitters, gilded, in thy Book of Hours."

the modern reader flies to the notes to learn that a book of prayers for morning, vesper and other set times of day or night was known as a Book of Hours, a *Livre d'Heures*. The beautiful illuminations made it an art treasure for later times, showing what was done in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries by different artists, but notably by Jean Fouquet. Miss Heywood's exposition of the life of Christ and His Mother as shown in these forgotten paintings has been highly praised by Paul Bourget in the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

—L. B. EVERETT.

SPOKESMAN—By T. K. Whipple. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50.

IT IS no small event when there comes from the press a volume of criticism as serious in purpose and as consistent in enunciation as "Spokesman," by T. K. Whipple, associate professor of English in the University of California. The introductory chapter "The Poetic Temper," quotes Max Eastman's distinction between practical and poetic people, those occupied with attaining ends and those concerned with receiving experiences. This difference Professor Whipple accepts and discusses, using it to set

the stamp of approval on ten American authors, who have the poetic temperament to the extent of working experience.

Professor Whipple is quite at one with Gilbert Chesterton's latest pronouncements condemning the practical man. Standardization as the work of the practical man is of all things most reprehensible. In a country formerly so puritanical as the United States is it possible for the artist to live? That is the fundamental question that Professor Whipple asks. If we are moved to spring to the defence of the practical man whom Professor Whipple pillories through many pages of his book; if we rise to ask why with the publication and dissemination of this very book made possible by the efforts of the practical man, the author should subject him so cruelly, we are at once disarmed.

"The poetic temper" we are told, "is simply the disposition to live as fully as possible; the life of realization signifies not any special activities or mode of life, but rather a point of view which may be carried into any human activity; it signifies a self-forgetful disinterested point of view and includes all disinterested activities. The term is a more inclusive one than Aristotle's theoretic life or the medieval contemplative life, for it includes not only the artist's pursuit of beauty, the scientist's and the scholar's pursuit of knowledge, the philosopher's pursuit of truth, the mystic's pursuit of God, but also the several pursuits of such as the explorer, the craftsman, the huntsman, even the business man if he enjoys his activities for their own sake." Thus does the author include us all as being of the poetic mind.

In his urgency that men live as fully as possible, the author seems at times to over-value experience without discrimination, as have many writers and speakers of the last two decades. The slogan, "Anything we experience," he virtually accepts without admitting that many experiences are mutually exclusive, and that life is a matter of choice as well as of experiences. Integration for-

bids that one be both a crank and an honest man. The experiences to be gained from a life of mendacity may bulk large in picturesqueness, but in the very nature of things they are not permitted to the man who would live a life of probity. Thus Mr. Whipple seems to overlook. His denunciation of practicality, timidity, puritanism, and sentimentality are thorough-going; toward puritanism he exhibits a phobia that can hardly spring from experience.

In his discussion of Henry Adams as one who furnishes "a basis and a background for the interpretation of our contemporaries," Professor Whipple points accusingly at puritanism as the force that proved the undoing of Henry Adams.

Edward Arlington Robinson, who is the poet of "chastened and subdued transcendentalism," Robert Frost, whose work is "the distilled essence of New England," Vachel Lindsay whom "nature intrusted for a poet" and Carl Sandburg, whose four volumes of poetry give the impression of "much power uncontrolled"—these are the poets whom Professor Whipple presents as the spokesmen of this time. Eugene O'Neill is the dramatist. The four novelists are Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and Willa Cather. The development of Miss Cather's genius is cleverly analyzed. In his acceptance of Lewis Gantry as a current picture, however ingenuous as literature, it is quite in variance with Dr. H. A. Overstreet, who points it out as a book allegorical and one-sided.

"The American situation" discussed in the last chapter is all but appalling. The word which contemporary literature has to say concerning American life is briefly this, that the United States, inevitably perhaps, but none the less disastrously, is devoting itself to acquisition, aggrandizement, and exploitation, has denied life itself, and has failed therefore to find happiness for the individual or national welfare. The thoughtful reader will find material for reflection—perhaps for controversy.

—L. B. EVERETT.

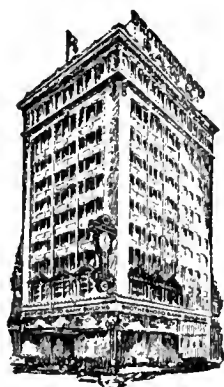
The BOOKSELECTION for
November

JUBILEE JIM

"The Life of Col. James Fisk, Jr."
By Robert H. Fuller

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Canada--Land of Opportunity

(Continued from Page 420)

western part of this division is mild and humid. As a result there are extensive forests, and lumbering is an important occupation. The salmon and halibut fisheries of the Pacific Coast are of large value, fruit growing and dairying are prominent in the valleys, and mining is an industry of growing importance.

Agriculture is the basal industry of mankind, and as a producer of food Canada holds high rank. In the eastern and central parts farming is diversified, but on the prairies the growing of grain, especially wheat, is all important. It is estimated that there are in the Dominion more than 350,000,000 acres available for the growing of crops. If all of this land were in farms of eighty acres each, with a family of five persons on each farm, the agricultural population of the Dominion would be more than 22,000,000.

Far back in the past the ice sheet, which covered much of the northern part of North America, caused the formation of a large lake to the south of a portion of this region. Lake Winnipeg is a remnant of this prehistoric lake to which the name Lake Agassiz has been given. The area of this lake was greater than the combined areas of the Great Lakes. When the ice retreated, the lake diminished in size, the water being drained off to the north. On the level floor of this ancient lake, with its fertile soil, Manitoba farmers now grow large crops of wheat. Level land, fertile soil, favorable climate and transportation facilities combine to make the Prairie Provinces second only to the United States in the production of wheat. One may travel for hundreds of miles in this region and see, in the autumn, golden grain being threshed, stored in the giant elevators which dot the landscape, or rushed by rail to the Lake Superior ports or to Vancouver on the western coast.

The forest area of Canada is estimated at more than 1,000,000 square miles, but on much of this area the timber is not fit for commercial purposes. On the Pacific Coast abundant rainfall and mild climate favor tree growth, and here are dense forests and trees of large size. Lumbering is one of the important industries in British Columbia, and much lumber is exported.

A second forest belt extends from the Yukon region southeastward to the Great Lakes and then northeastward to Labrador. Much of this is virgin territory. A third forest belt extends from Lake Huron to the Atlantic Coast. Here there are many streams for the floating

of logs, and falls and rapids which furnish power for sawing them.

Not only is Canada a large producer and exporter of lumber; she leads in the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. The newsprint used in the United States is, to a considerable extent, made from trees cut in the Canadian forests. Canada has more than 100 wood pulp mills, the combined product of which is worth approximately \$200,000,000 per year. We stand in wonder before this machine from which issues a sheet of paper about twenty feet wide, at a rate to cover more than half an acre each minute.

Canada is a treasure house of mineral wealth. The exploitation of this wealth is going on rapidly, and new fields are from time to time being opened. "In 1926 the Dominion produced 90 per cent of the world's supply of nickel, 85 per cent of the world's asbestos, 55 per cent of the world's cobalt, 9 per cent of the world's gold, more than 8 per cent of the world's silver and about 4 per cent of the world's copper."*

In value coal ranks first among the minerals. The first coal mined on the continent of North America came from Cape Breton Island. Mention is made of this fact in a book published in Paris in 1672. Canada is estimated to possess one-sixth of the world's coal reserves, more than three-fourths of which is in Alberta. Much coal is mined on the Island of Vancouver, British Columbia, some of which is shipped to our Pacific Coast states.

Some of the richest gold mines in the world are located in the Province of Ontario, which leads all the provinces in the total value of her mineral products. In this respect British Columbia ranks second and Nova Scotia third. In 1927 the Dominion produced minerals to the total value of more than \$244,500,000.

The first industry to be carried on by Europeans in the waters washing the shores of Canada was fishing. In fact fishing far antedated the settlement of the country. The dates of the earliest voyages of the Normans, Bretons and Basques to the fishing grounds off the Banks of Newfoundland is not known, but it is believed by some that these voyages preceded the discovery of America by Columbus.

Although fishing is highly important on the Atlantic Coast, the Pacific Coast ranks first in value of catch. In 1925

*"Sixty Years of Canadian Progress."

British Columbia produced 46, Nova Scotia 21 and New Brunswick 10 per cent by value of the total. On the Pacific Coast the salmon and the halibut are the most valuable fish. More than one-half of the total catch is exported, the United States, Great Britain and other countries of Europe furnishing the markets.

From early times water power was used in Canada in the sawing of logs and the grinding of grain. When, about the year 1900, it became known to the world that hydro-electric energy could be successfully transmitted for long distances, development took place rapidly.

Water power in Canada is widely distributed, but the provinces of Quebec and Ontario are the most highly favored. The importance of this is manifest when we learn that these provinces have little coal, that they have vast amounts of timber and minerals, that they have some 60 per cent of the population of the Dominion, and about 80 per cent of the total manufactures.

Only recently has Canada become, in a large sense, a manufacturing nation. This transformation is largely due to the development and use of water power. The tremendous growth of the pulp and paper and the mining industries would have been impossible without this. For the development of power, foreign as well as domestic capital has been available, and the securities of the power companies are highly regarded.

COMPARATIVELY little can be done to develop the resources of a country without adequate transportation facilities. Canada shares with the United States in the possession of the greatest inland waterway in the world. But this waterway, the St. Lawrence-Great Lakes, is entirely outside of the prairie provinces. The completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1885 marked, therefore, the opening of a new era. The former Laurentian barrier had been broken down, and the interests of the east and west were, for all time, united by bands of steel. The prairie lands now had a value, because crops grown upon them could be marketed. As a result, a flood of settlers flowed in and the growing of wheat rapidly assumed importance. The prairie provinces are now served by the Canadian National Railways also, a system operating more than 22,000 miles of track.

In 1850 there were but sixty-six miles of railroad in Canada, but today the total mileage is in excess of 40,000. More than 385,000 miles of highways have been constructed, a part of which is highly improved. In the building of highways the Dominion gives financial aid to the provinces in proportion to their own expenditures for this purpose. These

roads not only promote industry and trade; they are rapidly placing within the reach of motorists the wonderful scenery of Canada. The extent to which automobiles are used in the Dominion is indicated by the fact that the United States is the only country having a larger number of automobiles in relation to total population than has Canada.

Although a young nation industrially, Canada has already assumed importance in manufacturing and commerce. From her forests, farms, mines and surrounding waters come the raw materials of industry, and her streams supply abundant and cheap power for manufacturing.

The rapid expansion of the west, due to the construction of transcontinental railroads, was the first great factor in promoting both manufacturing and trade. The World War was the second factor which stimulated both lines. The total value of the manufactured products was, in 1925, practically \$3,000,000,000 and more than 500,000 persons were engaged in manufacturing. As has been stated, Ontario and Quebec lead in value of manufactures. Among the cities Montreal and Toronto hold the leading places, but Hamilton, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Oshawa, Edmonton, Victoria and Ottawa rank high.

Within recent years wood pulp and paper have advanced to first place in value, displacing flour and grist mill products. Meat, sawmill products, butter and cheese and motor vehicles rank in the order given.

In volume of trade Canada now ranks fifth, in both exports and imports, among the nations of the earth, being surpassed by the United States, the United Kingdom, France and Germany. About three-fourths of the trade of the Dominion is with the United States and the United Kingdom. The leading exports are wood pulp, paper, wheat, flour, lumber, fish and automobiles. Raw sugar and cotton are very important imports.

Canada is not only attracting settlers and large amounts of capital; she is drawing to her a rapidly rising tide of tourists. Eastern Canada has its quiet beauty, its historic associations and its opportunities for hunting, fishing, boating and camping. The prairie provinces have their boundless fields of grain, their irrigation projects, and their rapidly growing cities. Western Canada has its matchless mountains with their forests, streams, falls and glaciers. No words can picture to those who have not seen them, the grandeur of these mountains, and those who have seen them realize that adequate description is impossible.

One may travel through much of this wonderland by rail or auto road. A

(Continued on Page 430)

THE "SALAD BOWL"



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FOYER OF THE HIGH SIERRAS (Continued from Page 423)

junction of the line between Mono and Inyo counties and the Nevada west boundary, where it becomes a part of the California State Highway System and thence continues in a general south-westerly direction, nearly thirty miles to Westgard Pass, where it crosses the White Mountain Range, and continuing twelve miles farther reaches Big Pine, in the foyer of the High Sierras, the first town of importance encountered in California after entering the State.

Here its further progress directly westward is impeded by the High Sierras, and it divides into two branches, one following by way of Bishop, the foyer of our fantasy to its northern limit, affording access to the municipal High Sierra Camp, and continuing on its route over Tioga Pass to San Francisco.

The other branch from Big Pine following our depicted foyer to Lone Pine, thence by way of Mojave to Los Angeles.

* * *

Now comes the announcement that the building of the largest reflecting telescope in the world is contemplated. The object glass of which will be two hundred inches, twice the size of the 100-inch glass at Mt. Wilson Observatory which is at present the largest of its kind in the world.

It is intimated that quest will be made for a suitable site on which to rear the new scientific wonder.

The following is copied from an extended account of the project in a recent issue of the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

"The new observatory which will be designed to supplement, not to duplicate, the Mount Wilson Observatory, will comprise two main parts. One of these will be the 200-inch telescope with its buildings, dome and auxiliary equipment, to be erected on the most favorable mountain site that can be found within effective working distance of the associated groups of investigators and their extensive scientific equipment.

The other will be an astrophysical laboratory on the campus of the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena.

This new laboratory will be equipped with instruments and all necessary facilities for the study and interpretation of the observational results obtained with the 200-inch telescope, and for graduate instruction and research in astrophysics. It will be supplemented by optical and instrument shops capable of constructing any of the instruments to be used in conjunction with the 200-inch telescope."

(Continued on Page 431)

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Occupation.....

By Stage in 1880

By MRS. A. McCLAIN

IT was in July in the year of 1884 that we were traveling in one of those cumbersome mountain stages bound for a mining camp in Calaveras County, California, being within five miles of the old Mark Twain cabin. We stopped at intervals to change the footsore and frothing horses for fresh ones, always keeping a lookout for stage bandits, who had terrorized the country for years, being the rendezvous of Black Bard and others.

In the seat next to me sat a large red-faced man, holding a shotgun. He had not spoken a word until we got out to stretch our cramped limbs while the changing of horses was going on. I noticed that he held tightly to his gun. Seeing my glance, he said, "You see, one has to be continually on the lookout for those darned holdups. We have \$40,000 in the strong box and these fellows are generally sneaking about when it's time for the men to be paid off at the mine."

A lanky young fellow in overalls and boots, wiping the perspiration from his face, turned and looked at the speaker. I saw his hand instinctively going toward his hip pocket.

The man continued, "You never can tell when one of these birds will rush out of the brush and head us off."

"Oh! I see. You are the sheriff."

"No; I'm the deputy sheriff. I hate this darn job, but just to show those fellows that we have fighting blood in these parts, I should like to put a hole through one of them on this trip."

We all got into the stage again and trundled along. The roads were rough and uncertain, the dust sometimes being two feet deep. We had been hobnobbing along for an hour or so, feeling dizzy and half asleep, when a shot pierced the air. One of the horses fell. The door was jerked open by a young fellow with a bandana handkerchief tied across the lower part of his face, who shouted at us, "Hands up!" Then, "Bang!" a shot. We scrambled over each other, tumbling out into the road.

The bandit was on the ground, making an effort to raise himself, and he swooned. The deputy jerked the handkerchief from his face and cried, "Oh, my God!" He lifted the wounded bandit into the stage, pouring water from his canteen down his throat, wetting his handkerchief and wiping the dust from his face.

In a short time the young fellow regained consciousness with an exclamation of "Oh, h—!" Then, looking

about, "Why, Dad, what are you doing here? This is not your day."

The tears were streaming down the sunburnt cheeks of the sheriff. "Denny, be quiet, you are a very sick man."

"Dad, you shot me."

"No, son, I did not shoot you."

THE FINANCIAL TOUT

(Continued from Page 422)

not expect to earn fair returns on higher prices, and could always have exposed the plot, had they been consulted. And the sophisticated speculator, if he were attracted at all by the lure, checked it himself, very carefully, or consulted someone who had.

All is not gold that looks that way, and the proffer of financial advice, however sound it may sound, should always be the subject of ample investigation. If it comes from an able and responsible source, it is well worth buying, for many an investor and speculator has profited by following the recommendations of professional counsellors. But if the name of the adviser is unknown or not favorably known to those well informed in such matters, it is not safe to follow his lead. It is always best and safest to hold in mind the current slogan of reputable investment houses, "Before you invest—investigate."

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THE CHRISTMAS TRAIL

(Continued from Page 404)

with a protective mechanism of thought which makes the predominance of good will and happiness impossible. But they admit, too, that deep within the consciousness of each is also to be found a desire and will to believe that somewhere, sometime, ultimate good and human good will shall prevail. This is why the Christian message is so eagerly welcomed by our hearts, if not by our heads, for at least the short duration of the Christmas season. Under the spell of its magic men let hopes rise and dreams weave fairyland anew, in spite of the fears and facts which make life dreary and grim through the year. Out of sincere desire there arises in the human heart the song of faith, high hope, good will.

In his day, Lowell challenged us to a testing of the plan of following the Christmas trail throughout the year.

But they who do their souls no wrong

But keep, at eve, the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angel song

Today the Prince of Peace is born.

It is possible that sometime those who are seeking the triumph of faith over cynicism, of love and good will over hatred and hostility, will find in this Christmas season the secret of action, the mode of attack which shall make victory possible. They may adapt to everyday living those qualities of character—faith, humility, charity and brotherly kindness now reserved for Christmas only. And when that day comes we shall see the establishment of universal peace now sought by treaties and pacts. And there are many in this world who believe that the coming of such a day is not impossible, but who have faith to believe that some day men shall follow the Christmas trail to the time when according to Babette Deutsch,

Yet shall we all inherit

The hidden kingdom, when

Spirit shows grace to spirit,

And men good will to men.

THE GAME

(Continued from Page 407)

was real but this talking flute that seemed to have a message for each one of us.

How he played, there in the soft tropic night! Gay, jazzy things. My cheeks were wet, though I thrilled with savage courage. I think we all forgot our defenseless state. If the natives had attacked us then, they would have found us ready. *Why didn't they attack?*

(Concluded in January Issue)

CANADA

(Continued from Page 427)

paved highway leads from San Diego, California, northward to Vancouver, British Columbia. Each year a larger number of tourists from the United States are entering Canada over this route. The Canadian Government, realizing the value of natural scenery, has established a number of national parks, and good roads are opening these parks to the motoring public.

The people of Canada are largely of Canadian birth. Those of British ancestry predominate in all provinces but Quebec, where about five-sixths of the people are of French descent. In British Columbia there are many Chinese and Japanese. They are a thrifty people, doing their part in various industrial lines.

The development of the Dominion is by no means confined to material lines. She has a highly democratic form of government. In education she holds high rank. Many of the teachers in rural schools have had a normal school or university training. In 1925 there was expended for education more than \$133,000,000. In literature, music and painting much has been accomplished.

The people of the United States and Canada have much in common. Commerce is increasing. We share the Great Lakes waterway, and are mutually interested in its further development, as well as in the apportionment of power obtained from Niagara. Capital, people, ideas and ideals move freely across the invisible boundary.

We are united by the ties of a common language and common aspirations. The boundary line between the two countries stands before the world as an object lesson in international peace. Not a fort nor an armed force exists on the entire line. This condition reflects mutual confidence and good will. It is a monument to the peace which for more than a century has remained unbroken, and a promise of that long-sought world peace which will one day be a reality.

The next article by Professor Chamberlain in his series on Canada—Land of Opportunity, will be on the subject "The Wealth of the Soil." The development and the future of agriculture is a story rich in interest. What the future holds in store for Canada in this most basic of industries is well nigh impossible of realization for the human mind. Professor Chamberlain as traveler, scientist and student of economic problems will give us a graphic portrayal.—
EDITOR.

The Foyer of the High Sierras

(Continued from Page 428)

It occurs to the writer that careful consideration be given to White Mountain Peak in the White Mountain Range in the neighborhood of the High Sierras, as a feasible site for the great observatory.

This suggestion seems warranted by the following figures and by conditions likely to be ascertained by investigation:

The altitude of White Mountain Peak is 14,242 feet, and its summit is reasonably accessible.

In height it is only surpassed in California by Mt. Whitney (14,502 feet), by Mt. Williamson (14,384 feet), and by Mt. Sill (14,254 feet), Mt. Shasta (14,442 feet) is not taken into account because of its distant location. None of the mountains mentioned are as accessible as White Mountain Peak, the situation of which is as follows, distances being roughly estimated in air line and compass directions likewise proximated, sufficiently accurate to assist in location on map.

From Pasadena 225 miles a little west of north. An airplane flight of 1½ hours.

200 miles due east of San Francisco

Bay in about the same latitude as Zion National Park.

About 65 miles south of east from Yosemite Valley. About 28 miles following the course of the range a little to the west of north from Westgard Pass, where the Roosevelt Midland Trail crosses the White Mountains.

About 20 miles northerly from Bishop.

About 60 miles westerly and southerly from Tonopah.

About 35 miles easterly from the High Sierra Camp, the Municipal Recreational Area of Los Angeles already stated as 240 miles distant from the city.

It will be noted that this distance is farther than from Pasadena to White Mountain Peak.

The summit of the mountain is about 7½ miles east in air line from the Southern Pacific Railroad, and viewed from a distance presents appearance of considerable area, bare and smoothly rounded like the top of a molded biscuit.

A feasible route for ascent is from Bishop up Silver Canyon to the summit, thence following the range crest northward.

Practicability of access, visibility and

climatic conditions, would seem to warrant further research.

The largest telescope in the world in juxtaposition to the High Sierras will impress all Californians with its appropriateness, which will be greatly emphasized if scientific conditions and requirements permit White Mountain Peak to be selected as a base for further exploration, of the unknown regions of the universe.

NOTE: For assistance in compilation of mileage and compass courses, the author is indebted to the U. S. Geological Survey and to the Map Service of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

There is announced a joint meeting of the Seattle - Tacoma organizations of writers to be held at Seattle, in the Hotel Washington, December 5, at 7 o'clock p.m. This meeting is to be in the form of a banquet. The program will be furnished by the Tacoma group. Dean Vernon McKenzie, First Vice-President of the League of Western Writers will preside. The formation of branch leagues and the affiliation of such with the League of Western Writers is going forward. Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, and other Pacific Northwest cities are moving aggressively in the matter. Seattle and Tacoma hotels have been selected as league headquarters.

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Get the Gravy

(Continued from Page 418)

Mrs. Holbrook angrily planned the fierce upbraiding she would heap upon poor Helen, the moment she returned home. The whole history of love affairs since the world began testifies that had this occurred, it would have led straight and instant to an elopement. For Helen was high spirited and Dan was a "gravy" getter. While she fumed and bubbled, the postman entered the picture. The letter said that her sister in the East had a serious crisis of illness in her family and needed help that she could not afford to hire.

For several minutes the old lady pondered and at last a shrewd look crept into her eyes that boded ill for the "gravy" getter. When Helen arrived home, the cards had been stacked against

her—or, maybe it was FOR her. Anyhow, it was Helen, instead of the usual check, who rode East on that evening's train. The way was now clear for the doing of dark maternal deeds and that unseen fixer of mortal affairs must have chuckled—if that is the astral plane's method of registering amusement.

During Helen's absence the schemers' kettle boiled and bubbled. The gray-haired one found sudden and sundry excuses for calling Frank Delavan and consulting him about her building plans. A dinner invitation, followed by another, was seasoned with a delicate hint that both she and Helen liked and admired him and hoped he would keep on coming. Meanwhile, the crafty wrecker of "gravy" hopes called upon Georgia and confided, with copious tears borrowed from the alligator, that when Helen's uncle's estate had been finally settled, there hadn't been enough shekels left to tile the floor of a woodpecker's bathroom.

Schemer number two very subtly and sympathetically broadcasted this bit of confidential news in the most desirable quarter. Then she put the bungalow bait on her own connubial hook, minus all disquieting mortgage decoration, and angled, as only tactful and determined young widows know how. Poor Dan, thinking SOME "gravy" was better than none, jumped right out of a beautiful stream of "gravy," grabbed the bright fly of false pretense and, in a very few weeks, was telling his friends: "meet the wife."

The night Helen came home, Frank Delavan "just happened" to be at the Holbrook home and drove mama to the depot. In the Holbrook parlor, the license column, marked in ink and lying in plain sight, "just happened" to catch her eye. Let us tactfully draw the curtain over a jilted maiden's tears and heart-aches. Psychologists assure us that hearts never break, and that, more often than not, those that are cracked or dented can be repaired by a patient tinker who may have been encouraged to be on hand at the psychological moment.

SIX months had put new wrinkles in old Lady History's face and several significant happenings had happened. Dan had not proved so wonderful as a "gravy"-getter and had drifted to another firm. Lake Malinore had faded from his sight but not from his memory. One day, moved, no doubt, by the same impulse that draws criminals back to

the scene of their crimes, he dropped into his former place of employment and met some of the boys. This was happening number first and right suddenly learned of happenings numbers second and third.

The new Sanitorium was finished and the Holbrooks had moved down there and rented their city home. Helen had come into her inheritance, had bought a block of land of her own, across from the Sanitorium, and was erecting a business block.

It was such a saddened son of shame who heard that evening, from his worrying wife, of a mortgage he did not know existed. As we drew the curtain on Helen's heart-aches, so let us draw it once more, on Georgia's tears and Dan's bitter curses. In a terrific revulsion of feeling, Dan drove down the next day to Lake Malinore. Wild thoughts of divorce, of trying to re-win Helen's affections, mingled with the bitterest feelings a man can ever entertain—his lashings of his own foolish self for his terrible and tragic mistakes.

Dan stopped his old used car under the well remembered patriarchal pepper trees, where he had first seen Helen. He sat and looked awhile at the imposing new Sanitorium building fronting the Lake. A dozen cars were parked about it and surges of merriment proceeded from within. They smote his unhappy heart with a strangely disquieting thud.

As he watched and debated whether to go in, a vision of blonde loveliness too good to be true, came fluttering out on the arm of a mild-mannered, boyish young real estate salesman. He saw the wasted wedding rice and watched bride and groom run quickly down to a waiting airplane and climb into the cabin. He heard merry voices cry: "Goodbye, Mrs. Delavan!"

He heard her happy response and his heart hung heavy in his breast. As he watched the dwindling plane become a mere speck upon the Northern horizon, he looked back at the new business block rising opposite the Sanitorium and heard himself mutter, between trembling lips: "Gosh-damit! There goes the last of my gravy!"

Mr. Cyril Clemens, President of the Mark Twain Society, and nephew of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) is now on the Pacific Coast. The Mark Twain Society is holding a Mark Twain exhibit during the month of December at the Jefferson Memorial in St. Louis where will be shown many interesting manuscripts, books, letters, etc., pertaining to Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens is to co-operate with the Overland Monthly in issuing a special Mark Twain number



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First Novel Prize Contest



Closing Date Moved Forward to February 1, 1929

AS announced in recent issues of *Overland Monthly* a prize of \$200 is offered for the best novel—the work of any author who has not before published a novel. The winner must reside in California and have been a resident for three years past.

Contstants must submit synopses of approximately 6,000 words. The length of the novel should be from 40,000 to 70,000 words. The synopses will be canvassed by the judges and the six best chosen for final judgment.

The date for closing on the synopses has been moved forward from November 1 to December 1. The close of the novel contest has been moved forward from January 1 to February 1. This change has seemed desirable owing to the number of authors who have written in that they cannot complete novels upon which they are working in time to enter the contest if the earlier dates are used.

Contestants should consult recent issues of the Overland Monthly for details. Manuscripts should be addressed:

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